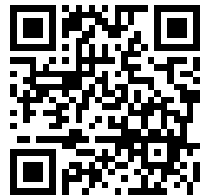
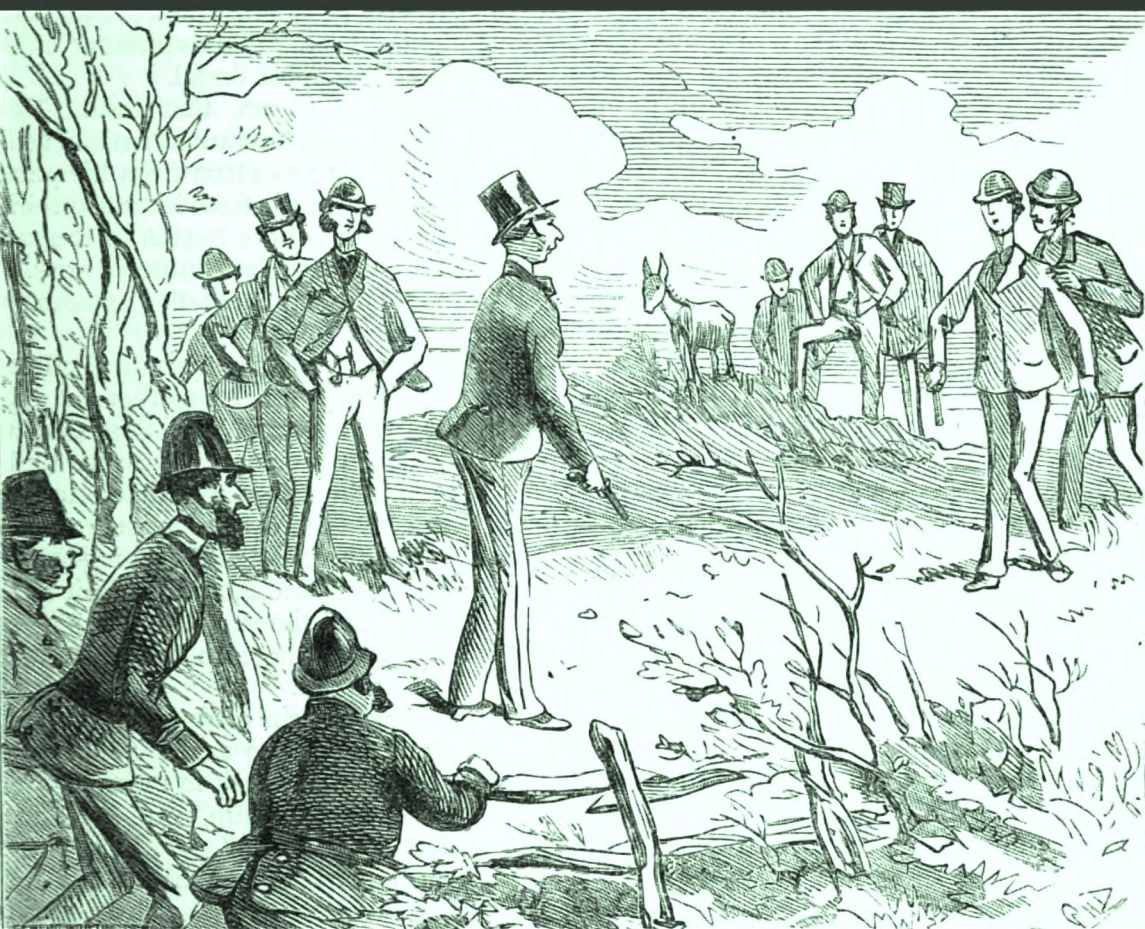

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Once a week

Eneas Sweetland Dallas





ONCE A WEEK

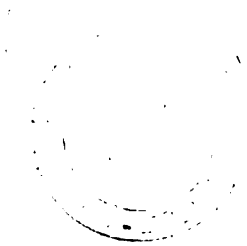
NEW SERIES

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

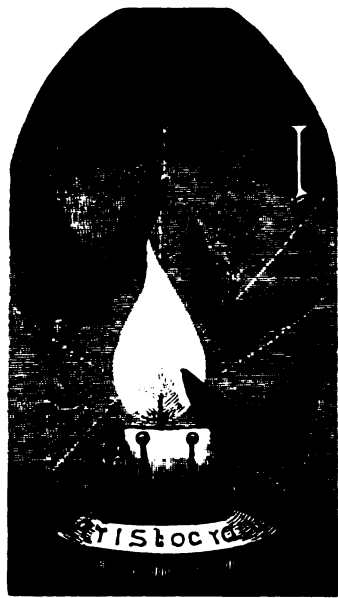
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January 7, 1871.

Price 2d.

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

SHAM SWELLS.



WAS once travelling in the *banquette* of the diligence, which in those days ran between Dijon and Geneva, with the conductor and an Englishman; who, the moment the

postillion had left off cursing his horses—calling one a “sacred burghess,” another a “determined pig,” and so on—entered at once into conversation. He was well dressed—too well dressed, in fact; talked with intelligence on the country and people; was modest and unassuming in his opinions; and yet he lacked that indefinable something which at once declares the gentleman.

After we had been travelling four or five hours, we fell to discussing a certain noble lord—as how, indeed, can happen otherwise when two or three Englishmen are gathered together?—and he displayed such a prodigious acquaintance with the peerage and its members, their habits, manners, alliances, and even their bankers’ accounts, without a suspicion of swagger, that I was fairly taken aback. Seeing my looks of

astonishment, and perhaps of incredulity, as he mentioned name after name of titled personages, he hastened to explain himself; and, drawing a card from his pocket-book, he handed it to me, saying, with a touch of humour in his voice—

“There, sir, you will see now that I am perfectly capable of taking their measure.”

The card bore the name and address of Mr. Sheares, the celebrated tailor of Acqueduct-street.

I could not help laughing, while I respected him. He announced his profession with as much easy affability as he had displayed in talking of his noble clients—I suppose no man is a hero to his tailor. He was evidently not ashamed of his trade; and, in short, was a very good fellow. We parted on excellent terms; and, on my return to town, I asked him to find a space for my name on his books, which he did. I have reason to believe he has never regretted it, for he has not yet invited me to dinner—which, I am given to understand, is a practice amongst his craft towards those scions of the aristocracy who don’t pay their bills.

If he had not informed, he would not have deceived me. I should have set him down as a snob, or a Sham Swell, who is to be held up to obloquy in this paper as a heavy social grievance.

Sir Walter Scott says, in his introduction to the “Monastery”—

“In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the higher rank of society has depended on the power of assuming and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some vivacity of talent and energy of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight beyond sound reason and common sense: both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed a choice spirit of the age!”

This is very nearly being a perfect definition of a Sham Swell. They are not, men or women, quite snobs; but it is difficult, at all times, where to draw the line which separates them.

Come, dear reader! Our acquaintance has been improving lately. Take thy walk abroad with me: we will seek them in their lairs. First, we'll have a chop at the club, and then withdraw to the smoking-room—the only real withdrawing-room—as a sure find.

So, the chop was succulent. It is Drawing-room day. The view in St. James's-street is charming. What ho, waiter!—draw two chairs to the window: we will view the duchesses and grocers' wives as they proceed to pay their respects to Royalty. The cigar box, two claret glasses filled with crushed ice, a slice of lemon, powdered sugar, and pour Scotch whisky in up to the brim. Wait, wait! O beloved and too thirsty one!—wait till the spirit hath melted the ice; or, by my halidome, thou wilt be borne hence on base shoulders to the nearest station. Now refill with ice, and drink, and be thankful.

I am fortunate in being able at once to draw your attention to a very favourable specimen. Do you see that Jewish-looking individual who has taken up his position at the farther window, where he will remain all the afternoon, to the great delight of the other members, who do not consider him a creditable ornament to the club? When he appeared in the candidates' book as "Count Walter de Crécy," everybody thought he was a distinguished foreigner, especially as he was proposed by a Duke, and seconded by a Viscount. It turned out afterwards that he was the son of old Watercresches, a German-Jew fence, who "melted" for many years, with great success, at the back of a black doll shop in Houndsditch, and subsequently obtained high civic honours. His son, after he left Harrow, was sent abroad for five years with a suitable bear leader, and he returned from Rome with the title you know. Five hundred pounds to Prince Tortoni, and a small gratification to a distinguished personage living not a hundred miles from the Vatican, and his Countship was an accomplished fact. That is his happiness, to be seen sitting in the window of our club for two hours every afternoon during the season. You hardly ever see him speak to anybody except his proposer and

second—who, they say, from being in pretty *stiff* with him, didn't dare refuse putting him up, or to give a gentle hint to a couple of trusty retainers to pill him. He has to put up with brutal remarks and open insults; but we can't drive him out—he is perfectly pachydermatous. He came up to Puthamdown the other day—he still retains a good deal of his native lisp—

"Thought to have theen your lorthip at Forbannock the other day."

"No, Count, not likely to see me when you're there."

"Moth ecthtrordinary thing—the whole time I woth there, hith Grathe never had a bit of fith put on the table."

"I suppose you ate it all in the kitchen, Ikey," said Charley Chaffers.

And all this he will submit to, that he may go and swagger it, at some pothouse to which he belongs, about "my Club, our Duke," and so on.

Do you see that good-looking man, about forty, incomparably dressed, who is talking with great deference to Claymore, the rich Midland squire? That is Owen Glendower—oh, of course descended in a direct line—the Lombard-street banker, who is perfectly ashamed of the shop, and who would barter his till against a peerage. His early struggles were devoted to reach the inner circle of the Upper Ten, and he has succeeded—how, I don't know, for he is a consummate ass; and, beyond his good looks and big saucer eyes, doesn't possess a single merit. I was once staying at his house in Wales—a gimcrack, sham-Gothic affair, all weathercocks and pinna-cles—and on one rainy morning, after breakfast, he asked me what I should like to do. It is *I* who ought to ask to be provided with the amusements I affect for that particular day. I hate its being arranged for me that I am to go hunting when I want to shoot, or go shooting when I want to fish. And therefore I answered, with decision—

"I am going to the smoking-room with a book, where I shall remain till lunch. If it rains, I shall go there after lunch till dinner time."

"Oh, but just come upstairs for a moment, and let me show you—"

What, do you think? Why, his jewel case, and studs, and fal-lals. Of course, he is very civil to me, because I keep a large account at his bank, chiefly for the sake of

having the right to walk into the parlour and discuss commercial affairs, which makes him furious. Here he is.

"How do, Glen? How are Consols today?"

"Now pray, Gaddy, don't. I must insist on leaving the shop east of Temple Bar."

"Oh, very well; only, as I had heard they had fallen three-eighths, and I have forty thousand to buy in, I thought I might tell you, and save myself a journey into the city. However, I'll telegraph to my brokers instead."

"Now, Gaddy, don't be cross. Business is business everywhere. I'll see to it. It shall be all right. Don't be vicious for such a trifle. Oh, Duke, may I have a word?"

There. You see in those few words he has shown his whole character. Avaricious, vain, and a cringing tuft-hunter.

"What is it," said an eminent pauper to me the other day, whom Glendower had been snubbing, "that makes all bankers' sons, from Barnes Newcome to Glendower, so confoundedly offensive to me?"

"Probably their money and the state of your balance, old fellow. When Glendower is raised to the peerage, which it is said he is about to be, with the title of Baron Pursey, he will become simply intolerable. Insolent to his inferiors, and, as a *novus homo*, obsequious to his peers, feigning a humility insufferable in its arrogance, we may well hope that, when White's has opened its portals to him, he will not honour us here any longer."

Observe that little, supercilious, dirty-looking snob, who is twirling the feeble ends of a mangy, straw-coloured moustache. That is young Penn—Inky Penn, they call him. He is the son of a country attorney, who is agent to the Earl of Propergait. They do say that Mrs. Penn was more intimate with his lordship than nice honour warranted, or than ladies ought to be who love their lords; but people spread such scandalous reports nowadays, which are always more or less eagerly listened to, that to be the author of a new and successful scandal is to be a greater man than the author of 'Tom Jones.' However, be that as it may, Inky shows no signs of aristocratic stock. When you dine on Guard at St. James's, you will have an opportunity of seeing how he is beloved by his brother-officers. I don't think these gentlemen

will retain him long amongst them; they object to cads, and have a way of making the regiment too hot for those they think best out of it. Hear him talk:—

"How do, Penn?"

"Oo! oo!" (Pennian for "How do you do?")

"Got a bad cold, I fear. That patrol duty these cold nights must be hard work."

"Oo! oo! oo!"

"Go over to Roach's, and get some lozenges."

Do you mark the ill-mannered and surly brute? Education? Never. If his father had sent him to Eton or Winchester, he would have been dead by this time, unless he had behaved himself very differently. He was sent to the grammar school of Duffington, his native town, where he received that useful commercial education for which it is celebrated. When the Earl announced his intention of getting him a commission in the Guards, he was removed to an expensive private tutor who prepared noblemen and gentlemen for the universities, public schools, army and navy, Royal Academy, Guy's Hospital, and everything else. Here, amongst the well-born, well-dressed, and moderately taught half-dozen, his fellow-pupils, he might have picked up some knowledge of manners and gentlemanly bearing, both of which he so signally lacks. But he preferred the society of Sally, the carrot-headed housemaid—who, it must be confessed, had the most honourable intentions towards him, and whose character was unimpeachable—and that of the young gentlemen's grooms, in whose company he was introduced to the pleasures of rattling, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and bowl-of-punch drinking, in the sporting parlour of some Three Pigeons, where he was always faced by one of the right sort—as the slang phrase has it. The co-pups couldn't stand him, and the Rev. Rose Dillwater requested his papa to take him away. Then he got his commission, and soon succeeded in insinuating himself into the hatred of everybody. But he is very different at the paternal mansion in Duffington, where, with intolerable insolence and mendacity, he recounts his successes in the fashionable world. He is the favourite partner at whist of a distinguished personage, and a frequent and honoured guest at M— H—. The attentions paid him by the female members of the aristocracy are the cause of innu-

merable embarrassments to him. Sensible people who hear him hold forth on his intimate relations with that august body, wonder why he is so fond of attending the bar of the Cock and Bottle, where he tipples and smokes with the jovial bagmen who use that famous hostelry. Still he goes down in Duffington "society." Mrs. de Junket—whose mamma was a *modiste*, and who would turn up her nose at you and me if we had a modest establishment in the town, and would no more think of calling upon us than of leaving out the *de* before her name, though she's no relation to the Devonshire Junkets—says that anybody can see that he is accustomed to the best society. She takes the *pas* of the doctors' and attorneys' wives—who love her accordingly—so I suppose she knows.

If you wish to see Sham Swelldom in all its glory, go into a small country town—especially if it has sporting or electioneering propensities. Duffington will, I dare say, do as well as another; and Penn will give you a letter of introduction to Mrs. de Junket. Before you present it, walk up and down the High-street for an hour or two during the fashionable period of the afternoon; and, if possible, throw yourself frequently in the way of Mrs. de Junket, who will favour you with a good many stares, and gather up her daughters under her wing, so to speak, when she meets you, as she considers you a suspicious person. Do you remember Mr. Spectator's visit to Sir Roger, and how the country people regarded him?

"Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me; so that I pass amongst some for a wizard, and among others as a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine but because I do not hoot and halloa and make a noise."

You would probably be regarded in the same light till you had obtained Mrs. de Junket's protection and patronage.

The only good story I ever heard that little scoundrel Penn tell was about an incident which occurred at the Duffington hunt ball. He had gone down expressly for it, and put up at Mrs. de Junket's, that they might go—a large party—together. After Penn had done his duty by the ladies of the house, he cast about for something new. In a corner of the room sat a middle-aged lady, with two very pretty daughters. Penn

thought he would try his powers of fascination on one of them, and asked Mrs. de J. who they were?

"I am sure, I don't know; they have been living here, in a beggarly little cottage, for the last year. I didn't call upon them—several people have; but I know nothing about them. I believe their name is Harduppe."

"Harduppe—why, of course! Pray, Mrs. de Junket, get some of your friends to introduce me."

"Captain Penn! Whatever London manners may be, I expect my guests not to dance out of my own set; or, at least, not with people I know nothing of, and whom I have not called upon."

"Called upon! Good gracious, Mrs. de Junket, do you know who they are? They are the mother and sisters of Jack Harduppe, of my regiment, who is heir to his uncle, Lord Grindstone. The old lord is a confounded old screw, and won't allow him a sixpence. They are poorly off now; but when the old man drops, there will be cakes and ale."

I believe Mrs. de J.'s face was a caution. Her "set" consisted of two "heavies," on detachment in the town, the son of the County Court judge, Penn, a dancing curate, and two or three hangers-on—enough to make up the Lancers and quadrilles; for which purpose, with exquisite taste and good breeding, they monopolized the top of the room. Penn got his introduction easily enough. After his dance was finished, my lady wished to be introduced to the Hardupes, but Penn pleaded it was her duty to call first.

She did, two days afterwards, when Jack Harduppe happened to have been down to see his mother and sisters. Jack saw the cards, and enclosed them in a note to Mr. de Junket, saying there must have been some mistake, as he didn't require his services at present.

Mr. de Junket is the gentleman who so kindly assists young and noble spendthrifts through their racing and monetary difficulties. During the process, a good deal of the money sticks to him—as it did to the measure of Cassim—and he has frequently complained of the severe and unmerited remarks made upon him by the various judges, both at common law and equity. This is the only connection with the aristocracy Mrs. de Junket has, that I know of.

When I first went into that part of the country where my estate lies, I was asked to dinner at the house of a hospitable neighbour, where I met a lady *de par le grand monde*, whom I had known in her and my youth, and whom I had never met since. Our paths had lain different and separate, and perhaps twenty years had elapsed since last we met. There is always, somehow, a freemasonry between well-bred people—or, at all events, there used to be—which reunites them after many years' absence, and takes up a link again, however long it may have been broken. We talked of old times, and of the difference in society nowadays to what it was. She was saying how difficult it was to get young men to go to balls, and how matters were changed. They wouldn't go for the mere pleasure of dancing, and she feared they went for purposes less innocent. There was no getting them away from their clubs.

I said that, when I was a young fellow, having just left Oxford and entering on London life, I belonged to one or two good clubs, and lived in the Temple on four hundred a-year, allowed me by my father, and never was so rich in my life. I dined out, went to balls, spent my autumn in country houses, and hardly ever had to pay for anything but my cab hire, clothes, and cigars. In short, I said, an agreeable, gentlemanlike young fellow, with talents of society, and a moderate income, may live like a prince.

To my astonishment, a good-looking snob, sitting next to this lady, with great, big brown eyes, from which occasionally shot flashes of sapient imbecility, a silly mouth with prominent teeth, and receding chin, proclaiming the half-educated idiot, cut into the conversation, and said—

“I can't contheve any man living all the year round on his friends.”

“I dare say you can't, sir,” I replied, with the quiet insolence I can assume at discretion; “but *I* was speaking of an agreeable gentleman.”

The silly mouth looked sillier, till some one else, a minute afterwards, changed the conversation. He was the son of a purveyor of guano, who had amassed a large fortune. The wretched creature—on the strength of his good looks, which are undeniable, and an estate of a few hundred acres, on which he shoots the foxes, to the great delight of the surrounding squires, who are

great foxhunters—ventured to pit himself against the immortal Gadabout!

However, we are very good friends now. He has not, I fear, profited much by the rude lesson I taught him. He came up to me in our county club the other day—where, of course, there are some rough ones—and said—

“I do wish we could keep this club more exclusive. I would gladly pay ten guineas a-year if that would prevent my meeting certain men I object to.”

“Well, my good fellow, pay the ten guineas to yourself, and hire a room. I promise you, no one will join you. And how pleased the certain men you object to—and who equally object to you—will be!”

But I am warned that time is up, and that my portfolio—still heavy with countless portraits of Sham Swells—must be closed. Young gentlemen, who read these papers, a word to you! Gadabout's experience and manners are unquestionable, whatever his morals *may* have been. To be modest, to be retiring; not to advance your opinions, however correct you may know them to be; not to correct a mal-quotation, or laugh at it, as some do; to lose or win your money—especially win—with equanimity; not to assert your rank, your learning, your proficiency in this or that; to be as polite to an old fishfag as to a duchess; to keep your temper under extreme provocation; to consort cordially, if not intimately, with your inferiors in position or birth; to display a respect you perhaps cannot feel for your superiors in age;—all these will secure you against being a Sham Swell, and will at least have their weight with the “gallery;” and, in spite of themselves and their jealousy, command their respect. To bully an inferior, or abuse a servant, is to make yourself, to a very far-seeing people, a cad. I have heard it said of officers, masters, and others in authority, “He was uncommon strict; but then he was such a thorough gentleman.” Good manners and good breeding—*les deux se disent*—I firmly believe, have more to do with a man's success in life than anything else. How often do you hear at the bar, for instance—I am not talking about what I don't understand, it was my own profession—“Such an one is not a great lawyer, or even a great speaker; but he is such a gentleman, he can always get the ear of the Court or jury.” Be modest and retiring, my young friends, and polite. Remember your Cicero

—I don't think the sentence is in the Latin Grammar—"Sine verecundiâ nihil rectum esse potest, nihil honestum."

ONE OF TWO;
OR,
A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.
BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Leonora. Sinful am I, but not compact of sin.
Though Satan charges me with many darts,
But *one* shall wound." *Marion Colonna*, act ii., sc. iii.

"WINE, wine!—we will save her yet!"
cried the doctor.

Heavens above us! what an anxiety and bustle, what a straining of hope, of nerve, what a motion and an eagerness, to save life—*one* life! As if at other times we were not all as ready to throw away lives by the thousand!

For the sake of science—rather, cynics might say (but cynics *are* such queer fellows!), for the sake of himself—the good Dr. Richards was as eager in attempting to bolster up the fleeting existence of Mrs. Wade as a man well could be who was hunting, let us say, or pursuing any object, fame, or wealth, or ambition of any sort.

The good little man—who had a tender heart too—would have been just as eager to annihilate the reputation of a rival; or to have criticised, in one of the journals devoted to medical science, the works of a brother with such biting gall, that the said brother might have languished and have died from the wound, and Dr. Richards would sophistically have believed that he had done his duty. But now the desire was not to slay, but to save—not to wound, but to heal; and the eager little man, putting his arm round the thin, wasted form of the invalid, lifted her up, made the *Réligieuse* arrange the pillows, and himself poured, slowly and carefully, some very old port—of the vintage of '98—down the throat of poor Eugenie.

It would have done Old Daylight good to have seen the form of the woman he loved—even although he were deceived in her—suddenly resuscitate itself under the influence of the old port that he had provided.

And is it to be attributed to the far-seeing cleverness of Mr. Tom Forster that, in the degenerate days in which he lived, forty years ago, he was so much before his time

that he made himself a judge of wines, as to age and vintage, and at a time when the middle-class person drank port as dark as the blacking of the patriotic Mr. Hunt, and as fiery as the furnace in the pantomime of "St. George and the Dragon?"

The good sister dropped her beads when Eugenie spoke. She had been so long silent, that the nurse had grown accustomed to the dumb woman she attended to, and whose lips she wetted with brandy and water; and she had so quietly made her own soul in her constant prayers as she moved noiselessly about the room, that Mrs. Wade was forgotten, save as some necessary piece of furniture.

So in this world we become the property of each other. "I have said so many *aves*, so many *credos*. Let me see—what must I do? Oh, I must attend to *my* invalid."

"*My* invalid!" Poor Eugenie had faded out of life, and had not a holding even in herself.

Mr. Tom Forster's wine seconded the effect of the electric fluid in a marvellous way. The most admirable and subtle spirit, alcohol—the most absurdly abused of all God's creatures, the thing which sets free the true nature of man, and then is credited by the ungrateful creature with having *caused* the crimes which it gave him the courage to commit—coursed through the veins of Eugenie, and made her tremble into something like reanimation.

"It is wondrous, is it not," whispered the doctor to his onlooking friends, "that, when one who has lived simply and purely, as this lady has, and who has no organic disease, some little action like that of electricity and alcohol will give her life? You see, it has a mechanical effect—it is like shaking a watch when a particle of dust stops it. And yet, if this lady had been under the hands of Dr. Dash or Dr. Blank, he would have drenched the life out of her with *Physic!*—*Physic!*" Here the doctor, in great disgust, made a face as if he were taking a nasty dose of senna. "*Physic!*—if only the fools knew it—*physic* means Nature! and they have perverted it to signify poisonous drugs!"

"Half a glass more, sister," he said, after a pause; during which the lips of the patient opened, and the faintest of faint glows rose to her throat and cheeks.

"There—that will be enough. She wishes

to speak, and the strength will come very soon."

So indeed it did. The poor lady trembled all over, with a delicate shudder; and then, with a smile that was far sadder than a tear, spoke—

"Philip," she murmured—"Philip, I know you are here. Speak to me—speak to me once more, as once you did!"

The Earl, sinking upon his knees at the foot of the bed, had been all the time a prey to such emotions of awe, of strong trouble, and remorse, as one may be supposed to feel when he witnesses one whom he has wronged and loved risen from the dead.

"Eugenie," he answered—"my Eugenie!"

Age, disappointment, the wear of the world, the wrongs of misprized love, were all forgotten; and the tones sounded as freshly as in youthful days, when they struck upon the dying woman's ears.

As when the murmuring wind reaches an Æolian harp, and dies away upon the strings it renders eloquent with music, the same sad tone is caught by the hearts of those who listen—so the little company around the bed seemed attuned to the nature of this sad shrift between the lovers. Nor did the wasted form of the one, and the bowed and whitened head of the other, serve to detract in any way from the freshness and reality of the love. For misfortune and the wintry cold of disappointment has this merit, that it seems to arrest one's existence to the very time it falls, and the lack of fruition thus prevents the increment of age. How many an old man is there who still remains in his heart as young as he was when that heart bent down, never to rise again, at the grave of his dead love? How many a woman lives, mature but yet a girl in heart, who cherishes the feeling which she had when her love was lost at sea—never to be heard of more, but never to be forgotten? In some old books of household recipes, there is one which is said to arrest the development of a rosebud in midsummer, and to keep it fresh and green, so that, with careful tending and due warmth, it shall blossom in midwinter. The experiment is, perhaps, never successful, and hence the simile is the more true. The bud remains a bud, and never becomes a rose, but it withers in the form in which it is gathered; and so the human heart remains unchanged, except by the slow decay which, while it cheats it with the promise of a future summer, keeps it

with the semblance of youth, and visible almost unaltered.

"Eugenie, my Eugenie!"

The remembered voice, the old tones, swept like the dying wind the chord of the poor lady's heart, and brought with them the memories of old days, and of the cherished love.

Her eyes were still closed, but all her senses seemed preternaturally acute. A smile of delight—radiant, and bright, and pure as winter sunshine—lit up her features and she spoke—

"We were so happy," she said; "so young and both so innocent. We lived but for each other, Philip; and you, in your fond passion, were as true as I. What was the world to us? What were its vanities, its empty pomp, its cruel, false ambitions? We lived but for each other; and every passing day, swift as it went when winged by joy and love, made us dearer to each other.

"We had no bargaining, no buying, nor cheating, no chaffering with our love; but gave ourselves to each other—a boy and girl—never dreaming of deceit which we could not understand, nor of sordid motives which we could not comprehend. And although the glory of that morn of love has been succeeded by a sudden long dark night, it never faded to the light of common day—was never ruined by mean doubts, nor fretted by everyday cares and follies; but has remained a pure, sweet memory through all these years of sorrow.

"Do you remember our first meeting, love?—our first confession, and the innocent kiss which sealed the mutual tender of our hearts each to the other? Do you remember the long summer days of our journey to be married in Prussia? I was your wife by the left hand—that was all, you told me, that you could give me; and I believed you, and was content, since you were a great noble, and I the daughter of a poor French *émigré*, an artist. I knew I had your heart. I knew the vows I offered up to God were true. I trusted that He would accept them.

"If we sinned—and the deep punishment of after-days will make us read in it God's judgment of our love, my Philip, which was too tenderly and too exclusively our own; too human, warm, and joyous of this life—we sinned at least in love, not hate; from generous impulse, not from sordid desires and faithless love of the world. But this we knew not then. You lifted me from a life

of trial and of care to one of comfort and of plenty, in its modest way. You enabled me to aid my father in his years of want, disease, and old age; and to lay my poor pious mother in an honoured grave. To you the retirement of our little house at Passy—with its tiny garden where the sweet birds sang, and where the violets grew, and the sun came, it seemed to me, earlier and lingered later than in Paris streets—might have seemed but poverty. To me it was a fairy palace. I remember now the paper on the walls of our little salon, which gave its windows to our garden; our little bed-room, fitted in the English style; our kitchen, where our servant—grave, honest, pious and Norman—sat and told her beads, and wondered at our love—which rejoiced her heart, and seemed to her, as she said, like some sweet fairy tale, which she read all day and dreamt of in the night.

"I remember, too, almost every word you said: your noble sentiments, your generous disregard of self, your every action; not one angry word, not one clouded look in all those days of love; not one expression of being tired or wearied of my fond love;—not one sentence but that which an English gentleman might use to a lady far above him! Can you wonder that I loved you?"

"You were of that generous people which—when at war with my country, and suffering grievous wrong from her—received my father, and thousands like him, and aided him in all his struggles, and gave him life and hope.

"And I, a girl, had an hereditary love for our noble enemies, and yet our friends, the English. I loved their language, their stately poems, and their calm yet warm manners. In you I found my ideal—no slave of passion, yet so full of life and love; no empty braggart, but so strong in action; no dreamer, yet so generous in thought. Oh, my Philip, you were my all, and you were worthy—aye, in spite of untruth, wrong, and fate."

Here the poor lady paused awhile, and the doctor gave her some more wine and water.

"Let her speak," he said, softly—and his two bright, hard, and scientific brown eyes were brighter for the moisture that was in them. "Let her speak as long as she will. This has been long upon her poor heart: it will do her good to say her say, poor darling."

Winnifred had crept nearer to the suf-

ferer, and had caught one hand, and fondled it and kissed it. In the picture of the father she recognized the traits of her own Philip; and had not Eugenie been full of sorrow and ill-health, which was quite a sufficient reason to attract this young lady's love, she would have loved her for the sad sweet voice and the full-hearted memory of her own young love.

The good little nurse, looking up with saintly eyes from under the cold shade of her white *cornette*, told her beads with fervour, and, it may be, thanked God that she had escaped this trial and this sorrow caused by human passions. Was she right? I hardly know. Is the soldier better who has not joined the fight? It may be so; but surely the thankfulness which arises from past trial and trouble is better than that which boasts an isolated safety.

The same sweet smile again flickered upon the thin, pale features, as if some pleasant memory had lit up a lantern which had long been dark.

"Do you remember, Philip," she said, "how we wandered in the Louvre and in Versailles, and how you made each picture memorable by describing it to me, telling me of the story of my country, and never using one hard word against us; pointing out how we had fought at Fontenoy and Ivry, your face glowing with admiration for the gallant deeds of knights, or your eyes dimming with moisture as you recounted some heroic deed which led to death?"

"Sooner or later all paths lead to death, my Philip! The world we reck so much of is death's antechamber; and long have I waited in it. I am now near the door, and would bid you good-bye."

The face was more solemn, but still hopeful and joyous, as she said these words. Then the tone changed.

"How often have I since stood in those pleasant palaces, and recalled those words! Surely, if men knew the love that women bear them, they would never use one harsh phrase towards them. The memory has been a pleasant memory, and has kept me alive during a long trial.

"And, alas! what a price we mortals pay for love, for comfort, and for joy! Thirty years!—for thirty years, and the light of my life gone out, leaving me half dead and darkling.

"The blow was too severe for me to attempt to defend myself, or to recover from

it. I could only gather what comfort there was in prayer, and in my child—our child, my Philip!"

Winnifred listened even more eagerly than before, and pressed the thin hand more closely. The Earl gazed at the dying woman even more intensely; and the doctor, raising her form gently, gave her some more refreshment.

After a short pause, the patient, with a sadder tone, and the tears gently dropping one by one from her closed eyes, continued—

"The trial had not changed me, my dear sweet love, nor had it broken me. I determined to still endure. I took the punishments as some good priests tell us to take them, as a recompense for the greater pleasures we had known, as a trial and a test, a warning that we should not forget God. Heaven help me!—life is at best a trial, when we hardly dare be happy except in the dreamlike illusions of our youth. I trusted your love, Philip, even though you were married to your English wife. I never flinched, nor failed, nor doubted. I was rewarded. But oh, the bitter sweet! You proved your love by urging me to be dishonest to your other child. With all the eloquence which a pent-up, unsatisfied love could give you, you tried to persuade me to do wrong. I resisted for a long time, for a long, long time."

"You did, Eugenie! God knows you did. You were better and wiser than I was. You set before me the folly of the wrong, but I could not be persuaded."

"My dear!" murmured the poor sick lady, "God permits some of us to yield to sin, because we do not trust Him. I was about to yield, when I went to confession, and sought comfort in the words of the good father who directed my prayers. He knew not of you, for I did not tell him all. He showed me a way out of the horrible pit, even if it was for the first and only time in my life—"

"The first and *only* time!" The Earl breathed more quickly, and awaited with anxious ears, as if he divined what was coming.

"Even, then, if I deceived you. You urged me to change the children. You sent to me your Normandy nurse with my little boy, rosy with country air and tanned with sea breezes. He was to be, like you, the great Earl of Chesterton. But then he would

have been, like you, tempted, set up high, and born to miserable alliances of family and of pride, never to know the truth. I looked for smaller paths and quieter ways for our child, my Philip. My heart revolted at the trial for my boy. I could not consent. Your nurse—a creature only won by gold—received my bribe as well as yours. You thought that you had done that deed; but still my child was kept near me—as I well knew—and did not fill another place! Pardon me, Philip!"

"Thank God!—thank God!" gasped the nobleman, as if a weight had fallen from him; while Winnifred, covering the thin frail hand with grateful kisses, placed it to her own pure heart, saying—

"*He* is Lord Wimpole still!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

"He should have been a light
Shining to bless us!
But proved a storm and blight
Sent to distress us."

SCOTT.

"THIS is a strange case," said the doctor. "I am obliged to listen to many a confession; but I do not remember anything like this."

"I am so thankful you are here, Dr. Richards," whispered Winnifred, speaking thus for her husband's sake. "You will remember what the poor lady has said?"

The doctor replied by an upward, a surprised but brilliant glance, which plainly said, "Can any one forget it?" The nurse, too, looked up, as if to testify that she too was human, and not a mere ornament with a religious exterior.

"Hush!" ejaculated the doctor at length, after a somewhat anxious pause, "she will speak again." Then he thought to himself, "The newly recovered strength will last some time—it is useless to check her. What I dread is, the collapse after this; but if she will aid us—as of course she will, with hope before her—I think we shall pull through. Sickness of what we call heart and mind, conscience and feeling!—those are the matters that puzzle the doctor. Who knows in what organ, either, numbing, deadening pain is situated?"

The same strange, trembling, nervous motion passed over Mrs. Wade's form and features as she again spoke, after drinking eagerly and with interest—not mere suffering—some wine, as if she knew that it did her good, and gave her momentary strength.

"I would not have deceived you, Philip, in that; for I would have done your bidding even in wrong, but that I would not wrong another. I am sure that I have been right. I look back with calm satisfaction to that step in life. I felt a better and a wiser woman afterwards. I accepted, as you know, my fate. I was not one to struggle against the decrees of Providence. We loved each other too dearly. I loved you to the forgetfulness of all—even of God; and He smote me to remembrance with a bitter blow."

Dr. Richards was so much of a *savant* that this talk to him was but a shibboleth, beyond his thorough comprehension. The religious state of mind was like any other strange prepossession: he accepted it, but he could not account for it. But the nursing Sister nodded her white cap, as much as to signify her acquiescence, and that it was borne out by her experience.

"I know this nurse was true to me and false to you, by a secret knowledge that a mother has. My child remained with her, was brought up by her in his earlier years; and, alas! by that secret way of nature, of which we know so little, imbibed strange moral poison in his foster-mother's milk. Alas, Philip! he is not what his father's son should be, nor what his mother's teachings would have made him."

Then Winnifred was right. As she listened, a secret satisfaction was borne in upon her mind, and she thanked God that in her prejudice she had not been unjust.

The Earl was, however, torn with a deeper sorrow. Through his sin, he felt that both his sons were lost to him for ever; and the very satisfaction that he would have felt was embittered beyond endurance by the crime to which he felt the chain of circumstances which he had forged had dragged his son Philip.

"But let that pass—we'll speak of it again," continued the invalid, in her low, sweet voice and measured cadence, so full of harmony and rhythm that the words seemed now and then to fall into natural lines of blank verse, and to admit of scansion. "In that I did deceive you, for your good; but afterwards there came an accusation—based on some slight truth—which eager friends, your jealous fondness set to watch, brought foully against *me*. How could your faith be shaken? How could you misjudge the one you loved?"

The fault began in you. A victim to your father's will and pride, you did me wrong; and then added to that evil in believing that I could return the wrong to your own bosom."

The Earl groaned and sighed—now, when it was too late, fully believing what the dying woman said.

"It was in vain that I wrote to you after your cruel letter. You had shut out all chances of the error being retrieved. My letters were returned. Again I wrote; they were returned unopened. I bowed to fate. I was too proud, too much wounded—and deep sorrow has its pride as well as joy—to urge you more. I succumbed, and comforted myself by the penance I had to undergo. Why should I clear my fame to you? I asked myself; especially when a proof of my innocence would bring back your fondness, and make you unjust to and unhappy with your English wife. It has been, Philip, a martyrdom of thirty years. Heaven knows how I passed it. It is ended now. You suspected me cruelly and most wrongfully. No cloistered nun could have been more pure in thought and deed than I. I wore this wrong suspicion, this most odious accusation, as one who does an unseen penance wears a chain of steel or shirt of hair. They lacerate the flesh: your penance ate into my soul."

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me, Eugenie!"

"Forgiven, Philip, are you ere you ask—long loved, long cherished, long forgiven. I found that the accusation was based upon the visits of my brother, whom I had educated, with the money you had so plentifully bestowed upon me, at St. Cyr; and who—poor, brave young fellow—had won his epaulettes. He is dead now, thank Heaven for it! He will meet me where our errors are more wisely looked at than by human eyes. He was happy when he died, in some sharp fray in Africa; happy—with the name of his sister, his widowed sister, on his lips—that he gave his life for France. France—dear, sweet France! I have been long away from her, in this cold land of my adoption. My dear, sweet mother country! I did not love her well enough; but now her sunshine and blue skies come back to me so plainly, so vividly: there seems to rest once more a gleam of her bright sunshine on my bed."

The doctor well knew the meaning of this, and gave the invalid some wine. It

was useless trying to stop her, or to give her rest. Rapidly the sweet voice, so low and so clear in its enunciation, poured forth its words, as if the invalid knew that she was making her last shrift in this troublous world.

"But our boy, when he came back to me, seemed to have come with an altered nature," she continued. "He grew up outwardly all that a fond mother could wish; but inwardly cold, reserved, and clever—but with that cleverness which regards only self. He worked at his tasks steadily and with industry—accumulated knowledge, but it was for himself. For years I did not let him know his history. He believed me to be a widow; and he chafed and fretted against poverty, as if our quiet life—undistinguished, but with few trials in it—were a bitter trouble to him.

"He was ambitious, and chose his own career. He was determined to study the law; for he saw that in that there lay more advancement in the world than in anything else, and that he might thereby take advantage of the weakness and the follies of mankind. He said so, calmly and with purpose, to me. I hoped that, as he grew up, some strong passion of love might lay hold of him, and purify his nature; but I found that youth passed away without this relief. He never told me anything—was coldly polite to me, but never confided in me. The love which I had fondly dreamed he would, from his father's nature, shower upon me, was withheld. He was impassive. Many a mother would, perhaps, have held him to be without fault—he was so constant at his studies, so determined to win his way. Alas! the very faultlessness which others saw in him was to my fond heart his greatest fault itself.

"At last, in an evil hour, some six months ago, thinking to move him, I told him all. I was ill then, and I fancied that I might not live; and I thought that I should not like to die without his knowing his mother's story and his father's name.

"The revelation did not seem either to distress him or to surprise him. He heard me coolly to the end—telling him, with broken voice, the sad story of my love and my punishment."

Even here the poor dying creature said no harsh word. She might have told her cruel wrongs—and so the little group that heard her thought. Her reticence made the story

more pathetic; and Lord Chesterton felt in his heart her great charity to be a blow and a reproof.

"He listened calmly, but said no word of sympathy; while he complained bitterly of the wrong done to him. Oh, how every word of his wounded me! My punishment was indeed bitter: it was more than I could bear.

"Some time after that he obtained some of the letters which you had sent me—those letters which were a proof of what I had said, and which, while they revealed to him his birth, told him also of the love you bore him. He complained coldly, but in strong terms, that I had thwarted your schemes. He never uttered what my heart longed for—the generous approval of a son of a sorely tempted mother who had refrained from crime."

The poor lady again paused, and the nurse refreshed her by putting some wine and water to her lips.

During the short silence that ensued, we will go back to Edgar Wade, whom we left standing at the door of Mr. George Horton's house in Wimpole-street.

Disturbed by the persistence of Winnifred in her plan, the barrister found that resistance was useless, and that he could not prevent the meeting which he dreaded.

And, after all—thus he reasoned to himself—why should he dread it? Mrs. Wade was too far gone for her to recover, and to make uncomfortable explanations. The chain of evidence collected by Old Daylight was too strong, even at its weakest link, to break; and if it did, and Lord Wimpole were not thus disposed of, his claim to the position which he so coveted, and which would purchase or ensure him the only being he loved, had been admitted by both father and son.

It would be useless for him to oppose this meeting. It would be better for him to allow it to take place. He felt his dread only a weakness; and he was so far committed to the desperate game he had hitherto played with such skill and success, that he felt it was better to leave something to chance. Had not Dr. Richards, his old scientific friend—with whom he had studied natural science, and who looked upon the world as a chess-board, and human beings as the pieces moved by the hands of science, and an intelligible but unmastered law—as-

sured him that the game in Mrs. Wade's case was very nearly ended, and that death was certainly about to checkmate vital force? Yes, he would let them proceed. But, as the carriage rolled away, the barrister looked after it somewhat uneasily.

Was Mr. Horton at home?

He was. The neat-handed Phillis took the barrister's card from his hand, and ushered him upstairs. The house was one of those quiet and unpretending but excellently built and comfortably warm houses common forty years ago. It was not half so elegant as a much smaller house would be now. There were no fern cases at the staircase window, nor flowers in the vases of the rooms; yet everywhere cleanliness and neatness, order and arrangement, were visible enough.

The drawing-room, on the first floor front, was furnished plainly; and the furniture was carefully covered up—even to the tassels of the bell-ropes—with brown holland. A huge square sofa, a round centre table, two armchairs, and about half a dozen others, furnished the room. In one corner was a glass case full of gay butterflies, arranged in the shape of a great star, brilliant with spread wings of dazzling colours; in the opposite one, a pendant was found in another case full of British birds. Over the mantelshelf, a handsome square glass—a Vauxhall looking-glass, with bevelled edges—reflected some ornolu candlesticks with diamond-cut lustre-drops, and two Chelsea china figures of a shepherd and shepherdess, leaning against white china trees, the foliage of which was formed of coloured flowers stuck against the branches. On the wall opposite the fireplace and the Vauxhall glass, in its plainly moulded gilt frame, innocent of elaborate carving, hung two large water colours, from the sombre but excellent pencil of old Nicholson—a waterfall being one, and a woodland scene the other; between them, a convex mirror, and a deep gold frame with an eagle in gold perched on the top, reflected the form of the barrister, as he stood with his back to the fire warming himself—for the October evening was chilly—and awaiting Mr. Horton. His busy mind, although it might have pleaded other occupation, took in all these details, and remembered them, as if they were important.

Mr. Horton came at once, and had some talk with the barrister—who, to his surprise, found that the magistrate was by no means

unwilling to believe in Lord Wimpole's innocence. But he was anxious to get away, and he assented to all Mr. Horton surmised, merely gathering from him the result of his inquiries. He had promised to call there, and he performed his promise methodically; but even while the magistrate was talking, and he was listening, looking at the case of butterflies with an absorbed interest, his heart was in the sick room with Mrs. Wade. With a few complimentary words he arose and left, and walked hurriedly round to Queen Anne-street.

The carriage was not before the door. The coachman, with the tender care of his animals usual to him, was quietly walking the steeds up and down, to prevent them chilling in the cold evening air. Edgar Wade had some hope that his too intrusive visitors had left; but it was soon dissipated.

He let himself in by his key, and walked upstairs softly. He had a quiet, careful step, which he seemed to have cultivated.

When he reached the landing outside the door of the invalid, he waited for a time and listened. His ears were preternaturally acute. He noted a pause, as if the conversation had been interrupted—a soft rustling, and the undertones of the doctor, and—heavens!—the voice of Mrs. Wade.

Softly turning the handle of the door, he entered softly—so softly, that no one of those so intently listening to the sad shrift of the speaker heard him.

But the invalid, finely strung, felt his presence, although her eyes were unopened.

Her whole frame shuddered, and seemed dilated with an angry agony. She rose forward, and concluded what she was saying—which had been some guarded statements of a proposition made by her son—and said—

“He is here. I feel his presence. He is my bane, my punishment. He is a *Murderer!*”

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH SOME SCENES FROM “THE RIVALS”
ARE ENACTED OFF THE STAGE.

“I’LL just leave ye to answer it as soon as ye conveniently can,” and an intimation that Mr. Chutney would be at home all the morning, were the words of adieu with which The O’Higgins parted from Mr.

Samuel Adolphus Golightly on the eventful morning when he placed the "message" of his injured friend in our hero's astonished hand.

Mr. Samuel's amazement at first, when the blustering descendant of the Kings of Erin's green isle burst in upon him and his mutton chop, had been very great. It became still greater when The O'Higgins announced his style and title, and placed the note of a gentleman to whom he was a stranger in his hand. It culminated with The O'H.'s abrupt and most unexpected departure.

"Good gr-r-acious! what can all this be about?" exclaimed our hero, as he rushed excitedly to his window, and watched the retreating figure of Mr. O'Higgins pacing, with martial stride, across the quad.

"Wh-wh-what does it all m-mean, I wonder?"

But he did not give himself up long to ignorant wondering.

It has been said, by many wise and observing writers, that if a man receives a letter, among a number of letters, which he well knows to be an unpleasant letter, he opens all his other packets first, and makes himself master of their contents. Then he chips his egg, and swallows a mouthful of toast or of tea, eyeing all the while the unpleasant epistle, and at last reluctantly opens that also.

We claim for our hero the merit of a different course of conduct; at all events, in the present instance, he neglected the chop now cooling in its own fat on his plate—he did not even stop to sip his tea; but the bearer of the missive was no sooner out of sight than he broke the seal, and satisfied himself as to the nature of its contents. He read, with rapidly varying expressions of feature, thus:—

"101, King's Parade, Friday.

"SIR—As you have been pleased to make both yourself—which is of the slightest possible consequence—and Miss Bellair—which is of some importance—ridiculous, by presuming to think yourself a pretender to her good opinion, and as I am further advised you have made certain remarks concerning me of a disparaging character, though you are a Freshman, I suppose you know well enough the satisfaction one gentleman demands of another under such circumstances as those stated above. Any gentleman you may appoint to arrange pre-

liminaries will find me, and the friend who carries this message, in readiness to receive him at any time that is convenient to you.—Yours indignantly,

"HORATIO CLIVE CHUTNEY.

"To S. A. Golightly, Esq."

It instantly struck Mr. Golightly, with very unpleasant force, that the "satisfaction one gentleman demands of another" meant fighting, either with swords, pistols, or larger weapons, as might be agreed upon; and that the "preliminaries" mentioned by Mr. Chutney were the preparations necessary for the hostile meeting. If these were among the manners and customs of a University, Mr. Golightly, who was pre-eminently a man of peace—for though his grandfather had borne arms, it was only in the militia—began to wish he had never come there. He recollected, on the spur of the moment, that he had never drawn a sword from its sheath—for his late grandfather's weapons were kept hanging up at the Hall, where they were looked up to with due veneration—or snapped a pistol in his life. Here was a pretty predicament to be placed in! And what aggravated the matter, our hero not unnaturally felt that he was not in the least at fault, being the most amiable of mortals, and ready—aye ready—at the call of duty, to resign all claim to the hand of Miss Bellair, or any other young lady to whom any other gentleman reasonably considered that he had a prior right. Glancing again at Mr. Chutney's letter, he noticed the day of the week at its head. "Friday" stared him ominously in the face.

"Y-yesterday was Thursday, and—and it—it is Friday," he said to himself; and his family prepossession against that ill-fated day recurred to his memory with a vividness increased by present circumstances.

"I'll—I'll go and talk to George about it, and show him the letter," continued our hero, still talking to himself.

Snatching up his cap, he put it on his head, and hurried down the stairs; but his cousin George's door was "sporting" very determinedly against assault, and his knocks and gentle kicks remained unanswered.

He stood in the doorway looking on the quad, when Mrs. Cribb came up, with a can in one hand and a pail in the other. Our hero was first made aware of her presence by hearing her voice—

"Beg pardon, sir," said his bedmaker, "but if the tooters should see you in your dressin' gownd a walkin' about of a mornin', they might object, which has been the case before."

"Oh!" said our hero, for the first time thinking of his dress—such was his excitement of mind on the present occasion, though ordinarily the most particular of men. "I have—that is, I want to see my cousin."

"Meaning, Mr. Golightly, my staircase ground floor," said Mrs. Cribb. "He's been gone out half an hour ago. I seed him myself, when I was a pumpin' a can of water Sneek ought to have pumped an hour and a half before, agoin' across the quad in his boots and ridin' whip, so I think p'r'aps he's gone for a ride or something, sir."

This was bad news, indeed; and Mr. Samuel's face fell accordingly. Just as George could have been of immense service to him, to find him gone—perhaps for the day! What was he to do? "Be cool"—that was clear, but not easy. Then, again, the honour of the family might or might not be at stake, according to the way in which you regarded duelling. But his aunt Dorothea had cautioned him to "remember that he was a Golightly;" and if the honour of the family was lost through him, what would his aunt say? Write to Oakingham-cum-Pokeington? But his mamma would die of anxiety and alarm; and he never could trust his father to keep the affair a secret, for he knew all the family would insist on reading the letter, or go into instant hysterics if they did not. He was in a dilemma—a peculiar dilemma, of a circular sort, with horns all round. Two would have been nothing to deal with. Turning these things over in his mind, he retraced his steps to his own rooms.

"You've gone and let this nice chop get cold, sir. Shall I put it before the fire for a few minutes? It would soon get hot again, with a plate over it."

But her master had not the slightest appetite for chops, hot or cold; and told Mrs. Cribb that such was the case.

"Dear me, now," said that worthy woman, in a tone of the deepest concern, as she cleared away his breakfast things, and gleefully put the chop into her basket, with the breads and butters and other perquisites it contained.

Mr. Golightly retired into the solitude of the little room dignified by the name of study, and there thought. He had not been so engaged more than a few minutes, when he thought he heard a low and hesitating single knock at the door of his keeping-room. He advanced as far as his study door to satisfy himself of the truth of his surmise. The knock was repeated in the same timid fashion. He walked towards the door, and happening at the same time, as he passed his windows, to cast his eyes across the quad, he saw something more than a dozen seedy individuals, of different ages and degrees of seediness, coming towards the block of buildings in which he resided. It struck him as an unusual phenomenon; but what with being near-sighted and much preoccupied in mind with the thought of Mr. Chutney's letter, Mr. Golightly failed to observe that each of these persons carried in his hands a hat, and in some cases an umbrella. By this time, the knock at his door was repeated in a louder and more determined tone, and he opened it to an individual—who held in one hand the bill describing, in most effective type, the loss of a hat and an umbrella sustained by a gentleman of St. Mary's College, and in the other hand a battered beaver and a tattered *parapluie*.

Placing the bill in our hero's hand, the bearer took off his own hat, and, giving his curling forelock a respectful pull, said—

"Mister G'lightly—d'rected here by the porter at the gate—said as you was the gen'elman as had lost a Nat and a Numbereller. Beggin' pardon, sir—is these 'um? They was found—upon my Dick, they was—a floatin' down the river agen Maudlin" (Magdalen) "Bridge. Out in the middle they was, upon my Dick; and great trouble I had a-reskyin' of 'um."

Mr. Golightly at once admitted that he was the gentleman who had lost a hat and an umbrella, and the bill produced referred to his property; but he indignantly repudiated any connection with the articles produced. They were both in the last stage of decay, and must have been thrown into the river as the best means of getting rid of them; but as they were quite dry now, and showed no sign of any recent immersion, our hero slightly doubted the assertion of the finder, and felt disinclined even to believe him or "his Dick"—which was probably his way of invoking Saint Richard in

short, an oath he made use of with great solemnity of manner several times over.

This Bargee—as Mr. Pokyr afterwards styled him—had hardly got to the end of his narrative of the rescue from a watery grave of the hat and umbrella he carried, when numerous other Bargees made their appearance, and urged their rival claims to credence; addressing Mr. Golightly with great respect, and each other with a considerable degree of contempt, and much appropriate imagery in the way of language.

“N—no, no, no—none of them are mine,” exclaimed Mr. Golightly, whose room was filled with the Bargees, and who did not know how in the world to get rid of them.

“’Xcuse me, sir, but this ’un *is* yourn, and no mistake about it,” cried one, holding up for our hero’s inspection an old drab wide-awake.

“No, I never had such a one.”

“Let the gen’elman alone. He knows his own—in course he do. This ’un’s his; my brother Billy seed it drop off his head.”

And so each Bargee pressed his claims upon Mr. Golightly, with much volubility. At last, a man in a horsey suit of clothes and a bird’s-eye neckerchief, who seemed to have come in with the rest “on spec,” as he apparently had not found *the* identical hat Mr. Samuel had lost, remarked—

“Well, if none of these hats aint the gentleman’s, what I say is, What is he going to stand?”

“That’s right, Spot,” said one.

“Well done, Glanders!” said another. “Go it—that’s the ticket.”

“It ’im agen!”

“Brayvo!” from a great many.

Encouraged by these remarks, Spot Glanders, their spokesman, proceeded—

“You see, sir, you are a gentleman, and these here men have taken a great deal of trouble to restore your property to you; and if the mistake is theirs, it’s partly yours as well, for there isn’t no description of the hat and the umbrella on the bills.”

“Hear, hear!” from all the Bargees.

“And time is time, and money too, to us working men here.”

“So it is, Spot.”

A happy thought struck Mr. Golightly. He had some silver in his pocket.

He had proceeded to the distribution of several shillings as a recompense for the trouble the Bargees had taken on his account, when Mr. Sneek suddenly appeared

on the scene. Placing himself in his favourite attitude in the doorway, and addressing the assembled roughs, the gyp said, with a smile of irony—

“And what are you all here for? Come, clear out.”

In vain Spot Glanders remonstrated; in vain the Bargees protested or murmured at the hardness of their fate.

“Clear out, or I’ll have you all discom-mensed,” said Mr. Sneek.

Slowly and unwillingly, those who had not been favoured with the shillings left the room; comforting themselves, however, with the reflection, “We’ve got enough for a gallon or two o’ beer among us.”

“They’re imposin’ upon you, sir,” said Sneek, as soon as they were gone. “I do hate imposition of any sort, and often I’ve said so to Cribb, when I’ve seed her or anybody else a takin’ advantage behind my back.”

“They brought what they said were my hats and umbrellas,” said our hero, laughing, and forgetting his greater cause of disquiet in the recollection of the Bargee scene.

“Your ’At and Umbereller,” reiterated the gyp, with a satirical sneer—“let them as sent ’em to you give ’em something for comin’. That’s what I say.”

Here Mr. Sneek gave a flip or two with his duster to the table legs, with an air of conscious rectitude very impressive to witness.

Our hero was again rapt in thought—the duel in prospective taking up the whole of his attention. He wanted a confidant very badly; and Sneek was certainly a man of sense, and versed in the customs of University life.

He was within an ace of communicating some slight hint of his troubles to honest John Sneek, when Mr. Pokyr called to pay him a visit, and so prevented him from unburdening himself to his gyp.

“Good morning, Golightly,” said Mr. Pokyr, with a sprightly but innocent air. “I have just looked up your cousin, but I find his door is sported. So I suppose he’s out.”

“George is out, I believe,” responded our hero. “Mrs. Cribb told me she saw him going across the quad an hour ago.”

“Early bird. After the little grubs, no doubt. Had anybody here this morning, my dear boy? Looking at you with the philosophical eye of an old hand, I should

say your mental equanimity is slightly disturbed. Whose pills do you take?"

"I do not often require medicine, thank you," said our hero, with refreshing innocence. "When we do, we have antibilious pills from Keele's, at Fuddleton. I have had a number of people here this morning—"

"Yerse," said Mr. Sneek, "we *har* had them, as you s—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the gyp observed that Mr. Pokyr was pointing imperatively in the direction of the door; and there was also a dangling, swaying motion of his right foot accompanying it which was not lost upon Sneek, who rapidly made his exit. When he had closed the door behind him, and was out of danger—pointing back with his left thumb over his shoulder, and at the same time winking his eye—he said to himself—

"You are a havin' him a rum 'un. All round the 'oop, and no mistake."

"What say, John Sneek?" said Mrs. Cribb, who was in the gyp-room, just packing up her basket for departure.

"What do I say, Betsy Cribb? I say, get out o' the way," was the polite rejoinder. "What 'ave we got there?"

And Sneek proceeded carefully to overhaul Mrs. Cribb's basket, to assure himself that she had got nothing in it that properly belonged to him—conduct the bedmaker resented very indignantly indeed.

"Really, what a funny thing. Kind of them, though, was it not?" Mr. Pokyr said to Mr. Golightly, when he heard of the visit our hero had received from the Bargees.

"I have thought since, do you know, that they must have known the hats and umbrellas were not mine," replied Mr. Golightly.

"Not a bit of it, my dear boy, I assure you. All of them honest, poor fellows; and, after all, the working classes are very ignorant, you know. How were they to tell what style of hat you wore on a weekday?"

"We for-forgot to describe them."

"Ah, we did. But it was too bad of you to let Sneek turn them all out just as you were 'liberally rewarding' them."

"Was it? Do you think it was?" said our hero, vacantly—not in the least knowing what his queries meant. "Pokyr," he said, abruptly, "read that." And he placed the missive The O'Higgins had brought him an hour before in his friend's hand. "Read

that letter. I don't know what in the world to do."

Mr. Pokyr stood with one foot on the window seat, and carefully read the letter.

"There's no doubt about it," he said, shaking his head ominously. "You see, Chutney is a very excitable fellow."

"Am I—am I *obliged* to accept it?" asked Mr. Samuel, nervously.

"Pon my honour, I think you are. There seems no other way out of it. Ugly affair—pre-engagement between Miss Bellair and Chutney, seemingly. But 'take a bull by the horns,' you know," he added, cheerfully.

"But—but—but," said our hero, "I *don't* want to take a bull by the horns."

"All over by this time to-morrow. Be a man. I'll telegraph result to our friends at the Rectory. Think all the better of you for behaving like a man of spirit, whatever *may* happen."

"Aunt Dorothea would," said Mr. Samuel, thinking aloud. "But suppose—"

Mr. Pokyr closed his eyes and shook his head.

"Do suppose a case—only suppose it, you know—suppose I did not exactly wish to fight—"

"The only way out of it now, I fear."

"Would not a sort—a sort of apol—"

"Apology? Oh, Chutney is the last man in the world to take any apology. The fact is, he loves a fight—swords *or* pistols."

"The bloodthirsty wretch," thought Mr. Samuel.

"His speech at the Union was in favour of duels, was it not?" asked Mr. Pokyr. "I was not there."

"It was," said our hero.

"Screw your courage up to the shooting point. It's nothing, after all. Make your will first, you know; and then you will have nothing on your mind."

"But I thought duelling was quite out of date. I'm sure I've heard so."

"Not here. Universities are old-fashioned places. Old manners hang about for ages."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Samuel, in great trepidation, "what would my Fa say?"

"Your Fa would say, Fight. He would not see the family honour in the dust."

"But—but I never fired a pistol off in my life," urged Mr. Golightly, faintly.

"Never mind that—easiest thing in the world, I assure you," said Mr. Pokyr, stretching out his hand and imitating the ac-

tion. "You can stand close together, you know."

"I should like to be some distance off. I do not wish to shoot Chutney."

"And he does not wish to shoot you, my dear fellow. Merely a matter of form, which must be gone through, or your honour is gone. You could not live here, and see yourself pointed to as the man who dared not fight to rescue his honour! Now, could you?"

"But suppose anything happened?"

"Fire in the air—thus," said Pokyr, aiming with his finger at the ceiling. "Then you can't hurt Chutney, you know."

"I wish George had not gone out," said Mr. Samuel.

"Yes, it is a pity. He would have told you as I do. You must accept the challenge."

In the end, Mr. Golightly commissioned Mr. Pokyr to carry his reply to the other side; and willingly left all preliminary arrangements in his hands.

During the morning, The O'Higgins was



MR. GOLIGHTLY MAKES HIS DEBUT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

busily engaged in keeping up the courage of Mr. Chutney—not an easy task; and his mind was considerably relieved when Pokyr arrived with the answer of our hero, accepting the gage that had been thrown down.

Those gentlemen at once sat down to arrange between them the place, the time, and the weapons. This being done to their satisfaction, they strolled into the cigar shop of the *terrima causa belli*—the Brown-street Venus, otherwise Miss Emily Bellair. Giving Mrs. Bellair a nod as they walked

through the shop, they passed into the little back parlour, which was styled, on the half-glass door which shut it off from the snuff and tobacco jars, "Cigar Divan." Here, looking at the morning papers, they found Mr. Blaydes.

"Well, is it a go?" asked the last-named gentleman.

"Right as ninepence," replied Mr. Pokyr. "They are going to fight it out like men."

"Well done," said Blaydes. "I would have given anything to pay that little brag-

gart, Chutney, back in his own coin. Strange we have so soon got the chance. What a pair of nincompoops they both are!"

Mr. Pokyr nodded benignly, by way of reply.

"When is it to be?"

"To-morrow morning, at eight."

"Where?"

"Behind the Ditch on Newmarket Heath."

"Weapons of war?"

"Pistols—be all the saints," replied The O'Higgins.

"Keep it quiet, and don't tell anybody," said Pokyr, as a caution to Jamaica Blaydes, whose tongue was not that of a discreet man. "We brought the other little affair with Sneek's daughter off very nicely; and this morning his room was full of Bargees from every point of the compass."

"You got in at the finish?"

"No—I was late. Sneek had just sent them all off. Never mind, the duel will be the best fun we have had this year. They are both in a mortal funk of one another; and I'll lay a wager neither hits a haystack at ten paces."

"They are sure to show up? The Heath is a long way to go for nothing, at such an unearthly hour as eight."

"Better go to-night, and sleep there."

"Not a bad notion; but if Bloke knew the reason, he might refuse the *exeat*," replied the wary Blaydes.

"We are going to keep their courage up. The Captain is to stay with Tommy, and I coach Golightly. We've sent George out of the way—that is, he is sported in, and won't open to anybody—which, after all, is as good as being fifty miles away. He says he dares not advise his cousin Samuel to fight, for fear of after-rows."

After drinking a tankard of bitter, which Mrs. Bellair's precocious little boy fetched from the Pig and Whistle opposite, the three friends separated. Mr. Pokyr went off to coach one rival, at St. Mary's; the Captain to the King's Parade, to keep up the pluck of the other.

"I have brought a pistol with me, for you just to get your eye in, Golightly," said Pokyr, who found our hero in a very dependent state, sitting over his fire, with his head between his hands, looking thoughtfully at the embers.

"Thank you—I don't feel very well."

"But, by Jove, you must feel well, or you'll be nothing but a target to-morrow.

Think of Muley Moloch, or some fellow, and be well."

"What did Muley Moloch do?"

"Why, made up his mind to be well, and was well."

"I'll—I'll try," said Mr. Samuel, with a faint smile on his wan features.

"Stand up," said Pokyr, in the tone of a drill-sergeant addressing his awkward squad.

Mr. Samuel rose.

"Right about—wheel."

He turned to his instructor, who placed a pistol in his hands.

"It—it— isn't loaded, I hope," ejaculated Mr. Golightly, eyeing the instrument of destruction with manifest dread.

"No—got a cap on, that's all. Now, make ready—stay, you want a mark. Here," said Pokyr, cutting a button from his pantaloons, and taking a pin from his neckerchief, with which he fixed the button to the wall, "aim at that—fancy it's Chutney's nose."

"I can't," said Mr. Samuel—"it seems so wicked to do so."

Mr. Pokyr never left his principal till late that night. They dined together off beef-steak and oyster sauce, Mr. Samuel's appetite for which was not improved by his second's reminding him more than once that he might never taste oysters again.

During the afternoon and evening he fired many caps at the button, and made it shake on the pin several times. There was a very gunpowdery atmosphere in the room when Mrs. Cribb came in.

"They're been lettin' off fireworks or something, John Sneek," she said. "They'll be doin' some mischief, mark my words."

"There's somethink hup," said Mr. Sneek. "I'll find it out, though."

With this remark, the gyp bade Mrs. Cribb good-night.

Mr. Golightly spent the night without getting one wink of sleep, and the morning found him very feverish and queer. At the early breakfast improvised before the arrival of Mrs. Cribb, he found the knives had crossed themselves, and he spilled the salt. The omens were unpropitious; but our hero rose above omens. Like a certain potentate we read of, who, when the birds were dead against him, kicked the Sacred Chickens, coop and all, into the sea, Mr. Samuel uncrossed the knives, and let the salt lie, in a reckless manner that plainly bade them do their worst.

The drive to the Heath—a good twelve

miles—on a cool morning, took out of him what little courage he had left after his sleepless night; and, like Bob Acres's, Mr. Samuel's valour was gone. In vain Mr. Pokyr was facetious—in vain his joke as they passed Quy Church—

“Ecclesia Quy stat in agris’—nearest churchyard: might bring you there if anything serious occurs. How shaky you look! Have another pull at the brandy flask.”

“I don't feel quite myself,” was Mr. Golithly's rejoinder. It was plain he did not.

Behind the ditch they found poor little Mr. Chutney and the valorous O'Higgins waiting for them.

“The top of the morning to you,” said the Captain to Mr. Pokyr.

The place was chosen—the ground was measured—all was ready for the signal to fire—when an unexpected arrival made Mr. Pokyr exclaim—

“One moment, gentlemen—I can see strangers approaching.”

A H, M E!

I MEASURE life by gravestones, not by years;
They are the milestones on my life's highway;
For rain of Heaven they have been wet with tears—
Are wet to-day!

Tears of the heart, not of the clouded eye,
Bedew these sepulchres of blighted blooms,
Where, unresponsive, the beloved ones lie
In far-off tombs.

Dear friends, who journeyed with me hand in hand,
And dropped way-worn, leaving sad me behind,
To seek alone that bright and better land
Faith looks to find.

My baby-buds, sweet blossoms of my love,
With sentient leaves expanding day by day;
Whose essence envious Death exhaled above,
And left me—clay.

Fair human forms surrendered to the dust,
My human tears may dew your verdant graves;
But there are buried hopes—uncoffined trusts—
Where no grass waves.

There will be “resurrection of the dead;”
Parted humanity expects to meet
All smiles and love—where never tears are shed—
In bliss complete.

Some hopes died early, others in their prime,
And the heart shrouds them in a viewless pall;
But they will rise not in the after-time
At any call.

I measure life by gravestones, not by years;
And these, intangible, count with the seen;
The dead hopes buried in a rain of tears—
The “should have been.”

And not I, only—for, alas! all men
Inurn dead hopes within their secret souls,
But seldom mark their graves for mortal ken
With open scrolls.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.”

CHAPTER I.

TWO ROOMS AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE.



TWO rooms at the top of an old-fashioned country house, that stood on the slope of a hill facing due west, so that the fierce burning sun came pouring in all through the summer afternoons, fading carpets and curtains, and making the somewhat tarnished gilding of the picture frames look more tarnished than ever, in the brilliant, uncompromising light. There was no help for it, unless the Venetian blinds were drawn down, or the outer shutters closed, and the house darkened, as though there had been a death in it. Vivid light, or almost total darkness—there was no alternative; or, at any rate, no one had ever attempted any. Therefore, sometimes the house was closed up in the manner described, sometimes every blind was drawn up as high as it would go, every shutter thrown back, and the dazzling sunshine flooded the rooms in undisturbed brightness.

Just as it suited the humour of the master of the house. Sunshine or cloud, heat or cold, produced no regulating effect. He was his own barometer. As his will willed

it, so was the weather to him, entirely independent of atmospheric influences.

A man of middle height, verging on thirty years of age—pale, restless, with dark eyes, that might have had much in them to read if people could only have fathomed them, or if their possessor had been of sufficiently stable mood to retain one expression long enough for any one to comprehend it. But the eyes shone out with such varied meaning in the space of a few seconds, that people came to the conclusion that nothing could be gathered from them, and that Jasper Seaton was a man of too changeable a character to put much faith in.

Perhaps they were right. He was passionate, and full of whims, which made him appear wavering; yet he had no lack of determination—only, unfortunately, it was overruled by caprice.

“Why has Di the two worst rooms in the house?” asked Jasper Seaton of his mother.

Mrs. Seaton was placidly sitting in the full blaze of the sun, which was gradually turning the faded roses on the carpet to a sicklier autumnal hue, which contrasted unfavourably with their deep crimson counterparts in the more shaded and secluded portions of the room.

Mrs. Seaton did not mind the sun; neither did she mind the gloom when the house was darkened: she was pleased with what pleased her son, and everything that did not please him was in her eyes rank heresy. Therefore his question startled her a little.

“I wrote to say that she was to have her choice of rooms,” he continued.

“Of course you did, Jasper; and I showed the letter to Di—and Di flew over the house, in and out of every room, and came down out of breath to tell me that she would have the two at the top of the house, in the north wing, that had been shut up so long. I don’t know why, unless it was that she had found a piece of tapestry on one of the walls.”

“Anne wished her to have the rooms she used to have,” said Jasper, half in soliloquy.

“You did not say so, Jasper, or perhaps Di would have taken them. She was very fond of Anne when she was staying here. Anne was the only one who had any influence over her. She’s terribly wilful.”

“Pshaw!”

“Shall I tell her that Anne wished her to

have her rooms? I dare say she would move down if she knew it.”

“No,” said Jasper; “no—don’t say anything about it. She’s chosen for herself: let her keep to her choice. But what can have induced her to go up there?”

“She says it is so quiet.”

“Quiet! What does Di care about quietness?”

“It’s come upon her since her engagement; and perhaps Anne’s death has had something to do with it.”

And Mrs. Seaton began to sob gently at the remembrance of her lost daughter.

But Jasper only heard the first part of her speech.

“Engagement!” he repeated. “Engaged since I went away? There’s not been time. And who on earth is there for her to get engaged to here?”

“I thought you would know all about it, Jasper.”

“How should I?”

“Did not Di write to you?”

“Not about that. Who is it? Where did she meet him?”

Mrs. Seaton had been contemplating her son attentively, and saw that he was more than usually annoyed. She began to be doubtful of the part she had taken in countenancing the hasty engagement; so began to defend herself before she was attacked.

“I thought you would be delighted, Jasper. It will be such a relief to get Diana off our hands, and comfortably settled in life; and he’s a young man of good family and ex—that is, tolerable prospects; and I am sure that Diana is already beginning to be quite a different creature; and poor Anne, she would be sure to approve—such a very amiable young man. He—”

“Who is it?” asked Jasper Seaton, impatiently.

“I don’t think you have heard his name. He came to read with the rector, the day after you went off to poor Anne. Let me see—that is about two months ago. He’s going into the Church. His uncle, or his godfather, or it may be his grandfather, I cannot be sure,” said Mrs. Seaton—

“Never mind,” interrupted her son, “what is his name?”

“Carteret—John Carteret. His father is a Chancery barrister. Rather a large family; and this is the third son. His mother is a relation of Lady Pechford of Driffington. You remember her, don’t

you? I think Mr. Carteret's second name is Pechford. Yes, it is—John Pechford Carteret. Rev. John Pechford Carteret it will be. It is better than we might have expected for a girl without a penny, like Di."

Jasper Seaton started slightly, then he repeated—

"John Pechford Carteret—going into the Church! What nonsense. Quite unsuitable for a girl like Di. Is he going to teach her theology?" And his lip curled contemptuously.

"I am sure it is a great blessing," murmured Mrs. Seaton. "Other people's children are never like one's own. One never knows what to do with them. How Robert Ellis could think of leaving you guardian to his child I cannot imagine. Why couldn't he have thrown her upon his own family?"

Jasper Seaton answered nothing. He strode up and down the room in the glaring sunlight, and twenty varied expressions flitted over his restless countenance.

Mrs. Seaton did not puzzle herself with attempting to analyze them: her son was beyond her comprehension, and she was content he should be. He was her only son—her only child, now that Anne was dead. He had been more to her even than her daughter; for her daughter had married early, and had lived all her married life in France, and had died there within the last two months, after a short widowhood spent among her husband's relatives.

"You were much too young to be made a guardian. Let me see: it's twelve years since Di came to us—going on for thirteen. It was absurd. But I dare say Robert Ellis thought you would marry her in the end; and, perhaps you might have done, if this had not fortunately happened to prevent it. Di is getting quite a woman now; and there's no saying what unlikely things may happen when people are thrown together."

Jasper Seaton might or might not have heard his mother's speculations; if he had, he paid no attention to them: he was pursuing his own train of thought.

"Only two months since! There has not been time enough!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, you know how impulsive Di is, and how she settles everything in a moment, and takes a fancy to people at first sight."

"Does she?" inquired Jasper, half sarcastically.

"Well, to some people," replied Mrs.

Seaton. "If you remember, she was devoted to Anne from the first minute she saw her, and almost broke her heart when she went away again."

"Anne is not every one; and Anne was very fond of her." And a peculiar expression passed over Jasper's face. "I don't remember any one else having found favour in her eyes."

"She was infatuatedly attached to Dolly, and is just as foolish about Dolly's child—"

"Dolly was her nurse."

"Beggars, and all the idle children in the village."

"She's a sort of waif and stray herself; so, perhaps, has a sympathetic feeling."

"Very likely that may account for it," said Mrs. Seaton, a grateful ray of light breaking in upon her; "and she's as wilful and as idle as needs be—and, now I come to think of it, never did take a fancy to respectable people: the rector, for instance—she would go half a mile out of her way at any time rather than meet him, and she shuts her eyes all through the sermons. I believe she determines not to listen to them. No—I suppose she doesn't take much to respectable sort of people."

"Such as ourselves," suggested Jasper, cynically.

"Jasper," returned Mrs. Seaton, "you know, just as well as I do, that she's as fanciful as the day's long; and she takes a liking here, and a dislike there, without any reason whatever."

Jasper again repeated—

"But two months—it's absurd!"

"Not at all. John Carteret was quiet, and a contrast to herself, and somehow they became friends—through opposition of character, I suppose; and before I thought of anything but their being likely to quarrel in the course of a fortnight, she came and told me that she was engaged. One can't imagine how such an idea as marriage came into her head—she's seen nothing of the world."

"And therefore believes in it," added Jasper Seaton, bitterly. "This is the most absurd thing that ever happened—it can't be thought of for a moment."

"Why?" and Mrs. Seaton looked up, bewildered.

She could not in the least follow out the arguments that were going on in her son's mind. She could not understand why he should wish to oppose a marriage that would

relieve them of what she had long felt to be a burden. "Unless"—and here a new idea darted into her mind—"unless it may turn out a more expensive thing than her being unmarried. He might think he ought to give her a handsome dowry, as John Carteret has to make his way in the world; and doubtless he feels that he has spent enough upon her already, which I am sure he has done. Yes, he must want her to marry a rich man. Of course he does. Jasper is far-seeing; and I am afraid I have been very unwise in allowing this engagement; but it's impossible to contend with such a girl as Di."

And Mrs. Seaton—without waiting for an answer to her "Why?"—felt perfectly satisfied that there was no occasion for one. So, folding her hands complacently, she basked in the great yellow rays that came burning into the room, and fell to lamenting the day that Robert Ellis had died, and sent his daughter home to England.

Jasper Seaton continued pacing up and down the room. Perhaps it was the heat that had sent the dark, angry flush across his face. Perhaps it was the dazzling light that had caused his eyebrows to contract; and yet the clear, dark eyes gleamed steadily from under them, as though gifted with the property of the eagle's.

Presently he spoke again, but without the slightest reference to the intermediate conversation—

"And so badly furnished. Where did all the rubbish come from?"

"Di chose it all, arranged it all, and was in an ecstasy of delight when it was finished. I can't think why Di wanted to change at all: her old room was much more comfortable."

"Then you have been up there, mother?"

"Yes."

"The only redeeming feature is the collection of flowers just outside the west window."

"I did not look at it. It made me shudder to see Di standing out on that unprotected ledge, or roof, or whatever it may be—she calls it a balcony. There must be a railing put up."

"Only a square of carpet in the middle of the floor."

"Di said it was summer time, and it would be cooler without carpets."

"She used not to mind the heat. And a deal table with a worsted cloth on it."

"She preferred it to any other."

"What can have come over the girl? She was so luxurious, so gorgeous in her tastes."

"I don't know. I suppose it's a new phase of character," answered Mrs. Seaton, a little wearily.

The sun was so overpowering now, that she was compelled to move more into the shade.

"I really think the blinds might be down to-day—it is so hot," said she, involuntarily.

"Hot!" replied her son, and he laid his hand upon hers.

"Why, Jasper!" she exclaimed, "your hand is as cold as ice."

CHAPTER II.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE TWO ROOMS.

A LOW room in the roof, with heavy beams across; one window looking northward along a low range of hills that sloped gently down into the broad valley, their sunny sides covered in spring with a glowing mass of apple blossom; another window opening upon the flat roof of an under-projection, and looking towards the west, where, evening after evening, the sun descended in a blaze of splendour, sinking to rest in a clear, cloudless space of purest daffodil, or dropping down through amethyst and crimson bars, until the distant forest seemed on fire—and then the sun was lost.

This western window looked over the valley, with its winding stream, the village spire, the dotted cottages, and the half-hidden peaks of the rectory; over park-like sweeps of pasture land that lay between the house and the high road, and upon the great avenue of chestnut trees that led to the great iron gates with dolphins standing on their curled tails, executed in tolerable workmanship, on the summit of the pillars.

"It was the pleasantest room in the house," Diana had declared, when Mrs. Seaton remonstrated with her on her choice. "She liked to have a room high up: it seemed nearer to heaven."

Whereat Mrs. Seaton wondered; for Diana was not given to serious meditation.

One side of the room was covered with an old piece of tapestry, a good deal faded in parts, but whereon one might trace part of the story of Persephone; and a classical dictionary, lying upon the table, showed that Di had been making researches, and piecing the story together.

There was, as Jasper had said, only a

square of carpet in the middle of the floor, and that of somewhat dingy appearance. Against the wall, opposite to the tapestry, were all the pictures of which Di was possessed, and which she had collected since childhood—some in frames, some without; and over the fireplace—which was of Gothic design—reared on brackets, were two figures, painted bronze colour—one a soldier of the time of Francis I., the other a Roman warrior. The mantelpiece boasted two plaster casts of classic subjects; two lions, after Michael Angelo, also in plaster; several china cats and dogs; a china cottage, with a scarlet roof and a chimney much too large for it; a scent bottle, and a pair of doll's candlesticks.

The furniture of the apartment consisted of one or two shabby cane chairs, a low rocking-chair, a footstool, some bookshelves, an old-fashioned press, and the deal table with the worsted table cover of which Jasper had spoken with so much contempt.

In fact, if one came to analyze the contents of the sitting-room, one would come to the conclusion that they consisted of an assortment of odds and ends that had been turned out of every other room in the house. There was, however, one exception to the shabbiness of the general belongings, and this was a beautiful inlaid cabinet, of Indian workmanship, upon which were placed a rare Indian vase—holding at the present time a bouquet of large white lilies—and a small Bible, splendidly bound, with a gold clasp, whereon was engraven, "Diana Ellis, the Gift of her Father." That it had scarcely ever been opened was very apparent; yet, that it was held in peculiar reverence was equally apparent also.

But, despite its incongruous contents, the general effect of the room was not ungraceful; the general arrangement was harmonious, and the colours blended so as to be in keeping with the faded tapestry; whilst the brilliant scarlet of the table cover was toned down by the rusty bindings of the books that lay upon it, the dark mahogany chest, and a great china bowl, filled with roses of all shades, from faint blush to deep crimson, whose delicate fragrance stole through the room, and mingled with the scent that the west wind wafted in from the flowers in the so-called balcony.

Into this room and the adjoining one—that served as a bed-room, and might have belonged to an ascetic—had Diana Ellis

moved all her worldly possessions. As may be judged, they were not great; and had they been put up at auction, it would probably have puzzled the most imaginative auctioneer to appraise them to any advantage. And in the midst of her household gods, with her head leaning against the back of the low chair, sat Diana herself, contemplating, with supreme content, the result of her labours.

Small, slender, with a slightly brunette complexion and yellow hair—regularly yellow, soft, tawny yellow, and no other colour—her eyes were the deepest imaginable violet, with black lashes. She was, perhaps, more singular-looking than pretty; but, as one came to know the face, the singularity grew into something more charming even than regular beauty.

There was a scornful twist in the lips, and a defiant flash in the dark eyes, and a nervous clenching of the hands that lay as passive as it was possible for one of so mobile a nature to keep them—all telling of a quick, passionate nature, unused to much control; whilst her little foot tapped impatiently on the floor. And yet Diana was comparatively at rest. Suddenly, a softer gleam stole into her eyes, and the lips parted in a half-smile, as she pushed back a lock of yellow hair that had fallen down, and a flush of happiness spread itself over her face like a halo of glory.

Over twelve years since she had come to live with Jasper Seaton and his mother. How bright everything was growing all at once!

Over twelve years since, a yellow, sickly looking child, under the convoy of a good-humoured sunburnt captain of an East Indian, had arrived at Broadmead. It had glowered furtively from under its shock of tangled hair at Mrs. Seaton and her son, and had evidently not been favourably impressed—for it screamed convulsively when they attempted to disengage it from the jovial sailor, to whom it clung like a wild animal. But when at length the separation was accomplished, and the captain drove off, the child crouched in a corner of the room and sobbed until it could sob no longer; and, exhausted, fell asleep with its head on a footstool, and the unkempt locks falling about, and the yellow face swollen and patched with red.

"What a very ugly child!" said Mrs. Seaton, contemplating the new arrival.

The swollen eyelids slowly unclosed, and the child gazed fixedly upon her.

"Hush, mother, she is not asleep."

"Nonsense, these Indian children don't understand much English; and this one seems a stupid little thing."

"Take care; she's doubtless picked up a good deal coming over."

"Captain, captain—me want me's captain," wailed the child.

"The captain's gone away—you won't see him any more," said Mrs. Seaton. "You must get up now, and be a good child, and not cry any more."

"Me not be good! Me not 'tay here! Captain, captain!"

And she began to sob louder than ever, and to scream so vehemently, that Mrs. Seaton, retiring to a distance, regarded her in despair.

"What on earth shall we do with her, Jasper?"

Jasper approached, and tried his powers of consolation.

"Det away—det away, bad man!" and she raised her hand, and dealt so sharp a blow on Jasper's cheek, that he started with surprise.

"Passionate — a young tigress!" commented Mrs. Seaton, contemplating her from her position of security. "One would think her father had been a heathen; at any rate, she's been brought up one."

Jasper looked round the room in search of some diversion, and his eye fell upon a dish of strawberries that was on the table. He put some on a plate, and, approaching cautiously, offered them to her.

"Nice strawberries," said he.

The child turned away her head languidly.

"Very nice," he continued, encouraged by her apathy; and he held the plate nearer. Still she kept her face turned away; and he laid it down beside her.

The cold edge touched one little brown hand. She started round; and, raising the plate, flung it and its contents across the room. The beautiful china shattered into fragments, and one of the strawberries, rebounding against Mrs. Seaton's delicate silk dress, left thereon a crimson stain.

"You naughty child," she exclaimed, starting up, "you very naughty, bad child!" And she gave her a sharp slap on the arm.

The child uttered no cry, but looked up at Mrs. Seaton with a perplexed look, in

which amazement, anger, and terror were strangely mingled. Then crouching back into the corner, she glared at Jasper and his mother like a savage creature brought to bay.

"I don't know what is to be done with her. I can't let Prime be worried with her. She'll be one person's work, that is very certain. She must be tamed before she can come into civilized society."

And Mrs. Seaton, struck with a sudden idea, rang the bell.

"Send Dolly here."

Dolly was the under-housemaid, who had recently been promoted from her village home to a situation at the great house. A buxom, comely country girl, strong and stalwart, but withal soft and tender-hearted, especially to dumb animals and young children.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Seaton, "you've been accustomed to children—see if you can make anything of that untamed one."

"Poor little soul!" said Dolly, compassionately.

Dolly had been on the look-out for some days for the little Indian orphan, who was coming hundreds of miles over the sea.

"Naughty little soul!" responded Mrs. Seaton; "though I doubt if she's got one. Take her away at once, and don't let me see her again to-day."

Dolly approached her charge.

"Don't it cry, darling; poor darling, poor birdie," she said, in a sort of cooing voice, as though she were speaking to a pet pigeon. "Come with its own Dolly, there's a love. Hush it, hush it," cooed Dolly, though the child did not utter a sound. "Hush it," continued Dolly, soothingly, as she approached. "Poor pigeon, poor pigeon—hush it, hush it!"

There was some fascination in the voice or manner; for the child, thus apostrophized, suffered Dolly to take it in her arms, and, laying its head on Dolly's shoulder, was carried off in triumph.

Jasper and his mother looked at each other.

"Wonderful!" said Jasper.

"Some people have a way with children," said Mrs. Seaton. "I have not. Though I scarcely call that a child; she seems like a young fiend—or, at any rate, a changeling, if one could believe in fairy superstitions. What eyes she has!—they are scarcely human."

Jasper Seaton was tempted to agree with his mother, and to vituperate Robert Ellis for leaving him guardian to his child.

"She must be sent to school as soon as possible," he said. "I suppose they will know how to teach her there."

Mrs. Seaton sighed.

"If Robert Ellis did like Anne, and Anne didn't like him, I don't see that it was any reason why he should leave his child a burden to our family," she said.

Which reasoning seemed rational enough.

"He was my father's friend. Besides, I am in Robert Ellis's debt," answered Jasper, shortly.

"Well, you're in a way to repay it with interest," returned his mother.

And Jasper answered—

"So it seems."

Thus Diana had arrived like a whirlwind, spreading confusion in the household of Broadmead. And she continued on in a whirlwind. She and Mrs. Seaton appeared to act as irritants to each other; and therefore it came to pass that Diana was given over entirely to Dolly, who was installed as nursemaid in a remote part of the house.

Consequently, Dolly was in the seventh heaven of importance and delight; and Diana infinitely preferred the nursery domains to those of the drawing-room. The latter she seldom entered without leaving it in disgrace; therefore she spent most of her time in retirement with Dolly, a pet spaniel, and occasional kittens.

This continued until she was ten years of age, by which time she had learned to read and write, and could play any tune by ear on the pianoforte.

"Should she not be sent to school?" asked Jasper.

But Mrs. Seaton demurred.

"It was a useless expense; but, as she seemed to have a talent for music, she could take lessons from the village organist. If a girl could read and write, and had one accomplishment, it was enough for her. Perhaps she might have a voice, and many girls were married for their singing. Perhaps Diana might be, if people did not find out what a fearful temper she had."

So Diana took lessons from the village organist, and had an old piano sent up into the nursery, upon which she practised half the day, to her heart's great content.

The village organist was a foreigner, a musical genius—a man who had grown old

over his beloved organ, and his musty old volumes of Corelli, Clementi, Pergolesi, Marcello, and a host of other beloved Italian composers. He was enthusiastic over his pupil; and Diana progressed marvellously.

The music appeared to have a beneficial influence upon her.

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,'" quoted Mrs. Seaton; and she exulted in the success of her plan.

Still the drawing-room visits were generally productive of a storm.

"If you would only try to be good, Miss Diana," said Dolly, after one of these constantly recurring outbreaks.

"It's of no use trying, for I don't know how," returned Diana. Then, after a meditative pause, she asked, "How did you become good, Dolly?"

"Me, miss!" returned Dolly, overcome by the suggestion, and recurring to her early teaching. "I'm not good, miss—I'm naturally a child of wrath, miss; but I try to do my duty."

"I thought your mother lived in the village, and your father was Thomas, the gardener, Dolly," returned Diana, with a puzzled look.

"So they are, miss. It's something else I mean. It's all in the Catechism. I learned it when I wasn't as old as you, miss. It's all in the Prayer Book, if you would like to look at it."

And Dolly looked eagerly at her young charge, who had hitherto persistently declined all Dolly's well-meant efforts at religious instruction.

"Should I be good if I learned the Catechism?"

"You'd be a deal better, miss, no doubt."

"I will look at it," said Diana, condescendingly. "Get it."

Dolly brought out the Prayer Book, and, turning to the Catechism, selected the passage relating to one's duty towards one's neighbour. Diana took it, and read attentively until she came to the sentence, "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

"What does 'reverently' mean?" she asked.

"Humbly and with respect," responded Dolly, promptly.

"Who are my betters?"

"The rector, miss, and the mistress, and Mr. Jasper, and—"

But Diana interrupted her.

"If that is what the Catechism teaches, I'm not going to learn it." And she closed the book deliberately, and gave it back to Dolly. "I believe," she continued, after a moment's consideration, "that they are not as good as you are. You're not as greedy as the rector, and you don't go into passions and be cross, like Mrs. Seaton and Jasper. Besides, you always speak the truth. I should think you were my better, Dolly."

"Oh! no, miss," replied Dolly, shocked at the heterodox idea. "I'm not your better, miss; it's only the mistress and such like."

"Oh!" said Diana, nodding her head, gravely—"then, Dolly, I have no opinion of the Catechism."

And thus ended Dolly's ethical and religious effort.

ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE.

IN May, 1865, we published an interesting account of St. Michael's Cave, which had then been recently explored by a party of gentlemen, whose adventures we laid before our readers. They were unable to reach the extremity of the caverns. We now, however, are in a position to complete our former account, as some naval officers last year succeeded in completely exploring the innermost recesses of this interesting work of nature. St. Michael's Cave is a celebrated cavern, situated about 850 feet above the level of the sea, on the western slope of the Rock of Gibraltar. There are a great many vague stories attached to this picturesque spot, arising from its inaccessibility, and the way the entrance is hidden. One version popular among the inhabitants was, that this cavern led under the Straits of Gibraltar across to the coast of Morocco. What gave rise to this belief was, that soon after the English took possession of the Rock, numerous monkeys were found, of the same species as those on the opposite coast; and, there being none in Spain, the only way one could account for their presence was by their coming through the cave. These monkeys are still to be found in solitary places on the Rock. Whilst lying in the bay, in December, 1869, in one of her Majesty's ships, several of the officers determined to try and find the extremity of this mysterious cave; so, accordingly, a party of six, having provided themselves with three or four dozen

candles, sixty fathoms of two-inch rope, some cod line, matches, and sandwiches, left the ship about ten a.m. When they got on shore, one of the number went to the Governor's house for the key of the gate of the cave, which is always kept locked, whilst the remainder of the party carried the rope, &c., up to the cave; and, on reaching it, found the key had arrived and the gate opened; so, after having deposited the rope in a convenient place, they all proceeded to strip to their jerseys and flannel trousers; and each taking a lighted candle in his hand, and several spare ones and some matches in his pocket, they divided the rope into several coils, and each taking one, they proceeded in Indian file on their journey. The entrance to the cave is about ten feet high and seven feet broad, but immediately opens out into an immense cavern, the roof of which is supported in the centre by an enormous pillar, which is surrounded by hundreds of smaller ones, giving the cavern a magnificent appearance. The floor runs down very steep for about 100 feet, and at the bottom of this descent is Leonora's Cave, which is partitioned off from the main cave by a small wooden gate. Leonora's Cave is soon explored, as it runs very nearly horizontally for about 150 feet, in a zigzag direction, and then comes to an abrupt conclusion. It is full of stalactites, of all sizes, and is by far the most picturesque part of the whole cave.

Passing Leonora's Cave, the main cavern runs on horizontally, but full of holes and inequalities, and covered with large boulders, for another 100 feet, until it is stopped by a precipice, running across the end of the cave. There were numerous bats flying about this chasm, and, it being pitch dark, they were not able to see the depth of it; so, after having ascertained it had a bottom by throwing stones down it, they made a bowline knot in the end of the rope, which one of them got into; and, after taking a couple of turns round a pillar, they proceeded to lower him for about fifty feet, when he cried out he had reached bottom, and got out of the knot; so, making the other end of the rope fast to the pillar, they all slid down the rope, and rejoined their companion. They now found themselves in another large cavern, about 100 feet long and forty feet broad, which they explored well, and found that the only outlet of any importance was at the end, to the right of

where they came down. This outlet was composed of a large hole in the floor, about fifteen feet square, down which they passed the rope; and, with its assistance, clambered down about forty feet, and again found themselves in a large cavern. After passing away to the right for about 100 feet, over large masses of rock, loose stones, &c., they came to the end of the cavern. Here, in a corner, they discovered a sort of dry well, about ten feet in diameter, with smooth, perpendicular sides; above them they could distinguish daylight, there being a small opening in the rock, 250 feet over their heads. They again resumed the descent, and passed down the well, which opened out into a very pretty cavern, at the two ends of which they discovered two narrow, jagged perpendicular passages, both of which they explored, and found they joined about fifty feet below. After this they were able to proceed without the rope; the passage being so narrow and jagged, it was very hard work getting down at all. After squeezing and struggling down about sixty feet, they came to a very small chamber, about six feet long, three high, and four broad, which they thought for some time was the bottom of the passage; but they found a small hole in one corner, which communicated with another chamber, about the same size as the one they were in. After a great deal of struggling, three of them managed to get through the hole, whilst the remainder had to wait there until their return. They named this hole Clincher Hole, and cut it on the rock, for the benefit of the next explorers. Here the adventurers found the mark of the Government exploring party, showing how far they had gone. The adventurers concluded they had not been able to get through Clincher Hole, on account of their being full-grown men. They again found the passage the same as it was above, but in some places rather more jagged. After continuing their descent another fifty feet, they came to a small precipice, which they found some difficulty in descending without the aid of a rope. Some distance farther, they came to a good-sized chamber, full of jagged pieces of rock and stalactites. At the opposite end of this cavern, they found a continuation of the passage; and, after descending about sixty feet farther, passing through two small chambers, they came to another small cavern, which they discovered to be the actual bottom of the cave. In

the centre was a pool of water, about a foot deep, beautifully clear, and cold, some of which, added to a "snack" of brandy, which they had taken the precaution to bring with them, refreshed them greatly; and, after staying long enough to cut their names, date, &c., they left their cards for the next comers, and commenced their journey upwards. By the time they rejoined the others at Clincher Hole, they had been away from them one hour and a-half, and found them rather impatient and anxious about their return. After a laborious ascent, they reached the mouth of the cave all right, climbing up the precipice, &c., by the rope, and found they had been in the depths of the earth for seven hours and a-half. After they had rested and eaten sandwiches, they explored all the upper regions of the cave well, dressed, and, after having bade St. Michael's Cave a triumphant farewell, they gave the key to a sentry, who had been sent up to see what they were about; and returned on board very tired, and covered with dirt; and were none the worse for a good wash and something to eat.

TABLE TALK.

THE WORD JURY DENOTES, in short, an institution so commonly known and so sacredly regarded as a sort of palladium of British liberty—namely, *Trial by Jury*—that we shall say a word or two concerning what is known of its origin among us. Perhaps we should rather say that our remarks would take the form of a speculation about the origin and growth of trial by jury; for of the early history of this method of deciding disputed questions of fact, very little is known accurately. In our research, we soon get into the far-back ages of fog and mist, where history gropes her way with faltering and uncertain step. There is, in fact, no means of discovering when trial by jury began in England. Juries sat to try cases in Henry II.'s time. Now, what were Henry II.'s juries like? It is a matter of the purest conjecture. We cannot say, and we cannot find out. The growth of trial by jury has probably been a gradual process. Its origin was, with little room for doubt, as follows:—In the early times of our own history, a small number of men lived together: they constituted a tithing, or a larger number a hundred. Now, these names have no sensible meaning, if we regard

their ancient meaning: they denote merely the limits of topographical boundaries, the space within those limits. Then, they really meant an association of ten families in a tithing, or a hundred families in a hundred. A man committed a crime in a hundred, say. He wishes to purge himself of his imputed guilt. His jury, by whom he was tried, were the men of his own hundred: they knew every act of his life—his incoming, his out-going, his innocence, or his guilt; they constituted the jury by which he was tried; and the peculiarity of their case was that they tried the cause, having a complete previous knowledge of all the facts. Herein lies one chief difference between our ancient and our modern jury. While the jurors of early times possessed a full knowledge of all the facts of the case, the modern twelve—"good men and true"—are men caught haphazard in the streets; we may say, men who are supposed to be perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the facts of the case they are to try until they hear the evidence. After hearing that evidence, they tell the judge what they think about it. It has not been for so very long a period that the fear of a packed jury has ceased in England; and in the last century a celebrated judge said it was one of the highest feats of constitutional government to get twelve honest men into a jury box. It is thus established that a modern juror is the very opposite of the old juror: for the one entered upon a trial, in all cases, with a knowledge of the facts of the case; the other, as a rule, knows nothing of them until they are disclosed in evidence. And this knowledge possessed by the old jurors was a matter of necessity. Take the case, for example, of a small village nowadays. Everybody knows everybody else's business; and, if the men of the village tried the criminal themselves, ignorance of facts and freedom from prejudice would be alike impossible.

BUT HOW FAR THESE ancient trials proceeded before all parties got tired of the affair, and threw the game up to rush off to settle the case by trial by ordeal, or trial by wager of battle, it is of course impossible to determine. What their form of procedure was we do not know; but, as far as the juries are concerned, we may safely infer their origin as dated above; and we see their gradual extension from the men of the

tithings and hundred to those of the vicin-tum or vicinage—in fact, drawing the jury-men from a larger area. Their proceedings, in fact, seem to have been with the object of "purging" the man—that is, coming forward to swear to his character. Their criminal trial proceeded, apparently, something like a modern preliminary police inquiry—learning all they could of a man's character from his neighbours. There was, in the early feudal times, a system of guarantee. The tithing-man was to a certain extent answerable for the men of his tithing, and so on. A. B. guaranteed the good conduct of C. D. People living together were answerable for one another; and when one was charged with a crime, the others came forward to swear to his character. The criminal had to purge himself of his guilt among the set he lived in. As to the evidence given at these trials, a complication arises from our ignorance of the value of that evidence. Every man's oath had a value, differing according to his status in society. In fact, they had a line, and all above it were white, and all below, black sheep. Thus, the king's oath was above all question—he could not be wrong; the lord's was—to speak within the mark—at least forty times as trustworthy as the vassal's; the freeman's evidence was taken and believed, or not, according to circumstances; but the serf was such an indifferently honest rascal that he could not be believed at all, and so his evidence was not allowed to be taken.

WHILE ENTERTAINING FOR THE memory of Dr. Johnson as great a regard as is compatible with seeing his faults, and while I am inclined to estimate his great genius at what is at least its proper value, I should be one of the last to attempt to endow him with any gift of prophecy. But it is, perhaps, worthy of remark at the present time, when balloons have so suddenly and unexpectedly been put to a practical use, and our letters from Paris constantly arrive *par ballon monté*, that Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, talking of science with the Artist in that Happy Valley which Dr. Johnson described with such unrivalled power, curiously enough, discussed this subject. Wings for flying, however, rather than balloons for sailing, occupied the Artist's attention in the Happy Valley. "How must it amuse the pendent spectator," he says, "to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and

deserts!—to survey with equal security the marts of trade and the fields of battle, mountains infested by barbarians and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace!" But there is a danger in this art. "What would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army falling through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them." As it is, the people of the capital, and not the northern savages, have made the most use of their knowledge of the art of mounting into the air. The only prophetic part of the account is probably to be found in the fate of the flier. Appearing duly equipped for his aerial journey, one fine morning, on the top of a little promontory, "he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake:" whence the Prince Rasselas pulled him out, "half dead with terror and vexation." We shall never have wings we can fly with, nor balloons that we can guide through the ocean of air; therefore, we must content ourselves as best we may without them.

HANGING WAR CORRESPONDENTS was suggested, half in earnest and half in grim jest, by the once very great military "swell"—though since so bursting like a brilliant bubble—Marshal Le Bœuf. Now, we do not wish to be revengeful, and still less bloodthirsty, from *esprit de corps*; but in these particular days, when human life is regarded as of less account than in almost any previous period of history in the prodigality of its waste, one really might be pardoned for the passing thought that if any man ever deserved to be tried by a drum-head court-martial, with the usual foregone conclusion as to hanging or shooting, one of the very first ought to be this same ex-Marshal Le Bœuf; to be immediately followed by the Duke de Gramont and the Chief of the Commissariat Department. But on the other hand, and apart from the question of hanging, several of our friends among the War Correspondents have certainly run very great risks by their imprudence of pen, and utter want of reticence and self-control, on many important occasions. In the excitement of the scenes that surround them, they

often seem totally to forget, in their anxiety to send the news of important coming events, that they are betraying war secrets.

THE PRESERVATION OF COMESTIBLES in a fresh, and therefore palatable, state is a question of the first importance. In some parts of the world, the bounty of nature provides, and the paucity of inhabitants maintains, such a glut of animal food that it is comparatively valueless; while in others, chiefly old and highly civilized communities, the price of the most approved animal food is such as to put it practically out of the everyday reach of the poorer classes of the population. We have had to thank the Australian Government on many previous occasions for transmitting to us many useful books relative to that important colony, its social state and material prosperity—books of statistics, carefully compiled, and printed and circulated at the public cost. Of a packet of such works, recently received, we propose to make a few notes from a volume containing abstracts of English and colonial patents relating to the preservation of food, compiled by Mr. Archer, the Registrar-General of Victoria. Hundreds of patents have been taken out, during a period extending from 1691 to the present day, for methods or processes by which articles of food may be preserved in an eatable condition for a considerable length of time. All these methods may be reduced and placed under five general heads:—Reduction of temperature by cooling in various ways, Deprivation of moisture, Salting, Exclusion of moisture, and by the employment of Antiseptic agents. Of these various processes, the third is, and has been for ages, in common use; while the first is most successful in cases in which the meats or other provisions are to be kept and sent to a distant market in a comparatively fresh state. The first patent granted in relation to the artificial preservation of food was for "Preserving fish, flesh, &c.: Porter, T., and White, J.: 1691, October 7 (No. 278);" the next on the books of the Patent Office is for "Curing salmon, &c., with spices: Cockburn, A.: 1763, June 29 (No. 793)." In 1780, a patent was granted to J. Græffer for a method of preserving vegetables; in 1791, to W. Jayne, for preserving eggs; and after the year 1800 similar grants became very numerous. The following figures, relating to this subject, are of interest: In the United Kingdom, up to

June 8, 1869, no less than 460 patents had been granted to different persons for methods of preserving, or otherwise economizing, articles of food. In addition to these, a large number of patents have been granted to inventors of new processes, having the same objects, in New South Wales and Victoria; in which districts, of course, the matter is one of very great interest, as the colony has all to gain by the discovery of any cheap and effective mode of landing in Great Britain its own vast surplus supply of animal food. It is to be regretted that—although, as our figures show, so much attention and the labour of so many minds has been turned to this subject—no very satisfactory result has yet been obtained. Possibly, complete success is not very far in the future; at least, let us hope so.

A COUNTRY PARSON writes: Let me add yet another example, to those already adduced in "Table Talk," concerning the strange and incoherent replies frequently given by children in our country schools to the questions that are put to them impromptu. The other day, I went into a little village school, where a class of boys and girls were reading from one of Murby's "Excelsior" series of books. It was a little story how a poor boy went to school, and how the richer boys "shunned him." It occurred to me to inquire, "What did they do when they shunned him?" Not a soul could tell me. At length a gleam of intelligence passed over the face of a little boy; so I expectantly asked, "And what did they do when they shunned him?" Then the boy made answer, "If you please, sir, they took his boots off." I may remark that there was nothing of the sort in the story, so that the explanation was evolved out of the little boy's internal consciousness.

"GET OUT OF THAT, and let me in!" is an interpellation I can never hear without a disposition to assist the one in possession against the invader. What has our good old servant, letter Z, done, that he should be pushed from his time-honoured place in the English language, to make room for the usurping S, which had already a quite sufficiently important position therein? The new-fangled way of spelling is to oust Z and substitute S, in such words as *organise, centralise, &c.* Now, S has two sounds, a hard and a soft, undistinguishable in writing. No

one, for instance, could know by sight that the verb *to close* and the adjective *close* were pronounced differently; whereas Z invariably sounds the same. Yet, perversely enough, this capricious and perfectly uncalled-for attempt to eliminate the last letter of our present alphabet is made at the very time when philologists are seeking to enlarge it by new signs—distinguishing the *th* in thee from *th* in thunder, and representing other diverse sounds, so as to assist the learning of English pronunciation by the eye. How is a stranger to know that the S in *civilisation, organisation, and* such like words, is not to be pronounced as in *isolation, idiosyncrasy, &c.*? I call upon all Englishmen who respect vested rights which have never been abused to uphold those of the threatened Z; and, regardless of fashion, continue to employ him as before, where he has always given satisfaction.

WHY DOES NOT some enterprising stationer make pads of foolscap, lineal and otherwise, as the blotting-paper pads are made? In the first place, they would give a pleasant soft surface to write on; and, in the second, enable people who, like myself, suffer from lumbago, and don't like stooping—(I always write at a reading-desk, and it is very irksome after three or four hours)—to take their ease, their pad, and their pipe, in their armchair.

A BIRMINGHAM TOBACCONIST, in advertising a new smoking mixture, says that "the borough analyst has certified that there is no foreign substance in it." This is, certainly, a candid statement; though it is but a questionable recommendation for the so-called tobacco, which, from the terms of the advertisement, may possibly have been manufactured from the leaves grown in the nearest cabbage garden.

GENUINE COURTSHIP should have the true ring. Of course, that ring is the wedding-ring.

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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.



LORD LYTON says, poverty and low birth are the twin-gaolers of the human heart; but assuredly, in this country, they do not bar the road to fame and

fortune. In English society there is no such thing as caste. The field in the race of honourable ambition is open to all; and stout hearts and fertile brains have little to fear, in the long run, from any difficulty which may chance to delay them at the outset.

In England, there are class distinctions, but there are no class barriers. The aristocracy, which is the most flourishing in Europe, is constantly recruited from the ranks of the people. He who has parts, pluck, and perseverance, will get riches, and, if he covets it, the bubble reputation. There is, indeed, one exclusive profession. Unless a man has a father according to Debrett, or unless he is an inheritor of wealth, he has no chance of promotion in the army. But every other calling is open to all comers. We have merchant princes who were once errand-boys; self-taught children, of the direst poverty, have won high renown in literature, art, and science; sons of tradesmen have been enthroned as primates of the Anglican Church. Legal biography abounds with instances of men who, from the humblest beginnings, have risen to eminence. Unaided ability succeeds even in politics and statesmanship. In the House of Commons, there are many men who have attained a high social posi-

tion by their own unassisted industry. There are at this time two exceptionally conspicuous examples of—to adopt a popular phrase—self-made statesmen.

There is Mr. Disraeli. Born, as he tells us, in a library; the son of a Jew—and not a rich Jew; never entering, as Canning did, a public school, the nursery of English statesmen; destined for the law, and for a while engaged in an attorney's office; emerging from obscurity, as a novelist; and, when nigh thirty years old, entering Parliament. That he should become a party leader is remarkable; but that he should become the chief of the blue blood party, is still more remarkable. By sheer force of will and might of mind, Mr. Disraeli, despite peculiarly adverse circumstances, became Prime Minister of the British Empire; and during his brief tenure of office made a Lord Chancellor, an Archbishop of Canterbury, an Irish duke, an English countess, and a Governor-General of India. He who was destined to be an attorney, appointed the Ruler over 150,000,000 of Asiatics. In his case, the wildest dreams of the most audacious ambition have been realized.

The career of Mr. Bright is not less surprising; and, as we shall presently remark, not less triumphant. Like Mr. Disraeli, he was not educated or trained for the high service of the State. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, he has not entirely devoted himself to politics, but until lately was engaged in business. Some one suggested to a member of his firm that he was of course only a sleeping partner. "Sleeping! Why, he knows everything that goes on, and is an ever-vigilant administrator." Mr. Disraeli, though not a public school or university man, received a thoroughly classical and comprehensive education; and if he is not so good a Grecian as Mr. Gladstone, he is not inferior to Mr. Lowe as a Latinist. Mr. Bright had a commercial, middle-class education, and that is all; and yet there is

no scholar who has a more copious, more forcible, and more elegant diction. He is often cited as an example of the uselessness of studying the dead languages. It is not Mr. Bright's opinion, who admires scholarship as much as he abhors pedantry. Some persons suppose that he would have been less idiomatic if he had been a classic. The late Lord Derby was a ripe scholar, yet his translation of Homer is one of the most idiomatic works in the English language. If Mr. Disraeli had the disadvantage of descending from an alien race—and thirty years ago it was unquestionably so—Mr. Bright was associated by birth with a sect whose doctrines are thoroughly at variance with the rules of our social system.

How did Mr. Bright, carpet manufacturer and cotton spinner, become an eminent public man and a member of the Cabinet? No doubt he has a high character, and is endowed with political foresight; but it is not to these qualities he is indebted for his success. His influence and fame are due to his eloquence.

As a rule, the platform orator fails in the House of Commons; but Mr. Bright is a brilliant, and almost a unique, exception. The reputation he acquired at public meetings has been confirmed and enhanced by his career in Parliament. Mr. Cobden had the ear of the House, but he was only a persuasive debater; whilst the name of Bright is worthily associated with the names of Chatham, Burke, Fox, and the foremost of living orators. His speeches are complete, finished, and ornate; and years after their delivery they are read with pleasure and profit. An unbroken chain of reasoning is illumined by flashes of wit and humour, by grand imagery, by deep pathos, by exalted sentiment; whilst the style is chaste, and distinguished by a noble simplicity. Four years ago, he addressed a meeting at St. James's Hall on Parliamentary Reform. In reply to the charge of being a promoter of dangerous excitement, he said:—

"If I speak to the people of their rights, and indicate to them the way to secure them—if I speak of their danger to the monopolists of power—am I not a wise counsellor both to the people and to their rulers? Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius or Etna, and, seeing a hamlet or a homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet or in that home-

stead: You see that vapour which ascends from the summit of the mountain?—that vapour may become a dense black smoke that will obscure the sky. You see that trickling of lava from the crevices or fissures in the side of the mountain?—that trickling of lava may become a river of fire. You hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountain?—that muttering may become a bellowing thunder, the voice of a violent convulsion that may shake half a continent. You know that at your feet is the grave of great cities, for which there is no resurrection—as history tells us that dynasties and aristocracies have passed away, and their name has been known no more for ever. If I say this to the dwellers upon the slope of the mountain, and if there come hereafter a catastrophe which makes the world to shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe? I did not build the mountain, or fill it with explosive materials. I merely warned the men that were in danger!"

Those who listened to this outburst of nervous eloquence will never forget the intense excitement. Mr. Bright was not in good voice that night, but the above passage was given with a passionate energy that thrilled the listeners. There was the deep stillness so impressive in large assemblies; and then, when the pause came, the audience, moved by an irresistible and unanimous impulse, sprang to their feet, and greeted the orator with rounds of deafening cheers.

Like effects have been produced in the House of Commons, which is the most impassive assembly in the world. Mr. Bright opposed the Crimean War. He made a speech (Dec. 22, 1854) in which he taunted the Ministry in a manner that almost exceeded the licence of Parliamentary debate. He spoke of "the buffoonery at the Reform Club;" he asked if the Ministers had "shown themselves statesmen and Christian men." He said, "I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like the noble lords, the emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze." The House was dead against him, and he was constantly interrupted with derisive shouts, cries of "Question," and even yells. He thus concluded:—

"Even if I were alone, if my voice were the solitary one raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which, I trust, will be mine to the last mo-

ment of my existence—the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

And he sat down amidst loud and repeated cheers from the whole House, no one applauding more heartily than Lord Palmerston. Over and over again has he thus taken the Commons by storm, and compelled those who were against him, as well as those who were for him, to give him their applause. His speeches are thickly studded with such eloquent passages as those we have quoted.

The moral integrity of Mr. Bright is as far above suspicion as the sky is distant from the earth; and those who accuse him of clinging to office from mercenary motive betray unpardonable ignorance, or most culpable virulence. Yet it is undeniable that Mr. Bright has been grossly unjust in his judgments, and discreditably bitter in his resentments. He seems incapable of conceiving that there are two sides to a question; and he deems it impossible for any one to honestly differ from the views he himself holds. The press supported the Crimean War, and therefore he denounced it as "a venal press." The press did not agree with him about the American Civil War, and therefore he declared that the leading articles of the London papers were written "by men who would barter every human right that they might serve the party with which they are associated." And subsequently he expressed a hope, "that their power for evil in the future will be greatly lessened by the stupendous exhibition of ignorance and folly which they have made to the world." Mr. Bright could not forgive Lord Palmerston for postponing Reform; and he assailed the venerable statesman in season and out of season. The ill-will appeared to survive the death of his political opponent. The late Lord Derby is described in his speeches as "a weakness to the throne;" he is scolded for his "insolence," and jeered at for his faithlessness to his professions. The Tory party is sneered at as a host of fools; whilst the leaders, cunning knaves, "make it profitable enough." Yet Mr. Bright complains of "the scurrilous vituperation of the Tory press"! During the American War, every one who sympathized with the Confederates—or rather, every one

who did not anathematize them—was anathematized by Mr. Bright. The subscribers to the Confederate Loan were vilified as men "who, for the chance of more gain than honest dealing will afford them, would not hesitate to assist a cause whose fundamental institution and corner-stone is declared to be felony, and infamous by the statutes of their country." Mr. Bright forgot how he had lauded the United States before the secession of the South, when negro slavery was an institution of the Republic.

Whilst insisting upon the honesty of Mr. Bright, it is impossible to condone or palliate his injustice and violence to those who differed from him. It is a fault which marred his usefulness, and in troublous times might have proved disastrous to the community. Mr. Bright boasts—and not without warrant—of his firm attachment to the throne; for whenever he has mentioned the Queen, he has always done so in befitting terms. But attachment to the Sovereign does not justify hate of a loyal and devoted aristocracy. Surely, when Mr. Bright was sitting in council with peers and with Mr. Lowe—whom he furiously assailed four years ago—he must have regretted an intolerance of judgment so fanatical, unjust, and, we must add, spiteful.

When he received the seals of office, her Majesty accorded him a very gracious reception; and he was further honoured by an interview with the Crown Princess of Prussia, who thanked him for the kindly way in which he had always spoken of her royal mother. On his return from Windsor, he went to the Reform Club, and astonished his friends by an unwonted exuberance of spirits. Some one expressed surprise that office so much delighted him. Mr. Bright replied—"It is not office that makes me joyous. I am happy because, without flattering the people or fawning on the Sovereign, I have won the confidence of both; and I know that I deserve it."

Nervous prostration—the too common ailment of all great intellects—has obliged Mr. Bright to retire from office. Men of all parties deplore his sickness, and trust that he will be restored to full health, and be able to serve his country for many years to come. But if, unhappily, his voice should be heard no more in the Senate—if the curtain has fallen on his public career—we must yet hold that the Right Hon. John Bright is one of Fortune's best favoured sons—that

he has been pre-eminently successful. The greatest demagogue of the age—we do not use the word in its corrupted and invidious sense—he is also a power in Parliament. He has been a leading member of the Government; and he has been graciously and cor-

dially welcomed to the Court of his Sovereign. And the press, the party, and the statesmen he has so persistently and so grievously calumniated, admire his talents, recognize his virtues, and forgive—though it may be they cannot quite forget—his faults.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART III.—BACK TO THE NEST.—CHAPTER I.—WATCHING AND WAITING.

WEEKS go by, and May: and June is near: and the singing
Of the birds grows still, in leafy lanes and the woodlands.
Fair with morning smiles the peaceful hamlet of Orton,
White with apple-blossom: but Edith lies in her chamber.
'Tis the selfsame room where, in the magical season
Of her youth, she caroll'd at the morning's awaking;
Where, at night,—bare feet,—she, in a tremor of wonder,
Watch'd the pole-star's gleam, and mystic splendour of heaven:
Now she scarcely thinks if it be morning or even.
When, in France, so long, through bitter years of her trial,
All seem'd lost,—when, often, even craving of hunger
Gnaw'd her,—it was hard: there was a struggle within her:
Yet her heart bore up, and she was harden'd to bear it;
As one, wreck'd, swims on, and battles slow with the breakers.
But as that one, hurt, and overstrain'd with his effort,
Grasps the land at last, and, senseless, falls on the shingle,
So, nigh crazed, outworn, she touch'd the shore of her country.
Then, when home, again, with hands enfolded about her,
Thaw'd the ice-cold breast, her blood ran wild into fever.
Week by week she lay, and toss'd, a waif, on the billow
Of bewildering dreams, and terror fell on the household.
Death, with listening ear, stood by the door of the chamber.
But not all in vain the wind had blown in her tresses,
On the hills, long since; and life was hardy within her.
Now the worst is past, and she begins to recover.

Dreamy, vague, sad eyes, what is it hides in the strangeness
Of the light that floats beneath the gloom of her lashes?
Would she rather die? What is it saddens the pallor
Of the pain-blanch'd cheek, that rests forlorn on the pillow?
Sunshine falls in vain, and songs of birds, and the music
Of the winsome tongue, that speaks, sometimes, in a whisper.
Do we need to tell you who is there by the curtain?
But she seems to listen, when, at times, through the window,
Bark or laugh betrays Rolf at his gambols with Ethel;
While her eye will rove, perplex'd a moment, and linger
On the fair wild flowers on the little table beside her.

Leave the sick-room: come; and let us find little Ethel.
Here she sits, beside the cross so dear to the rector,
On the step, content, her feet in flowers of the daisies.
Change and freedom make her cheeks like roses already:
Now the old sad look has quicken'd into a brighter.
She has wreathed Rolf's neck with chain of flowers for a collar.
On one tiny shoe he rests his nose, as he watches
Every whim and look and sudden smile of his mistress;

Knows the flowers for him, and wags his tail, acquiescing.
 See, she drops the flowers: she lifts a finger, and listens;
 While the clock begins its sleepy tale in the steeple.
 "One: two: three":—she counts: and up she springs, and is eager;
 Gives the dog a hug, as if to rouse him to action.
 "Rolf, yes, that is ten: we must be there in a second.
 "Come, quick! do you hear?" She gives the flowers, in the ribbon
 Of her neat straw hat,—the while she turns it, coquette-like,—
 Just a glance, a touch, to have it all that is perfect:
 'Neath pert little chin she ties the string like a woman:
 Then they run, and gain the curate's garden together.

"Hush!" she says: "Now, stop!" and, creeping, sly, to the window,
 Taps, though it is open. Then she cowers, and is quiet.
 Next, she stands on tiptoe, peering in through the casement;
 Pulls her slim self up, and puts her head through the lattice.
 "It is ten, you know. We cannot stay. Are you ready?
 "It has struck. Where are you? You are under the table.
 "Come from under, there. I see your coat, uncle Berthold.
 "I will take your hat." But quick he sprang to the rescue:
 Seized it first, and laugh'd, and soon was round in the garden.
 So the two together, through the wall of the holly,
 Go, and by the graves, and o'er the lawn, to the orchard;
 Hand in hand run down the green incline of the meadows.

Edith heard their feet, she heard them pause 'neath the window,
 Whispering who lay there, in softened tones of compassion.
 Now she lifts her head a little while from the pillow,
 Bends her ear to catch the voice of one unforgotten:
 Shuddering, knows it well: and, as it dies in the distance,
 With lost look sinks back, and shuts her eyes, and is silent.
 Weary dreams she has, like ghosts that roam o'er a water.
 Seem her thoughts like those who, setting sail from the harbour,
 In some ship well built, to cross the curve of the ocean,
 Come no more to land, but bleach in vales that are sunless.
 Strange!—Now he is calm; his work is all that he wishes.
 Life a new lease takes:—is she not here in the village?
 He has faith to trust the unread scroll of the future.

On the bridge they paused, and, looking down at the minnows,
 Soon the curate's stick drops, as a challenge, among them.
 Fast the scared things hide, 'neath roots and leaves of the cresses.
 Rolf is in: he has it: now he is scouring the meadows,
 Baffling all their craft, and still retaining the trophy.
 When, the long fields pass'd, they reach'd the wood and the copses,
 Up the hill they climb'd, and hid from Rolf in the thickets.
 Still they took the way that Edith chose, on the morning
 When the dull-eyed care first set his sign on her forehead;
 When life's angel first join'd with the angel of sorrow,
 In a league, to make her spirit strong by endurance.
 Now the curate strove to please his friend, little Ethel;
 Pleas'd himself, withal; for he was childlike and simple.
 Whom the dewdrops please has double chance to be noble:
 He that weighs a star may still be charm'd with a pebble.
 These a blackbird's nest made glad a while on the hillside;
 Nestling primrose root, as good as gold to the children;
 Wind flowers, past their best, and pungent leaves of the sorrel,

With its shy pale flowers, by elm tree bole, mid the mosses.
 When the failing wood left bare hill-sward to the summit,—
 Save the tangling fern,—they raced to climb to the beacon:
 'Twas a merry morn: they, breathless, gain'd it together;
 Saw the far blue hills, and the meandering river:
 So, at last, descended, scrambling down through the bracken.
 Now their mirth and laugh ring in the gloom of the quarry,
 While the rabbit, chased, flees in alarm to his burrow;
 While the magpie makes the wood alive with his chatter.
 Now, the pine-grove's night, they linger fondly within it:
 Find the dripping well, and call aloud through the cavern;
 Break, with dipping lips, their mirror'd forms in the water.
 So, the road, the bridge, the busy stir of the village;
 So the lane, the limes, the little wall, and the laurels.
 At the rectory gate the curate emptied his pockets
 Of the green pine-cones, and kiss'd the child, and departed.

Then the child, half wild, ran up the stairs, to the chamber;
 But she check'd her foot, when, at the door, she remember'd.
 "Dear mamma is ill," she thought, "and I shall awake her:
 "Now she sleeps, perhaps:" and softly stole, like a sunbeam,
 To the white bed foot, and met the smile of the mother.
 So she moved more near, and spake, and lean'd on her elbows,
 While the mother smoothed the soft brown hair from the forehead.
 "See, mamma, what flowers!" she said, and show'd, in her basket,
 Gems, the hill-top loves: and Edith smiled, to behold them,
 As one will, who finds some lost thing, wholly forgotten:—
 "Yellow mountain pansies! You have been to the beacon!
 "These I know so well! they only grow by the beacon.
 "Who has been with you?" And Ethel said, "Uncle Berthold.
 "They are all for you, because he knows that you love them."
 Edith bent her cheek to Ethel's brow, for the colour
 Flush'd up in it, strange, at simple words of her prattle.
 "He is good," she said: "you must do all that he bids you.
 "You are grown great friends, but do not tease or annoy him."
 "No, indeed!" she laughed: "he likes to run in the meadows.
 "Rolf, he goes with us; and you shall go with us also,
 "Uncle Berthold says. Make haste, mamma, to be better:
 "Now you are so weak, you could not climb to the beacon."
 Edith closed her eyes, and thoughts grew burning within her.
 Mary Trevor watch'd each fitful change of expression;
 Saw the pain, and lured the little seer from her presence.
 In the glass she set the drooping gems of the hill-top.

"Aunt," at last she said, "why did he gather the pansies?"
 Look'd the sweet face up, but only smiled, for an answer.
 Now, give ear, awhile; now, let us try if the scalpel
 Of a singer's wit can touch the cause of her trouble.

A MAGIC CONCERT.

IT is now somewhat more than two years ago since a Parisian *savant* astonished a number of his friends by inviting them to a concert performed by musical instruments whose keys were obviously untouched by human hands. The invitations were ac-

cepted; and at the appointed time the guests, most of them of decidedly sceptical tendencies, assembled at their host's apartments, where they were ushered into a drawing-room of very modest dimensions, and presenting a perfectly ordinary appearance. In one corner of the room stood a small piano; and in the centre, raised on wooden

supports, were placed a harp, a violin, and a violoncello. The visitors were requested to examine the walls and the adjoining rooms, in order to satisfy themselves that no musicians were concealed in them.

When all were convinced that no imposition of any kind was possible, the host proposed that the concert should begin. Taking a conductor's bâton in his hand, he struck one of the supports with it, and then began to beat time—one, two, three. Instantly the windows shook, the room trembled, and the audience rose stupefied and bewildered. The instruments were untouched, yet the sounds they produced were deafening; the effect being that of an entire orchestra playing in the room. The overture to "William Tell" was performed with the utmost precision, to the extreme amazement of the hearers.

"That is more noisy than you like, perhaps?" suggested the host. "If you prefer it, you shall hear a quartette." The signal was given by the bâton, and a beautiful quartette was exquisitely rendered by the piano, violin, violoncello, and voice.

One of the guests inquired if the musicians were hid in the rooms either above or below that in which they were assembled. Permission to investigate was immediately granted, and a search followed, which was utterly unsuccessful. One fact, indeed, was then ascertained—namely, that the music, which was heard so distinctly in the drawing-room, was inaudible elsewhere in the house. This one little room alone possessed the power of producing these mysterious sounds.

"In order to prove that these sounds are really engendered here, I have had these instruments placed as you see them. You shall now hear them play alternately." Scarcely had the *sarant* uttered these words before the harp and violin—standing on their wooden supports—began one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," arranged as a duet. Their exquisite harmonies were hardly ended, before the piano began the overture to "Tännhauser," which it performed in an animated but somewhat noisy style. The effect was magical, and the guests were utterly astounded.

The philosopher next proposed to do something still more marvellous.

"I can, if you wish it," he said, "even make these little boards perform. This plank can, at your desire, sing, recite, beat a drum, or imitate any musical sound."

The piece of wood was scarcely placed in the position previously occupied by one of the instruments, before the loud beating of a drum—as if it were calling an army to assemble preparatory to a charge—was heard in the room. On the plank being removed, the sound ceased; but on its being replaced, the drum beat as loudly as ever.

The plank was then caused to speak, which it did with the harsh, grating tones of a ventriloquist. Its shouts of laughter filled the room. On its being removed from its place, there was perfect silence; but when it was returned to its former position, it made the air resound with a mocking and derisive laugh.

These extraordinary phenomena were frequently repeated in the course of the evening, and on each occasion with increased success. The host had thoroughly fulfilled his promise. He had unquestionably accomplished what most of his guests had previously considered to be impossible.

The auditors, aided by a heated imagination, were only too ready to attribute these phenomena to the intervention of some supernatural agency; while, in truth, the whole secret of the wonderful performance was to be found in well-known acoustic laws. It was based on the fact that sound travels with much greater rapidity through solids than through air. Under ordinary circumstances, sound will travel through about 372 yards of air per second; while through the fibres of a piece of wood, in the same time, it would travel nearly 4,360 yards. The rapidity of its transmission varies considerably in the different kinds of wood. Thus, through acacia, it passes at the rate of 5,142 yards per second; through deal, 3,630 yards; through poplar, 4,670 yards; through oak, 4,200 yards; and through ash, 5,090 yards in the same time. Through some metals, the rapidity is still greater. An iron wire, for example, transmits it at the rate of 5,363 yards, and cast-steel at the rate of 5,436 yards, per second; while through brass its velocity is only 3,888 yards. In consequence of this rapid and accurately determined transmission of sounds through solids, the slightest vibratory motion applied to the end of a piece of wood is instantly communicated to its other extremity. The fact of the ticking of a watch, held at one end of a piece of wood, being distinctly audible at the other end, suffices to illustrate this principle.

Two persons at a considerable distance from each other can carry on a conversation, without even raising their voices, by means of a wire or a wooden rod, if the ends are held between the teeth of the speakers. Herhold, a Dane, frequently excited the curiosity of his friends by enabling them, with their ears stopped, to hear music from an harmonium played 250 yards distant from them. This he succeeded in doing by stretching a wire from the instrument to the hearer, who had to hold it in his teeth.

Laths of wood transmit sounds communicated to them, not only with great rapidity, but also without the slightest modification of pitch. Thus, if a lath, ten yards in length, is placed against the front of a house, and a tuning fork is struck and applied to its lower end, a similar tuning fork at its upper extremity will give exactly the same sound as the first. Fifty such forks may be used instead of two, and the lath may be of any length, and still the same results will be obtained. Consequently, every time that a wooden rod or lath is applied to the sound-board of an instrument, it will transmit any notes produced by the instrument, causing the auditors to hear the sounds as clearly as if they were produced in their immediate vicinity.

A knowledge of these facts serves to explain the mystery of the Magic Concert. A small orchestra had been concealed in the area, and rods of deal connected the instruments there employed with those in the drawing-room where the guests were assembled—the wooden supports which have been mentioned being placed there as coverings to the upper ends of the rods. The guests, by these means, heard in the drawing-room upstairs the pieces of music which were performed in the area, the effect being precisely the same as if the musicians had been playing in their presence. This, briefly, is the explanation of this curious Parisian concert.

There is, however, one thing we should like to know—viz., was the ingenious host present at any of the lectures "On Sound," delivered, in 1866, at the Royal Institution, by Professor Tyndall?

Can the following paragraphs from the concluding portion of Professor Tyndall's second lecture have suggested to the French philosopher the first idea of his Magic Concert?

"In a room underneath this, and separated from it by two floors, is a piano. Through the two floors passes a tin tube, 2½ inches in diameter, and along the axis of this tube passes a rod of deal, the end of which emerges from the floor in front of the lecture table. The rod is clasped by india-rubber bands, which entirely close the tin tube. The lower end of the rod rests upon the sound-board of the piano, its upper end being exposed before you. An artist is at this moment engaged at the instrument, but you hear no sound. I place this violin upon the end of the rod; the violin becomes instantly musical—not, however, with the vibrations of its own strings, but with those of the piano. I remove the violin: the sound ceases. I put in its place a guitar, and the music revives. For the violin and guitar I substitute this plain wooden tray: it is also rendered musical. Here, finally, is a harp, against the sound-board of which I cause the end of the deal rod to press: every note of the piano is reproduced before you. I lift the harp, so as to break its connection with the piano: the sound ceases; but the moment I cause the sound-board to press upon the rod, the music is restored. The sound of the piano so far resembles that of the harp, that it is hard to resist the impression that the music you hear is that of the latter instrument.

"What a curious transference of action is here presented to the mind! At the command of the musician's will, his fingers strike the keys; the hammers strike the strings, by which the rude mechanical shock is shivered into tremors; the vibrations are communicated to the sound-board of the piano; upon that board rests the end of the deal rod, thinned off to a sharp edge, to make it fit more easily between the wires. Through the edge, and afterwards along the rod are poured, with unfailling precision, the entangled pulsations produced by the shocks of those ten agile fingers. To the sound-board of the harp before you the rod faithfully delivers up the vibrations of which it is the vehicle. This second sound-board transfers the motion to the air, carving it and chasing it into forms so transcendently complicated, that confusion alone could be anticipated from the shock and jostle of the sonorous waves. But the marvellous human ear accepts every feature of the motion; and all the strife, and struggle, and confusion melt finally into music upon the brain."

We must leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. Unfortunately, the scientific world of France is generally so totally ignorant of the labours of German and English philosophers, that a plagiarism might be attempted with almost certain immunity from detection.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY."

CHAPTER III.

A HALF-REVELATION.

"NOT even a piano, Di!" said Jasper Seaton. "How can you manage without one?"

"I can practise on the one in the nursery."

"Why didn't you move it up here?"

"It wasn't mine."

"And are all these precious belongings yours?" asked Jasper, looking round the room.

"Every one. Mrs. Seaton gave me every one of them. It's the rocking-chair that Dolly used to have, and the nursery table. I couldn't do without a chair and table."

"But why didn't you ask for the piano as well?"

"Oh, that would have been too much to ask for—the piano is worth so much more. Besides," added Diana, drawing up her head, with a little dignified movement, "a piano is a luxury, and one can well do without luxuries."

Jasper regarded Diana in amazement. Could she be in earnest?

She was rocking backwards and forwards, with her eyes half closed, as though she were contemplating something afar off. Her black dress made her look slighter even than usual, and there was a more thoughtful expression on her face. She had certainly grown older-looking in the two months that he had been absent. She was beginning to appear quite womanly.

"I will order the old piano to be brought up," said Jasper. "You may as well have it, as the rest of the rubbish you have collected."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! That will be charming. A piano of my own! How very good of you, Jasper." And she clapped her hands in childish delight; then, suddenly checking herself, she said, in a half-repentant tone, "But I know it is a luxury. I could really have done without it. I did

not ask for it, you know, because it was a superfluity—"

"No, you did not ask for it. I give it to you as a free gift that is worth nothing—"

"Nothing!" ejaculated Diana; and the host of sound that she had elicited from the ancient keys seemed filling the space around, and overpowering her in a burst of harmony—a great burst of many-voiced music of a thousand modulations, that yet blended into one glorious strain. A sudden light came into her eyes—"Nothing! Oh, Jasper! Music is heaven."

"What do you know about heaven, Di?" asked Jasper, in a scornful tone.

"Not much," said Diana, with a little sigh. "I am afraid I am a heathen."

The words brought back curiously to Jasper's mind the day of Diana's arrival at Broadmead. Could she be thinking of it also? Could she have understood and treasured up his mother's speech. No—Diana was not thinking of it; though that day had ever stood out prominently in her memory. Her first impression of Mrs. Seaton had never been eradicated; and Jasper shared in the unfavourable judgment, though in a slighter degree. The judgment also became modified as time stole on; for Jasper, despite his uncertain, wayward temper, endeavoured to minister to the pleasures of his ward, and occasionally had taken her rides on an old brown pony; until one day she fell off, and sprained her wrist and ankle, and then Mrs. Seaton put a stop to the expeditions.

After that, Jasper went away, so that their budding friendship was nipped before it was ripe; and when Madame de Mouline came to stay with her mother, and won Diana's youthful heart by her gentleness and beauty, Mrs. Seaton and her son went down in the child's estimation in proportion as Anne de Mouline rose.

There seemed a great gulf between them, which Di could not bridge over. Madame de Mouline was so good, so charming—a benevolent fairy—a queen, with all the virtues under the sun—an angel, by whose side Mrs. Seaton and Jasper became ogres and powers of darkness.

Madame de Mouline was recovering from a dangerous illness; and Diana was content to sit for hours watching her, without speaking. If she could only look at the white, spiritual face, with the soft, dove-like eyes, with their loving expression, it was enough

for her. It seemed to bring to the child that which its hungry heart longed for unconsciously, the love of a being superior to itself.

The great longing implanted in every human heart, but too often crushed out of it by adverse circumstances, by injudicious training, injustice, mismanagement, and misconception—Adoration, is an inborn impulse of humanity; but the teachers of the world have not found it out—or, at any rate, have not turned it to account.

Madame de Mouline, on her part, felt a strong yearning towards the orphan child of her rejected lover. She had no children of her own, and her husband was a man absorbed in scientific pursuits, in which she could take no share. It had been a love match, and they were much attached to each other; but M. de Mouline had two mistresses—his wife and science, and each held a distinct place in his affections. There was no amalgamation—the one never trenching upon the portion held by the other; consequently, there was a part of her husband's being that the wife could not share; and she felt it, without being able to account for the blank that, in the midst of her wedded happiness, she occasionally experienced.

When Madame de Mouline left Broadmead, it seemed to Diana as though a revelation had been withdrawn, and dark clouds had gathered over the horizon. Dolly could not fill up the void made by the departure of the beautiful, gentle lady; for Diana had found that she wanted something beyond Dolly now—a want had been created, or rather called forth, of whose existence she had hitherto been unaware.

Her love for Madame de Mouline differed from that she felt for Dolly: to the one she looked up as to an infallible being, who could draw her higher and higher, or, as she expressed it, "make her good;" upon the other she looked down with all the affection of a warm nature, but gained nothing more than she gave. When Dolly left, even this outlet was withdrawn; and she wore through the years, growing more and more defiant, and caring for no one. Every now and then she would carry her griefs down to Dolly, and cry over the baby that was named after her, but to which she declined being god-mother, as she could not undertake to perform all that she should have to promise.

"What do I know about such things, Dolly?" she would say. "I am but a hea-

then; and if Mrs. Seaton and the rector are Christians, I don't see much difference between Christians and heathens."

And Dolly would answer—

"Oh dear! Miss Diana, don't talk in that way—it's enough to frighten one. If you had only learned your Catechism, it would all have been so different."

To which Diana replied—

"I am afraid not, Dolly."

And so matters went on; and, but for the music, Diana would have found life at Broadmead insupportable. Wild, wayward, and uncontrolled as she had been as a child, so she grew up to girlhood.

Until—

Was it an omen for good that something good should have come to her in church—something that had produced a far greater effect than Dr. Crawford's sermons? During Dr. Crawford's sermons, Diana generally closed her eyes and fell into a reverie, from which she did not rouse herself until the droning tone of the rector ceased for a moment, before he concluded with the Doxology. She seldom looked about her in church, and when she did so it was in a sort of dream—seeing things that other people did not see. She seldom listened to anything save to the organ: that seemed to her like rare, unearthly melody, in sweet dissonance from the rector's drawl and the shrill voices of some of the village choristers, rising above the rich deep bass and clear tenor of the organist's only hopeful pupils. Her heart grew softer as the sounds floated upwards, and circled through the open rafters of the pointed roof, and then seemed to descend like a benediction upon her, more powerful than any Dr. Crawford could pronounce.

If her eyes were open during the sermon, they generally gazed upward at the great east window, with its ancient stained glass, representing, somewhat grotesquely, the martyrdom of St. Stephen. There were a few panes broken, and into their places plain glass had been put, which gave here and there a glimpse of the dark branches of a gigantic yew, and, higher up, glints of the blue sky; and now and then a bird would fly across, and make Diana long that she might have "the wings of a dove, and flee away and be at rest."

She liked those words: they fell upon her soul with a sense of peace and freedom. And as she heard them to-day, she gazed upward at the sun rays pouring in through

the unpainted panes, like a golden mist-path leading up to heaven. If she could but glide along the mote-built bridge, and lose herself—far, far away among the stars!

"O! had I wings like a dove; for then would I flee away and be at rest." The words made the rector's voice sound almost melodious as he gave out the text;—the wail of a struggling heart longing to surmount its difficulties and trials.

"And be at rest!"

Was every one in the constant turmoil in which she found herself?—in continual warfare, in continual defeat; continually blaming herself and intending to do better, and yet for ever failing? If it were over, and she could be at rest! And she thought, despite her dislike to Dr. Crawford and his monotonous voice, that she would try to listen to the sermon. She glanced up at the pulpit. Perchance he might look less pompous to-day. No—there he stood; his head thrown back, one arm ostentatiously extended, and the other dangling his eyeglass.

Diana's lip curled. What could he have to say that she should care for? Down dropped her eyes; but the lids did not close over them. She half started—had she seen a vision?

There was a stranger in the rectory pew. A pale, earnest face was looking upward—a calm face, with a streak of sunlight falling across the hair and brow; but from the eyes shone forth a light that the sun could not give.

The face attracted Diana as a beautiful picture. Again and again she looked upon it, and seemed to derive peace and strength from the contemplation of something she read in it—something that, as a child, she had experienced in her short acquaintance with Anne de Mouline, but that was now revealed to her in greater intensity. She acknowledged in it, half unconsciously, a nature higher than her own; and the revelation appeared rather to raise than to depress her.

The stranger was listening to the sermon; and if the stranger could find anything good therein, why might not she?

From the pale, spiritual face that seemed to her to be an illustration to the "at rest" of the text, she glanced up at Dr. Crawford droning out his laboured essay, and waving his arms ostentatiously. She was forcibly struck by the contrast of the real and the unreal. And yet she must listen, to know

what the stranger heard that kept his attention fixed. Surely his own thoughts must be clothing the bare platitudes he was hearing; or it might be that he was feeling, with George Herbert—

"The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God takes the text and preacheth patience."

He might be learning patience. And yet he was listening.

And Diana alternately listened and gazed; and the scraps of the sermon patched themselves in with the speculations that were going on in her mind, which the light in the stranger's eyes somehow illumined. It was a motley web that she was weaving, in which no especial line or colour predominated, and in which there was no regular pattern. And yet it was a reality that seemed more unreal than all her dreaming; and she wondered if she should wake up, and find it an illusion.

At last, the "In conclusion, my beloved brethren," told that the end was nigh at hand; and then a pause, and then the rustling of the people rising. Mechanically, Diana stood up; and, when she knelt down again, remained longer with head bowed down than usual.

When at last she rose, the congregation were already moving away.

She looked towards the rectory pew, but it was empty. Had she, then, seen a vision? She did not know, and she did not dare to ask Mrs. Seaton. But whether it had been or not, she was conscious of an accession of vitality. The words, "Awake thou that sleepest," had sounded. And from within, a yearning, longing, struggling, panting thro' that she had never felt before, answered to the call: "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would flee away and be at rest!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNDINE.

INTO her visions of the night stole the vision of the day; and in her waking dream on the morrow it found a place.

"Had it been real?"

She started up and half opened her eyes, then closed them again, hoping the dream was not quite over. But it would not come again.

It was early—too early to rise; and yet she could sleep no more. She threw a thick shawl around her, and, drawing up the

blind, looked out on the landscape before her.

The long line of hills stretching northward looked gray and cold in the dawning; for the sun was yet behind them, and had not tossed over his golden rays to gild the dappled orchards bursting into blossom. The dew was thick upon the grass, almost like a white frost, and the sky was clear and cloudless. All was still, very still; beautiful, but cold; asleep—nay, even dead—"at rest."

The words came to her like a living voice—"At rest!"

But as her eye wandered over the sleeping earth, she felt that it was not a "dead rest" that she wanted, that she had panted for. It was a living rest—fresh and eternal, firm and immovable.

She shook back the yellow hair that floated over her shoulders like a veil of unspun silk, all floss and tangle. She leaned her elbows on the window-sill; and her dark eyes grew darker still as she gazed steadily northward. She shivered slightly, for the morning was chill, despite its May promise; and the hawthorn bloom was like snow upon the hedges, that helped to carry out the illusion of hoar-frost with the pearly dew.

She went on musing—

"The dove would not be on the wing until the sun rose."

The thought contained a half-suggestion, though she could not carry it out. Still, it seemed as if it were light, not darkness; warmth, not cold; life, not death—that she needed.

Where should she find the "living rest?"

Undine, by her native river, longed not more earnestly for a soul than Diana did to know and comprehend hers, and the workings in it that had newly sprung to life. Had it been dormant so long, or had it but just sprung into being? Why had she not felt before this strange, new power that was filling her being—half pain, half joy, half fear?

Suddenly, a streak of sunshine glittered across the valley to her left. The sun was travelling over the hills, though she could not see it; and bit by bit the stream was lit with gold, and the cottage windows were all at once a-blaze, and the gilded weathercock upon the church spire had turned to ruddy flame. The rooks cawed among the elms surrounding the rectory, the blackbird tuned

its note, and the lark rose higher and higher into the blue sky, to sing its song at the gate of heaven.

A sudden sob was the echo that her heart gave; and Diana, sinking upon the ground beside a luxurious sofa that stood in her gaily furnished sleeping-room, began to cry. She could not tell wherefore the tears had come, for she felt very happy: she even felt as if a new leaf were turning over in her life, and that she was at last "going to be good," as she had so often intended to be before.

The feeling did not leave her through the day, and she wandered out into the woods that lay above the house, up to the pine grove, which was her favourite retreat; where, through the tall, straight stems, the sun quivered in amber streaks, and changed the moss from palest azure green to deepest emerald, or from flaming yellow to glowing crimson-brown. And there she sat, with all the lights and shadows falling round, and all the woods alive with insect hum and wild bird's song. And not far off, a rocky, treeless spot was fragrant with wild thyme, over which hung a cloud of bees, whose low, monotonous music was soft and sweet.

A little torrent danced down through the pines, and joined the stream below. It leaped with blithesome splash over projecting stones, and sparkled as it caught the sunshine on its spray, or darkened as it tumbled its shallow, green waters, coloured by the overhanging foliage, in the deeper shade of the fairy shadow-land. Presently it grew broader, in a bit of woodland, where the wild hyacinths swung their bells, one glorious mass of waving blue.

Why was she following the course of the stream, that grew broader now in verdant pasture-lands, flowing betwixt luxuriant banks, lined with lithe rushes, and rich in promise of yellow water-flags? The sun was hot over these meadows, but Diana heeded it not; warmth, life, and light—these were what she wanted, and they were grateful to her feelings. Where the tiny tributary joined the broader stream, a narrow foot-bridge crossed to the main street, whence a long avenue of elms led to one entrance to the churchyard, up to the lich-gate. Did Diana think of it as she passed through? Was the slight shudder caused by the sudden breeze that sprang up, or was it an involuntary emotion of the soul?

The tones of the organ sounded from the church. She did not recognize the fugue, which was evidently new to the player, since he played it as though he were reading it for the first time. Nevertheless, it was very beautiful.

Diana pursued her way up the organ-loft stairs. The passage was dark; and when she emerged from it, the light dazzled her.

"Ah, *maestro!*" she said, gliding up to the organ, "what lovely thing is that? I have not heard it before."

The player, thus apostrophized, turned round; and her eyes recovering their power of sight, she started—for the face that she had seen in the rectory pew the day before was looking upon her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—"

And then she paused, half meditating a retreat; but curiosity prevailed, and she did not move.

The stranger was equally surprised by the apparition that presented itself. A young, very slight girl, somewhat fantastically attired, with tawny yellow hair—part twisted up, and part falling in one thick tangled curl below her waist. Heavy gold rings were in her ears, and rows of amber beads, fastened with a gorgeous clasp, were coiled around her throat; and on her wrists glittered curious flat bracelets of Indian workmanship. There was a flash of blue and scarlet in her dress, with which the golden ornaments seemed in keeping, giving an Oriental character and costliness of effect to her dress that the peacock's feather in her hat brilliantly carried out.

"Perhaps you were coming to play yourself?" said the stranger.

"No—only to listen."

"But not to my playing," he said; and his clear voice had an inexpressible charm in it. "You spoke of your *maestro*," he continued. "Is there any one in the village who deserves that title?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Diana, enthusiastically. "My *maestro* is an Italian, who has lived at Broadmead for years and years—I don't know for how long. He is growing old now; but he knows all the music in the world, and plays divinely, and never makes mistakes. I might have known he was not playing to-day, if I had thought about it."

The stranger smiled, and Diana was a little confused.

"I did not mean to say," she added, "that you played badly."

"No—the truth came out accidentally. I don't play easily at sight."

"And he does. It is wonderful. And then his voluntaries—his *toccatas*, he calls them—they are superb."

"Yes, I heard one in church yesterday."

"Yes," nodded Diana; "I saw you there, in the rectory pew."

And her thoughts of retreating having quite vanished, she seated herself on a low bench, as she was accustomed to do when she went up to watch the signor playing.

There was something in the stranger's manner that inspired her with confidence; and, besides, she was filled with curiosity, and had always been accustomed to do just as she pleased, and to be attended to, according to the whim of the moment, by those with whom she came in contact. Even Jasper had given way to this imperiousness, especially during his last visit at home.

"I did not see you," answered her companion.

"No—you were listening to the sermon. I was wondering what you were thinking of it, and who you were."

"My name is John Carteret, and I am staying at the rectory. I have come for a few months to read with Dr. Crawford."

"How very dreadful," said Diana. "I am very sorry for you."

"Why?" asked Mr. Carteret, half amused.

"Because I hate Dr. Crawford."

The words were spoken energetically, and her eyes flashed scornfully, and her lip curled scornfully.

"Hate is a strong word," answered John Carteret, quietly. "People do not hate without a strong reason, and perhaps no reason is strong enough."

Diana caught the tone of reproof, and it annoyed her; therefore she became defiant.

"Christians, you intended to say, I suppose," she said, with some bitterness; "but I'm not a Christian, and you won't find many about here. Perhaps the signor is as near one as there is, and he wouldn't come to church if he didn't play on the organ. His sister never comes, and she's none the worse for it. I go every Sunday, and I want to be away all the time; and I never feel so wicked as I do in church. But you will not see the signor and his sister, if you're staying at the rectory: the rector looks down

upon them, and so do the people round. They are never asked to the Manor House, or anywhere else, unless the signor is wanted to play. I wouldn't accept the invitations—but he does; and I can see him shrinking, shrinking into the farthest corner. And then the rector preaches on humility, and I close my ears, and won't listen; and the church seems spinning round; and the stone heads over the pillars grin and grin more than ever, and I don't wonder at it. It's enough to make one wicked; and I want to get far, far away somewhere, only I don't know where."

And Diana, who had waxed wrathful in her passionate declamation, ended her speech in a sort of lull of despair.

Half compassionately, half wonderingly did John Carteret look down upon the slight, childish figure, with the hands clasped, and the deep violet eyes gazing up from under their black fringes.

"Poor child!" he involuntarily ejaculated.

"I'm not a child," said Diana, drawing herself up to her full height. "I shall be eighteen in August."

She was half indignant; and yet the compassionate tone had something in it that was not unpleasing—something restful and peace-inspiring.

"I ought to apologize for my words," replied her companion. "I am afraid they sounded impertinent."

"No—oh, no—I don't mind; only one does not like being thought quite a baby. Of course, you would not know me. I am Diana Ellis. I live at the Manor House, with Mrs. Seaton and Jasper. Mrs. Seaton is the grand lady of the place, and thinks a great deal of the rector. They do religion together; but I don't see that much good comes of it. Jasper is not a bit religious, and doesn't pretend to be. And I—I was born in India, and I half believe that I am a heathen. Sometimes I wonder if I have even a soul. Is there any one who could possibly be without a soul?" she asked, looking up eagerly. "Undine wanted one, you know, and it brought her trouble. Now, I think that it would be the greatest happiness to me if I could be sure that I had not got one. Would it not be a good thing if people had no souls?"

And she sighed wearily. Then, without waiting for an answer, she opened a music book containing one of Pergolesi's Masses.

"Do you know this?" she asked. "The

signor loves Pergolesi. He plays this 'Miserere' sometimes, when the people are coming into church. I will play it for you."

John Carteret moved away from the organ, and Diana sat down; but the notes were mute.

"Ah!" she said, "you've had Phil Amos to blow, and he's gone to sleep: he always does if one leaves off for a minute. Phil! Phil!" she cried—"wake up, wake up!"

And mechanically obeying the well-known voice, Phil Amos opened his eyes, and began to blow as though he had never left off.

And through the rafters rolled the sweet, solemn tones; and Diana forgot everything in the music before her. She played through the "Miserere;" and then, pausing and springing up, she said—

"I can't play any more now. Is it not wonderful music?"

John Carteret did not answer. He had been altogether taken by surprise at the power and pathos of the girl's playing.

"Ah! you don't like it. I did not play it well."

"You played it wonderfully—"

"Did I? I am glad of that." And she glanced scrutinizingly at John Carteret. "I think you are truthful," she added, meditatively.

"I hope so."

"Why do you say hope? You know whether you are or not."

"Do I? Do you suppose that people never flatter themselves?"

"Not in the matter of truth. That is an impossibility. It is the only thing I am sure about," answered Diana, as if in argument with herself.

"It is the first principle," said John Carteret; but he also appeared to be answering himself.

Diana had moved to go away. Then, as if a thought struck her, she turned and held out her hand to John Carteret.

"Thank you," she said.

And then she glided down the stairs, and through the church, out into the sunshine. And John Carteret was left alone, wondering wherefore she had thanked him. He was a little bewildered, a little perplexed, a little pitying, and more than a little interested. Should he see her again?

And Diana moved homeward through the green pastures, nor noted the flowers at her feet, nor the song of the birds. Nay, she heeded not the rain-drops beginning to fall

from the great gray cloud that had hidden the face of the sun. Patter, patter, patter—they were dripping on the young leaves of the sycamores. She heard them now, but the shower would soon be over; and she waited under the deeper shade that overhung the green waters of the leaping torrent.

She seated herself upon a mossy trunk, and looked up at the foam-path that came rushing down the hillside like a living creature. And then she laughed aloud.

Perhaps the babbling thing of spray might be some water-sprite relative mocking her new aspirations, even as her soulless kindred had raged at Undine.

Undine—what made her think of Undine?

The rain was over. The sun was shining when Diana entered the iron gates, and strolled pensively up the chestnut avenue.

BOXING NIGHT IN THE EAST.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCH.

NEGLECTING the attractions of the bills put forth by Old Drury and Covent-garden, we wandered eastwards—or rather, went as far as the toll-gate in the Commercial-road in a cab—to the Lyceum: not the aristocratic house in the Strand, but through lanes and alleys to the Lyceum in the East. The “Lyshum,” as the people who frequent it familiarly term it, is situate in a narrow street, stuck in the middle of a complete labyrinth of courts, lanes, and alleys, whose smells suggest fried fish, baked potatoes, decaying vegetables, and “something wrong with the drains.” In such places live the patrons of the most popular penny “gaff” in London: dock labourers, costermongers, coalheavers, and—we must admit it—thieves.

We arrived a few minutes before the doors of the Lyceum were opened, and beheld a crowd, composed chiefly of boys, struggling and fighting madly for the privilege of being squeezed flat against the doors, or of being thrown down and trampled upon when they were suddenly opened from the inside. On the outer skirts of this crowd stood the more prudent and less impatient visitors, whiling their time away at the stalls of the peripatetic vendors of “baked ‘taters,” “trotters,” or “stoo-ed eels.” A respectable old party, in a yellow silk neckerchief, and white linen sleeves tied over

his jacket, keeps up the liveliness of the game by incessantly iterating, “‘Ere y’are! ‘ere y’are! ‘ere y’are! ‘Ere’s yer floury ware! Baked ‘taters, orl ‘ot! orl ‘ot! orl ‘ot!” Occasionally varying the monotony of his song by loudly proclaiming that he has “Sold agen! sold agen!”

As the time at which we arrived was a few minutes before half-past eight, it may be necessary to explain that one performance was already over by a good half-hour, and that we were awaiting admission to the “second house.” At the “Lyshum” there are two performances every evening: one at half-past six, and the other at half-past eight; and it is not unworthy of note that many of the patrons of the “gaff” see both performances every night. There is a concert, with a slight difference of programme, and a distinct melodrama at each performance. At nine o’clock we were comfortably seated in the boxes, having paid threepence for the ticket. Pit, price twopence; and gallery, one penny. As it was Boxing Night, there was a very crowded house. The bill of the evening, posted up on a pillar near us, promised—“A Grand Concert, supported by a galaxy of talent, comprising Miss Marion De Fitzaylen, the dashing serio-comic (her first appearance here); Mr. De Courcy Bligg, of the Harrow Music Hall, Shoreditch (the original ‘Gin and Water Bill’), the great Prance’s one and only rival. To be followed by Messrs. Kangers and Groners, with their trained dog Nero, in one of their unrivalled broad-sword entertainments.”

Punctually at a few minutes after nine, the curtain rose upon the original “Gin and Water Bill,” Mr. De Courcy Bligg, who immediately proceeded to inform his audience that—

“‘E sawr Esaur kissin’ Kate—
The fact was, they orl three saw;
For ‘E sawr Esaur, ‘E sawr ‘E,
And she sawr ‘E sawr Hesaur!”

A loud and prolonged round of applause followed this song, and the obliging Bligg accepted an *encore*, reappearing with a short stick, to which hung a long green tassel. His second song was partly spoken. He said, after each verse—

“Still, my deah buoys, in spite hof that,”
he told her that (singing)—

“Hi was Gin and Water-a Bill!
And I’ll derink till meself I fill;
So sheout, buoys, sheout, and-a run about,
For-a-Gin and-a Water-a Bill!”

“Chorus!” And the “buoys” did “sheout” with a vengeance, till, amid thunders of applause and ear-piercing whistles, Mr. Bligg, bowing his acknowledgments, retired with becoming grace. A faithful presentment is here given of Mr. Bligg, as he appeared on the evening in question.



Other songs and the dog Nero followed, until the curtain fell; and tarts and ginger-beer were handed round, and freely partaken of—the bottles which had contained the latter beverage being distributed by the “gods” with unsparing hands.

“Bolahs”—cakes the size of cricket balls, and very sticky—are dropped by friends in the gallery to pals in the pit. “Arree” can’t find out where “Billee” is, and keeps calling for him at frequent intervals. A few obstreperous individuals having been removed by the brass-buttoned functionary who does duty as beadle, the band, of five musicians and a big drum, strikes up a lively air, and everybody gets ready for the drama of the evening, as the bills describe it—

“Traupman! the Panting (*sic*) Assassin!! or, The Murders in the Lonely Field of Paris!!!”

While the band plays the cverture, we may find time to look round us. “Arree,” we are delighted to find, has at last succeeded in discovering “Billee,” and they are now seated together, duly impressed

and charmed with the enlivening strains from the orchestra.



'ARREE.



BILLEE.

A Jewish gentleman, seated near us, has at length put his cigar out—probably with the intention of giving his mind up entirely to the play. The little boys in the extreme front of the gallery are comparatively quiet, contenting themselves with a shrill whistling at intervals in time with the band—an accomplishment in which they have evidently achieved



a certain proficiency by dint of hard practice. Two ladies in the pit have finished



their “bolahs” and ginger-beer, and are contemplating the curtain and footlights with rapt attention.

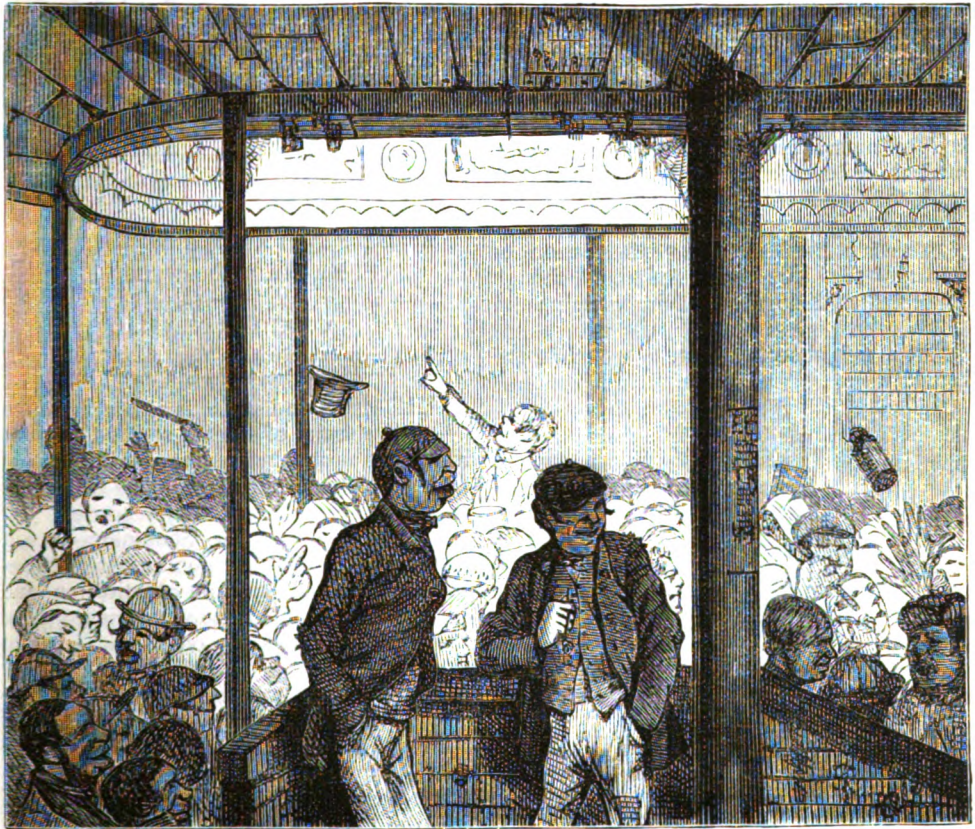
The quiet is followed by some signs of impatience on the part of another lady, ac-

company by a gentleman, both occupying seats in the front row of the pit.



The latter, whose face is adorned with curls known as "Newgate knockers," is

favouring the house with a rapid succession of catcalls, unrivalled in their close imitation of nature. At last the curtain rises on "the Deck of the Pirate's Barque." The pirate and friend of the Assassin appears, and the audience are at once calm and attentive; but as, for a quarter of an hour, this old gentleman—attired in red tights and a garment resembling a pinafore wrong side foremost—only mumbles inarticulately to two or three sailors in a condition more dilapidated than his own, we cannot make much out. Though often admonished to "speak up," he seems incapable of the effort. At last he shades his eyes and looks to the wings. Somebody is coming—it is the Assassin himself!—who speaks up with considerable vigour. Chord on the big drum (if practi-



THE EAST-END LYCEUM ON BOXING NIGHT.

cable). Black cloak and buskins, two immense pistols, and red and yellow tights—this is the Panting Assassin. He immediately addresses a long speech to the weak-voiced

old gentleman, and an exciting dialogue is evidently going on between them; but, as there is a fight in the pit, it is unfortunately lost upon the house. Apparently, the old

gentleman is mildly refusing to do the will of the Black Cloak. A general combat ensues, in which the audience take the greatest interest. The fight in the pit is discontinued.



THE PANTING ASSASSIN. var-r-r!"

"Then, curse ye—a die!"

And she falls, the crew standing round her while the curtain descends.

The next act is in the field before Paris; and here everybody falls, including the trained dog Nero—to all appearance the most intelligent animal on the stage.

Third act:—Miraculous resurrection of most of the characters. Animated, though purposeless, dialogue. Red fire, curtain; and all is over.

At a neighbouring hostelry we made the



acquaintance of the Assassin. In his everyday dress he looked quite a different man.

He expressed great contempt for his present engagement, and assured us he had played up to many leading actors. "Old Jamaica," in half-quarters, was his favourite liquor. He was very communicative and affable in private life. His friends spoke of him familiarly by the name of "Jack."

The whole scene was curious and suggestive. It is not the business of an artist to moralize like a leader writer in the *Times*; but, before we close this short sketch, we will ask the readers of ONCE A WEEK to accept our assurance that every one of the little illustrations to this paper is a likeness, faithfully drawn from life on the spot; and, further, put it to a charitable public whether something cannot yet be done to elevate the tastes and better the condition of the frequenters of our "penny gaffs."

English charity is a noble and wide-spreading thing; but perhaps, before we look abroad, we should consider the claims of that great East-end which lies so near us, to help in bringing into it light and truth.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Fata viam inveniunt."—Virg. *Æneid*, iii., 395.

"The fates find out a way."

THE grand and gracious assembly of the Fraternity of Coggers seemed to swim away into space before the eyes of one of its most eloquent members, as he made that astonished ejaculation lately recorded. As he stared—so said Mr. Slammers—like a "stuck pig," that very good-natured Bohemian, who was of an iron constitution, and proof against all accidents arising from convivial meetings, at once saw what to do.

Mr. Slammers was as ready with his help as he was with his pen—and, poor fellow, with his money; that is, he was too ready with the two last. The honest fellow suffered from a fatal facility of writing and of giving. No one more ready with a paragraph or with a shilling. The consequence was that neither—from "B. Slammers, Esq."—seemed to be appreciated.

In any journal, or in any list of charitable donations, his clear, simple, and incisive paragraphs, and his honest subscriptions,

were to be found. The first were said to be worth nothing; the second were given, said his charitable friends, for the sake of advertising the initials of B. S. Neither the talent nor the good heart of the man was appreciated; but, *en revanche*, he never wanted employment, and almost as seldom a shilling. He was fed, as he observed, as the little birds were, by crumbs. He might have added that he was the most industrious of birds himself—always looking after the early worm, and never refusing a crumb, however humble. Hence, as the world never can and never will appreciate ready, modest talent or genius, this jolly old Bohemian, who could have beaten the brains out of the ordinary *Quarterly Reviewer*, as he then stood—we do not speak of Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macaulay, or Southey, but of the ordinary reviews in the old volumes—sank down to be a mere reporter on a daily paper—or rather, for the daily papers.

"Come along, my young friend—prop yourself up," said Barnett, as Mr. Scorem let his head fall on his shoulder. "The chair has its eye on you. Turn round, face it, and look round. Here is a revolver."

So saying, Barnett—with an agility arising from practice—flicked half a pinch of high-dried Scotch snuff into the nostrils of the clerk, and even managed to send a grain or two into his eyes.

Scorem was right in a moment. He sneezed violently; and, as a *tour de force*, rose and made a humorous adieu to his adversaries and supporters, and beat a retreat with all the honours of war.

But when Barnett and Mr. Checketts got him into the open air, the "poor old man, the aged, and the experienced one," as he called himself—the one who knew the world and its little ways—collapsed, and could hardly find his way home. Barnett stuck by him. Checketts, with many apologies, was obliged to withdraw. This was painful to Scorem, because the "fresh air"—so Slammers accounted for it—had only triumphed over his tongue, his legs, his eyes, which had an indistinct vision, and his body generally. As for his brain, that was as clear as ever.

"My dear young fren'," he ejaculated, looking solemnly at Checketts, "let me be a warn'n', a sp'c'l warn'n'."

"Bless me," laughed Checketts, "I'm fly, sir—quite fly. A little overcome, like old Gurgles."

And then, to cheer his friend, he struck up with his misquotations—

"For the best of all ways

For to lengthen our days,

Is to go to bed early at night, my dear!

For oh, the moon shines bright, my dear!"

"'I' dus'n't! 'ts gaz, the new lights. Your fren' Gug'l's crib'd Tom Moore. But's improv'd him—I say, 'prov'd him. What says Dr. Watts?—

'Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man wealth—'

Then he seemed to lose all that he wished to say, and suddenly adjured Checketts not to waste his youth, nor to bring himself to an early and a repentant grave, as the aged individual before him was about to do.

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Slammers, who had, with a workmanlike way, got him into Bride-court, and near a pump. "Just work away at that."

Checketts soon produced a rush of cold water; and Slammers, taking out a gaily printed pocket handkerchief, soaked it, and wrapped it round the clerk's head.

"My address!" said that individual, quite soberly and with an effort. "Mr. Checketts, good night—it is late for you."

He produced a square piece of blue paper, on which was written his name and residence, beautifully engrossed; and Checketts, hearing Slammers promise that he would see his friend all right, sped homewards.

"I am glad he is gone," said the clerk, quite plainly. "I shall be well soon."

"Of course you will, old fellow. You mixed your liquors, I suppose; and hot rooms and excitement did the rest."

"It is not only *that*," answered Scorem. "Come along with me, Mr. Slammers. I want you. Give me your arm. My eyes are not quite right yet. Curious, is it not? I never was more sober in my life! Come along."

So saying, they struck into Shoe-lane, passed through New Street-square and Fetter-lane, and by the time they reached the home of Mr. Scorem, at the top of Gray's Inn-lane, and nearly opposite Theobald's-road, Scorem was as sober as the proverbial judge.

The good-humoured reporter wished to go home; but the clerk was profuse in his thanks, and especially desired to ask his advice.

"I have a bit of cold mutton and a pickle

upstairs, if you will please to walk in. Do be so kind, if you will do me so much honour."

"I'm honoured myself," returned the reporter. "It is not every one who would give me cold mutton and a pickle."

"I should have thought, now," returned Scorem, as he showed Mr. Slammers into his room, "that everybody was delighted to know an author. I am."

"Ah! young one," returned Slammers, with a sigh—"you *are* young! I used to think so once; and now I'd rather that people did not know that I write at all; and so would most men."

"Why do they put their names to their books?" asked Scorem, striking a flint and steel, and making a blue light and a powerful smell with a bundle of matches spread out like five fingers of a wooden hand.

"Good! Because publishers would not buy them without. I once wrote a book myself, and foolishly told my mind and what I thought. Everybody immediately abused me, up hill and down dale. I bound up the criticisms, had them labelled 'The Reward of Honesty,' and retired to the safety of anonymous journalism. That is the way, my boy, for me. But one proof was not enough. I wrote another book, anonymously: it was highly praised. I was foolish enough to put my name to the second edition: it was as loudly cried down. After that, I did no more. I had solved a problem, and I had found that—

'The post of honour is a private station'—

wherein you can cut, hack, slash, and stab the reputations of your friends and foes with a touching impartiality."

"Is all this true—can it be true?" gasped Scorem.

"True as gospel, my boy," said the reporter, picking out a pickle from a glass bottle. "They have in some papers in France the articles signed with their names; but we could not stand it here. Men are either—mentally, mind you; we are brave enough else—too cowardly or too *good-natured* to endure the truth, or to speak it openly."

Mr. Scorem, solemnly cutting his shoulder of cold mutton, listened and seemed perplexed. He helped Mr. Slammers twice, and forgot himself. Then he took pickles and salt, and began his meal upon those comestibles; but, finding they did not agree

with him, left off, put down his fork, and stared at the reporter.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked that worthy. "Are you going to be bad again?"

"Yes," returned the clerk, "very bad indeed!"

"What *is* the matter? Are you ill?"

"Not at all—never better in my life. You tell me you think it dangerous to tell the truth.

"Yes—sometimes, if not always."

"People don't like it?"

"Don't like it!" answered Mr. Slammers, picking up his knife and fork again—"don't like it! that's a mild term—they detest it. It is not pretty, it is not polite, it gets you into hot water, it irritates your enemies, and it estranges your friends. That is a short summary of what it does in this world."

"Then I shall tell it, Mr. Slammers," said the clerk, with a furious cut at the mutton. "Won't you take any more? No?—then have an apple—I have some prime ones here."

"They clear the mouth after smoking," answered Slammers; "so I will take one, and keep it till after I have had a pipe. You do not eat."

"No, I have no appetite at all. I will try to smoke. It is not late—only eleven."

"Oh, I can stay up till all is blue," returned the reporter. "Don't get any spirits—I prefer to smoke with beer."

It was a rather cold night, so Mr. Scorem had providently set fire to the wood and coal in his wide, old-fashioned stove, that was half-way up the chimney, and which seemed to crook its iron elbows over the ash-pit, as the fire winked, glowed, sparkled, and roared up the wide, old chimney.

Scorem sat on one side, with a dry pipe in his mouth; Mr. Slammers, with a black cutty, puffing away opposite to him, and wondering what was coming. What a curious fellow this clever, quick, half-educated, honest little clerk was. What did he want with *him*? "People don't ask me up, and give me cold mutton and pickles for nothing," said the cynical reporter to himself. "That is a truth, now, it would not do for me to tell all my friends; but it is a sorrowful fact that when they want anything of me they find me out; when I want anything of them, I never can find them: they don't come at such times. Hallo! what is he after now?"

Scorem, thinking away for his bare life,

had at that moment taken his pipe and dashed it between the two iron elbows of the grate, and then stood up, his eye flashing and his nostril working.

"Well?" asked Slammers, with an inquiring look.

"Well, sir," answered Scorem, "I tell you that I mean to tell the Truth, though it may cost me my place; and it will be sure to hurt one whom I admire more than any one on earth. But it is my duty to do so, and I will do it."

There was such an amount of honest earnestness about the young fellow as he said this, and it was uttered so simply and earnestly, that the reporter—a good fellow, if cynical—caught his hand and shook it, and said—

"That's right, stick to it."

"Then it is right to tell the truth?" said Scorem.

"For a man, yes," returned Barnett; "on'y, you see, you must take what turns up. If you're strong enough, well and good: you will be a better man, if you don't make friends. But 'ware hawk if you are not, that's all. Now, what are you after?"

"Sit down and tell me all about that murder. I want to hear all."

"Murder! Does what you are troubled about concern that?"

"I think so. Since I have known about it, I have been haunted as if by a dream."

"A regular Maria Martin case," returned the reporter, staring with all his might. "Was it a dream?"

"No," answered the clerk, "nothing of the sort—only something has struck me. Do you know all the circumstances?"

"I ought to," returned the reporter. "I was with Inspector Stevenson this afternoon, pumping him pretty well. You know, for our kind of literature, we are obliged to keep pretty good friends with the officers of the different courts."

"Does he know all about it?"

"I should think so. He has got the case in hand; and he has set on the cleverest man about these matters—Old Daylight, as they call him."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Tom Forster."

"A stout old gentleman, with a nobby hat and Hessian boots?"

"The very identical. I think I see him now. He can see about as far through a millstone as any man."

"And he is after the criminal?"

"Yes; and will be sure to nab him, if he be the King on his throne. He's sure to get the man, or the one next door to him, I can tell you."

"He called at my governor's the other afternoon. My governor is Mr. Edgar Wade, the barrister."

"Ah! very likely. He was named as likely to defend a party implicated," returned the reporter. "I wonder at that, being so young; but he bears a wonderfully good name."

"He is clever," returned Scorem, with a sigh.

"That is as much as to say he is not much else," thought the reporter; but he held his peace.

Scorem was silent, too, for some time. Then he got up, and walked about his room nervously. At last he said—

"Pray go on, Mr. Slammers. Tell me all you told me about that murder when I felt so sick and unwell, and as much more as you can."

"All right!" answered the gentleman appealed to.

His host drew his chair to the fire; and Mr. Slammers gave a very picturesque and vivid description of the scene at Acacia Cottage, drawn out of obscure hints and pieces of conversation which he had gathered at various times, and brought closely together with that marvellous and lifelike facility which is so much admired by readers of the chronicles of crime.

During the whole time of the narration, Mr. Scorem sat still, listening very patiently—save now and then when he put a leading question to his companion; and no Old Bailey barrister could have been more shrewd, as Barnett Slammers afterwards remarked.

How had the poor woman been struck? Did it appear, or was it known whether the assailant was young or old? If young, upon what inference? Was there any weapon found? And such like questions were asked, until Scorem knew as much as his informant, and expressed himself satisfied. Then he thanked his guest heartily, and said that he had a duty to perform.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have anything to do with it?" asked Mr. Slammers, wonderingly.

"Thank God! not I," returned Scorem, piously. "But circumstances have let me

into something of which I must speak. Can I see Inspector Stevenson?"

"No doubt you can, to-morrow."

"Will you take me to him?"

"If you want me to, with pleasure. But now, my good sir—now I have told you everything, perhaps you will tell me what you wanted in consulting me?"

It was now Scorem's turn to turn pale and hesitate. He walked restlessly across the room; then he went to the door and fastened it; then he drew near Mr. Slammers, and spoke in a low tone—

"It was the day after that murder that I discovered something. On that night, the governor I don't think slept at his house in Queen Anne-street!"

The reporter started, and watched the clerk eagerly.

"You see, I am going to be out with it all. I mean to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help me Heaven! I am passing the Rubicon, as they say in speeches down at the Cogers'. You must not mind if I am a little distressed. I fancy he did not go home, because the grate in his room, which I had raked out, was yet warm, and full of coal and cinders burnt to a hollow. The laundress was ill—and she is a good old girl, and often does me a good turn—so I came early to dust the chambers and to light the fire. The wood that I had left had been burnt, and in the ashes were some greasy fragments of a woollen fabric and four buttons. There they are—trousers strap buttons, stamped 'Howle, Conduit-street.'"

"Good God!" cried the reporter.

"Governor gets his trousers made there. Regular swell place, I can tell you."

"But is that all? He might have burnt the legs of a pair of old kickseys for a lark," urged the reporter.

"That is not all," said Scorem. "Going over the old Turkey carpet, I kicked against something under it; and, when I had lighted the fire, I said, 'That's a precious nail that has worked up out of these creaking old boards, which bend under your tread—I'll knock it down.' It wasn't a nail, but a flat steel button; and, sure enough, it had been tight down, but my running across had made it spring up. It had been pushed in, up to its head, between the boards. Here it is."

And Mr. Scorem pulled out about eleven inches of the end of a bright steel foil!

The reporter started when he saw it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. TOM FORSTER LEARNS SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT WHOLLY PLEASE HIM.

UPON the mind of Mr. Tom Forster the words of Père Martin had a somewhat astonishing effect. There was so great an air of truth and simplicity about the man, that, in spite of his coolness and his cunning, the old Bow-street runner was assured that what he said was true.

At the same time, the reflection occurred, again and again, that all was not right with Mr. Edgar Wade.

That learned young barrister had been out at all hours; had paid little or no attention to the poor sick lady at home; and was, indeed, himself far from well. Excitement and the disappointment in love began to tell upon him. Pale, languid, and with a hacking cough, the barrister moved restlessly about from his chambers to Queen Anne-street, almost without a purpose, and doing little in his business or at home.

"What," asked Old Daylight of himself, "is the secret influence this woman has over him? The coolest and wisest men lose their heads when in love. I will go and see her. I may find out some way to help him yet. It is a pity he should suffer so much, just now especially."

With Old Daylight a resolve was half the battle. What he determined to do was soon done. He soon ascertained from his friend, Mr. Rolt, the whereabouts of Natalie; and, on the very afternoon upon which he had determined to see her, stood outside the little villa, where the apple trees were showing yellow leaves, and autumn was tinting with its sober hues the elms of the neighbouring park and the "grove" which rejoiced in the name of "Lisson." The Virginian creeper which ran up the front of the house was turning to a dusky, yellowish brown, not yet having achieved the brilliant red hue in which it gloriously dies; and the sad, dull autumn evening harmonized with the quiet and stillness of the suburban dwelling.

"A snug little box," said Forster to himself. "Just the kind of nest to find such a bird in. I suppose there's some theatrical swell about, for I noticed his trap outside."

The trap outside was a well-appointed hooded cab, with a footboard outside at the back, upon which a smart groom perched, swinging by two leathern straps pendent from the hood. When the master was out,

the groom jumped inside, as had the gentleman who looked after the one in question, who was quietly walking the horse up and down, in sight of the villa gate, and voting the occupation an "infernal slow" one.

"These pretty birds," said the old man, philosophically, "might well be called decoy ducks, because they do draw empty young men, with lots of money, after them. I wonder what the drama would be without them? And dramatic authors, too. I heard one of them talking to Rolt. 'Have you seen my piece?' says he. 'How the people crowd to see it!' When Rolt had just been telling me that the great attraction was a new actress, the next was the scenery, the third the orchestra, and the fourth the fittings of the house. It's a mixed life we lead, to be sure!" continued the old gentleman, after a pause. "It's all right, I dare say; but there's nothing pure—there's no man out without lots of mixed motives. They talk about the poetic drama now. Poetic drama!—as if anybody but an old fool like me goes and sees things for the poetry in them."

He had rung the bell; and the neat English servant ushered him into the small dining-room, and took his card, before he had hardly made up his mind what to say—as he generally let himself depend upon what first "turned up."

"It's no use priming yourself," he used to say. "Wait for the speech Providence sends you. Only make up your mind what to do, and you will find out how to do it."

The small villas such as we have described—built at a bad time, when slight brick-work and plenty of stucco served for substantiality—were admirable places to hear in; and Mr. Forster had not been long in the quiet little house before he heard an excellent, merry little French song, given with great spirit; and then two gruff voices uttering applauding sounds.

"Why, I am right about that cab," said Old Daylight. "It is a new manager. The little woman has made a hit with her benefit."

"Bravo! Natalie," said the loud, high-toned, coarse voice. "You do the thing to-rights. I always said you could. She's a dangerous little woman, ar'n't she, Peter?"

"She is very clever and beguiling, no doubt; and understands her profession," returned a gentleman, in a more sober voice.

"Umph! two of them," returned Daylight.

"They ar'n't professionals. That's not the way they would talk."

Then Old Daylight heard the door open, and the subdued voice of the servant as she presented the card.

"Forster!—don't know such man," said Natalie. "Whose like is he?"

"A stout gentleman," or some such words, was the answer; for Natalie said—

"Stout! what means stout?"

"Fat—*gras, brave homme, comme moi,*" said the first voice. "Some one come to make you an offer of marriage, Natalie."

"Very good—tell him wait." And she added, firmly, "He must be a rich man and a nobleman. I do not ally myself with common people—I, who am *artiste.*"

There was a roar of laughter at this from one of the gentlemen—no others than Lord Montcastel and the Hon. and Rev. Peter Boore; but the gentleman who did not laugh was just the one whose laughter would have hurt Natalie.

She saw her advantage; and looking at the nobleman, with a sigh and a pretty look, she passed her soft hand over his forehead in a caressing way, and called him "a dear, sweet, good papa."

"It is not any sweetheart," she told his lordship, in effect, "but some one upon business;" and after seeing him she would dismiss him, and come back again. And so away she sailed, flinging a Parthian glance after her, and rendering his enamoured lordship more in love than ever.

"Peter, my boy," said that nobleman, after a pause, when the door had closed behind him, "I think I shall settle."

"You will, indeed," said the clergyman—who had a wife, one sweet infant named Dermot, and a large family in perspective. "And if you do, what is to become of us?" he thought; but he said nothing about that—"You will, indeed, if you marry an actress; and you a nobleman in the peerage of Great Britain!"

"What does that matter? Did not our grandfather marry the servant at a Swiss hotel? and are we any the worse for it?"

"I don't know that we are any the better; and I know that we are a precious deal poorer. Why can't you do as others do? There are many fortunes would be glad of your title; and would put up with you, in your old age, for the sake of it."

"Umph!" grunted his lordship, showing his teeth unpleasantly.

That little reference to his age nettled him. He was of that mature time of life in which a man finds that there are very few enjoyments left him; that he cannot eat as he did when young, nor drink, nor racket, nor stay up late; and that play damages his fortune as well as ruins his health; and that he had better husband what resources he has, and go in for a quiet life. Selfish as Lord Montcastel always was and always would be, he was shrewd enough to know that money did not purchase everything, and that a wife of a rich family, with her money carefully settled upon herself and her children, would not add greatly to his own happiness. And so, saturnine and dull in temper himself, and extremely taken with the lightsome flow of spirits that Natalie always assumed when she saw him, he determined long before this, and had taken the necessary steps, to make a matrimonial alliance such as that which his clerical brother, who was his heir-presumptive, had always dreaded. And it must be said, in justice to that reverend gentleman, and in exculpation of the too faithful historian who has shown him, in those rude days, behind the scenes and at the house of an actress, that he went with his brother as a mentor, and to save his house from any trouble or disgrace.

Natalie approached Mr. Tom Forster in so winning a way, that that gentleman could not but be taken with her. The little woman was an artist in her address, and never threw a smile or a courtesy away. Clear and clever as the old man was, he hesitated before he spoke to her; and Mdlle. Fifine had to inquire the purpose of his visit twice before she received an answer.

At length he said, in a low tone—for he did not wish the gentlemen in the other room to overhear him—

“I am a friend of Mr. Edgar Wade—a very old friend, mademoiselle; and I claim the privilege of visiting you on his behalf. You know him, I am sure; for he visits you.”

“Oh, yes,” said Natalie, her cheerful smile vanishing at once. “A very nice gentleman, who loves art, and who has made me some presents. Did he send you to me? Has he sent a letter? if so, let me have it and rejoin my guests.”

“I cannot say that he has sent a letter, or any message,” returned Old Forster, bluntly. “I am come to say that he is very ill at ease about you.”

“Are you his doctor? Poor man, he must get well. I can do nothing with him.”

“He, I believe, loves you very dearly, and would put his future in your hands. He is at present but a poor barrister.”

“What is that?”

“What you call an *avocat*,” returned Forster. “You know that, I suppose. He may rise, and become a great man.”

“Ah,” thought the old fellow, “if she only knew what a great man he really is, how the little Delilah would snap him up!”

“I hope he will; but he is poor now, he tells me.”

She said this simply.

“Yes,” returned Forster. “Not so rich as he will be.”

“Ah! that ‘will be.’ My good friend, I am impatient at waiting for it. It never comes—never! I have known many young girls grow old women waiting for ‘will be.’ I will take what I can get.”

“Have you told Mr. Wade so?”

“Yes. If he were here now I should tell him so more plainly. I am going, I hope, to marry a rich man—an English milord. You may tell your friend so, if you come to bother me with an offer. Your friend is good-looking and tall, a fine man; but so *triste*, so dull—like an English day in autumn. I do not like these young men. They are so selfish, too. I have told him to go away.”

This was not exactly true, as it was only within the last few hours that Lord Montcastel and Natalie had come to an understanding.

Old Forster whistled as she said this. So it had come to that! The infatuated young man had offered to marry her, and she had refused him! Well, it was as well as it was. But, poor young fellow, to be so treated just as a brilliant prospect opened before him!

“Men,” thought the old man, “are often blamed for really hating women. But do not some women deserve it?”

“So I will, if you please, say good evening—my friends are awaiting me. Give my respects to M. Edgar Wade, thank him for his kindness, and tell him—but it must be a secret from anybody else, and I am sure I can trust him and you—it will put him at rest, too, poor fellow; for he is of a very jealous nature, and I do so hate jealous people—tell him that the Natalie Fifine

whom he used to admire so as an *artiste* will be glad to receive him as Madame la Marquise de Montcastel!"

The little woman rose upon her feet as she said this, and swept back with a grand tragedy air. The clear, keen whisper cut the air, and pierced the ear of the old man like the hiss of a snake, and made him feel uncomfortable. He rose at once.

"I will go, mademoiselle," he said, politely; "but you will excuse me carrying that message."

"Eh! well, never mind. Say nothing to any one. He will see it in the papers. Good evening, mons'r."

"Here's a complication!" thought Old Forster. "Tell him! Not if I know it; if I did so I should kill him, worried and ill as he is. And she to marry that old man! Well, well—what will not woman do for money?"

The groom, seeing a gentleman emerge while he was at a distance, came up at a short trot, but was disappointed again, and drove away.

"That's his lordship's cab, is it?" said Old Forster. "How I should like to drive home in it. But, no; I'll just run round to Homer-street, and see whether there are any messages. Precious glad the little girl has hooked any one else but my boy. Is that all the mischief? If so, there will be a sudden burst, and he will live it down. But no, no—there's something else."

And, with a sense of impending evil against the man he loved so well, the old fellow trotted away, in his creaking Hessians, towards Homer-street.

And Natalie Fifine, feeling a great elation at having got rid of an unpleasant suitor, burst into the room where her guests were yawning, and commenced singing Béranger's "King of Yvetot," in the most joyous tones:—

"Il était un roi d' Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt
Dormant fort bien sans gloire."

And cracking his fingers, and grinning with delight, Lord Montcastel, with a deep voice, caught up the spirit of the syren, and joined in the chorus—

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La! la!"

"Well, I'm blowed," said the groom, with his teeth chattering, as he leant over the

wooden apron which shut him in the cabriolet, "the old man's merry to-night. I shouldn't wonder if he came away 'tosticated—shouldn't care if he did, on'y them fellows are so beastly selfish. When they're inside they never thinks of us poor fellows outside. It's the way of the world. And the poor animile—he wants a mouthful o' oats, too!"

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER X.

CONSTABLES AND PEACEMAKERS.

"LET us gently retrace our steps," the long-winded Elder observed, when his congregation thought he had just wound up for that occasion; and, at the risk of disappointing our readers, we must address them in the Elder's words. The amiable hero of this history had been a tolerably pliant reed in the skilful hands of Mr. Pokyr. He had screwed up Mr. Samuel's courage to that "sticking point" Lady Macbeth speaks of, and taught him to snap caps on a pistol at an alarming rate—all in the short space of twenty-four hours; and if Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly did not reach the soft turf behind the ditch at Newmarket an accomplished duellist, it was not his second's fault.

It is, perhaps, not in the common order of things that a man should learn the whole art of duelling in the short space of one day, nor digest the knowledge he has acquired in one sleepless night: a great deal must depend upon the courage, nerve, and coolness of the combatant. Unfortunately, Mr. Golightly was well aware of this; and, with the thought, he bade good-bye for ever to such pluck, steadiness, and *sang froid* as he previously boasted. Many people—the writer of this biography among the number—will not be disposed to think the worse of him for this, under the special circumstances of the case; for, after all, fighting is not a Christian thing; and, as our hero's facetious second observed, a few minutes before the encounter—

"Perhaps, my dear Golightly, you'd rather eat Chutney potted, than—than pot him heated, by Jove?"

A very faint smile marked Mr. Samuel's recognition of his friend's reprehensible attempt at a joke.

The O'Higgins had before him a task even more difficult in the work of bringing Mr. Chutney "up to the scratch." The Indian gentleman, forgetful of his valiant words, urged a variety of reasons against fighting himself; and it required all the natural and oily eloquence of the first-named gentleman to convince, calm, and reassure him. On the eventful morning, Mr. Chutney felt so ill, that his second had very hard work to persuade him to start. Mr. Chutney felt the most burning desire to fight; but he wished to put in an *agrotat* that morning, and postpone the hostile meeting until he felt better fitted for the combat. He talked of a surgeon's certificate; and was only finally persuaded to take his seat in the dogcart from Pratt's on the assurance of The O'Higgins that after all, in all human probability, the ride to the Heath would turn out "merely a matter of for-arl glory and no risk, bedad; for that Golightly will never be there—you see if he will."

It was plain Mr. Chutney devoutly hoped that his adversary would not turn up to time.

"We shall have the ride all for nothing, then," he urged.

"Not at arl, me dear sir," returned The O'Higgins. "If Golightly isn't there, isn't it just as good as shooting him, and better besides?"

"But I don't want to go twelve miles for nothing," Chutney objected.

"Certainly not—of course not."

"Could not we find out if he *is* gone?" he pleaded.

"Well, it would not be the right thing exactly. We must go over and find out for ourselves."

"I don't feel at all well," said the principal. "I hate being rattled about in a dogcart. It shakes me to pieces always."

"I'll drive," replied the second. "You must not touch the reins. You are bound to keep your hand steady."

"Oh!" groaned the Indian, "I thought you said Golightly would not be there."

"It's—it's all Lombard-street to a Chaney orange he won't. I'd—I'd bet a hundred pounds to sixpence, he isn't—now!" said The O'Higgins, glaring wildly at his poor little victim.

"I've a great mind to take you," he replied.

But on a moment's reflection, feeling that the Captain's hundred was spelled with

three ciphers, and that in reality the wager would be sixpence to nothing at all, he did not accept the offer.

"How do you know Golightly will not turn up?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well," said the Captain, turning the matter over in his mind, "Pokyr hinted as much to me yesterday morning."

"I never take any notice of what Pokyr says," retorted Chutney. "Besides, he is sure to make Golightly go."

"One man can take a horse to the water," urged the Captain, allegorically, "but ten can't make him drink."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I mean he'll fire in the air, if he fires at all. *That* I do know."

The dogcart being now in waiting, Mr. Chutney, having put on many wrappers, took his seat gloomily by the Captain's side; and they drove off together.

"What would the Club think of you, you know, if you didn't show up, after everything that has been said?" the Captain observed, after they had driven some distance without a word being spoken on either side.

"Confound the Club—they've none of them ever fought a duel," replied Chutney, irritably.

"Think of all you've said, though, on the subject," said the Captain, in a soothing tone.

"My views are—are considerably altered, O'Higgins."

"Bedad, it's many a man I've winged," observed the Captain, vaguely, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Where?"

"In arl parts of me native countree. Leave an Irishman alone for picking a decent quarr'l, when the occasion presints itself," said The O'Higgins, bravely.

"I should like a glass of something," said Chutney.

They were passing a roadside inn, just out of Cambridge.

Some time was lost in rapping up the people of the house, who were hardly astir yet.

After a glass of brandy and water, Mr. Chutney felt better. The Captain joined him for company's sake.

"That's yourself, now," he said, as his friend plucked up courage, when he found there were no recent marks of wheels on the road.

"We're first, at all events," he added.

"I thought you said they would not come?"

"So I did," replied The O'Higgins. "But if they do, sure you'll behave like a man—and a Mutton Cutlet?"

"Hang the Mutton Cutlet!" was the brief response.

Presently, however, Mr. Chutney's spirits grew lighter. At Quy Church the Captain made the same dog Latin joke which has been recorded of Mr. Pokyr in our last chapter. "Quy Church stands in the fields," and quite remote from the village.

"A *qui*-et place enough if anything should happen to Mr. Golightly," said the Captain.

"I hate stupid puns," said Chutney. "Besides, *ecclesia* is not the word for the fabric of a church, and *qui* does not agree with it."

"Bedad! foighting does not agree with you, me boy," the Captain thought, but wisely said nothing.

"We're first on the field, and that's something," he said, when, after an hour's drive, they pulled up at the appointed rendezvous behind the ditch.

"How long are we *obliged* to wait?" asked the principal, nervously.

"Not more than an hour or two, at most."

"Bound to do it?"

"In honour," replied the second.

Mr. Chutney's face fell.

They inspected the ground; and The O'Higgins paced it in due form.

"Stand with your back so," said the Captain, "is *moy* advice."

"Goodness!" said Chutney, cheering up suddenly, "you've forgotten to bring any pistols. I left it to you, of course. We can't—"

"Pokyr will provide the weapons," replied the Captain, calmly.

Mr. Chutney took a seat on the grassy bank behind him.

"Stay—hark—h'sh!" cried the Captain. "I think I hear wheels—they're coming."

"No?"

"Yes! all right—here they come."

"I don't hear anything," said the principal, hoping almost against hope. "Now I do. Is it Pokyr?"

His doubts were speedily set at rest by the arrival of our hero and Mr. Pokyr in another dogcart.

"The small pistols or the large ones?" said Mr. Pokyr, after he was safely out of

the vehicle, producing two cases of weapons.

"Small ones!" cried both the combatants, in a breath.

"Stop, stop, gentlemen—we must settle these things," said Pokyr, conferring with O'Higgins. "Shall we use the large or the small, Captain? Both brace are certain death"—this remark was made in a voice both Mr. Samuel and Mr. Chutney could too plainly hear—"never knew either of them miss fire."

The ground was measured, the two gentlemen took up their positions. Behind Mr. Chutney was the wide-spreading Heath. Mr. Golightly turned his broad shoulders towards the belt of trees known as the Plantations. A few friends, who had come over unseen by the duellists, looked calmly on; and a stray donkey left his pasture on the Heath to gaze upon the unaccustomed scene.

As we said in our last chapter, the ground had been duly paced out, and the rivals held the instruments of vengeance in their hands, and were both of them ready to faint with terror.

"One's frit and t'other daren't," as they say," Mr. Pokyr said to the Captain.

"That's about it, me boy," was The O'Higgins's answer.

"Are we ready?"

"We're all ready on *this* side, I'll go bail for that," said the Captain.

Just as Mr. Pokyr was about to give the signal to fire, he suddenly exclaimed—

"One moment, gentlemen—I see strangers approaching!"

The strangers were those three active and intelligent members of the county constabulary, Officers 33, 55, and 99; who had been out on General Hall's land, on the trail of a wicked young poacher who had long evaded the clutches of the law. They had searched all night in vain; and now here was game indeed. Nimbly they hopped over the broken railing which separated them by a feeble resistance from the field of battle; and before Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly had time to recollect where he was, or to ascertain who the unexpected arrivals were, he was safe in the custody of Constable 33-55 and 99 gave chase to Mr. Chutney, who had very quickly taken to his heels; fearing in his heart that Pokyr would try to square the police, and after all the thing would go on much as if this lucky episode had never occurred. As fright, however, had rather

weakened his knees, he was speedily caught by the aforesaid active and zealous members of the county force.

"Give us your gun," said 99, who could not altogether divest his mind of poaching. "What game are you arter?"

"Ah! what's your little game?" demanded 55, backing up his brother officer.

"We—were—going to fight a duel," gasped Chutney, relieved at being safe in custody.

"Oh, oh!" said the policemen, in a gruff duet. "Breach of Queen's peace."

"Unlawful assembly for illegal purposes."

Now, for the first time, Mr. Chutney saw the friends who had come to see him fight.

"Fight a doo-el, eh?" said 99. "Give us your gun!" and he took the pistol from Mr. Chutney's unresisting hand.

"You're our prisoner, sir—for the present, at all events."

"I'm—I'm rather glad to hear it."

"Now, raly, sir, you're too flatterin'. You Cambridge gents are full of chaff; but you don't catch us old birds with none on it."

"I'll give you a sov apiece not to let me out of custody till the thing is all settled—"

"By the magistrates at Newmarket—we sha'n't, don't you fear."

"No—by the other side. I don't want to shoot the other gentleman. You see, he's such a bad shot. I should be almost certain to kill him—I should indeed, and I don't want to do it."

"I don't think he would—would he, Grimes?" said 99, holding up the pistol for his brother officer's inspection. "This 'ere aint up to much, sir—it aint loaded."

Mr. Chutney stood in blank amazement. It was true enough.

"Then I've been made a perfect fool of!"

"P'raps the stout young gen'elman's aint loaded either," said Inspector Grimes, with a chuckle.

Mr. Chutney groaned deeply. How different would have been his conduct had he but known all before! How bold his front! But now—! He groaned again.

Meanwhile an explanation had taken place between Messrs. Pokyr, Golightly, and O'Higgins, and that active officer, Constable 33; and they appeared to have come to an understanding. Our hero was laughing merrily, and examining the barrel of his pistol in a way he would never have done if it had been loaded.

"We are of opinion," said Sergeant Grimes, after a short consultation with his brother officers, "that shooting with unloaded pistols does not constitute a breach of the peace in the eye of the law."

"No," said 55 and 99.

"Therefore," continued the sergeant, "gentlemen, you are at liberty."

"And at large," said 99 and 55.

"Let us shake hands," said Mr. Samuel to his late opponent.

But poor little Chutney hung down his head in a ridiculous way. All his fire was gone.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pokyr, taking the rivals by the hand, "you have done all that honour needeth. Therefore be friends once more. You met, and you would have fought—though, happily, without injury to each other's limbs—if the police had not stopped you."

"Many fights are stopped by the police," said Sergeant Grimes.

"In this countree, perhaps," growled The O'Higgins. "But I know where no fights are stopped; and where, bedad, nobody could humbug Timothy Fitzgerald O'Higgins with empty pistols."

This was a sore blow to the Captain, who believed firmly in the *bona fides* of the meeting—if it could be brought about.

"You don't want to fight, Captain?" said Pokyr.

"Not I, bedad. You've stolen a march on me, me boy; and that's the long and short of the matter. So, least said soonest mended. I'm doosid peckish."

While this dialogue was going on between Pokyr and the Captain, Mr. Chutney and Mr. Golightly had shaken hands and made friends and acquaintances of each other at the same moment. Their various friends gathered round them; and even the donkey drew near to witness the general reconciliation.

"Peckish!" cried Chutney, gaining spirits fast. "I am nearly fainting."

Tommy was very careful of the inner man at all times.

"I am hungry," said our hero, who played no indifferent knife and fork himself.

In the end, it was decided to breakfast at Newmarket. The dogcarts were remounted by some of the party, and room was found in the waggonette Mr. Calipee had driven over for the police, who were invited to partake of breakfast at the White Lion. Once

there, everything else was soon drowned in the clatter of knives and forks and the business of eating.

"Well," said Mr. Pokyr, when he asked for the bill for the breakfast which the policemen had eaten, "I should not have thought it possible they could have done it—that's all!"

TABLE TALK.

IT may not be generally known that the Thames Embankment, which is now, to a certain degree, an accomplished fact, was suggested a century ago. In a letter from Mr. Harris, M.P.—author of "Hermes"—to his son, who was then Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid, dated March 5, 1771, he writes:—"An embankment for the river Thames is proposed, from Durham-yard to the Savoy. The undertakers are Scots; and *therefore* the Common Council oppose them."

AN OLD-ESTABLISHED FIRM in Spitalfields complain, in the *Times*, that the managers of "The Post Office London Directory" have removed their names from the list of Archil and Cudbear Makers, in consequence of their refusal, on principle, to pay a charge for insertion. There are many curious trades in London; but few, we suspect, save the initiated, have heard of archil and cudbear makers before. Archil and cudbear are the names applied to a certain dye obtained, by the action of a weak solution of ammonia, from various lichens or mosses gathered from the rocks on the coast of Africa, Zanzibar being the chief place of export. In a liquid form it is called archil; in a dry state or powder, cudbear. The only drawback to the use of this beautiful dye—which is very little different, after all, from the all-familiar litmus—is that its fine red, crimson, and purple hues will act only upon silk and wool, the universal cotton having hitherto refused to receive its beautifying properties.

"MAN THE LIFEBOAT" is a brave old English song, and must have been sung many times during the Christmas family festivities that have just passed. And to many a one the stirring exhortation of the song must have brought to mind the dangers and sufferings, not only of the shipwrecked mariners far out at sea, but also of the gallant men who

"man the lifeboat" in the dark and stormy nights that call them forth, into a howling wilderness of raging waters, to the relief of distressed and despairing sufferers. The National Lifeboat Institution, in its report of work done in the cause of humanity during the year just elapsed, shows a grand total of 774 lives saved in that period; and, since its formation, the institution has contributed to the rescue of 19,854 persons. The association appeals to the generous and benevolent throughout the kingdom for continued support; and there is little fear, we think, but that their appeal will be liberally responded to.

CONSTITUENCIES, like maidens, require much courting; and, like maidens also, when they are slighted turn sometimes very bitter. While Mr. Cardwell has been holding forth persuasively and successfully at Oxford on our military resources, the Premier has received a *billet doux* from the disaffected of Greenwich, "respectfully but firmly" suggesting to him that the sooner he can find some other constituency to represent in Parliament the better for the electors of Greenwich. Truly, Mr. Gladstone, from a *Greenwichian* point of view, you deserve to be jilted. Did not fair Greenwich snap you up triumphantly when your old seat—to say the least of it—was far from secure? And since then you have never been near your new love. You have considered the Irish Church Bill and the Landlord and Tenant Act of more importance than the local interests of your own constituents. It is really too bad of you, Mr. Gladstone. Verily, popularity is a fleeting glory—even for the greatest amongst us!

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, addressed to me by the late Albert Smith—a "fellow of infinite jest," too soon forgotten—may have an interest for the readers of ONCE A WEEK. I was occupying a cottage at Chertsey—his native place—for my honeymoon, when I received it and, at the same time, a set of kitchen cruets, made of pewter, as a wedding present. I have, of course, suppressed names and changed initials:—

"North End Lodge, Walham-green, S. W.

"MY DEAR — The kitchen is so universally despised in the matter of wedding presents—albeit of primary importance in the arduous career of housekeeping, upon

which your young and amiable partner is about to enter—that I make no excuse for sending you these pieces of Brompton *argenterie*. May your establishment exist to wear them out. They have been engraved by a celebrated artist expressly for the occasion. As long as you keep them you will never want pewter, which is more than C— could ever say. Let me give you a little ‘Handbook of Chertsey.’ It is a market town (Wednesday) on the Thames, S.W. of London nineteen miles, in Surrey (Hundred of Godley); a polling place for W. Surrey, four fairs a-year, county court, petty sessions, and celebrated as the birthplace of the great Albert Smith. This illustrious man was born on the top-floor front of the house opposite the church, next to Mr. K.’s stationery shop. His brother Arthur also first saw light there. Crowds of pilgrims, from remote parts, daily assemble before the house and sing praises in his honour; and on his birthday, May 24th, the church bells are rung.—N.B. The Queen’s being the same day leads to much misconception on this point.—The inhabitants still point with pride to the cottage which he lived in subsequently—up the lane by the baker’s, near the Swan Inn. He is described as a man of quiet, modest demeanour, simple in his habits and dress, constant to his pew at church, but addicted to large parties and miscellaneous entertainments on fair Sabbath evenings, to the horror of the late Reverend Cotton, whom he objected to have his ears stuffed with. His brother Arthur, subsequently Chancellor of the Exchequer, passed his early days at the ‘Stank Pitch,’ well known to fishermen between the bridge and the tumbling bay. The tradesmen of Chertsey are honest, intelligent people. Mr. A., the chemist, is the inventor of the celebrated corn plaster, which brought fame and fortune to its discoverer. He emigrated from E., from which place he married Miss B., a stout and comely woman. Mr. C., the ironmonger, has one of the best shops in England; and the back door of his house in Gogmore-lane opens upon the former stable door of the Palazzo Smith, which he allows people to look at for a small sum. It is worth a visit, and full of material for thought. Mr. D., the linen-draper, offers peculiar advantages for young married people in the economy and durability of his wares: his ready-made doeskins are the talk of Staines, Weybridge, and

Shepperton; and Mr. E., the coiffeur, is the Isidore of the town—he had the honour of first shaving Mr. Albert Smith. Dr. F. and Mr. G. divide the medical practice. Mr. G. had the honour of marrying Mr. Albert Smith’s sister, an amiable woman with seven children. She lives near the town hall, formerly the bank in old Mr. H.’s time—who had the honour of being Mr. Albert Smith’s godfather. Several of the natives had the honour of being brought into the world by Mr. Albert Smith between 1837 and 1841. Mrs. L., of the Crown Inn, is Swiss—a native of Morges on the Lake of Geneva—immortalized by Mr. — (myself). Her brother, *le nommé* Glover, keeps the Hotel de l’Univers, at Lyons. In the commercial room is the celebrated portrait of old Mr. H., for which the National Gallery is now in treaty—it is an undoubted Kneller. His son Thomas had the honour of dining with Mr. Albert Smith, in the same room, at a Yeomanry Cavalry Ball at the Swan Inn.—So, with best wishes and regards to both, yours always,
“A. S.”

A CORRESPONDENT: It has been said that human ingenuity could devise no system of hieroglyphics which human ingenuity should not be able to decipher. Here are two advertisements from the *Times*. No. 1—

“E.—*ravc ramap eh eskvc devh qn cqzv wabhav. Ltc fqh hega sfhavaih sf cqzv eddaevfya? Tasvaih ja pexfap. Tera xqva hvzih. Iteww ewleci vaxesf ei zizew cqzvi qfvc.—V.*”

Which means:—

“E.—Very vexed at angry part of your letter. Why not take interest in your appearance? Heiress be—. Have more trust. Shall always remain as usual yours only.—V.”

The following answer to the above has appeared:—

“E.—*qf dvqlw espfaev kexa. Devhc iyvqzvwqzi jzhkqh htajveii. Devgav!! Nexswc ravc iqnhaf pyqxa nvqx Waapi. Xega afozsvsai Hvzihsi jvqgaf vaap vaepc lefhap hq ilekkav lshtew. Tawd cqzvi zizewvc.—V.*”

Solution:—

“E.—On prowl and near game. Party scrofulous but got the brass. Parker!! Family very soft and come from Leeds. Make enquiries. Trust is broken reed. Ready wanted to swagger withal. Help yours usually.—V.”

They are genuine, and need no comment. Let fools beware!

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 160.

January 21, 1871.

Price 2d.

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.



REALLY is a great mistake, passing Christmas in the country; and I certainly will not do so any more. Why I should be supposed to wish to leave my comfortable fireside, in this severe weather, I can't imagine. Dinners and balls for a month, to which the shortest distance is ten miles. The

Duke of Donkeyton's is five and twenty miles, at least;—of course, we must go there. I have my house full of people; and, as I have chosen my own guests, we are a pleasant party enough. I have sent all the men out shooting. I don't go myself, for I don't see the fun of standing at the corner of a covert, with my nose frozen and my hands and feet insensible, on the chance of shooting one of the many hundred pheasants I had down from town yesterday, because I won't be troubled with much preserving. So I have come into my den to have a quiet pipe, and a dip into a book, and a chat with my readers.

What a smell of mince pies and plum pudding all over the house! These are what are called seasonable festivities; with

double numbers of illustrated papers, and robin redbreasts, and icicles, and Old Father Christmas, and punch, and snapdragon, and New Year's Day, and holly and mistletoe, and "A Merry Christmas to you"—which is frequently a horrible mockery to those to whom it is addressed: as, for instance, people who can't pay their bills, or who have death and sickness in the house. Depend upon it, there are a good many unreformed Scrooges in the world. Not that I am one. One hundred of the poor in my parish will dine to-morrow at my expense. The school children will be feasted, and all the old people will have a blanket given them, and a sackful of coals. Any wayfarer passing my lodge gates will be invited to partake of a hunch of bread and a mug of good October ale. This idea I have borrowed from the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, and is, I flatter myself, a remarkably neat and effective plagiarism. Still, the whole thing is a bore. I have outlived all the gushing over it; and loathingly anticipate the lovely articles there'll be, no doubt, in the *Daily Telegraph*—starting with the Wise Men of the East, and ending up, *apropos* of pantomimes, with some remarks about the ballet dancers' legs, and how they are necessary to draw the foolish men of the West.

Then, what is there seasonable about ghosts? What connection is there between them and mince pies and plum pudding? Why shouldn't they be equally seasonable at Midsummer or Michaelmas? I never saw one, and don't wish to; but it would not be an agreeable companion at table, even if it were a festive ghost. Yet everybody insists on hundreds of ghosts at Christmas—if we may judge from the volumes of literature devoted to their interests at that time.

Christmas and New Year seasonable festivities are only suitable to the very young or very old. The former delight in all the

old "shop" of the period—the yule log, the wassail bowl, the carols, mummers, and the rest. The liberty accorded to their gastronomic powers is the more appreciable, as it is accorded but once a year; and they are loaded with presents, more or less valuable, from friends and relatives, as their parents happen to be more or less wealthy. To them it is a poem: to many of us middle-aged people it is a disagreeable reality. The old people naturally like it. Their fading faculties are renewed by the good cheer and gaiety; and they can recall reminiscences of their early days which had been forgotten for a year. They look with pride on their children and grandchildren; and predict the Woolsack for Tommy, and—who knows?—a Prince of Royal blood for Sukey. They have done with the sternness of life, and can afford to indulge in those innocent dreams and speculations. But the melancholy of the subject is leading me on to drivel and to dote. We will leave it, if you please. Mr. Editor shall not have this paper. I will light my pipe with it, and compose myself in my warm arm-chair by the fire.

Believe in ghosts indeed! Benighted people. I suppose they will soon be back from shooting, as it's beginning to get dark. The fire makes me quite drowsy. Ghosts, indeed!

I wonder what has brought this back to me? A little child is looking out of the window, across a London square, where the snow is lying deep. There is a lurid glare in the sky, which is reflected on the snow beneath. The frightened child inquires of a lady standing by what it is. It is St. Peter's Church, in Eaton-square, which is burning fiercely; and the nursery-maid comes in at that moment, and says that they have succeeded in saving the altar-piece. He wants to be taken out to see it; but the lady reminds him that it is time to be dressed, as there is a Christmas party that night, and that he has to entertain his little friends. Surely, I know that tall, graceful figure, though the face is turned away from me; and the child who is looking towards me—I do not recognize him. Yet it reminds me of a face I see sometimes: a face now grizzled and wrinkled, with lines upon it like the prints of little birds' feet in the snow—a face I see when I look in the glass. The lady is my billiether, and the child myself. I am arre-

ayed in all my glory, and am taken down-stairs to be admired and worshipped by uncles, aunts, and cousins, who all load me with praises, and kisses, and presents. For am I not the eldest, the hope and the pride of the family?—destined to win fame, either in "the court, camp, church, the vessel, or the mart," and achieve immortality. There is cousin Bob, who is a thousand years old, and who is alive to this day. He has two wonderful stories—one about a bull, who met him in a path and bowed gracefully to him, without proceeding to further extremities; and another about the varied and excellent properties of a certain well in Hyde Park. He dines with us every Sunday, and performs—for my benefit, when I come down to dessert—an admirable feat with an orange, which, cunningly fashioned into the counterfeit presentment of an old gentleman, he takes on board an imaginary ship, in an imaginary storm; and depicts, by means of squeezing him into a wine glass, the agonies which immediately ensue when, in real life, the steward and basin are summoned.

See the sports that are provided for us! What is that dangling from the ceiling? That is an inverted balloon, filled with bon-bons. You will see the children blindfolded in turn, with a stick put into their hands, and taken into the middle of the room to be walked about in a maze, and left to grope about till each one fancies he is underneath the cherished object, when up is raised the stick to hit the balloon, and the air alone is struck. The bandage is withdrawn, and the patient looks very foolish as he finds himself in a totally different part of the room to that he expected. When the balloon is destroyed, all the bon-bons fall over the floor, and a general scramble ensues. A brave game, my masters! a brave game! What have we here? A large dish, full of flour, into which are dropped shillings and half-crowns. We have to dip our faces into this, and pick out the money. What shouts as we emerge, looking like Mr. Clown in the pantomime, barring the rich paint! Now is the time—when a dozen of us are so ornamented—for snapdragon.

"Bring it in, Thomas."

"I will, sir," as he always replied, with great emphasis.

There he is! the bony-legged footman in livery, who is always at loggerheads with Growler the butler. Fit out the lights!

Now, then! "Don't throw them about, Uncle Dick, it is dangerous." See how ghastly we all look with our white faces. Ha! what is that? Aunt Rachel's dress has caught fire. Such a pretty girl she is. You wouldn't believe it now, would you? Never mind. It is all right. No harm done. The Reverend Snorter Hunks has squeezed it out, and looks as if he didn't object to the performance. Now, one glass of punch, and we little ones must be off to bed. I see my mother bending over my little bed, and kissing me, and hear her whisper—

"I hope you won't be tired, love."

The vision fades; but another yet succeeds. I see myself again, as a boy—home from Harchester for the holidays. I left that seminary for sound and religious learning, near this place—as they say in the bidding prayer in the Cathedral—at the earliest moment after the "journey money" had been distributed by the head master, which was about seven in the morning. I therefore arrive home in time for breakfast. Early as it is, there are the dear arms open to receive me, and the welcome smiles on that beautiful face. She, dear soul, is for providing nothing but amusements for the boys; but the "governor" is firm. Holiday tasks must be allotted: from ten till twelve, Mr. Homfray; from four till six, Mr. Locke. Mr. Homfray is engaged for writing, drawing, and arithmetic. Poor old Homfray! There he is—the very image of Tom Pinch, long before Tom Pinch was born: so patient, hard-working, simple, and so poor. See the old gray trousers, with straps more like stirrups than what they are meant to be! When we crept underneath the table and succeeded in cutting them, his trousers flew up his legs as if they had been cast out of one of those modern slings of India-rubber. The dreadful practical jokes he has to submit to! "Harthur, Harthur! mind what you are doing," he says to my brother, who has taken the opportunity, while he is stooping over one of our works of art, to drop a large door-key down his neck, which perambulates his back till it emerges at his feet, after the strap has been undone. Judge of his elegant phraseology. Those two young scamps, my brothers, have been eating lollipops all the morning, against Mr. Homfray's express wishes. My father requires the results of the morning's work put into a tabulated form for his satisfaction—which is, in this instance, as follows.

"Masters Tom and Harry: *Application*—Far from what could be wished. *Progress*—In the retrograde direction. *Conduct*—Insubordinate and rude; personal inconvenience incurred through introduction of a foreign body down the spinal region. *General remarks*—Both, during studies, partaking freely of confectionery."

Mr. Locke was a sucking barrister, who received a certain stipend for keeping my memory green as to the merits of the Greek particle "an," and the vicissitudes of that confounded woman and her family, Alcestis, who killed her father—a deed appreciable, no doubt, by many heirs of the present day, but perfectly unintelligible if they knew, according to Lemprière, that it was done to restore him to vigour and youth. Why do those dreary speeches of that pump, Admetus, recur to me now, when I vow I haven't opened my Euripides for thirty years? We never read, in my class at Harchester, but one play. And what is this confusion in my mind about Apollo and poor Frank Talfourd, whom I didn't know till twenty years afterwards? There is Mr. Locke, as plain as a pikestaff, with his seedy tail-coat and Scotch plaid inexpressibles, his spectacles, and long nose whiffing up the choice odour of raw onions, stolen from the larder, with which I used to perfume my breath, hoping to keep him off the scent and text. Where is he now, and what was his career, I ask myself, as he fades away into dream-land?

Again the boy returns—now a young man—for the Christmas holidays, to the paternal roof. He is clad in black. The loving eyes are closed; the fond arms lie stiff by her side in her shroud; the voice that hereafter might have warned him from any a temptation and folly is hushed for ever! He returns to find Growler looking blacker than ever in his epaulettes; and the maids, in their neat mourning dresses, dropping sympathetic curtsies. He is the young lord for the nonce. The affairs of the nation—which can't halt (or couldn't in those days) for births, marriages, or deaths—had summoned the father to his post; and the now dreary and desolate room—every knick-nack of which recalls some reminiscence of that tender and beautiful love which watched over his childhood—is tenanted by those purveyors of condolence whose sympathy is like the moaning of the waves as they dash on the unhappy wreck stranded on the bar.

What is that? The pipe has fallen out of my mouth, and smashed on the floor. Pooh! This chair is very snug, but I'll try the other arm.

* * * * *

A mist succeeds. The youth awakes one morning, to be told he has recovered from a serious illness. The faces around him are familiar; but he misses one, and asks for it.

"My dear Gorham, you are weak, you know."

"Yes, I remember now," and he turns his face back into his pillow.

Somehow, at the same time, I see a little child, with a wan face and pale hand, put up a feverish little mouth to be kissed, and say, "Mamma, I'll be very good."

But young Gorham gets down at last, and is greeted by his temporary guardian, the Reverend Mr. Gunch. Gunch first taught him to smoke, by puffing into his face when he was of tender years. Gunch was the greatest consumer of tobacco in England: in all shapes it was acceptable. Cigars, pipes, snuff boxes, he possessed in countless numbers. He never had a pipe or cigar out of his mouth; and the housemaid used to say that he took snuff to bed with him loose, and stowed it under the pillow for nocturnal enjoyment. Where art thou now, O Gunch! with all thy smoking apparatus?

Gunch evaporates; and I see a large party assembled at breakfast in a country house. The snow lies lightly on the ground; the river, which runs through the park, sparkles and dances in the sunbeams. Everything is cheerful and glad under the influence of Christmas and the genial weather. There is the boy—now arrived at his early manhood. He is in the house of an Oxford friend, whose father, the dear old Squire, is presiding over an enormous round of beef; while his good mother, who has the most marvellous instinct for inventing new dishes expressly for breakfast, is busy amongst the cups and saucers. This is a shooting morning, and the Squire is chaffing Gorham about the number of pheasants he is not going to hit. Gorham is not a celebrated shot; but he can fire off his gun with tolerable safety to himself and others. The good old gentleman delights in rallying him on his sporting propensities, and is particularly anxious to see him after the hounds. All the horses in the stable would have been placed at his disposal for that purpose; but Gorham de-

clines. Later in the morning, the Squire, who has come out on purpose to see him shoot, sees him aim at a tremendous rocket, which, to the Squire's amazement, comes crashing to his feet, through the branches of the firs.

"Bravo, bravo!" says the Squire. "Never saw anything better done before. We shall make something of you yet. There's the keeper's cottage. I'll trot on, and see that all is ready for you."

Fortunately, it was luncheon time; and the Squire had no opportunity of seeing what he missed afterwards. Then there was the return home by five o'clock, and the glass of good old home-brewed; for we were tired, and had to work for our sport in those days. Then the pipe, Nature's great restorer—the bath, and the dinner. There were the bright eyes reassembled we had not seen since breakfast; and, with rare ability, we used always to find ourselves seated next to those we affected most. Then the songs, the dances, and the music; and always, on Christmas Eve, the quaint mummers, whose *patois*, fortunately for delicate ears, rendered what they said unintelligible. Then, more smoking, and to bed, just as the bells from the church in the park proclaim the advent of another Christmas Morn. Oh, happy, blessed time—warming all hearts with love and happiness! Thy memories never fade; and he who cannot enjoy the spirit of the season, and reviles its conventionalities, is a cynic and a fool.

Where am I now? In the Folkestone boat, crossing the Channel. I am the only passenger. The snow is falling so thickly that we can hardly see before us. I am sitting in the little cabin by the stern, calmly awaiting a collision. I am about to spend my Christmas with my ladye love, and obtain fresh and sea air. I am a bit of a cripple now—for it is absurd to confess that I have just recovered from a severe fit of gout. And to be laid up with that disease in the Temple for six weeks, with no one but a hideous old laundress to nurse you, naturally induces a young man's fancies to strongly turn to love. The ship cleaves merrily through the wintry sea; the snow has ceased; and the white dome of the Cathedral looms in the view, and the familiar lighthouses, and the Hotel Imp—what is it now, National, Republican, Royal? Here we are, moored alongside. There she is, with her dear little face all muffled up, to

keep it warm for something she will shortly receive there. Look at the pretty foot, just peeping out from the red petticoat; and—if I were to let you, you rascal!—by moving a step forward, you would see the loveliest ankle in Europe. Now I will leave my keys with Hannen, the commissionaire of the *Hôtel des Bains*, where I descend; and a few seconds after I have her round arm locked in mine; and, as I limp along, she pretends to support me—little goose!—and looks at me wonderingly with her great brown eyes, which are like a love song of Gounod's—so soft, so true, so beautiful. Here we are at Lucy's mamma's house; and I fear mamma doesn't look so pleased to see me as I could wish. I shall take her daughter away from her in a few months; and who could like the ruthless invader who robs her of such a pearl? Now I am being unwrapped, which is a process of some time, as it is impossible to avoid performing a certain operation upon those pretty hands when they approach the patient too nearly; and a chair is brought me to rest my foot upon; and a glass of warm brandy and water is insisted on, as I must be so cold; and, in short, she is bent on woman's best mission—when they don't wear big teeth and goggle spectacles—nursing the sick.

It is Christmas Day, and we go to church together; and, in the afternoon, walk out on the ramparts to enjoy the keen, frosty air. The ravishing little coquette tries all her arts upon me—as if she could make me love her one whit the more; and the staid young barrister, just called to the bar, has to deprecate, with an assumption of dignity, such levity of conduct. In the evening, we dine at the house of a friend; and Lucy is radiant in a white dress, with sprigs of holly about it, and a wreath of holly in her thick brown hair. She looks like a daughter of Father Christmas himself. There are several old French fathers of families there, who nod and smile approvingly at us sitting together and whispering our nonsense into each other's ears. One old gentleman leans over to me, and says, "You have some chance, monsieur! truly, you have of chance." The real *père de famille* is not at all like what M.M. Sardou, Dumas, and Co. represent him. He is generally a simple, warm-hearted old fellow; not particularly troubled with good sense, perhaps, but not deficient in love of his family and care of his offspring.

And all the merry season we have balls, and routs, and dinner parties, and theatricals, and quarrels—one only, I think, because Lucy would dance a waltz with a young French officer, whom I thought far too good-looking; besides, I couldn't bear her away from my side a minute, which she knew, and acted upon accordingly, of course. And the cruel days flew by so quick; and that horrible date was approaching, marked in the calendar with black chalk, "Hil. Term begins;" and Westminster Hall was to resound with my eloquence; and attorneys were waiting with bags of enormous briefs, and I was to be a great barrister; and then we could buy a nice house, and be married so soon, couldn't we? and—the delightful vision changes, to what a different scene!

A woman is seated in a poorly furnished room; but a scanty fire in the grate; the wind beating the sleet against the window panes. Sounds of merriment and revel come up from the street—for it is Christmas Eve—towards which the woman looks with anxiety, as she has a sick child on her lap. Her eyes are still red from crying over the sufferings of her little one. A footstep is heard on the stairs, and something like a smile lights up her wan face. A man enters.

"The doctor will come, Lucy dear; but he has a party to-night. Is he better, poor little fellow?"

"Hardly, I fear, darling. His cough is so very troublesome. You will send my dinner up to me, won't you, dear? for I don't like to leave him."

"Oh, Lucy, what a Christmas! What a contrast to the happy ones of years gone by! And all my fault, too! Curse those scoundrels and swindlers! And no chance, that I see, of getting any back. And what we are to do, I don't know. I think the only chance is to go away from here, and hunt for some employment."

"Oh, no, darling; anything but that."

"Well, there is Flesher pressing for his bill; and all the rest of them will speedily follow. I suppose I shall pass next Christmas in gaol. There's some one coming to the door now. Who can it be, I wonder?"

"Oh, Gorham, darling—it can't be those horrid men, surely. Oh, hide yourself—quick! Hark! they're knocking."

"Beg your parding, sir, for disturbing of you; but Mr. Lackington's compliments, and he have just returned from shooting, very

tired, and can he 'ave a pint of champagne afore dinner?"

"A pint! Good gracious, yes—a dozen, if he likes. It was that infernal beef, I suppose, at lunch. Here, wait! Bring a bottle *here* directly; and—and—tell Mrs. Gad—about I wish to speak to her."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER V. PROGRESSIVE.

ONE must ascend into poetry from prose, and also descend into prose from poetry. There are few who have not felt this; and, perhaps, to ascend and descend gracefully is the art of living—in an æsthetic sense.

Life is an alternation of the two conditions, though the proportions in each individual life differ greatly according to circumstances. In some lives, the prose greatly predominates; indeed, in some, but a passing gleam of the poetic is experienced. In others, the prose and poetry are tolerably balanced; and some favoured few get even more than a due share of the latter, though in none does the poetic entirely prevail.

Diana's first interview with John Carteret had been under the poetic condition. Her second partook of the prose side of life. And it happened in this wise.

The luncheon bell had just sounded; and Diana, in passing through the hall, caught, through the half-opened door, a glimpse of two figures advancing up the avenue—the rector and John Carteret. She had never been glad to see the rector before.

Mrs. Seaton was already in the dining-room.

"Dr. Crawford is coming," observed Diana, carelessly and diplomatically, as she entered.

"I am glad to hear it. Smith, put another plate, and ask Dr. Crawford to come in."

"There is some one with him," proceeded Diana, looking out of the window, and seeming to have made a discovery—meanwhile despising herself.

"Dear me! Who can it be? His brother, perhaps?"

"No, not his brother," returned Diana, feeling uncomfortably shy and undecided.

Then she made a bold plunge.

"It is a Mr. Carteret. He has come to

read with Dr. Crawford. I met him accidentally at the church yesterday, and he introduced himself."

"Carteret! Carteret! I surely know something of the name. A very good name. Why didn't you mention him?"

But before Diana could answer, Dr. Crawford and John Carteret were ushered in.

"Charmed to see you, doctor," said Mrs. Seaton. "And how is Mrs. Crawford?—better, I trust. Di and I were intending to walk down to the rectory to see her, as soon as luncheon was over."

Whereat Diana turned scarlet, and her lip curled contemptuously.

"No, we were not," she muttered, in a low, suppressed tone, that only reached John Carteret.

"You will stay luncheon, of course?" continued Mrs. Seaton; "and your friend—Mr. Carteret, I believe?" and she extended her hand. "Di tells me that she met you at the church yesterday."

Dr. Crawford glanced at his companion. He had been even more reticent than Diana.

"Yes. Miss Ellis and I were attracted to the organ at the same time," replied John Carteret.

"You are fond of music, then?" said Mrs. Seaton.

"Very."

"Mr. Carteret is a cousin of a friend of yours, Mrs. Seaton," interposed Dr. Crawford. "Lady Pechford."

"Ah! I thought I knew something of the name. A very old friend of mine. I hope your cousin was well when you saw her, Mr. Carteret? It is ages since we met."

"Quite well, thank you."

"And you are fond of music," resumed Mrs. Seaton, when they were seated at the table. "We must have some musical evenings whilst you are at the rectory. You have not heard Di play for a long time, Dr. Crawford."

"No—Di has not favoured me," replied Dr. Crawford. "Any Worcestershire sauce, Smith?"

"Di plays beautifully now, doctor. Signor Neri has quite done his duty. And you can't imagine the immense relief it is to me that Di can sing and play so well; it quite does away with my being obliged to invite poor little Neri to do the musical part for me at my dinner parties. To be sure, he only came to coffee: for one could not invite him to sit at table with one's guests."

"Why not?" interposed Diana, suddenly. "If one can accept a favour from a person, one puts oneself on an equality."

"By no means. It was a favour on the other side—an introduction for him. And the coffee was always excellent. Foreigners always like coffee; and it made a pleasant change for him. But you know, Dr. Crawford," said Mrs. Seaton, appealingly, "Di was always infatuated about that little foreigner and his sister."

"Yes, yes," answered the rector, smiling benignly. "Want of experience; little more knowledge of the world, Di. Capital sherry this, Mrs. Seaton. Where does Jasper get it? I must order some."

"I really don't know. Is it good? A little more of the *fricandeau de veau*. Smith, you are not attending. But, Dr. Crawford, you fully see what I mean with reference to Signor Neri?"

"Quite—quite. Impossible to upset the forms of society. Friendly to all—in a Christian sense—all brothers, and so on; theoretically, the wide view, my dear Mrs. Seaton—the wide view; but, when it comes to every-day practice, one has to draw the line a little more tightly. It becomes necessarily more defined: less vagueness about it. There is, naturally, an unavoidable vagueness in great classifications. The pulpit is one thing, the table is another. Besides, one always feels doubtful about refugees. There is an air of—of—something that is not quite respectable about the very word itself—suggestive of spies, contrabandists, agitators, subverters of order, innovators—and there is nothing so much to be guarded against as innovation of any kind."

"I quite agree with you. Your views are always so sound—so practical."

Dr. Crawford bowed, and helped himself to another glass of sherry.

"You are most fortunate, Mr. Carteret, in finding your way to Broadmead," continued Mrs. Seaton, turning to John Carteret.

"I am," he replied.

Diana looked up quickly. Could he be guilty of a compliment to Dr. Crawford? Was it possible that she had been deceived in her new acquaintance? She fell into a reverie, and when she awoke from it, John Carteret was quietly and indifferently descending upon the best method of forcing peaches. How he had passed on to the topic, Diana did not understand: she had

been so immersed in her own speculations, that she had missed the connecting link.

Nevertheless, so it was; and Signor Neri's shortcomings and Dr. Crawford's perfections were lost sight of, also her own rising indignation.

But not for long. The rector, having made an excellent luncheon, and consequently, feeling complacent, was moved to develop his views on various subjects; and Mrs. Seaton, who had been watching the colour rising in Diana's face, and expected an outburst, proposed that Mr. Carteret's opinion of the new piano should be asked.

"Will you look at it?" asked Diana, endeavouring to crush down her anger, as she saw John Carteret's quiet glance fixed upon her.

"With pleasure."

But as they passed through the hall, Diana said—

"It is too hot to stay in the house. It is very cool among the pines, and the view is worth seeing."

"The pines, then, by all means," replied her companion.

Diana took down her hat.

They walked along—without speaking—through the garden, bright with auriculas, polyanthuses, and glowing beds of anemones. The laburnum was showing yellow tips that would soon burst into flower; and the lilac was opening its clusters, and beginning to send forth clouds of fragrance.

They entered the wood close by the spot where the wild hyacinths were massed in glorious profusion. John Carteret paused to admire the lovely sweep of colour.

"How beautiful!"

Diana nodded.

And they went on in silence, until they gained a slight eminence which commanded a wide prospect of the country around.

Below them lay the valley, bright with the fresh young green of spring; and, far away—bounding the horizon—stretched the blue sea-line, visible only from that point.

"And there the sun goes down—over the marshwood beeches. I often come up here to see it set."

She spoke softly, for, in the beauty of nature, she had forgotten her indignation.

Presently it recurred to her.

"Do you wonder that I hate Dr. Crawford?" she asked, flinging down her hat with an impetuous jerk.

"Because he is of the earth earthy?"

asked her companion, without directly replying to the question. "Nonsense—what are you going to do in the world?"

Diana looked up in wonderment, and then she answered, in so mournful a voice that John Carteret could not help smiling—

"I don't know."

"Every one has two sides," began John Carteret.

"That is just what I dislike," interrupted Diana. "People ought only to have one."

"Entirely good or entirely bad? The world would then be peopled with either monsters or angels; and that, you see, is at variance with the natural order of things."

Diana was a little perplexed. The view did not chime in with her ideas.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, suddenly. "What do you expect to learn from Dr. Crawford?"

"Dr. Crawford is a good Hebrew scholar."

"Oh!" And then she said, meditatively, "I'm sorry you are going to be a clergyman. And yet, perhaps, I should like to hear you preach; for I feel certain that you would say nothing that you did not with your whole heart believe in."

"Then you give me credit for honesty?"

"Yes. I have an intuitive feeling when I can trust a person."

"I feel flattered," he answered. "May I consider, then, that you will add me to your list of friends?"

Diana's eyes gleamed with a deeper light.

"Yes," she said; "I shall be glad to have you for a friend. I have only three: Signor Neri, and his sister, and Madame de Mouline."

"All foreigners!"

"No; Madame de Mouline is Jasper's sister. She is much older than Jasper, and married a Frenchman. But she will not be my friend long, I am afraid—I think she will die, though Mrs. Seaton will not hear of such a thing. Jasper has gone to stay with her."

An odd sensation flitted through John Carteret's mind at this mention of Jasper for which he could not account, and a strange curiosity to know something about him.

Presently he was satisfied, for Diana went on—

"Jasper is my guardian. You would not like him, though he can be agreeable enough if he chooses—but no one can depend upon him. He thinks one thing one minute, and something quite different the next—just ac-

ording to the humour he is in. Besides, he is very passionate; so, on the whole, you see, I could not have him for a friend."

John Carteret made no answer. Perhaps Diana expected none, for she was looking far away into the distance, and her thoughts were evidently wandering. One ray of sunshine, stealing through the many-leaved ceiling above them, played around the tawny yellow hair, and lighted it unto the semblance of a glory, and then lost itself among her amber beads, that flashed like fire as it touched them. The face, looking out from the circling halo, was pale through contrast; and the eyes were full of some inner thought that made the lips twitch restlessly.

John Carteret did not disturb the thinker. At length she spoke—

"Which do you like best, sunrise or sunset?"

"Is that the result of your meditations?" asked her companion.

"Yes, but I do not know how or why it came—it was like a flash at the end of them. But you have not answered."

"I scarcely know which to say."

"Do you not?" she asked, in a more earnest tone than the question appeared to demand. "That is like myself. I used to be quite sure that I liked the sunset best—it was like something finished, something that had won a victory, and was sinking in all its glory to rest in a world of gold and amethyst and precious things. But now, it seems to me that the rising is just as beautiful—rising in all the crimson glow to light the earth, to rule over it, to bring the day. I cannot make it out—I do not understand; but since that sermon on Sunday—I don't believe Dr. Crawford made it himself: he couldn't: he is not the man to think the things he said—since then, everything has seemed different: even I myself. It is as though I had wings, and were pluming them for flight—only I do not know whither."

She was scarcely speaking to John Carteret now. Far away over the blue sea-line her eyes were looking into the west, as though they could pierce beyond, even unto the unknown.

"There are strange meanings in everything, I believe," she said, "and voices everywhere. Do you hear them also? The stories that I heard when I was a child, long, long ago, in India, come crowding into my mind. I have not thought of them since, until these last few days. And now

it seems as if nature were no longer inanimate, but that each stream may be some spirit having power for good and evil—that the birds that sing around us may be human souls crying to us for sympathy."

She turned suddenly to John Carteret as she spoke the last words, and the mournful look died away, and a scornful flash came into her eyes and a scornful smile upon her lips.

"Supposing I said all this to Dr. Crawford, what do you think he would say? He would laugh, and tell me that I was talking nonsense, that I was wild and romantic, and that my head was turned with wandering in the woods and playing on the organ. And yet I know that there is some great truth in what I feel—that something is being taught me; and that he—he who stands up Sunday after Sunday to teach the people, cannot tell me about it, because it is something greater than he can understand. If you are going to be a preacher, you will have to know more than he does. You must learn what these things mean. Do you know? Can you tell me?"

And the scornful tone changed into pleading, as she finished her speech.

"Can you tell me?"

Did he know? So he asked himself, and he answered within himself:—

"Not until now."

And now the revelation came—came to him through his own soul; and his own soul told him that, in the crimson morning light of awakening, the Soul beside him was struggling into existence—was beginning to feel, to hear, to speak.

"Not now," he said, in a low voice.

And she, looking up at the spiritual face that had illumined the sermon for her, felt that she was answered already.

At any rate, she was content to wait.

CHAPTER VI.

IL PARADISO.

HOW it came to pass, John Carteret could scarcely tell. Yet it might have been expected—it was but natural, as he, upon sober consideration, afterwards admitted.

But he was not in a mood to consider soberly now. It was almost the last of the May days that had been slipping away so pleasantly, that had come in white-crowned, and were stealing into June with coronals of rosebuds, green and crimson-streaked.

The blue sweep of hyacinths had faded away. The sun had gathered all their brightness unto himself, and perhaps flung it over the skies, which were deepening into denser azure. The trees were in fuller leaf, and lacked little of their Midsummer glory. The wild dove cooed among their branches, and the swallow was no stranger now.

Was it wonderful that the heart should beat at the sight and sounds of Summer? Was it wonderful that, in the midst of the garden, the man should find that something was wanting—that Paradise was not complete without an Eve?

And underneath the pines, the leaping waters clattered a silvery sparkling symphony to the lovers' voices.

So soon! How had it come to pass that the wayward, uncurbed girl, so scantily educated, had won the heart of the calm, well-disciplined, accomplished scholar? Who can understand these things? Do they not shape themselves through some mysterious psychological law, that binds together on earth what shall be bound hereafter in heaven?—not all marriages, but all soul-unions, of which Klopstock's friend declares that there are not many formed on earth that shall be continued in the after-world.

Was Diana the Eve that should tread with him another Paradise? How could he tell yet—for the end was not nigh? Nay, it had not even entered into his thoughts. All was so fresh and wonderful at present, that there was no need for speculation. The present was but a dream—a vision of beauty.

Diana had found the answer to her question, though she knew it not. She had found that her soul had struggled into birth, that the hidden sense of immortality had sprung to light, and that a new world had opened out suddenly before her.

And how?

Through one form of the subtle influence that moves the universe; that through all nature breathes aloud to man; that is the voice calling from the mighty depths of Divinity, bringing the souls that hearken nearer to itself; that is, in its various phases, the one upheaver for good—the greatest revolutionary power—the most despotic, because the most perfect law-giver;—the one force that, from life to death, is the only mover for good of the human heart;—the fulfilling of the law that brings men nearer to God, for it is the manifestation of God Himself.

Yea, to the Infinite Love alone can man aspire, through knowledge of the finite. For love, in the abstract, ennobles and refines: whether it be the love of man to man, of parent to child, of brother to brother, or that mystic soul love ordained in Eden between man and woman—since none can love aright without a purifying of the earthly nature.

And so Diana was learning. She had awakened through love, to perceive—though as yet but dimly—the higher life.

But she was only at the beginning. She had opened her eyes in the midst of the garden planted eastward, nigh to the rising of the sun; and the crimson light was falling all around her, and she was dazzled by its glory.

Ah! was not the present paradise—and paradise the golden future?

Suddenly, John Carteret awoke with a start. What had he done? Had he done wisely? Had he not been too hasty—even imprudent? And yet he did not repent.

"I am very poor, Diana. I have my own way to make in the world."

"Ah! never mind. You will soon be a clergyman now, and then you can have a rectory and a church, like Broadmead."

John Carteret shook his head.

"It will be long enough before I get a living, Di. I shall have to be a curate first, on eighty or a hundred pounds a year."

"It is very easy to be poor," said Diana, naïvely. "I should not mind it in the least. I don't really care for any of these things," and she pulled off her bracelets and tugged at her amber beads. "I only think they look pretty. Do you care about them?" and she looked anxiously at him.

He laughed.

"I don't think the bracelets had anything to do with it," he answered.

And yet Di would scarcely have been the same Di without them. They were characteristic, and so had done their duty.

"I have never thought of riches or poverty, or things of that sort," said Diana; "besides, gentlepeople are never really poor—like poor people."

A half-reproachful feeling shot across John Carteret.

Had he not been to blame? She was so young, so ignorant of the world; and he looked down at the upraised eyes that were full of faith in him, that depended hungrily on him for strength and knowledge.

No, he did not repent, though the world lay spread out only as a blank before him. Was there not room enough in it for him to find a place to stand in? Was there not work enough to be found—for him, and every true man who has a steady purpose in his soul?

The world is not half full yet; the world is not over-crowded; the world is not drained of its resources. The fault is in the man, and not in the world. Look to it, ye who study mankind, and know the successful and the unsuccessful ones.

So John Carteret fell to musing; and his musing brought to him a new spirit of strength. It was early morning, with the fresh, invigorating hope-breezes playing upon his brow. The noontide had not come: there had been no time for scorching and withering.

Diana also fell to musing; and her musing brought forth the decision to begin to play at poverty, that so through the shadow she might become acclimated, in anticipation, to the substance. And to this end, she requested permission to move into the two rooms in the north wing.

She wanted no repairs done—simply for them to be cleaned out, and her own especial property moved up to them. Not any of the luxuries of her present room would she have touched; and it was luxuriously furnished, for Diana had a gorgeous Eastern taste, and rejoiced in comfort and glowing colours; and Jasper, who had looked upon her much in the light of a pet tigress, and had been amused with her wilfulness and extravagant fancies, had indulged her whims to the utmost. He had alternately fretted and spoiled her; but had been too unstable and passionate himself ever to gain any great depth of her affection.

Mrs. Seaton had done very much the same, partly to humour her son, whom she idolized; and therefore, when Diana preferred her request for the two attics, she had been very much surprised, and endeavoured to persuade her to give up her scheme.

But Diana persevered, and, as usual, gained her point. Moreover, she was even grateful also.

"I don't deserve all the kindness you have shown me," she said. "I have never thought enough about it, I am afraid."

At which unprecedented speech, Mrs. Seaton was more astonished than ever. But the climax came in the announcement of

Diana's engagement: then Mrs. Seaton's amazement was indescribable.

"How came you to think of such things? Who put such an idea into your head?" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak.

"No one," replied Diana, naïvely. "It came to me."

And Diana began to play at poverty in her scantily furnished rooms, and found it very easy work. People did not want half the things they thought they required. She was just as well off without curtains, and soft carpets, and gilded furniture; and what could be more beautiful than the yellow sunshine, and the flowers, and the thoughts that were in her heart?

She had told Mrs. Seaton that the rooms seemed nearer to heaven; and truly, since she had established herself there, she had been living in paradise.

The storms had been fewer of late, for Diana had taken less notice of the manifold small vexations of life that had heretofore called forth her indignation. In fact, she had scarcely perceived them; for it is wonderful how blind happiness makes one to annoyances that would at other times sorely try the temper! Ah! it is very easy to be pleasant and amiable when one is very happy. All the world has felt it; and has been, at some time or other, tempted to subvert the copy written in childish days, in all the glory of fine up and firm down-strokes, and small text hand: "To be good is to be happy." Yet that, doubtless, is true; nevertheless, one has found, even as a child, how naughty one was apt to be when everything was going wrong. And yet—for there are constant paradoxes to be found in life—the soul is often purer, calmer, and more contented in trial-time than in prosperity. But that does not enter into the question here.

"Is it not a paradise?" said Diana to Jasper Seaton, as he sat gazing upon her, as she flitted about the flowers, on her unprotected balcony.

"There must be a railing put up," he said, as he approached so near the edge that even he gave a slight shudder.

"Ah! yes—in the high winds my flower pots might be swept off," returned Diana.

"I was not thinking of them, but of you," he answered.

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, I have no fear! I almost feel like a winged being up here; and even if I chanced

to overbalance, I believe that I should spread out my arms, and descend gently upon the soft turf below. I have sometimes thought of it."

"Have you finished with your flowers?" asked Jasper, a little impatiently.

"Almost. Why?"

"I want to speak to you—to say something seriously."

Diana sat down. She pushed back her hair, and looked earnestly at him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What makes you so happy, Diana?"

The colour flushed into her face, mounting higher and higher, and her lip began to curl angrily.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No."

Then came a little pause, during which Diana's foot tapped restlessly on the floor.

"You are very young, Di."

"Eighteen next August," she returned, drawing herself up, and endeavouring to look dignified.

"Too young to know your own mind, Di."

"What do you mean?" she asked, starting up with flashing eyes.

"I am your guardian, Di; and I consider this engagement a very foolish affair. You must give it up, like a sensible girl."

Diana looked at him as though she were tempted to doubt his sanity.

"You are talking nonsense," she said, with very white lips, and a strong effort to control her passion.

"Sense, Di."

"I beg to differ," she replied. "I must judge for myself in this matter."

Her quietness surprised Jasper. Certainly, as his mother had said, a change had come over her.

"You had better think it over," he answered. "I am your guardian, and shall not give my consent."

"I shall not ask it," she said, scornfully; losing, in her indignation, the dignity that she had tried to assume.

"Mr. Carteret will, I suppose. I presume he is an honourable man, though his making love in this clandestine manner does not seem altogether in his favour."

"Clandestine! Honourable!" exclaimed Diana, fairly roused. "John Carteret is an angel. How dare you to speak of him so?—you, who are not to compare to him in goodness and in—"

"Don't go into a passion, Di," interrupted

Jasper, calmly. "If Mr. Carteret is honourable, as you seem to believe, he may take my view of things when I have spoken to him, and laid the subject clearly before him. He has not a penny, I hear; and you"—here he hesitated slightly—"are penniless. It is ridiculous. At any rate, I have to act for your good. And if you persist in your folly, you will have to wait until you are of age; for, until then, you cannot marry without my consent."

And Jasper Seaton rose, and stalked out of the apartment. He had put the wedge in more abruptly, perhaps, than he had intended; however, it might be as well. And Diana, left to consider the conversation, began to pace up and down her paradise. Was it true? Would he really be able to influence John Carteret? Could he really prevent the marriage? He could not—he should not. She should be of age some time, and then—

But, somehow, a dark cloud seemed to gather round her, and the pent-up storm found relief in a fit of crying. It was half passion, and somehow she knew it—but it did her good. She was vexed and worried. She felt herself tied and bound, and that she had no power to struggle free—for she did not know what power a guardian might possess.

At last she left off sobbing. She closed her eyes, and tried to reason with herself, and to be calm.

Yes, she was quite sure John Carteret would not listen to Jasper. Why had she for a moment doubted him?

And the cloud cleared away, and a happy smile played upon her face. She wondered how she could have been so foolish as to go into a passion. And she began to feel sorry that she had spoken so sharply to Jasper; for, in spite of his shortcomings, he had been very kind to her. Then, as she sat thus dreaming, her eyelids closed closer and closer, until sleep came down and kissed them into rest; and through her dreams she dreamed of Eden, and when she awoke she was still in Paradise.

TABBIES TABOOED.

THE wide field of literature has been so thoroughly explored, and, in many parts, has been so trampled into sludge, that it seems scarcely possible for an author to set his foot on virgin soil, and to enter

on decidedly new ground. But, to the few favoured writers who have discovered an *Eureka* territory, we must add the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of the Hon. Mrs. Cust. This estimable lady could find volumes published on the horse, the dog, the pig, the cow, and other animals, with full instructions how they might be treated in disease; but, when she looked for a similar treatise on the cat, she looked in vain: there was no such book to be obtained. Now, it so happened that Mrs. Cust was sincerely attached to her own cats, and entertained a friendly sympathy for the tribe; and it grieved her to the heart to see favourite tabbies falling sick, and, after a vain struggle with nature, dying, without receiving any skilled treatment. You would, probably, grossly insult the professional honour of a veterinary surgeon if you called him in to advise you relative to the illness of poor Puss; and yet, when your cat is ill, what is to be done?

In this dilemma, it occurred to Mrs. Cust (who ought at once to be elected a patroness of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) to publish to the world her own experience on the subject, and tell her readers of the peculiar diseases that afflict cats, the way in which they should be managed, and the manner in which their medicines should be administered to them—the last operation requiring that they should be bound up in a large cloth, "so as to resemble a mummy, leaving only the head out." In a little shilling book, recently published, and entitled "The Cat: its History and Diseases," Mrs. Cust undertakes to tell us how to treat our tabby when she is ill with delirium, fits, diarrhoea, or cat-pox; and also how she should be managed at that interesting period of life when she has brought forth a litter of kittens. Although Mrs. Cust's book has not long been before the public, we are delighted to see that it has been so well appreciated that it has already attained a second edition.

She gossips pleasantly on the history of the cat, and shows how it was domesticated in nearly every country from time immemorial, and how it was admitted by some nations into their mythology. She tells how Cambyses armed his soldiers with the novel breastplate of a live cat, so that the Egyptian soldiers, rather than destroy the object of their veneration, suffered themselves to be conquered. Mahomet allowed his favourite

cat to sleep up his sleeve; Cardinal Wolsey received his guests with his cat seated on the arm of his chair; and a French statesman forebore to rise from his seat to receive an ambassador, lest he should disturb a cat and her kittens who had settled on his robes. In fine, there is much in Mrs. Cust's excellent manual that may be read with amusement and advantage; and it should be placed in the hands of all who love—

“The harmless, necessary cat.”

Mrs. Cust has filled up a literary gap with regard to the cat in disease; but a legal work on cats has yet to be written; and when it is, it will doubtless be bought by others than old maids—the love for a cat not being restricted to elderly spinsters, but extending to scholars who are as fond of a cat as were Dr. Johnson and the poets Petrarch and Gray. We remember calling one day on Albert Smith, who apologized for not rising to receive us—he was writing at the time—because two fluffy little kittens were placidly lying asleep on his shoulders, and he did not wish to disturb them. But cats are not beloved by gamekeepers; and many a favourite tabby have we lost from its irrepressible love for a chase after game in the neighbouring woods and plantations. The keeper marks it down, and ruthlessly shoots it; or else poor tabby is caught in one of his traps, and is knocked on the head when he comes his rounds. This is hard lines, not only to poor tabby, but also to tabby's master or mistress; and it has often been questioned whether a keeper has the right to destroy another person's cat. It has been alleged that, though the cat is a poacher, yet that you would not kill a poacher, but only secure him, and that a cat-trap would be sufficient for the purpose; so that the tabby's master might redeem his property, if he thought fit, by paying a fine for the damage done. To this argument, a keeper will reply that it is impossible to say what damage a cat will do in a night, and that it will kill any amount of game. We were even assured by a keeper, who, during the past summer, shot a favourite cat of ours, that he had seen it kill two lambs. This we did not believe, but he stuck to his statement. Undoubtedly, a cat will often kill game, merely from natural instinct and the love of sport, and not from pressure of hunger. At this present moment, we know of a cat, belonging to a farmer, which nearly every day brings to the house rabbits or partridges,

and lays them down on the kitchen floor, without ever attempting to eat them. Her exploits are kept a careful secret from the keeper, who, as yet, has not succeeded in shooting her.

Dr. Johnson complained to Mr. Langton of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family—“Sir, when I last heard of him, he was running about town shooting cats.” And then he murmured, “But Hodge sha'n't be shot—no, no; Hodge shall not be shot.” Hodge was the Doctor's pet, “for whom,” says Boswell, “he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature.” Here would be a subject for Mr. Ward—a companion picture to his “Johnson reading the Manuscript of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’” or his “Johnson behind the Screen at his Publisher's”—“Dr. Johnson buying Oysters for his favourite Cat, Hodge.” We commend this subject to Mr. Ward. But, nowadays, when oysters are such a price, we cannot treat even a favourite cat to such a luxury.

Perhaps cat shooting was a fashionable pastime with the bloods and bucks and macaronies of the day; and, cruelty apart, one would imagine that it afforded more sport and excitement than a Hurlingham tournament of doves. Suppose it should come into fashion again, and that cat shooting should supersede pigeon shooting as a pastime for the upper classes. If so, the sooner we have a legal work on cats the better for those who are fond of cats, and desire to preserve their feline pets. Has the cat a legal status; or can it be ruthlessly slaughtered, trapped, shot, or knocked on the head by gamekeeper, gardener, or any one who pleases to take gun or stick in hand, and to deprive the cat of its life? Are our tabbies to be tabooed, or can the protection of the law be afforded them?

We fear that the law is against them. This very year, the sheriff of Aberdeen, in an elaborate interlocutor, defined the legal status of cats. A cat had wandered into the garden of a professional florist, and was there caught in a trap and killed. The disconsolate owner of poor Puss claimed damages for the loss of the cat; and the sheriff delivered a lengthy judgment, of which the abstract is this:—That, fully considering the nature and habits of cats, it must be held that, when the cats have strayed from their owners' premises, they must take the

consequences of any casualties they may encounter. That owners of cats ought to take care of them; and that they are not entitled to damages for the injuries suffered by their cats, unless such injuries be inflicted wilfully or wantonly. That cats usually indulged in nocturnal visits; and that a night-watch, in order to detect and drive them away, was not possible. That fencing and box-traps would be too elaborate; the laying down of poisoned food was illegal; and the discharge of fire-arms was forbidden by the Police Acts. That there are cats and cats; for where one cat has an owner who cares for it, there are ten cats who are either ownerless or uncared for. Now, an ownerless cat is vermin, and may be legally killed. How shall you decide whether a trespassing cat is ownerless or no? If you are entitled to kill one cat, you are surely entitled to kill another, notwithstanding that it may have a local habitation, and perhaps a name. If the cat chooses to congregate, for however short a time, with the "lapsed masses" of its own species, it must suffer all the consequences of its imprudence. The uniform colour of cats in the dark is proverbial; and during the night all cats must be considered as "free lances." Therefore, the claim for damages could not be sustained; and the sheriff dismissed the case.

We believe that this is the first occasion on which the legal position of our tabbies has been defined; and we are grieved to find that they were thus tabooed, and pronounced to be the very pariahs of creation.

Yet, what loving creatures are cats! We had two, who were not only friendly indoors, but were accustomed to walk with us wherever we went in the garden; and not only so, but would even follow us along the road for the distance of half a mile, when they would turn and make the best of their way back to the garden, waiting there, near to the gate, until we returned.

The attachment of a cat to a horse is also extraordinary; and few celebrated race-horses have been without their canine pets. Every one who visited last season's exhibition of the Royal Academy will recall Sir Edwin Landseer's largest picture—the life-sized figure of Voltigeur, the famous winner of the Derby and St. Leger, 1850. Landseer could not get the horse to stand still until his favourite cat was brought to it; and he has handed this cat down to poste-

rity, rubbing against Voltigeur's fore-leg and looking up at the horse, while the horse bends down and looks at the cat. Her full-grown tortoiseshell kitten is also rolling in play on the horse-cloth, marked "Z.," the initial of the owner, the Earl of Zetland, for whom the picture was painted. In the Academy catalogue (No. 105), Landseer gave as a motto for this picture the familiar saying, "A cat may look at a king."

Lady Cust, in her work, has mentioned the celebrated painter of cats, Godefroi Mind, who died at Berne in the year 1814, and was called "The Raphael of Cats," from the great ability that he displayed in depicting cats in every evanescent shade and expression of their physiognomy. Lady Cust does not add that Mind was equally clever in painting bears, although he gave a preference to the pictures of cats; and it is said that, in the winter evenings, when Mind could neither paint nor pay his usual visit to the bears of Berne, he still continued to occupy himself with his favourite animals, by carving chestnuts into the forms of bears and cats; and these pretty trifles, executed with astonishing skill and accuracy, were eagerly sought after throughout Switzerland. He was the son of a poor carpenter; and when he died, after passing forty years in his favourite pursuit, the verses of Catullus upon the death of Lesbia's sparrow were pleasantly parodied, and applied to the delineator of cats and bears:—

"Lugete ô feles, ursique lugete,
Mortuus est vobis amicus."

A countryman of Mind's, M. Kœnig, published a series of coloured lithographical prints, representing the entire collection of the painter's cats. Some of these have since been popularized through the medium of photography; and several of them are now before us. His gambolling kittens could not be surpassed by our own Landseer; and, from the grace and power with which he depicted his favourites, he well deserved his title of "The Raphael of Cats."

We have said that gamekeepers are the sworn foes of cats; and by them, indeed, are tabbies tabooed. We know a gamekeeper in a midland county, in the front of whose cottage is erected a trophy which we should hope is unique. It is a fir pole that has been partially stripped of its boughs; and all the way up it are arranged the tails of the cats slaughtered by their ruthless

enemy. At a little distance, this trophy looks like a new and strange variety of *pinus*; and when any one has missed their favourite tabby, the keeper kindly permits them to look at his trophy, and see if they can discover poor Pussy's tail.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

TREATS BOTH OF THE STABLE AND THE UNSTABLE.

THE duel which came to so fortunate and bloodless a conclusion in our last chapter, had at least the single merit of being fought on classic ground. That merry prince whom jolly Dick Steele talks of with so much gusto in his *Spectator* paper on "Pleasant Fellows," visited the Heath times enough in his royal coach-and-six, and often cantered over the very spot afterwards made famous as the scene of our hero's duel, while he watched the struggles of his match horses over the four miles and a quarter of the Beacon Course. And since his time, the royal example he set of "being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls, and plays," has been emulated by many personages hardly less eminent than King Charles the Second, who all appear to have been as "highly delighted on those occasions" with what they saw and did, as the Merry Monarch was himself. Although, since the days of our Prince, of pleasant memory, large tracts of land abutting on the Heath, that were waste lands in his time, have been put under cultivation, and now bear splendid crops of grain, Newmarket Heath itself is very little changed. Under the conservative influences of the Dukes of Rutland and the Jockey Club, the features of this matchless racecourse and training-ground remain pretty much the same from generation to generation. An old and decayed post may occasionally be replaced by a new one, or a few pounds of white paint be laid on the railings near the Stands: but these changes are not great. There is, however, one alteration in the aspect of the Heath since the days of old, when first it became celebrated as a place of sport, which we must notice: whereas in King Charles's time a dozen horses of his Majesty's, and a few belonging to certain noblemen of the Court, were almost all the blood-stock of

England; now, seven or eight hundred race-horses are trained at Newmarket; and as Mr. Golightly was driven along the level mile from what had lately been the scene of his hostile encounter with Mr. Chutney, he observed long strings of these animals at exercise, walking, doing steady canters, or galloping at top speed, in various parts of the Heath, and giving to it a very lively appearance. Our hero, whose spirits had risen very rapidly at the termination of his duel, and the speedy prospect of breakfast, remarked to his friend Mr. Pokyr, who held the ribands, and managed the steed that had brought them from Cambridge with his wonted skill, carefully nursing him for a spurt into the town to finish with—

"Pokyr."

"Golightly."

"What are those horses? What numbers there are about!"

"Long-tailed uns—race-horses;" said his friend.

"What are they doing? What a pace they are going at!" said our hero, with animation, pointing to a long team galloping on the lower ground to their left hand. "They are racing, I believe," he added, involuntarily rising on his legs in the dogcart, at imminent risk of a fall.

"You'll be spilt if you are not careful. Sit down—had you not better?"

"I am very fond of horses, Pokyr," said Mr. Golightly, as he resumed his seat.

"I should think you are—who is not?" replied his friend, giving the horse he drove a cut with the whip.

"Of all things, I should like to go over the stables," observed Mr. Samuel, pursuing the subject.

"Well, you can do that if you like, without much trouble, I dare say," said Mr. Pokyr. "Now we'll rattle into the Green Lion. Hold tight now, and see how I shall turn the corner." And with that remark, he tooled the dogcart neatly round the corner.

After breakfast had been despatched, the subject of the stables was revived again.

"Capital weeds Kitty keeps," said Mr. Baydes.

"Yes," replied Mr. Chutney; who, being subdued in spirit, strove to lose himself in his cigar.

"I always like a cigar after breakfast," said Mr. Calipee, "but I never can smoke any but my own; and, unfortunately, I have

left my case behind me. I must blame you, Golightly, for bringing me out so early."

Our hero smiled pleasantly, having quite forgiven his friends for their last practical joke, and rapidly recovering himself from its effects.

"What in the world we are to do at Newmarket, if we stop," Mr. Calipee proceeded, "I really don't know."

"Smoke, I suppose," said Pokyr.

"But I have got no weeds with me," replied Calipee.

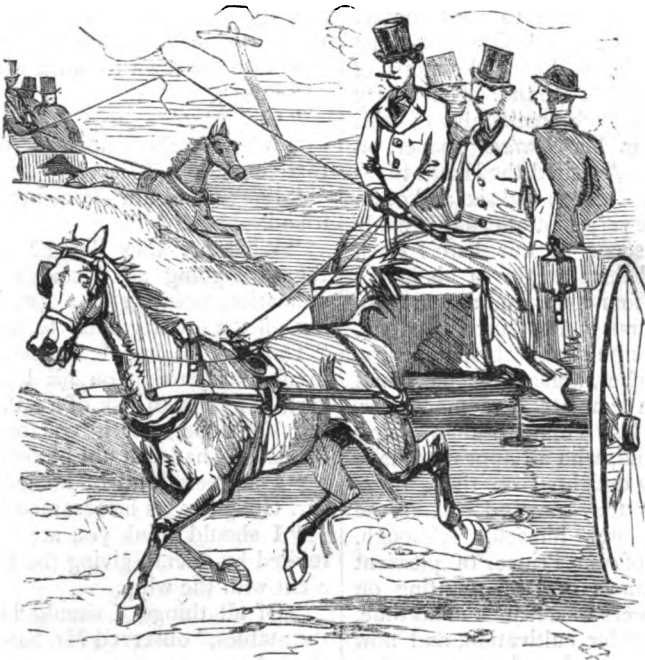
"Shouldn't be surprised if the Captain had got one or two of yours with him,"

suggested Mr. Fitzfoodel, who hitherto had been occupied with his breakfast.

"No, me dear sir, not at all," said Mr. O'Higgins, in self-defence; "for I smoked me last on the way, and very foine seegyars they are."

"Newmarket is the dullest place in the world, except in Meeting-weeks: is it not, Miss Farmer?" said Calipee, addressing the hostess, who looked very fresh and charming in her white and blue piqué morning gown.

"Newmarket dull! oh, Mr. Calipee, how can you say so?" replied the lively Kitty,



THE RETURN HOME.

standing behind Mr. Calipee's chair, and playfully patting his fat shoulder with her ring-bedizened hand. "You don't think we are dull, do you, Mr. Pokyr?"

Thus appealed to, what could that gentleman say but what he did?

"What place could be dull where you are, Kitty?"

"Don't, pray don't begin to be facetious, Mr. Pokyr," replied the lady.

"Never more serious in my life, you know that—so don't pretend you don't," said Mr. Pokyr. "I want to introduce a particular friend of mine to you," he continued.

"Who is zat?" asked Kitty.

Mr. Samuel blushed slightly. He felt his time was coming.

"Mr. Golightly, a prominent member of the Swelldom of my native county. Stand up, Golightly, and show Miss Farmer how tall you are. We are a fine race of fellows, are we not? This young gentleman's brethren are all taller than he is."

"Don't be silly, Mr. Pokyr. Glad to see you at Newmarket, Mr. Golightly. Golightly!—oh, yes, I know. There is a Mr. Golightly who comes sometimes. Is he your brother?"

"Cousin," said our hero. "My cousin George."

"Ah, I know why you came!" said Kitty, holding up her finger archly. "Too bad of them. Never mind, though; we'll pay them out some day, won't we?"

And Mr. Samuel felt himself a personal friend of the fascinating Miss Farmer all in a moment.

"Well, Mr. Chutney, no mis'ief done. You must come and play at c'oquet on my ground in the summer, and help me in my garden, Mr. Golightly. Such a beautiful present from Mr. Blenkinsop, of St. Mary's,

ze other day"—going to the top of the little crooked flight of stairs. "Eliza! bring up that new set of c'oquet things."

"There—are not they capital mallets? So kind, was it not?"

"You must show Golightly all your presents, Kitty," said Mr. Pokyr.

"So I will, some day—some day when you and he ride over together."

"How are you getting on with your Latin, Miss Farmer?" asked Blaydes. "You know, you translated the 'Nunquam Dormio' on *Bell's Life* for me, the last time I was here."



"WAKE UP, OLD LADY."

"Oh, jolly!—such fun—I like it. What are you men going to do?"

"Golightly would like to see one of the stables."

"All right," replied their hostess. "I'll write a little note to Mrs. Lawson, and she will ask her husband to show you over the Lodge House lot. After all, it's the best."

Presently Kitty came back, to say it was all right; and Mr. Lawson would be ready for them, if they would walk up to the top of the town.

"Well, I'll go," said Pokyr. "Who else will come with us?"

Mr. Blaydes and Mr. Calipee expressed their willingness to be of the party; and, accordingly, it was arranged that those three gentlemen, with Mr. Samuel, should proceed to Lodge House together.

"Wait one minute," said Kitty. "Sall you men stay to dinner, because we want to know if you do? We have got some very fine pheasants and a hare."

"Poached?" inquired Mr. Blaydes.

"Of course. My own particular private poacher brought them to me late one night this week. I won't say where they came from."

"Well, I suppose we may as well stay," said Mr. Pokyr. "You order the dinner, Calipee, will you?"

The Indian gentleman having settled matters with Miss Farmer to his satisfaction, they were ready to start.

"Will you have any luncheon? What time shall we say for dinner?"

"Oh, let us have dinner early," said Pokyr.

"Earlyish, I vote—not too soon," remarked Mr. Calipee, whose appetite required coaxing.

"All right. I know. Early dinner—no luncheon—glass of serry and a biscuit, or something of that sort. Oh, mamma," said Kitty, speaking to a very nice old lady they met on their way out, "the gentlemen will stay to dinner. You and cook will see about it for them. Good-bye," she said, standing under the tree in front of the quaint, old-fashioned hostelry, and waving her hand after them as they walked down the road towards Lodge House.

"What a very superior sort of person. Quite a lady in her manners," was an observation made by our hero, having reference to Miss Farmer, of the Green Lion, a lady with whose charms many generations of undergraduates have been smitten.

"Downy—very downy—knows it pays. However, it is a jolly place enough to go to," said Mr. Pokyr.

"I like the old lady—old Mrs. Farmer; she's a brick," said Calipee.

"One peculiarity about Kitty Farmer I can't make out," said Blaydes. "She never gets any older—always looks the same. Why, my uncle knew her when he was up at St. Mary's, and he says she looked just the same then."

"No doubt, lots of fellows' uncles knew her," said Pokyr.

The sun shone brightly on the tile roofs of the red brick houses, and the picturesque little town looked its best, as Mr. Golightly, escorted by his friends, walked through the main street. Mr. Pokyr pointed out to him the mansions of certain of the nobility who maintain an establishment at Newmarket, to receive them during the six weeks of attendance there, in the course of the sporting year; the coffee-rooms and Moss's gambling saloons, where roulette and hazard were played nightly during the Meeting weeks, by the noblemen and gentlemen frequenting the place, for many years, quite openly, and without any interruption on

the part of the police; but, quite lately, a stop has been put to these practices, from which nobody will suffer in pocket except those wealthy Israelites who keep the bank; though many gentlemen think it is a great shame that there has been any interference with their pursuits, and lose their tempers accordingly. A sort of exemption for Newmarket and Black Hambleton, in Yorkshire, was given by certain Acts of Parliament, in the matter of horse-races to be run at those places, and the stakes that should be contended for; and other concessions were made to these favoured spots. But it must be very many years since there were races of any note at Black Hambleton, though Newmarket maintains its ancient *prestige*. And it was a vague tradition among the Newmarket people, that they had a right, by royal charter, to gamble in the "Meeting weeks," though the strong arm of the law put down the tables in all other parts of England. Certainly, the practice was in favour of this assumption, as every little inn had its roulette table, if it chose to set one up; and hazard was openly played at several places besides the palatial edifices constructed for that special purpose by the Messrs. Moss.

Passing the police station, they saw their three friends, Constables 33, 57, and 99, who touched their hats with great respect to our hero and his friends as they walked by.

Mr. Calipee said he could not go by the Rutland without having a glass of dry sherry; so they walked into the bar, and refreshed themselves. Faintness was a failing of the Indian gentleman's when taking walking exercise.

After going a couple of hundred yards farther, they arrived at Lodge House—a good residence, standing in a garden, very neatly kept, with the great square of stabling stretching at the back of it. Rapping at the door of the house, they were ushered into a large and well-appointed dining-room, where Mr. Lawson gave them sherry and biscuits before taking them over his establishment. The general elegance—we might almost say splendour—of the arrangements in the house of the trainer astonished our hero, who was not prepared to find so much luxury and refinement in the domestic affairs of a *ci-devant* jockey.

They found John Lawson a very good

sort of fellow. He had a string of ninety horses under his charge—

"And they take up the most of my time, gentlemen."

Lawson wore a suit of dark iron-gray cloth, with a neatly folded white neckerchief, in which was stuck a small gold horse-shoe pin, scarcely perceptible at first sight. Mr. Golightly thought Lawson looked more like the Reverend Mr. Bingley, of Fuddleton, than like a professional trainer of race-horses.

"Well, gentlemen—all ready?" asked Lawson, after passing his decanter of capital sherry round again.

Our four friends having signified their readiness to proceed, headed by Lawson, they walked round the house into the great yard, enclosed on three sides by long rows of well-built stables, and on the fourth opening on the portion of the Heath at the back of the town, extensively used as a training-ground.

"We will begin here, gentlemen," said their guide, throwing open a door to his right.

In this stable was a long row of stalls, occupied by about twenty animals, with thin legs and long tails, which looked very much alike in their clothing; but all of which—in their constitutions, habits, and propensities—were evidently well known to Lawson.

"Don't stand too near that little filly—kicks hard," he said.

Walking up to another splendid animal—with a skin like satin, bright eye, sound legs, and good temper—Lawson pulled the cloths off.

"There, gentlemen—there's one that's what we call wound up: going to run next week in a big handicap."

"Will it win?" asked Mr. Samuel, quite delighted with the horses, and not knowing that trainers never give tips.

"Don't know, sir; might do—might not."

"What is his name?" inquired our hero.

"Mare, sir," said Lawson, with a slight smile. "Her name's Corisande. Belongs to the Duke of B——."

In another stable they saw a Cesarewitch and a Derby winner. Stripping the latter, and giving him a friendly thump, which he acknowledged by frisking about in his loose box, Lawson said—

"Now, gentlemen, you may do what you like with him. He's more like a lamb than a horse—and always was."

Accordingly, accepting this invitation, our hero and Mr. Calipee stepped into the box, and made friends with the celebrated horse who inhabited it.

Having gone the round of the establishment, from the "aged" division to the unruly yearlings just being "backed" and "broke," our party tipped the head lad and the head lad's deputy, and then wished Mr. Lawson good morning, and thanked him for his kindness in showing them round the Lodge House establishment. They walked quietly back to the Green Lion, meeting on their way several strings of horses coming from exercise on the Heath; and passing in the High-street the loiterers, grooms, jockeys, stable-lads, and touts, who are always to be seen hanging about. They then managed to while away the time until dinner was ready; and having done ample justice to that meal, started on the return journey, which was much more agreeable to two of the party than the ride over to the Heath in the morning. The Captain, not feeling very well, was relegated to Mr. Calipee and the waggonette, which started a few minutes in advance of the dogcarts, but was speedily passed by those vehicles of lighter draught. Under the able guidance of our friend, Mr. Pokyr, his division led the way, closely followed, however, by the dogcart driven by Mr. Blaydes. The waggonette overtook them at Bottisham, where they pulled up for a few minutes; but after that nothing more was seen of it. The two dogcarts drove into Cambridge in good style; and at the gate of St. Mary's, the men from the livery stable were awaiting their return. Our party, having got down, crossed the quad, and following Mr. Pokyr's lead, went with him to his rooms. Here, however, all was in darkness—neither fire nor lights awaited them.

"Mrs. Cribb is tight, I expect," said Mr. Pokyr, calmly; "and my rascal is out of the way."

"No candles—no liquor, apparently," said Mr. Blaydes.

"No," replied his friend Pokyr, at the same time giving a loud and resonant "Tally ho! Gone away—"

'Rise, Porson, from thy grave, and halloo,
'Tis ουδι τολι, ουδι τਾਲω.'

However, we'll find them. Come on, Golightly, your door is unspotted."

In our hero's rooms, a singular scene pre-

sented itself. Mr. Sneek, who early in the day had smelt gunpowder, observed to Mr. George Golightly that he thought "there was something up—perhaps gone to a pigeon match."

Mr. George, however, let out a hint of the real state of affairs.

"Cribb," said Mr. Sneek to that personage in the gyp-room, "there's somethink hawful in the wind."

"John Sneek," exclaimed the excitable bedmaker, "in the name of Goodness, what—and no gammon?"

"Mr. Samwell G'lightly is a fightin' a dooel."

"A fightin' what?"

"A dooel—he'll never come back alive!"

"Ha' mercy on us! John Sneek, there's a bottle of pale brandy in his cupboard, or I think I should faint."

"Which cupboard, Betsy?"

"The right 'and one, as the tea an' shuggar's kep' in."

An hour afterwards, Mr. Sneek and Mrs. Cribb were seated before Mr. Golightly's fire. There was not much of the pale brandy left; but there was some. This, however, was not in the bottle, but in two tumblers on the table. One Mr. Sneek called his, the other Mrs. Cribb called hers.

"Which pistols and fire-arms I can't a-bear, John Sneek."

"No more can't I, Cribb."

"It was providential there was some brandy, or I-should-ha'-fainted—I know I should."

"I'm going up to Eustace Jones's," observed Mr. Sneek. "You'd better come. His bed aint made."

"I shall sit here a minnit, John Sneek. I hav'n't got over the shock."

"I don't think you have, Betsy," the gyp remarked to himself; "and they'll be back soon."

Half an hour after this, Mr. Sneek just looked in at his old acquaintance.

"Come, Betsy, wake up," he said, shaking the old lady soundly by the shoulder.

"I-doe-care-f-no-b'y," was Mrs. Cribb's answer. "Le'-me 'lone."

"All right—I'll let you alone, Betsy—I will. P'raps you'll be sent off—which you richly deserve, for this and other things—to say nothink of coals taken out of College every day in your basket; and then my poor wife, who'd be just the bedmaker for this staircase, might get the place, Betsy; so

J. S.—meaning John Sneek—*will* let you alone, since you pertickler request it."

But Betsy snored in innocence and unsuspection.

"Come on, let's try your rooms, Golightly," cried Mr. Pokyr, leading the way across the passage from his own rooms to those of his friend.

"Hallo! all in the dark here? No, the fire's not quite out. We'll make it go. Shout for Sneek. Where is your Colza oil kept? We'll put some on."

"In the gyp-room, I think," said our hero, mildly.

"Pass the lamp, then; let us have some out of that. Hal-lo! who's this?" Mr. Pokyr said, as he stumbled over Mr. Golightly's easy chair. "Good gad! it's old mother Cribb asleep; or—— Damme! why, she's as tight as a drum! Now, old lady," he said, as he lifted Mrs. Cribb up in the chair, and set her on Mr. Samuel's dining-table—"now, old lady—come, wake up, and tell us all about it."

OURSELVES.

IT is extremely easy to get an introduction. There are still gentlemen and ladies who pursue the science—or shall we say the craft?—of mesmerism, though the subject has lost its popularity for the present; and a lock of your hair sent in a letter will suffice to put you *en rapport* with a Medium, who will become enabled to wander up and down the lodgings, more or less furnished, in which your soul resides, turning into all the nooks and crannies, and sending you, for a consideration, an exact inventory. Or you may have recourse to one of those experts who are able to read character in handwriting, and can detect idleness in your Es, love in your Is, curiosity in your Ys, anger in the way you cross your Ts. Or you may buy a plaster of Paris head, mapped over with vices and virtues, and compare the corresponding bumps on your skull; or procure a copy of Lavater, and a looking-glass.

But perhaps several instances of failure amongst your friends and acquaintances have prejudiced you against these and other similar contrivances for reading the human heart—and it must be confessed that the general rules which guide the professors of such arts do seem to be burdened with an

exaggerated proportion of exceptions. Well, then, stand for something—for Parliament, for your ward, for the office of parish beadle, according to your social position; and if you do not find your countrymen sufficiently outspoken, your taste for candour must be morbid, and you must wait for full satisfaction until I have found a scientific man capable of giving practical effect to a little idea of mine. It is this: I cannot see why chemists should despair of discovering some method of rendering paper sensitive to spoken words. We have sheets that indicate the presence of ozone: why not of scandal? You apprehend my plan? On leaving a roomful of your best friends—after engrossing the conversation, or making use of some similar method of inducing them to *bite*—you dip a sheet of paper in the chemical solution, and place it in a safe spot. Some time afterwards you return, and find the remarks which have been made upon you by those who have the best means of judging, duly recorded. I hope sincerely that they will afford you much pleasure. And yet, now I come to think of it, you will not know yourself any better: to do that, you must take a wrinkle from the owl, the only bird which has the power of turning his eyes inwards, and probably adopted by Minerva on that account. “Know thyself,” indeed! Just as if a man did not know himself a great deal better than he knows any other fellow, or than any other fellow knows him! Why, we can only form any judgment at all of the motives, passions, secret influences, of our fellow-creatures, by comparing them with ourselves. Some men are more “open,” as it is called, than others; but the frankest man or woman living is only semi-transparent, and even a mother cannot read *all* that is passing through the mind of her two-year-old. We all have doubles, or false selves, which we present to the world in the place of the real; which we contemplate with more or less satisfaction; which we trick out with all the graces we can, and which we actually get to confound sometimes with our real selves; so that we are often positively puzzled to tell whether we perform a good or brave action by natural impulse, or in order to trick out our fictitious double. As in the case pointed out by Pascal, where a man sacrifices his life in defence of his honour. Here he seems to put less value on himself than on the phantom which he has presented to the

world as being him, and which he has deceived even himself into thinking a real personage. The features of this mask may be, and generally are, more visible to the outer world than to himself; and therefore Burns cries—

“ Oh, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us—
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en Devotion.”

Then indeed we might, doubtless, fashion our outward appearance in a manner more likely to please the public; and though we might not correct our vices, we should learn to conceal them better. A good actor has been known, by earnest study, and constant repetition of his part, so to identify himself with it, as in a manner to look upon the character he represented as a real being. We are all of us, more or less, in that condition.

But as for the real man, if any power were to give others the gift of seeing him as he himself does, do you not think that he would probably hang himself? And yet, though everybody is conscious that the judgment of the world upon his own actions is shallow enough—that he gets too much praise for this, too much blame for that—we are always fancying that our insight into our neighbours' hearts is deeper than their own; and we say, with a pitying smile, “How little we know ourselves!” meaning, how little Jones or Brown knows *himself*. And it is true enough, that people seem often to form an over-estimate of their own virtues and abilities. But this is from underrating those of others, either because they are stupid, and unable to appreciate them, or else because vanity and egotism blind their understandings. But they know their own positive demerits well enough; it is with regard to their *relative* value that they make mistakes. Thus, a man knows the hold some particular vice has upon him, far better than anybody can tell him; but he flatters himself that everybody else is slave to it also, perhaps in a greater degree, and raises himself in his own estimation by depressing others. Another clever little dodge we have is, to insist upon the enormity of the bad qualities which are conspicuous in our neighbours, when we ourselves happen to be pretty free from them; compounding—

“ For sins that we're inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to.”

Selfish extravagant people are never tired of declaiming against the meanness of parsimony; and the miserly will bore you to death with sermons against extravagance. The great exception to this rule is in the case of the intemperate. It is a singular fact that a tippler is always asserting, with a sigh and a shake of the head, that other people "drink." I don't know how it is, unless he hopes, by the assumption of a virtuous sorrow, to divert suspicion from himself.

To tell the truth, I have a firm conviction that real, *bona fide* self-conceit is a very much rarer quality than is generally supposed, and that thousands of people who are credited with a remarkably good opinion of themselves are poor humbugs, trying to impose upon their neighbours—endeavouring to pass themselves off as gold, but perfectly aware that they have not got the Hall-mark.

Know myself! My acquaintance with the person in question may not be perfect, long as it has existed; to his virtues I am probably "very kind," to his vices more than a "little blind;" but I have a very tolerable notion of the little points which would admit of improvement, thank you. Know myself? If the world at large could read my heart one-half as well, I wonder how many of my present friends would meet me in the street without passing by on the other side.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Miserable creature!
If thou perish in this, 'tis damnable:
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted by the shameful fall?"

The White Devil (1612), actus iv.

ALL this time, when Lord Wimpole was undergoing great trials, and Mrs. Wade lay between life and death, the world went on as gaily as usual. Mr. Wrench, Mr. Kemble, and Miss Fanny Kemble, were acting to his Majesty's lieges night after night; Miss Sherriff and Miss Inverarity, the two rival Queens of Song, sang against each other, and were described as being engaged in an encounter, the humour of the thing consisting in criticizing the piece in pugilistic language. "Both, we need scarcely say," added the *Luminary*, "showed first-rate science, good training, and were in admirable condition. The fight lasted some

time, during which each underwent many rounds—of applause. The result of this contest between the rival nightingales was, that each left a higher opinion of her talents with the audience than before, and neither came off *second best*."

"Neat—very neat that;" said Mr. Rolt, as he read it. "Funny dog, that critic. That's what people like to read. What's this about Taylor?"

"Miss Taylor's legs enacted that chartered libertine, the Page. Oh, Miss T.! Miss T.!—do lengthen your skirts at least two inches."

"Gad! a clever fellow. That will pull 'em in, sir—that will pull 'em in. I'll give the fellow a lift by an extract." And the ingenious editor ran his pencil down the page, and scored the passage for his "sub" to cut out. "Humph! here is a small hit at Sir Charles Wetherall—eccentric, very; here an attack on Croker, of the Admiralty. Something about his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland—a dark horse that; and Lyndhurst and Ellenborough, two new caricatures—one by young Seymour, and the other by Cruikshank. Really, I don't know how we should get on without these public people. They are food for the Press, sir—the Press, the palladium of British lib—"

But the reader has heard that phrase before. Mr. Rolt was in good spirits. The *Argus* was keeping its hundred eyes wide-awake, and spreading its tail—or *tales*—like the bird into which that hero of mythology was changed.

"And what's the fashionable news? Let's see. Ha, ha! An attack upon 'The State chimney-sweeps in *sootable* attire.'" Here Mr. Rolt looked at some copy that had been sent in. "'The King acknowledges the supremacy of the *petticoats*, and it is certain that his successor will be like him, only governed by an *Adlle-head*.' Coarse, very; won't do to anticipate. Here, let us see: 'Lady Jersey, Marchioness of *Sly-go*.' Very poor joke. 'Countess Glengall'—'pon my soul!" cried the editor, "the world is very censorious. Who would be a person in high station? How each rumour is caught hold of, and every crack in a reputation is made wider by these fellows. Crack, do I say? If a china vase is whole, and will ring like a bell, these fellows paint a crack where they do not find one."

Upon coming to this reflection, the editor—who had, at the bottom of his heart, some feelings of the gentleman still left—sighed, lighted a cigar, and walked to the window.

"Hallo! who is that on the opposite side of the way? Old Tom Forster? I wonder where he is off to. No, 'tis some one else, but very like him."

Mr. Forster was indeed far away from Wellington-street, and busy closeted with Mr. Horton; and the occasion was this. His inductive philosophy was for once, and once only, failing him; and new claimants for the notoriety of crime were springing up.

Upon the morning after the day upon which Old Daylight had visited Natalie, Mr. Samuel Brownjohn, passing along the corridor which led to the police cells, was interrupted and somewhat startled by a timid voice, which called out—

"Hi! hi! sir—hi! You, Mr. Pol-ease-man."

Upon which he turned round, and said—
"Why, who are you?"

It was Master Patsy Quelch, looking warm and comfortable, seated in a barely furnished room, by the fire, and peering about, with restless eyes, for some fellowship in that lonely place.

Mr. Brownjohn went up to the boy, and put his hand on his head, quietly.

"Why, man alive," said he, "I had nearly forgot you. I'm thinking of another boy—the tall one from Kensal-green. There's something wrong about him."

"Is he a bad boy?" asked Patsy, taking an interest, as boys do, in one of their own class. "There is many bad boys about, sir. Some on 'em swears dreadful."

"Bad enough, bad enough," said the police-sergeant; "and bad boys grow up bad men. Don't you go and do it."

"I won't, sir," returned Patsy, quickly. "I am sorry t'other one is."

"I don't say he is," said Brownjohn, good-humouredly. "I say nothing about the boy. Only, you see, somehow I was in a hurry, and somehow I was pitched again' Old Daylight, and made a wrong jump."

"Hope you didn't go to hurt yourself, sir," returned Patsy, innocently.

"Well, we shall see soon," replied the sergeant. "He'll be here in a moment. I can't see that the old man is guilty."

"He isn't, sir," cried Patsy, quickly, at a venture. "He is a good old man, sir—looks like one, don't he, sir?"

"Ah! my boy, when you get as old as I am, and have cut your eye-teeth, you will find that fine looks don't make fine hearts, I can tell you. So you don't," he added, looking down upon the urchin he had befriended, and whom, therefore, he felt well-disposed to—"you don't intend to turn out bad?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well, Patsy—isn't that your name?—and what do you intend to do?"

"Turn out good, sir."

"Aye! but how, my boy? London is a cruel, big, stony-hearted place for a boy like you."

"Gentleman promised to help me—Mr. Folaire, sir. Oh, such a nice man! Gave me a lift in his gig, with such a spanking 'orse in it. Gave me his card, sir."

Here Patsy held up a card—"Messrs. Cooke and Company, St. Paul's Church-yard"—in the corner of which was printed, "*Represented by Mr. Charles Folaire.*"

"Promised to help me," continued Patsy, with beautiful faith; "and he'll do it—sure to. Know by his face. He isn't one as tells lies."

"Hope he will," returned the officer. "Maybe he will. Some of those city fellows are uncommon good to sharp boys; and you're a sharp un. Well, here's a shilling, Patsy. You can go. If you don't get anything, come back to me, and I'll try to help you."

"But there's t'other one, sir," returned Patsy, making no signs to go. "T'other one, as broke my shin bone a'most—him you called *Seizer*."

"By George!" returned Brownjohn, "that old fellow's evidence has put everything else out of my head. Where is César, eh?"

"Locked up, sir," returned Patsy.

Brownjohn jumped to his feet.

"Locked up! Why, they had no right to do that."

"Well, when you was gone, sir, he first tried to bribe the hoffer with a bright, new 'alf-crown; and then, as he wouldn't let him go, he made a rush for it. He was collared; and they put him for safety in a little room by himself."

In a cell, in fact—for such was meant by Patsy's pleasant "little room"—the ingenuous César was found by Samuel Brownjohn, who, using the privilege of the peep-hole, found the Maltese lying prone, like a

Grecian statue, graceful in repose as he was in action, and in an attitude of despair. Solitude, accompanied by small warmth, did not suit the Maltese. He had, in the depth of his despair, stripped off the tops of his stockings, and formed a loop, which he held in his hand, as if he had contemplated escape, or putting an end to his too fervid existence.

"Hallo!" said Brownjohn to himself, "I have just come in time;" and taking his key, he unlocked the door, and called to Negretti.

The Maltese bounded to his feet, and his expressive face showed much delight.

"Ah! my Brownjohn," said he, "I am glad you have come to take me from this beastly place. I am eager to get away, now you have done with me."

"Come along, and warm yourself first," said the sergeant, leading him into the room where Patsy was sitting.

He noticed that, when Negretti saw the boy, a diabolical expression passed over his face—succeeded indeed by one of pretended pleasure, as he said—

"Ah! our little friend—he, too, is here. Well, I am glad I am not alone."

Patsy said nothing, but looked sharply to his protector; to whose side he edged himself.

"What are you afraid of, boy?" asked the sergeant. "Negretti aint a-goin' to kick you again, while I am here."

"Tisn't that," whispered Patsy, scorning to appear afraid of a kick. Then he nudged Brownjohn, and said, in a yet lower whisper, "Overhaul his bundle, sir—do, please."

"Gad," returned the sergeant, "I'd forgot that. Let me see—where did I put it? Oh! I know—in the locker."

Luckily, the locker was in the very room they were then sitting in; and, while César was sitting rocking himself moodily to and fro, Brownjohn produced the key, unlocked the door, and secured it. Then, putting it on the table, he proceeded slowly to untie the knots.

The Maltese exhibited a strange restlessness—looked to the door between which and himself was the figure of the stalwart policeman; then, tightening his muscles for a spring, he jumped suddenly to the table, snatched the bundle from the policeman's hands, and threw it on the fire, stamping it down with his foot.

The action was one of a moment. In a moment, also, Brownjohn's great hand was twisted in his collar, and Negretti was dexterously twisted into the middle of the room; while Patsy, who had come to the rescue, picked the singed bundle from the fire.

"Cleverly done, boy," said the policeman. "Now, look here, Negretti," he added, "this won't do. Don't be foolish. You know I can hold you till all is blue—at least your face would be if I throttled you. But I hate hard measures. There must be something in that bundle, or you wouldn't be so anxious to burn it."

"Nothing that concerns you," returned the Maltese, savagely. "What right have you with my property? You engage me to help you to find a man, and I do so. You bring me up to London against my will, because that Irish imp, that pig there, told you. You lock me up when I want to go away; and now you try and search my bundle. What have you to do with it?"

Mr. César Negretti, being released from Brownjohn's hands, here drew himself up in an injured way.

"Why, you see," returned the officer, with imperturbable good-humour, "you led me a pretty dance till you got to the seaside, when you wanted to get off. But I had my suspicions, and this boy turned up just in time. He had his suspicions as well. He was your fellow-servant at the Café, and no doubt he knows of your priggling a thing or two."

Here the boy's eyes twinkled with an extraordinary intelligence.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there's a spoon or two of the padrone's there. I see 'im take 'em."

"And he must answer for it," ejaculated the police officer. "People are not to be robbed because they are poor foreigners."

"They are my own, cursed pig!" replied the Italian, to Patsy. "Devil's imp—I was right to hate you as I did."

"That may be," continued Brownjohn, as Patsy was silent. "Besides, Negretti, you are not with clean hands. You remember your pilferings from Lord Wimpole? and I'm doubtful whether something won't turn up here."

"Where's your warrant?" asked the Maltese. "We are in a free country here."

"Very free," said Brownjohn; "but I take this on myself. And here's the man that'll

back me up if I am wrong. I'll report to my superior officer."

A step was heard pacing along the corridor, in the measured tread which betokens a police officer; and as Brownjohn, standing firmly at the door, partially opened it and gave a low whistle, the owner of the strongly made boots, and the stalwart legs that put them down so firmly, entered. It was no one less than Inspector Stevenson.

"Hallo! Brownjohn, what's up?" he said.

"Nothing much, sir," answered that officer. "I told Negretti here I should pinch him, and I think I shall. Only a petty theft."

"It's all a mistake, sir," pleaded the Maltese, in his most winning tones, to the Inspector. "Mr. Brownjohn has a spite against me—"

"I scorn the action," said that officer.

"—And he is anxious to hunt up something against me, because I got out of his hands once."

"Don't make another mistake," said the Inspector, somewhat sternly, to the sergeant. "I'm very much afraid that the old man you've picked up has had nothing to do with the matter. There's something about him that looks very much like innocence."

"That may be," returned Brownjohn, somewhat despondingly. "Nobody's always right, 'cept your friend, Mr. Tom Forster. He always hits the right nail on the head."

"Well, that may be," said Stevenson, good-naturedly. "He has a happy knack, to be sure. This has got nothing to do with it, has it?"

"Oh, no—not that I know of. Boy says that there were some spoons in the bundle as belonged to the keeper of the coffee-house where I picked up this Italian here."

"Well, there's no harm in looking," returned the Inspector. Then, seeing the restless manner and glaring eyes of Negretti, he added, "Now, you just keep quiet, and you'll come to no harm. A man comes to harm always by himself. If you're right, then you may go; if you're wrong, then you must answer for it. That's our way here."

"Sh!" hissed the Maltese, as if he were weary of the altercation. "Do as you like—I am weary of the business. Poor, friendless, and innocent!" and he threw himself down on the wooden stool before the fire, a statuesque and graceful picture of despair.

So the bundle was opened.

Patsy, with bright eyes, leant over the table as the bundle was opened. The Inspector carelessly turned over the contents. There were two silver spoons.

"There's the spoons," cried Patsy, with glee. "I told you so!"

"Phew!" whistled the Inspector, as he looked at the other contents; "this looks serious, by jingo! I wonder what will come of this!"

CHAPTER L.

"O Verities! again, what ravishments have you to console the soules of the most afflicted!"—*The Mirror which flatters not.* By the Sieur de la Serre. p. 27.

MR. JASPER SNAPE, Tailor and Pigeon Fancier, was the only one, perhaps, who mourned over the victim of the tragedy. It was barely a week since the crime, and the murdered person had been almost forgotten. Now and then, some bold foot-travellers would pass over the fields from Kilburn to gaze at Acacia Villa, which was shut up, and bore in its front garden a black board on which, in white letters, this desirable residence was described as "to be let."

"Ah!" said Jasper to himself—"poor creature! They don't care much for her. They forget her, and rake up what they can against her. Now, for my part, she was, to my mind, a nice woman."

Here the old man pulled a quantity of threads from his round shoulders—bent with working at his board—straightened his hollow chest as well as he could, combed his dusty hair from his forehead, cast his shop-board slippers into the corner, and put on his bluchers and his hat. The hat was turned up at the brim at the back of his head, and greasy with rubbing on his coat collar, looking after his pigeons and the "strays."

"She was a nice woman," reiterated Jasper. "She didn't talk too much. She could keep her own house and her counsel. She knew her own way, and had it. She knew what a good drop of wine was. She had none of the wheedling ways and follies of her sex."

Mr. Snape was not exactly a mysogynist, but he limited his admiration to strong-minded women.

"I wouldn't have minded marryin' her myself," he continued; "but there, she's in her grave, and they've forgotten her. By George," he said to himself, after a little while, "if I had married her, they might

have murdered me." And a cold shudder passed through the little man's frame as he thought this.

"At any rate, there's something mysterious about this case," he said, as he walked into his garden, and pulled a string which let the grating fall from his pigeon house, and the young birds fly a little. "Whir-r-r! Whoop!" He threw up a tassel made of thrums and threads, and set the birds wheeling round and round before he fed them. That done, he walked through his house, looked at the work at his shop-board, felt disgusted at it—as most workmen now and then do—and determined, as he said, "to have a skulk."

It is a very natural feeling this, with hard workers. The wonder is that we do not see more of it; and that, as a rule, the working classes—especially the small masters—are to be found so constantly at work. For three hundred and ten days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, Jasper Snape was to be found at his board, cross-legged, with his pale face peering out of his window—blue with cold in the winter, and wet with perspiration in the summer. His very flowers—his nettle and scarlet geraniums, his spindly mignonnette, and his musk plant—turned away their brightest leaves from the poor worker's gaze, and looked out of the window to cheer the passers-by.

Mr. Jasper Snape, calling out to a humbler help, who was somewhere about his little house, "to look sharp"—which was a hopeless task on her part, poor creature—adjured her to say that, if any one called, he had gone round to wait on a customer—which was in one sense true. The landlord of the public-house—to which the reader and Mr. Brownjohn were introduced in an early chapter—was certainly a customer, and Jasper waited on him for business purposes; but it was for business of his own. He wanted a pipe, a glass of ale, and a gossip; wanted to take the wrinkles from his mind, and the stiffness from his knees; wanted to straighten out his back, and relieve himself of his cares.

As he sat down in the sunny parlour of the country public-house, with a fragrant pipe of bird's-eye and a good glass of ale, his vision seemed brighter, and he looked upon the world in a less invidious way. Presently the bustling landlord came in.

"Mornin', Mr. Snape; mornin'!" said he. "How are all things your way, now?"

"Pretty good," returned the tailor. "You aint doing badly, neither."

"No—thank Heaven!" returned the publican, devoutly, recounting something that would make a teetotaler blush at the weakness and sin of the world. "No, 'tisn't bad. We had three trade dinners and one weddin' party within the week, and I'm blessed if they didn't drink us nearly dry. I ought to be very thankful, Mr. Snape," continued the landlord, who was a pious man—"very thankful indeed, for such favours."

"So you ought," returned the tailor; "and you're the man to do it, Mr. Points. A very grateful heart you must have; for yours is a very pleasant business, and does good to humanity."

"Entertains both man and beast," said Points, chiming in with his tailor and customer. "And I'm glad to hear you say so; because, Mr. Snape, you aint of the or'nary sort, you aint."

"You're very good," returned the tailor, blowing his cloud of tobacco smoke through the window.

"I've a favour to ask of you, Mr. Snape, sir," said the landlord. "And it is, sir, that you will take half a pint with me."

Mr. Points, like a true gentleman, made it appear that he was accepting a favour when he was conferring one; and Mr. Snape felt flattered.

"Mr. Points, sir," he said, "I am your very humble servant, sir. I am not accustomed to take anything so early in the morning, sir; but, as you insist—"

Hereat, Mr. Points rang the bell, and ordered something of the best; which discussing, the two boon companions fell to talking of the story of the crime, which was fresh upon the minds of both.

"They don't do much in London, Mr. Points, with all their new-fangled police, with their swallow-tailed coats and pewter buttons, like military officers."

"I wish you had the contract for the men's coats," said the publican, nudging the tailor, whereat they both laughed.

"And I wish you had the supply of the beer what the whole force drinks," returned the tailor. Never were two persons in a more friendly state of mind. Mr. Points had just informed his friend that the police had been stirring, "because," said he, "one on 'em gave notice to that tall boy to be up to the office before twelve this morning;" and

Mr. Snape had ventured his opinion that it was the old story—they were going over the evidence again, like a dog over his bones; when a gruff voice was heard at the bar, ejaculating—

“I am a honest 'ard labrin' workin' man, dash my old bones, and all I wants is a pint o' beer.”

Points rang the bell for the barman; but before the man could serve the beer, the rough voice again bawled out—

“I labors for my bread, and I'll have my beer. I'm on land and water. I am a workin' man, I am; d'ye hear, I'm a workin' man? Come, draw the beer, yer skulkin' feller. You aint a workin' man, are yer?”

Mr. Points rose indignantly, and would have argued with the intruder—although, poor fellow, he often heard such language—but the “land and water labourer” had by this time got his beer; and, like a good-humoured Caliban as he was, blew the froth from the pot into the face of the potman, smiled over a large expanse of countenance, letting the smile steal gradually, as over a vast landscape, and then drank Mr. Points's health.

Points was bound to return this politeness, and the monster was pacified. He quaffed a deep draught, and drew a long breath.

“Well, you're an honest man,” said he; “and that's honest good stuff; but it's been the death o' too many.”

Here he sighed.

He was a big, hairy fellow, with a brick-red face; a fur cap, with ears to it, tied under the chin; a waistcoat which had broken out into an irregular rash of white pearl buttons; and thick corduroy trousers, tied up round his knees, to enable him to work without dragging them about a pair of stalwart ankle-jacks, that looked as if they could stand any kind of weather, and would last for years. It is true, they had obstinately assumed one set shape, and were as innocent of bending to the foot or of any suppleness as a stone jug, or a copper mould for a jelly; but of this their wearer was somewhat proud.

He stood firmly in these boots, swaying backwards and forwards—not by any means tipsy, but rather quarrelsome. Happily, the fit passed off. The beer really had a somewhat sobering effect upon him, and he called for his pipe in a pleasanter mood.

The potboy, as full of fight as an intelligent young cockney of eighteen generally is—or *was*—had been measuring his oppo-

nent, as he wiped his face, as one dog measures another; but he found that it was, as he said, “no go;” so he put up with the insult.

“Well, mate,” said the bargee, “didn't go to hurt you—not a bit. Have a drop.”

“No, thank you,” returned the young fellow. “I've had enough of it outside.”

“Then pluck up your spirits, and put a little inside,” said bargee.

To this invitation, the reply was an indignant silence; and the bargee addressed Mr. Points.

“So, landlord, you're been carryin' on a pleasant game in this little village: murderin' of a woman, eh! I heerd of it down in the country.”

Mr. Snape came forward at this.

“So you've heard of it, have you?” he said, in his sharp, authoritative way.

“Heerd of it, yes. I mind it well enough, 'cos on the very day I gave a chap a lift in my wessel, the *Lively Kate*, up to Lunnon.”

“The very man,” whispered the landlord, “that one of the policemen went after.” Mr. Snape inclined his head on one side, his bright eyes twinkling like a blackbird's when he looks up sideways.

“Why, my man, do you know anything of that fellow? If you do, there's money to be made. They're after that man.”

“Aer they? He was a nice, innocent old fellow—a Proosian or a Roosian, or some furrineer. There was no harm in him,” said bargee. “I took 'im on board 'cos he was used to the water, and felt safer.”

“Ah!” said Snape, disposing himself to listen, and nudging Mr. Points, as if to say, “This is important, now.”

“Well, I felt lonely. You heerd me say just now that beer was good, on'y it wor the death o' many. It was the death o' my old woman. She was a good woman, she was, a main too good for Bill Bulger, and I'm sorry I lick'd her ever, now she's gone.”

Mr. Bulger's regret came too late, like the regrets of most of us. What could he do now—now poor Molly was gone? He put up his huge hands, knotted with muscles, to his eyes, and exhibited on the back of them some strange tattooing.

“You see,” he said, “'twas down in the country, where the canal runs for miles in the fields; and I was away on the path, mindin' the old hoss, and Molly was at the tiller. We were at a bend o' the canal, and I was trudgin' on, head down'ards, a-thinkin'.

I thought I heard a splash, but didn't mind it till the old hoss was jerked off his legs a'most, by the barge comin' ashore. I went back to swear a bit at Molly, and saw the tiller swingin' a-one side with no-but nobody there. Then a cold sweat come over me. I pulled up, and run back. There warn't no Molly. I never see her more till she turned up, three days arterwards, at one of the lock gates. Poor Molly!"

"Dropp'd over," cried the landlord.

"Just so," said the bargee.

"Well," cried Jasper, hurriedly, "we can't bring poor Mrs. Bulger back to life again."

"No, we can't," said the bereaved widower; "else I would. Molly liked a drop of some-thin' short. She and I had been havin' a row, as most people would as lived so close together as we do aboard a barge. She had been comfortin' herself, and she's—gone!"

This was her simple epitaph. The poor bargee had a hoarse voice and moist eyes as he pronounced it.

"But we can serve some one else. They've got that Frenchman, no doubt. You can say when he went away, can't you?"

"To the minit," said Mr. Bulger, looking up at the call of duty; "but I sha'n't tell you."

"Never mind me—tell it the magistrate," said Snape. "You don't mind coming with me?"

"Not a bit, if I can help a man, and get a bit o' money," said bargee.

Thus it was that, about twelve o'clock, Mr. Jasper Snape and Mr. William Bulger presented themselves—Mr. Snape for the second time—at the door of the police court.

Mr. Horton, Mr. Tom Forster, and the Inspector were at the time somewhat doubtful as to how to proceed. The tall boy had given his evidence, had recognized the Père Martin—who had not, indeed, denied his presence, but had remembered giving him the sixpence—how spent the reader knows; but the tall boy had filled up a blank of great importance, which he had left open in the evidence given by him to Brownjohn, at Kensal-green. The French sailor had departed about five o'clock—for the tall boy had come away from school at half-past four; and there was positively nothing against old Martin. But, then, on Mr. Brownjohn's mind there was the not unlikely fact that the tall boy had been tampered with; and Mr. Horton himself was for detaining the foreign gentleman in honourable

seclusion for some days, until another witness could be procured.

That witness was nobody less than the bargee; and at the very nick of time—ushered by Inspector Stevenson, who had been sent for—in walked the witness.

"Ah, my friend!" said old Martin, with a sigh of relief, "the good Heaven is kind. It does not altogether desert the innocent."

"No," thought Tom Forster, "but it lets them get into strange scrapes. A wonderful provision in this world of trial. Let us hear what this man's evidence is."

Mr. Bulger, who had taken his hairy cap off a bristly, bullet-shaped head, was looking round the office—up at the ceiling, down at the floor, at the magistrate; then, on meeting his eyes, throwing his own glance in the contrary direction. He held his cap very tightly in both hands, as if he expected that Justice or the Police would snatch it off. He recognized Martin with a nod, and said, gruffly—

"That's the chap I gave a lift to."

"Let him be sworn," said the magistrate.

"You know the nature of an oath, my man?"

"Rather," said Mr. Bulger, with a grin.

"You will speak the truth, the whole truth, and—"

"I'll take my Solomon's oath I will," said the bargee, with great solemnity, kissing the book.

On the 29th of September, at half-past four, Mr. Bulger, according to his evidence, was standing on the towing-path, thinking of his lost wife, and feeling "werry lonesome," when "this genel'n, Mr. Martin, came up, got talking of seafaring matters," spoke about his barge, and finally said he would like a ride. They set off exactly at five, after drinking and lighting up their "baccy."

"How do you know the time?" asked Mr. Horton.

"Well, you see, gov'nor," returned Mr. Bulger—pulling out of his corduroy fob, by a broad, flat steel chain, an ancient silver watch, as round almost as a Dutch cheese—"taint none of your *leavers*, as is made for the pop-shop; but I'll back un agin Sen Pall's!"

Mr. Martin was free!

He shook hands with his captor, thanked the magistrate, and preferred a modest request—only one favour for all his trouble. Justice must be served; he was the victim, that's all. Here he sighed, but looked up

brightly. Where did the great Seigneur live, Milord Chesterton? Le Père Martin had something to tell his lordship.

TABLE TALK.

MARSHAL PRIM, the Spanish King-maker, whose adventurous career has been so suddenly cut short by the hand of the assassin, has been laid to rest, with much pomp and ceremony, in the church of the Atocha, at Madrid. Some few notes *en passant* may not be out of place as to this famous shrine. The church or chapel of the Atocha is so called from its containing the celebrated image of that name of the Virgin, the patroness of Madrid, and especial protectress of the royal family, who, before their recent overthrow, always worshipped here every Saturday. This Virgin—which ranks as third in holiness of the many in Spain, and is only preceded by those of Saragossa and Guadalupe—is the royal mistress of the robes; and the Queen always gives her the dress she wears at the Epiphany. Isabel II. was on her way to this shrine when she was stabbed by Merino. The dress, with the dagger-hole in it, went to swell the wardrobe of the protecting image. In this chapel the royal family is married; and, when a queen is in the case, the wedding dress becomes the property of the Virgin. The origin of the name Atocha is much disputed. Some Spanish prelates contend that the image was graven at Ephesus, A.D. 470, during the Nestorian dispute, and was inscribed Theotocus; from which the name Atocha is said to be derived. According to another authority, it was either carved or, at least, varnished by St. Luke, and certainly was taken by Gregory the Great from Antioch: hence the name of Atocha. Others are positive that St. Peter brought it with him to Spain, and that it was here in the time of the Goths, having been visited by Ildefonso. Again, when the Moors invaded the Castiles, one Garcia Ramirez concealed it so well that he could not find it again; whereupon the image revealed itself in some *ballico* or rye-grass; or, according to others, in some Atocha or bass-weed.

EVEN THAT JUPITER TONANS, the immortal Samuel Johnson, who could crush a too presumptuous disputant with a frown, found critics in his time bold enough to

attack him. In a commentary on "the last edition of Shakespeare," printed in 1783, we find the great Doctor thus appreciated:—"Dr. Johnson is so very imperfectly acquainted with the nature and derivation of the English language—and in that respect his 'Dictionary,' how valuable soever it may be on account of his explanation and use of English words, is beneath contempt, there being scarcely ten words properly deduced in the whole work—that it is no wonder to find him making *minnekin* and *minx* the same word. But *minnekin* does not mean a *nice trifling girl*; and, though a substantive, is oftener used adjectively than otherwise. As *mankin* got changed into *minnekin*, 'a little man,' so they formed *minnekinness*, a 'little woman,' a 'girl,' which has since, by corruption, become *minx*. Thus *laddess* (*laddess*), from *lad*, has by a similar process become *lass*." Imagine the great lexicographer being sent to school again in this fashion! Our Shakspearean commentator, whoever he was—for his name is not given, save as Mr. R.—must have been indeed a bold man.

NOWADAYS, PEOPLE GRUMBLE because such anachronisms as toll-bridges are permitted to exist at all. What would they have said in the days of our forefathers, when Henry III. ordered all bridges to be repaired, and marks to be set up where rivers might be passed without danger, *not for the safety of travellers, but for the convenience of falconry?*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES have of late years been impressing on the public the expediency of rendering the endowments of the two sister Universities more generally useful, by enlarging their sphere so as to embrace the poorer classes of students and scientific men without their own pale. The non-collegiate system, now established at both Universities, and Keble College, Oxford—founded expressly for poor men—has silenced the popular outcry on the first score. The University of Cambridge has shown her enlarged views by electing the distinguished Oriental scholar, Dr. Wright—a member of neither University, but who had previously received the honorary degree of LL.D. and an honorary fellowship at Queen's College, Cambridge—to the Professorship of Arabic, though not even a candidate, in the face of two well-known Cambridge Oriental scholars

—the Rev. Stanley Leathes, Professor of Arabic at King's College, London, and Mr. Palmer, Fellow of St. John's College—and by augmenting the stipend of the professorship from £70 to £300. The President and Fellows of Queen's College have clenched the matter, and stopped all criticism on the second score—at least, for the present—by electing Dr. Wright to a foundation fellowship, for the purpose of enabling him to resign a more lucrative appointment at the British Museum, to accept the professorship, and to reside permanently at Cambridge.

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE of the celebrated French mathematician, D'Alembert, has never, so far as we recollect, been published till within the last few months, when it appeared in a letter written by Dr. Jeans, a clergyman, who spent some months in Paris in 1778. "Speaking of M. D'Alembert," says the writer, "calls to my mind a conversation of his, in which he spoke with great freedom of the clergy of this country, and of the danger of their intrigues. The subject took its rise from an incident which relates to ourselves, and which one day or another I may be at liberty to relate to you. From the clergy, the topic naturally turned to superstition; and M. D'Alembert, who is very entertaining, mentioned an instance of the power of this passion on the human mind. He said that, 'in a church in Paris, there was a votive altar consecrated to the Virgin by an opera dancer, who, from being a very moderate performer in the chorus dances, attained on a sudden the excellence of the most celebrated man at that time on the stage. This performer, whose agility was not equal to his ambition, heard with envy every applause of the favourite of the public; and, when he found he was incapable of himself to rival his brother performer in his *entrechâts*, bethought him of invoking the assistance of some supernatural power. He fancied his prayers were heard; and gave out that he should dance the first part in the dance then in vogue on such a day. As this was the character of a man so much more able in his profession than he was, everybody laughed at him for a madman. He, however, persisted; and dressed himself on the evening appointed in every respect like the other person whose place he said he was to fill. He renewed his petition to his divinity with a double fervour; and, when the dance began, it is presumed that

the Virgin interposed—for his rival sprained his ankle at the first step; upon which he entered and continued the figure in a style rather surpassing the grace and activity of the man who was thought to have no equal.' In gratitude for the assistance he had received, he dedicated this altar, on which the story is related, and is sincerely believed by many bigots to be true, and as the effect of an implicit belief in the power of miracles." [The meaning of the last sentence is sufficiently clear, although the reverend gentleman's grammar is somewhat misty.—*Ed.*]

ANCIENT LEGAL DOCUMENTS would not seem to have been so formal or elaborate as the wisdom of more modern days has deemed fit to make them. Take, for instance, King Athelstan's grant of freedom to the town of Beverley—

"Als free make I thee
As hart can think, or eigh may see."

There is a charming and comprehensive simplicity in this which we defy all modern charters to rival.

SOMETIMES WE HEAR of the Church of the Future, and we are often told of the Church of the Present; but, from the accounts that have been received of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church at Brooklyn, with its handsome gifts and testimonials to its pastor, we think that it deserves to be called the Church of the Presents!

IT IS CURIOUS to observe how the different almanacs—legal, commercial, and others—arrange their record of past events according to the particular lines which they represent. For instance, in the almanac of the Royal Insurance Company for the new year, interesting notes are made of all great fires which have occurred at various times, not only in this country, but in different parts of the world. Will not such a list of casualties make people insure? If not, nothing will.

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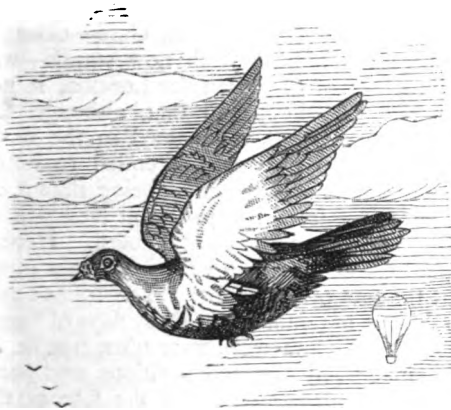
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to have been at once taken care of by his friends. Yet, day by day, these aerial messengers, the courier or carrier pigeons, with their burden of minutely photographed missives—bearing, fastened to their feet or the middle feather of their tails, despatches on which the fate of the city of the world hangs—wing their momentous journeys to and from unhappy Paris.

Their Prussian foes have met this manoeuvre as well as they could, by training hawks to run down the pigeons, and thus intercept the communications; but their success has only been partial, and it may safely be considered that the majority of the "couriers" reach their destination safely.

That the use of these birds for the purpose of carrying news is by no means novel is well known by any one who, on a Derby Day in this country, has seen, on the moment of the winner being declared, the pigeons thrown up, and, after making a brief circle in the air, aim straight for home, unconscious bearers of words which will affect thousands for profit or loss.

The carrier or courier pigeon, whichever we may select to call it, has been known and celebrated from the most remote antiquity; and its use as a messenger is repeatedly celebrated by the poets of Arabia, Greece, and Rome. The old historians, also, make frequent mention of it, as, in some instances, carrying intelligence with wonderful rapidity; and in others—as in the case of the birds employed by the beleaguered Parisians—performing the same office where hostile armies or other impediments prevented communication along the ground.

Elian mentions that, when Taurostheus was victor at the Olympic games, a carrier pigeon bore the tidings to his father with wonderful celerity. Pliny records an instance of the use of these birds to beleaguered cities. When Modena was invested, he says:—"Of what avail were sentinels,

 HE shifts and contrivances to which the beleaguered Parisians, shut out altogether from the world, have been reduced, partake so much of the primitive stratagems resorted to in former days, that we might almost think, if we did not know that history was writing itself so sadly hour by hour, that this nineteenth century of progress was a dream, and that railways, telegraphs, Atlantic cables, and Mont Cenis tunnels were not wonderful realities of the present generation. The man who, this time last year, might have hinted that the people of Paris would be escaping in balloons from the city, which German hosts were so inexorably investing, or that messages would be sent by pigeon-post, would have been reckoned a fit person

circumvallations, or nets obstructing the river, when intelligence could be conveyed by aerial messengers?"

We can imagine the Prussians cordially endorsing this conclusion of the old Roman author.

We find them also largely employed in the Crusades for the same purpose; and instances are mentioned in which the pigeon was captured by the besiegers, and made the bearer of a very different message from that with which it was originally charged. Hawks, as we mentioned in the case of the Prussians at the present time, were occasionally kept by the foe outside the walls, for the express purpose of being flown at the pigeons; and as it is against the habit of the hawk to strike the ground, the pigeon dropped like a stone uninjured, and allowed itself to be captured. The hawk was then recalled to its lure, the pigeon was freighted with false intelligence, and despatched on to its original destination.

Carrier pigeons have been used, also, as much for the purposes of commerce as for those of war. When the Turkey Company of England was flourishing, and a number of English merchants were resident at Aleppo, the grand emporium of their trade, these birds were employed to bring intelligence from the port to the city. Scanderoon, the port of Aleppo, is distant about eighty miles, as the pigeon flies. The pigeon could bring intelligence over this distance in a little over three hours, while the news could not come by any other channel in much less than the same number of days. By this means, those merchants who employed pigeons could obtain information which, upon the arrival of ships, they had abundant time to turn to good advantage. The case is mentioned where a merchant killed one of these pigeons by accident, and learned from the message attached to it that there was a great scarcity of galls in England. With true commercial acuteness, he took advantage of the fortuitous note; and, by buying up nearly the whole quantity of the required article that was in the market, cleared what was considered in those days an ample fortune.

In the East, however, in former times, the employment of carrier pigeons was reduced almost to a system; and intelligence was conveyed by them from point to point, much in the same manner as is now done by telegraph. Slight towers were built

along the line, at thirty or forty miles' distance apart, and the pigeons were employed in flying from tower to tower. Each bird wore a very small box of gold, of extreme thinness, suspended from the neck. As the pigeon wore this box always, it could carry the message, and bring back the intelligence. Sentinels kept constant watch on the towers; and as each bird flew from its own tower to the next, and back again, a regular system of intercommunication was kept up.

The peculiar gift of the carrier pigeons has been put, however, to strange uses at times. In this country, not so many generations ago, when Tyburn Gate—close to where the Marble Arch now stands—was the place of execution for London, it not unfrequently happened that, although the sentence of death was passed in the usual form, it was not really intended to inflict more than the disgrace of being drawn on the hurdle from the prison at Newgate to the place of execution at Tyburn. Hence, pardons and respites were very often given at the foot of the gibbet. The friends and relations of criminals, in those days of "gentlemen" highwaymen, were often people in comparatively elevated positions, and naturally felt great anxiety for the fate of the condemned. The plan adopted by them was to have some one there with a carrier pigeon; and the instant the result was known, the bird was thrown up, and, bearing its message of joy or despair, winged its way to its destination at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour.

The term carrier, as commonly applied to these interesting birds, is undoubtedly incorrect. Without entering into the more minute distinctions made by the learned in these matters, it may be broadly stated that while the English carrier is a bird of particular breed in itself, possessing points or "characters" belonging to the pigeon in no other country, the long-distance flying birds—those known more correctly as Homing-birds, or *Les Pigeons Voyageurs*—are totally distinct in species. For this reason, we think, the name courier pigeon is less open to discussion, as it denotes the mission of the bird, without confounding it unnecessarily with a totally different breed. The courier pigeons used by the French are what are commonly known in England as Antwerps, and in Belgium—where the breeding of these birds is quite a national

hobby—as Smerles, Cumulets, Demi-Becs, &c.

The Antwerp, or Smerle, is not of itself a pure bird, but a compound of very many crosses, and was probably brought to its present perfection in this country about thirty-five years ago. It is a rather small bird. In fact, this quality of moderate size is one of the most important points in the courier; for heavy birds, from always flying low, are in risk of being shot, either purposely or accidentally, as it may happen. From its general appearance it looks very much as if it had been originally bred from a rather coarse Blue Owl pigeon, crossed with a Blue Rock.

The qualities possessed by the Antwerps are undoubtedly beyond those of any other species. In the first place, they are the most intelligent and serviceable of *voyageurs*. In rapidity and power of flying they far exceed any other variety. As an instance of their strength of wing, a flight of them has been often observed to dart off in a gale of wind, and, after being apparently swept away by the blast, return in the very teeth of the gale, with almost the same ease and rapidity as they would have done in calm weather.

The distance, also, they are capable of travelling in a comparatively short space of time is remarkable. When two years old, they are capable of returning a distance of over five hundred miles in twelve hours, providing the sky be clear and the wind favourable; for it must be remembered that the pigeon will scarcely ever fly in the night, or when the weather is foggy. Experiments have often been made to induce them to do so, but they have almost invariably resulted in the loss of the pigeons, which missed their way and never returned home. Another great advantage attending the keeping them is their cheapness; so that, from their trifling value, there is no hesitation in risking their loss by sending them distances you would not venture to send more valuable ones. In Belgium, however, they command much higher prices; and it is stated that a couple of young Smerles, warranted bred from birds that have flown long distances, sell for a hundred francs; and a pigeon which has carried off several prizes in the long-distance matches so common in that country will realize even as much as five hundred francs, or about twenty pounds of our money. A third advantage is that they are extremely

prolific, if permitted to produce to the full. So that, if any of our readers embark in keeping these birds, and find their stock increase too fast, the surplus may easily be used as ingredients for that very acceptable dish known as pigeon pie.

The points of a good courier, as fixed by professed amateurs, are too numerous to enter into in detail here; but in selecting Antwerps, the Blue Chequer, or Dark Blue Chequer, with small black specks sprinkled over its feathers, called ink-marks, with a short, thick head, is the truest breed. For travelling, dark—not black—birds are decidedly the strongest and best. White or black should be avoided. One objection to white birds is, that their colour is likely to attract notice in their flight—a serious drawback if the courier conveys any important message. An eminent naturalist gives it as his opinion that the nearer the colour approaches to that of the original wild bird, the better the bird is. Certain it is, that no whites, blacks, or yellows are found in pigeons in the perfectly wild state. He applies the same principle to the colour of the eye: another important “point” in selecting courier birds. There are red, orange, gravel, lemon, and pearl eyes. These may all belong to good travelling birds; but he considers the pearl the best. Pearl is the colour of the eye of the wild wood-pigeon—a known good travelling bird—all other colours being produced by artificial breeding.

The training of home-birds has never taken extensive hold as a system in this country, and few—save the denizens of the East-end and other poor localities of London—have taken to it as a favourite fancy. In these neighbourhoods, however, the breeding of the “carrier,” as it is always called here, is an art and mystery enthusiastically pursued. Rival owners of pigeons will travel miles into the country—the birds being carried in large, loose, paper bags—to decide some bet upon the respective merits of their pets; and an assigned distance having been reached, the pigeons are disentombed, their feathers carefully smoothed and settled preparatory to flight by the practised hand of the fancier; and at a given signal from a third individual of the party, who holds a watch in his hand in order to register the exact time of starting, the birds are thrown up. Meanwhile, a referee at the other end awaits the return of the “carriers,” to decide which is the fleetest;

and the one that gets home first is of course the winner.

In Belgium, however, the training of these birds resolves itself into a national pastime, as may readily be understood by the fact that there are 150 societies or clubs in that country offering prizes to be flown for; and these include nearly 10,000 amateurs. The powers of the English homing-birds are well known to be inferior to those of Belgium. English fanciers attribute this to the difference of climate; but the true explanation undoubtedly is, that the birds are inferior either in intelligence or power of flight, or in both, or that their training is not so well understood as it would seem to be by our Continental neighbours. In the first place, their training is more sudden and severe; but whether this is an advantage or not is open to doubt. As none but old birds are used by the experienced amateurs, the young pigeons are first tested by trial flights. For although a young pigeon may appear good at first sight, and have its wings well formed, it may possibly fail on experiment in some essential quality of sight or intelligence. They generally commence with them at the age of five or six months. A first flight of five to eight miles is flown; three or four days after, the distance will be doubled; until, after five or six trials, a distance varying from 150 to 180 miles will be arrived at as the length of flight. The trials are thus increased in difficulty by degrees; so that at last the pigeons are made to fly from 300 to 400 miles. But this distance is not attained until the birds are in their third year, as the pigeon does not come to its prime until it is three years old. The birds, however, employed in the annual contests—which in Belgium give almost as much cause for excitement as our own great race meetings—are of older growth still, as they are not entered until they are four or five years old. More confidence is placed, as a rule, in male than female birds, three-fourths of the birds employed in a flight being males. The reason for this is not that the females are less sagacious or less rapid than the males, but because they are less often in good condition. The great races take place in the second half of the month of July; and, as the great day arrives, the pigeons intended for the struggle are duly caught and sent to the society, where they receive the marks indicating their engagement.

In some localities, it is the custom to

send a man with the pigeons, who looks after them on their journey, and supplies them with food and water. In other places, the boxes or baskets, as the case may be, are addressed to the mayor of the town which has been selected at the commencement of the return flight; and a label is fixed to the baskets requesting the railway authorities to supply water to the birds, and to give them some of the grain sent in a bag for that purpose.

The cost of sending a man is considerable, his expenses averaging six shillings a day, besides his railway fare and the percentage he receives on the value of the prizes flown for; and the items, on an average, amount to nearly £30 for each society every season. These expenses are, of course, avoided by the second system; but, as a rule, a man is sent with them, as, owing to the delays and uncertainties on the railway, and the chance of rain coming on and wetting the pigeons, their fitness for the match at the critical moment may be seriously impeded. On certain Sundays in a favourable season, 300 or 400 pigeons may arrive at the same station. This is often too much for the patience of the railway officials, which we may easily understand, if the obliging temper of Belgian railway *employés* is on a par with that of the same fraternity here. The baskets are tossed about—often, when they fall, allowed to remain on one end—and the poor pigeons are huddled up in a corner, one upon the top of another.

On the races themselves it is unnecessary to dwell. Each must, of course, vary according to the conditions of time and place by which it is directed. In 1844, one of the greatest races on record took place from St. Sebastian, in Spain, to Verviers, a distance of about 600 miles. Two hundred trained pigeons, of the best breed in the world, were sent to St. Sebastian, and of these only 70 returned. In another race, to Bordeaux, 86 pigeons were sent, and only 20 returned.

An idea generally prevails that you have only to send a pigeon away from home, and that it is certain to return—a certain unerring instinct being commonly supposed to guide the bird. This is a fallacy. It has now been pretty well proved that acute sight alone is the ruling agency. This has been shown in many ways. Pigeons, as we have said, scarcely ever fly by night or in foggy weather; and, as another instance, if

the ground is covered with snow they seem to miss their points of guidance, and are lost. If, again, in the course of their flight, the shadows of evening come on before they reach home, they invariably settle down, and renew their journey at daylight next morning.

That shrewd, practical naturalist, the late Mr. Wheelwright—better known by his *nom de plume* of the “Old Bushman”—says:—

“I may first remark that my opinion is that this homing faculty in the pigeon is totally distinct from, and clearly conducted on different principles from, those which guide the swallow, the stork, and other migratory birds over trackless plains and across wide seas, even on the darkest nights, to their breeding homes of the preceding year. This is clearly instinctive; and their flight is guided by an invisible hand and an intuitive knowledge for which it will ever baffle man’s ingenuity to account. The swallow requires no previous training for its journey from the south of Europe to Lapland. The homeward flight of the pigeon from any distance is learned by education; and I fancy that no education or training would ever enable the best Antwerp that was ever bred to accomplish the journey which the stork, or even the little swallow, makes every spring and autumn, without any human assistance. I am fully of opinion that no pair of pigeons bred in any aviary, and never let out of that aviary till they were

strong on the wing, and then carried a hundred miles away and tossed, would ever find their way home.”

Pigeons will not fly long distances in cold weather. Between December 15 and New Year’s Day, not one of the many pigeon despatches sent by the Bordeaux Government to their colleagues in Paris arrived at its destination; and yet the pigeons are not let loose at Bordeaux, but at Le Mans, or some other point much nearer the capital. It is observed that, when they reach Paris, they never go direct to the dovecot to which they belong, but alight first on some high building, from which they take observations for a few minutes, as if to shake off recollections of long travel, and assure themselves that they are at home. The birds destined for the Government dépôt in the Rue Simon le Franc, almost invariably perch upon the topmost tower of Saint Jaques la Boucherie before going there. They have then but a few yards to fly to their destination. But a balloon letter from Paris, of January 3, says that the pigeons that arrived there the day before took their rest upon the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysées; and this was considered a good omen for the new year.

As a conclusive note as to the extent of the correspondence now maintained by the French through the agency of the courier pigeons, we may state that as many as 30,000 of the minutely photographed messages have been carried by one bird alone.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART III.—CHAPTER I.—WATCHING AND WAITING. (*Continued.*)

FELL a time, long since, when, yet unlearn’d to distinguish
 Love that flaunts in light from love that hides in the shadow;
 When, ungentle grown,—with wounded pride, and the folly
 Of a damsel’s dreams,—to childhood’s tenderer passion;
 Still her heart was ripe for love, and words of a lover.
 Then, to reason blind, by skilful hand of the spoiler,
 As a bird, new-fledged,—with love and anger together,—
 She was snared, ah, me! she, grasping only the semblance,
 Seem’d to seize love’s bliss, and slip the doom that awaited.
 Sweet illusion, strange! So one, neath blaze of the tropic,
 When the gourd is dry, pricks on, apine for the water;
 Finds the fair-spread lake is but the sand of the desert.
 Ere a week grew old she knew the gold from the glitter.
 Then her heart fled back, on wings of yearning and pity,
 Beating ’gainst the past, as frighten’d bird at a window.
 Then she felt his worth; she knew she tenderly loved him;

Weigh'd, with blank despair, the loss and gain of her madness.
 But, since sighs were vain, she bent her mind to the present;
 Strove to love her lord, and look but on to the future.
 Best love comes by use:—she might have grown to be happy.
 Yet love's bud was nipped; for he grew tired of the sweetness
 Of the wayside flower, he wore awhile, for his pleasure:
 Ere a month no more his foot was heard on the threshold.
 Soon, too soon, she learn'd she was betray'd and forsaken.
 Then she fled:—what hate! what bitter scorn! and a passion,
 Which the angels wept to see recorded in heaven.
 Now the old lost love, with double power, was upon her:
 Now she check'd it not, and this upheld her in weakness.
 So the months went by, and then was born little Ethel.
 So the years went by, and still she toil'd and endured them.
 Ne'er she dream'd again to see the friend of her childhood,
 Ne'er again to gain the peaceful hamlet of Orton:
 Yet, in lonely hours,—hers all were so,—and in sorrow,—
 Had she, then, aught else?—she loved and brooded upon him.
 She recall'd his love, his winning ways, and his kindness.
 She forgave what seem'd a little cold in his manner;
 Even that deep slight,—for it she tender'd excuses.
 And, as all this love was but a dream, it was sweeter;
 So she never tried to live it down, or subdue it;
 Kept it, as one keeps a lock of hair, for a relic
 Of some loved one, dead, who will not claim it or miss it.
 This was all her bliss, amid the toil and endurance:
 As, in Alpine hills, some little spur of the granite
 Shines with laughing flowers, mid sullen flow of the ice-stream.
 Found,—brought home,—all changed: then she could hold him no longer
 For her love, her own, though but in dreams in the midnight.
 Now she dared not fan the hidden flame of her passion,
 Dared to keep no more her tender memories of him.
 All her bliss became a bitter pain, in a moment.
 In her inmost heart glad, even now, that she loved him
 More than all the world, she fed despair with his presence.
 As a weird light plays, in fitful gleams, on the fringes
 Of some ink-black storm, that blots the day with its passing,
 Gleams of feverish hope play'd on the cloud of her sorrow;
 When he loved the child, or pluck'd the flowers of the woodside,
 Or the sister spake in stealthy praise of his goodness.
 Then she seem'd a fool, and would not harbour the solace.
 So, with blank despair, with bitter gall of the hoping,
 She grew well-nigh mad; and, tossing there on the pillow,
 Wished for Honfleur back, where she could dream and be happy.
 Now, she long'd,—she dreaded: yet she long'd,—to behold him;
 Shrank to breathe his name, yet never tired of his praises.

So it was she said, "Why did he gather the pansies?"
 Feeling blindly out, as one who, whirl'd in the eddy,
 When some ship goes down, spreads out his arms for a rescue.
 Then, when Mary Trevor only smiled, for an answer,
 "Why not come?" she thought. Then she recall'd how he found her;
 How she went away. A sudden tremor of horror
 Thrill'd her soul with fear: her lips grew white, and contracted.
 "Aunt, how good you are! You do not care to remember
 "All I did," she said. "What thinks he now? Is it only
 "Good you deem of me, or something harder to pardon?"

"God forbid your thoughts have added shame to the folly!"
 Edith wrong'd them now, for not of shame, for a minute,
 Had the true hearts dream'd a touch had fallen upon her:
 Though they guess'd, too well, the wrong that made her a mother.
 "Aunt, come near," she said, "and hear the tale, and have pity.
 "I, why did I go? Is it a dream, which the illness
 Leaves, to vex the brain, or did it really happen?
 "Nay, I think, no dream; for we were wedded in Calais;
 "Then by Avranches dwelt, by winding Sée, in the château.
 "Anger cool'd, betimes, and passion cool'd, with the anger.
 "Disillusion, then: remorse, and tenderer fancies
 "Of the friends, left sad. But he, he silently hated
 "Me, to see me weep, and hard I strove to be happy;
 "Strove to love him well, and think him all that was noble.
 "But I fail'd,—was glad, when left alone for a season.
 "Day by day went by, but not a word, or a letter,
 "Sent he me: I said, 'My lord is grown to be cruel.'
 "Weary weeks I had, and, going hither and thither,
 "Heard the house-folk laugh, and whisper strangely together.
 "Then my wit grew sharp, a nameless fear was upon me.
 "One I made my friend, who seemed more kind than the others:
 "Thus, a bribe did all: I quickly learn'd he was wedded.
 "Then, what hate! ah, me! I could have slain him, believe me;
 "Bitten through his throat: but never more would I see him.
 "Tears? I shed no tears: I fled away in the midnight:
 "Lived obscure, unknown, in Honfleur, dreaming of England.
 "When the ships would sail my heart would burn with a longing
 "For the white chalk cliffs, but dream'd no more to behold them.
 "Aunt, all this is true: now tell him all, for you know it.
 "Not that he may love, but may not hold to be wicked
 "One he once loved well. Now rest for me, it is only
 "Neath the churchyard grass: would I were laid by the others!"
 Then, the smile,—so strange! and, for the tender expression,
 You might well have deem'd her thoughts were all that is pleasant:
 As on Orinoco, rolling down through the forests,
 Rafts of upturn trees float gay, with flowers, as a garden.
 Mary Trevor stoop'd, and kiss'd her brow, as she ended.
 "Child, be still," she said: "now, sleep: I know that he loves you;
 "Better, yea, than when the days were fair, ere the sorrow."
 "Nay, aunt, nay," she said, "it cannot be: it is foolish."
 Then she hid her face, and like a child, broken-hearted,
 Sobb'd; and tears oozed fast; and in awhile she was sleeping.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER VII.

IL PURGATORIO.

WHEN Jasper Seaton left Diana he strode downstairs, and out into the open air. It was no matter that the sun was blazing with full force, driving every one else into the shade. He had borne hotter days in India, and why should he care for the heat? Besides, he scarcely felt it; or, if he did, it was cool in comparison with the

fever that was burning within. He threw himself down upon the turf, under a clump of beech trees, and endeavoured to collect the thoughts that were tossing hither and thither, like the waves of a troubled sea. He tried to stifle a voice that was struggling to be heard, but whose feeble whisper a deeper, hoarser tone was drowning.

"Anne!"

Involuntarily, as if in answer to the voice, he spoke his sister's name aloud; and then he started, and looked round, as though he half expected an answer to his ejaculation.

But all was silence, save the summer sounds that filled the air with a listless music. There was no one near; yet still he closed his lips tightly, as though to prevent any word from unadvisedly slipping out. Thus he lay for some time, a warfare going on within his soul. Would he struggle out of Purgatory into Paradise, or would he sink deeper, deeper?

He sprang up. It was not for him to determine then. Things must float on a little: there was no need to decide just then. He must see how the current ran. The tide might turn—everything was as chaos yet. It was better not to think at all—at any rate, not at present.

Yet he could not help thinking, as he pursued his way, now in the shadow of the tall, full-leaved trees, now exposed to the hot blaze of the sun.

The first person he met was Dr. Crawford, panting along in as much shade as was to be found by the side of a low hedge that ran across a wide field.

"Terribly hot day," said Dr. Crawford, stopping under a thorn that had shot higher than the parent hedge, and fanning himself with his straw hat. "Terribly hot. A most unfortunate day for any one to die upon."

Jasper, aroused from his reverie, looked up in surprise.

"I beg your pardon."

"Ah! of course, I should explain myself. John Amos is really dying at last—a most inconvenient time; but people never think of that, and the parson is hurried off upon all occasions."

"I'll walk with you," said Jasper; to whom it all at once occurred that the rector was by no means the last person whom it was desirable for him to see.

"You'll find it hot."

"Not at all," returned Jasper. "I don't feel it in the least."

"You are a most singular person, Jasper. Heat and cold appear to have no effect upon you."

"None whatever. I fancy I am weather-proof."

"I wish I were," responded the rector, who was becoming hotter and hotter every moment. "I should not object to a glass of that pale sherry of yours at the present crisis. I'm regularly done up. It's the best sherry I've tasted for some time. Where did you get it?"

"From Allen, I think."

"Allen! Nonsense! Allen never had such sherry in stock as that. I've tasted every cask in his cellar."

"Ah, perhaps it came from London," said Jasper, turning over in his mind how to edge in the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts. It would be too sudden a transition at present; so he was obliged to let the rector wonder on about the sherry, and answer him as well as he could. Every now and then there seemed to be an approach to a diversion; but just as Jasper was going to take advantage of it, it vanished away, and the rector propounded some further query relative to the much-praised wine.

"It's been in my head ever since I tasted it," he said.

"Really? It must be strong then," returned Jasper, ironically.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the rector. "Capital, Jasper, capital; a very good joke, very good indeed. It's not often you make one."

"No."

And Jasper's thoughts at that moment were far enough away from joking. But it is a singular phenomenon in human nature, how oddly the ludicrous and the serious in life often come into collision, and how great a relief it often is that this phenomenon should exist. Jasper felt cooler after he had perpetrated his joke; calmer, as though he could make his inquiries without betraying his feelings.

And Dr. Crawford was, as a general rule, obtuse; so there might, perhaps, be no risk.

"Is Mr. Carteret going to remain long with you?" he asked, in as unconcerned a manner as possible.

"Not now; but I've promised him a title; so he will return here as soon as he is ordained, and remain with me until he meets with something better. Mine will be a mere nominal affair."

"Oh!"

And Jasper wondered whether Dr. Crawford was aware of Mr. Carteret's engagement.

Dr. Crawford had, however, determined not to be the first to allude to it. And they walked on in silence.

"Do you know what Mr. Carteret's prospects are?" asked Jasper, brusquely.

"The Church," replied the rector, concisely.

"Indefinite, then?"

"Very; quite a matter of chance."

"I suppose you have heard of this absurd engagement?" said Jasper, after another pause.

"Mr. Carteret mentioned it; and Mrs. Seaton did not seem to disapprove."

"No. I can't imagine what my mother was thinking of."

"Mr. Carteret is of good family, and of tolerable position, and is going into the Church. As far as respectability is—"

"What is respectability without money?" asked Jasper, cynically. "He might as well be without it. What is the use of being a gentleman, and in the Church, and in a good position, upon a hundred a-year—which is, I suppose, all that he will have for some time to come? In fact, how is he to maintain his position upon it, if he marries? In fact, marriage is out of the question."

"Utterly," responded the rector.

"You agree with me, then, that this is a very ridiculous affair?" said Jasper, eagerly.

"I've not taken it into consideration. Di's a wilful, headstrong girl, you know, and will have her own way; and I should not have been surprised even if I had heard of her taking a fancy to poor little Neri. I must own, my surprise was rather the other way, that a quiet, studious, scholarly man like Carteret should have fallen a victim so soon!"

"Di's clever enough," answered Jasper; "and perhaps, as he's poor, he may have thought she would have money."

"Carteret's not that sort of man. I don't suppose it ever entered into his head."

"Still, it might," returned Jasper, thoughtfully; "and it would be as well that he should know that Di has no expectations—from us," he added, after a pause. The ending of the sentence would have appeared to a less obtuse person than the rector a note to the rest of the speech—almost a sort of provisional clause.

But the rector had too little interest in the matter to be alive to any under-current of thought on Jasper's part.

"No; of course, it couldn't be expected. You have done a good deal for her; and if you can get her well married, your duty is ended. I half thought, from something Anne said to me once, that she intended to make a provision for Di. She took a strange fancy to the child."

Jasper started.

"Anne!" he repeated. "What did Anne say?"

"Really, I forget now. I only know the impression left upon my mind was, that she had an idea of doing something for Di. But I suppose it was a passing thought, and never came into her mind again."

"There was no mention of Di in my sister's will," replied Jasper. "None at all," he added—perhaps more emphatically than the occasion required.

They were now close to John Amos's cottage—only one narrow, shady lane to go through.

"Quite a relief to get into the shade," said the rector, pausing to recover his breath before he entered the little garden. "Good-bye, and thanks."

His hand was upon the latch, and he was about to raise it, when suddenly the cottage door opened, and Diana Ellis issued forth, with her finger on her lips.

"Hush!" she said. "He is dying: he is almost gone. It is better that he should be undisturbed."

"Di!" exclaimed Jasper, in amazement. "How in the world did you get here?"

She did not answer, but stood so that the rector could not open the gate without pushing against her.

"Will you move a little, that I may come in, Di?"

"There is no necessity for you to come in," she said, quietly. "The doctor says he will never know any one again. He is asleep. Besides, Mr. Carteret is there."

Jasper's face flushed darkly.

"I am the rector, Di," said Dr. Crawford, pompously. "He may awake, notwithstanding what the doctor says; and it is desirable that one of my flock should have the comfort of his pastor's presence in the hour of death."

Diana's face, in spite of the solemnity that had come into it, began to assume a little of the impatience and contempt too often visible in it; but Dr. Crawford was busy with the latch, and did not perceive it. However, she moved aside, but made one more effort to prevent Dr. Crawford's entrance.

"It will only disturb them, and they are all quiet now."

"Nonsense. Why did they send for me? I am the proper person to be there."

Dr. Crawford was not to be deterred. He had walked across the hot fields in a very exemplary manner to do his duty, and he was going to do it. Perhaps he was acting

up to his light, though the light was but flickering. Was it for her to judge?

Possibly some such thought flitted through Diana's mind as he passed by her, and entered the house of death.

The dark valley!

"It's easier than I thought," she said, half to herself. She had forgotten all about Jasper and their late interview. Then she began to recollect it; for though not two hours since they had parted, an age seemed to Diana to have rolled between.

Her brief sleep and her regaining of paradise had been followed by the arrival of Phil Amos, who, on his way to the rectory, had called to tell Miss Diana how bad his father was. And Diana had immediately started off to the cortage, through the upper wood.

There she had found John Carteret, who had made acquaintance with the sick man through his son Phil. And this was not the first visit he had paid him.

"What in the world brought you here, Di?" asked Jasper again.

"Phil came to tell me."

"Are you going home?"

"Yes."

For John Carteret had sent her away. He would stay until the end.

She walked quietly on beside Jasper, not speaking a word. The scene she had left was still before her: the scarcely breathing form, the face, with the strange unearthly look upon it, laid upon the pillow, white and ghastly. It was the first approach to death she had ever seen. An easy death it promised to be, for he would probably thus sleep away into eternity. It was not so hard to die as she had supposed; but then John Amos was poor and work-worn, and had lived out his early days of pleasantness. It would be harder for her—she should not wish to die for many years to come. The world was only opening in all its freshness and beauty for her: it was growing faded and sorrowful to John Amos.

The shadow was falling that had fallen many times to those who dwell in the paradise-time. Still, she was learning a lesson, gaining a step in knowledge. Unconsciously, the wild impulsive nature within her was being steadied, sobered down; and out of it a better character might come forth than from the easy-going, impassive natures that walk the world with the reputation of amiability;—the hardest characters in the world

to deal with, the least noble, the least interesting, and oftentimes the least unselfish.

Jasper had also fallen into a reverie. He too was thinking of a death that had been as calm and peaceful as that of John Amos; of a pale face laid quietly back upon a pillow, and of eyes that had looked lovingly into his unto the last.

"And you must remember what I said about Di, Jasper. If you could only love Di, Jasper, I think you would be very happy. It's been a long fancy of mine, and it does not leave me now I am dying."

If it could only have remained at that point;—for Jasper had believed himself to be in a state of indifference towards Diana—that he had but regarded her as a spoiled favourite, whose every whim was to be gratified, partly even out of amusement to himself.

How was it that, when a barrier was placed between them, all at once he was awakened to a new phase of feeling? How was it that all at once should have sprung up this wild love for the girl beside him?

Not all at once, although he knew it not.

And now she was lost to him for ever!

Lost!—not lost yet. There might be still hope. This engagement might never—should never—come to anything!

"Di,"

There was something unusual in the voice, something softened and tender about it, that struck Diana, and blended harmoniously with her present tone of mind.

"Di," said Jasper, "I was very impatient a few hours since; but I was thinking of your welfare. I spoke too hastily."

"Oh, no, Jasper—I was very passionate and wrong," replied Diana, quite overcome by the unexpected apology—so unlike Jasper—that she immediately took more than her own share of blame. "I was very sorry afterwards. I know I am very ungrateful! You have been very, very kind to me."

And the remembrance of all Jasper's injudicious indulgences, greatly magnified, rose before her.

"I must see this Mr. Carteret," said Jasper, "and hear what his prospects are; and perhaps I may even come to think as well of him as some one else does. Then possibly I may be forgiven."

"Forgiven!—oh, Jasper, how good you are!" said Diana, energetically—sinking every moment lower in her own estimation. "There's nothing to forgive." And she

seized Jasper's hand in both of hers—"You must forgive me."

"Nonsense, Di," replied Jasper, looking straight before him—for he could not trust himself to look into the eyes that he knew were upraised to his.

"But do you quite forgive and forget?" urged Diana—without loosing his hand—"quite?"

"Quite, Di," he answered, and still without looking at her. He bent down and kissed her, as he had done ever since she was a child.

She laughed softly.

"It is all right now," she murmured. "John will be so glad!"

Jasper Seaton's brow contracted sharply; but Diana was looking upon the ground, and her thoughts were far away again in paradise.

And so they walked homeward—she in Paradise, he in *Purgatorio*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEAD OF THE PYECROFTS.

THE Pyecrofts had once been Pyecrofts of Pyecroft, but were so no longer. The estate had passed into other hands some generations since, and the modern Pyecrofts had now only the glory of their more remote ancestors to live upon.

The head of the present family, although there were several brothers living, might be said to be Miss Pyecroft; who, with her two sisters, lived in a low stone house with a trim garden before it, at the farther end of the village. Perhaps it might be nearer the truth to say that there Miss Pyecroft reigned. She sat in her private parlour, enthroned on her high-backed chair; and when her fingers were weary, or her mind wanted relaxation, her eyes turned to one never-failing source of refreshment—the Pyecroft pedigree, which, enshrined in a black frame with an inner rim of gilding, hung over the tall mantelpiece: and, gazing thereon, the Pyecroft soul would gain fresh strength, and the cares and perplexities of the present fade away. Near it was a slender wand, wherewith Miss Pyecroft pointed out to select visitors her several progenitors, even as a schoolboy is wont to point out chief towns upon a map.

The pedigree was, in fact, Miss Pyecroft's compendium of geography and history. The various monarchs of England were marked in her mind by the particular Pyecroft who

flourished in their reigns, and the different counties by the families who had intermarried from them with the Pyecrofts.

"The Pyecrofts did *not* come over with the Conqueror," was Miss Pyecroft's preliminary remark; "they were in England already; and if there had been more of them, the Invasion might have been prevented. Thoroughly English as the Pyecrofts of the present day—Ah, I see your eye has caught the name of Guglielmus de Pyecroft," would she say to the unwary visitor. "Guglielmus de Pyecroft accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Crusades. He escaped the dangers of land and sea with much difficulty, and returned to die in the arms of his brother Henricus, who succeeded to the family estates. He is buried in Little Gormerton churchyard, where his tomb may be seen, mutilated by the touch of time and the hand of the miscreant. His time-worn effigy is deprived of the nose, the right foot, and three fingers of the left hand."

It was Miss Pyecroft's epitome of the Crusades, and she felt that it embraced all that should be known upon the subject; that somehow, by virtue of Pyecroft succession, such an intuition of the Crusades was transmitted to her as was not vouchsafed to the Browns and Smiths who had mastered the subject by diligent study of history, but had not had an ancestor serving in the army of the lion-hearted king.

"Gualterus de Pyecroft, judge, in the golden reign of good Queen Bess, is supposed to have been a patron of Coke, who was afterwards famous. In this reign, the family dropped the 'de' in their name. Reginald Pyecroft, *tempus* Charles the Martyr," continued Miss Pyecroft, who was a stout anti-republican; "Anna Sophia Elizabeth, a beauty at the court of the Merry Monarch; Francis Pyecroft, who by some means found himself at the battle of Dettingen, which gave his family a lift with the House of Hanover; Nicholas—"

But here Miss Pyecroft's historical reminiscences grew hazy. The Pyecrofts, having reached their culminating point, began to retrograde. Their lands went, their sons became degenerate scions. The tree evidently had outgrown its strength, and the later shoots were not remarkable for the vigour which had traditionally belonged to the earlier branches.

Nevertheless, Miss Pyecroft had, with unexampled diligence, rescued the intervening

Pycrofts from oblivion; and, surmounting the difficulties entailed by the comparative haziness of her grandfather and great-grandfather, had gallantly tacked them on to the main line, and had burst triumphantly through the cloud that had overhung the later fortunes of the Pycroft family, concluding the whole with the testimony—"Drawn out, revised, and certified by me, REBECCA PYECROFT." From which certificate, in the Pycroft mind, there could be no appeal.

Miss Pycroft's education had not been attended with advantages in youth; but she was a shrewd managing woman, with a good head for business, and an unlimited confidence in herself, which perhaps supplied the place of higher qualities, and caused her entirely to ignore deficiencies.

It is a great matter to be content with oneself—and Miss Pycroft was perfectly so with herself and surroundings. It had even been hinted that she had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, through being unable to make up her mind to forfeit the family name. This, however, the incredulous of Broadmead were inclined to consider as mythical, and to have no deeper foundation than a mere *on dit*, whose source no one could satisfactorily trace. Be this as it may, Miss Pycroft was Miss Pycroft still, and gloried in the fact.

Nothing unconnected with the Pycrofts had charms for the maiden head of the family, stout-hearted Englishwoman as she was. The Battle of Waterloo, indeed, was shorn of some of its lustre—in her eyes—since, after the strictest research, she had not been able to discover that a single member of the family had served under "The Duke." What the Pycrofts were doing she could not imagine.

"I was but a girl of thirteen in those days," she was wont to say; "and girls were more kept under than they are now, or there is no telling—"

And Miss Pycroft nodded her head, and left the sentence incomplete. Doubtless, in her own mind she felt that, if a Pycroft had been there, the tide would have been turned before the Prussians came up.

Very different from their sister were Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia. Letty and Sophy they called each other—but abbreviations were utterly repudiated by Miss Pycroft. Miss Pycroft was the eldest of the family, and several brothers and sisters came be-

tween herself and Letty and Sophia, upon whom she consequently looked as girls; whilst they, on their part, regarded her with a reverence that had had its share in raising her to the pinnacle of self-esteem on which she was placed.

Miss Letitia was short, stout, and dark. Miss Sophia was tall, light, and thin. They dressed alike, even to the pattern of their collars, just as they had done in their school days; and, through long habit, this practice had become a duty, the slightest infringement of which was absolutely painful. They were by no means equal to their sister in ability, and were perhaps more to each other on that account. They were inseparable, and leaned greatly upon one another. They were as unsophisticated as they had been in their earliest years, fond of gossip, and never weary of discussing the last engagement; and Diana's—which had become bruited abroad—was the present topic of unflagging interest. They had discussed it together in the privacy of their bed-rooms; they had discussed it in their rambles, in which they had more than once met John Carteret and Diana strolling along. But they had never yet ventured to mention it to Rebecca; for it was a point of etiquette in the Pycroft establishment, that no topic was ever suggested by the younger members. And Miss Pycroft never recognized any fact that had not come under her own immediate notice.

In the present case, no one of authority upon the subject had mentioned the engagement to her, neither had she happened to meet with Diana and John Carteret as she made her stately rounds of visits in the village; and out of the village Miss Pycroft rarely strayed. Therefore, Letty and Sophia were somewhat startled at the announcement that Miss Pycroft made, as they sat together in the drawing-room after dinner.

"I must make some move in order to bring this affair under my jurisdiction. As the young man is going to be our curate, it is right that I should signify my approval or disapprobation of the step of which, from many-tongued rumour, one hears vague hints."

"There can't be the least doubt about it," responded Letty, with alacrity, rejoiced to have an opportunity of hearing what Rebecca might have to say. "It's all settled; and Sophy and I have met them out walking, over and over again."

Miss Pycroft looked steadily over her spectacles at Miss Letitia.

"That is no proof," she said. "It might have been in the days when I was young; but in these days of uncircumspection, nothing can be argued from appearances. And Diana has always been so uncontrolled, and has done such odd things, that the fact you mention is unconfirmatory. Would that I could have obtained a hold over her, and have exercised such an influence over her as was needed. But she was too rebellious. The effort was attended with too much indecorum."

And Miss Pycroft drew herself up as she remembered several undignified situations into which her well-meant, but ill-timed, interference with Diana's prerogatives had betrayed her.

"Still," she continued, "I bear no enmity to the girl, and shall be glad of anything that may make her feel herself to be a responsible being."

"Mrs. Crawford says they're engaged," interposed Miss Sophia, who had been anxiously awaiting her opportunity.

"Why could you not say so before, Sophia?" inquired Miss Pycroft, a little sharply.

"I thought you never liked to have engagements spoken of until they had been officially communicated to you," replied Miss Sophia, in self-defence.

"Neither do I," returned Miss Pycroft. "You were quite right, Sophia; and I withdraw my remark, which was unreasonable. I am never above acknowledging myself to be in the wrong, when the fact is proved against me. You were quite justified by antecedental parallels in the course you pursued. But as Mrs. Crawford's name has slipped out in connection with this matter, it may be well to know when and where she informed you of this engagement."

"Last Sunday, after service, when you were complaining to Dr. Crawford of the undue length of Signor Neri's voluntaries. I told Letty as soon as ever we got home, and were taking off our bonnets, and we wondered whether we ought to tell you about it or not. But we decided that you would prefer hearing it from some one else."

"Unquestionably," returned Miss Pycroft, "Mrs. Seaton is the proper person to have announced it. It was due to me, as Miss Pycroft, to have had it formally made known, and I regard it as a great omission

on Mrs. Seaton's part; but she is strangely wanting in all the social amenities attendant upon society."

"They must have been engaged for at least three weeks," chimed in Miss Letty.

"I wonder what Mr. Jasper thinks of it," said Miss Sophy.

"I used to think that in time the guardian would marry his ward," answered Miss Letty.

"Two such tempers never could have got on together," responded Miss Sophy. "He's looked blacker than ever since his return from France."

"Perhaps it's the mourning that doesn't suit him," suggested Miss Letty.

"Perhaps it's jealousy," said Miss Sophy.

"La!" exclaimed Miss Letty, "I should never have thought of such a thing."

Miss Pycroft waved her hand.

"Girls," said she, "forbear. This is but scandal—mere idle gossip. I cannot permit it."

Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia, who had been carried beyond their usual reticence in the presence of their elder sister, were silent; and Miss Pycroft again spoke.

"Appearances being so decidedly in favour of the assumption that the engagement, which is becoming a matter of comment among all classes at Broadmead, is more than a mere report, I feel that it is incumbent upon me to sift it thoroughly, in order that I may recognize the fact. Mr. Carteret will doubtless be surprised that I have not already made it the subject of a congratulatory epistle. He is an amiable young man, and I should not wish to pain him. I shall take chocolate at Signor Neri's tomorrow. The Signora always knows all that is going on at the Manor House; and when we get upon Diana, her tongue is at once unloosed."

"Chocolate at Signor Neri's!" ejaculated Miss Letitia, in amazement.

"Chocolate at Signor Neri's," repeated Miss Pycroft, firmly. "The end justifies the means, and one must occasionally unbend. There is some proverb about a bow, which I do not exactly remember; but I know it would be applicable in the present case. I have often held out the hope to the Signora that I would one day partake of a cup of her favourite beverage. That time has now come."

"It will be all over Broadmead," exclaimed Miss Sophia.

"And if it is," responded Miss Pycroft, drawing herself up, "I hope a Pycroft is sufficient to wither the Broadmead gossip. Sophia and Letitia, there is one thing I have endeavoured, by precept and example, to impress upon you, though it would seem in vain. Condescension entails no loss of dignity. I do not say that *you* could take chocolate at Signor Neri's. I am aware that you could not. Loss of position, to a certain extent, would be the consequence. With me, the case is different."

Everything was always different with Miss Pycroft; and Miss Sophia and her sister had been accustomed to hearing it from childhood. Rebecca was like no other woman. Rebecca was one among a thousand. They had, in their foolishness, been more successful than the wise king in his wisdom, for they had found a woman whom they regarded as infallible. It was the great heterodoxy of their lives, though it would have been impossible to convince them of it. Rebecca was their pillar of faith. She had towered above them in childhood, in youth, in middle age; and they were following her as implicitly as ever now.

"La France, c'est moi," was not more comprehensive than Miss Pycroft's estimate of herself and her position in the world as a Pycroft. It carried her through much. It was a panacea for all the shortcomings in the fallen fortunes of the Pycrofts. She lived in an atmosphere of self-created importance, and it satisfied her.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH OUR HERO MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE REVEREND PORSON PLUNKETT, M.A.

IN our last chapter we left that respectable old personage, Mrs. Elizabeth Cribb, elevated in several respects: the athletic Mr. Pokyr having placed her and Mr. Golightly's leather-covered easy chair, in which she was quietly taking a snooze, on the table together. Mr. Calipee, making an unusual effort to be of service, produced some wax vestas from his waistcoat pocket; and striking one on the heel of his boot successfully, lighted the four candles on Mr. Golightly's mantelpiece, while Mr. Blaydes poured the contents of our hero's moderator lamp on the smouldering embers of his fire, and,

by dint of giving it a few vigorous and well-directed pokes, soon produced a blaze. Both fire and lights being thus satisfactorily procured at the same moment, the whole party of gentlemen gathered round the table, with the twofold intention of more minutely scrutinizing Mrs. Cribb's appearance than had been possible in the dark, and also of hearing what reply she would make to Mr. Pokyr's request that she would "wake up, and tell them all about it." Our hero, who was as yet unfamiliar with the habits of bed-makers and the easy freedom of their ways, was considerably astonished at finding Mrs. Cribb in such a state; and, judging from the way he stared at her, seemed hardly able to believe the evidence of his senses. The other gentlemen were amused, and not by any means amazed, for they had on several previous occasions, during their academical career, seen Mrs. Cribb in a condition very similar to the one in which she presented herself on the present occasion.

"I expect some day she will set the place on fire, and herself too," sagely observed Mr. Blaydes.

"Spontaneous combustion much more likely," suggested Mr. Chutney.

"She would burn like a brandy cask," said Blaydes.

"It is really wonderful, when we think of it," remarked Mr. Calipee, in his lugubrious way, "that there never are any fires in the colleges. I have many things I should not like to lose—and they are not insured," he added.

"Come, Cribb, old lady," said Mr. Pokyr, pushing the chair forward and pulling it back briskly a few times, "wake up, wake up!"

And he gave Mr. Golightly's chair a persistent wriggle that was calculated to leave its mark on his mahogany as long as it was a table.

"'Ere's the tooter a-comin'," shouted Mr. Blaydes, imitating the bedmaker's accents. "The old girl is frightened to death at Bloke."

"Here's Bloke—Bl-oke," cried the whole of the party in chorus.

Whether the name of the tutor, of whom she stood in awe, had a magic influence upon her sleepy ears, or whether the continued wriggling at the chair kept up by Mr. Pokyr made repose under the circumstances impossible, is uncertain; but at this juncture of affairs, Mrs. Cribb slowly opened first one

eye and then the other, at the same time rubbing both with her grimy knuckles.

"Sneek—John Sneek," she murmured, softly, relapsing into unconsciousness again.

"Two tumblers and an empty bottle," said Mr. Pokyr. "They have both been at your brandy, my boy."

And he shook the chair more vigorously than before. Again Mrs. Cribb unclosed her eyelids in a dreamy way.

"Where-ram-I?" she inquired, vacantly staring about her.

"You're all right," replied several of her auditors.

"Right-as-a-trivet. I'm-all-right—evenin'?"

"Oh, yes—you are out for the evening, Cribb. There's no mistake about that, I think."

The worthy old lady evidently caught at the idea, and having a voice much in request as a means of enlivening the bed-makers' tea parties and *soirées*, burst out into melody, leaning on the elbow of the chair for support—

"I'm a Chickaleary Cove, with my one, two, three."

Here, in an effort to mark time with her foot, she broke down, and collapsed again into the chair.

"Not a doubt about it," said Mr. Pokyr.

This musical attempt of Mrs. Cribb's was received with loud cries of "Sing!" and "Encore!"

In the midst of the noise, Mr. Sneek stuck in his honest physiognomy at the door.

"De-ar me!" he observed, pulling a suitably long face at the spectacle his coadjutor in the work of the staircase presented. "Now, what's she bin a doin' of? Forgettin' herself again, I see. Better let me take care of her, Mr. Pokyr, sir; though there'll never—though I say it myself—be no proper bedmaker on this staircase till my poor wife has Cribb's place—that there won't, gen'l-men. What a state she have been and made herself in!"

Mrs. Cribb having again become so drowsy that it was tolerably evident there was no more fun to be got out of her, Mr. Pokyr lifted her down again in the chair, and she was handed over to Mr. Sneek's care; who, assisted by her husband—who had come to look for her—conducted her to her abode, No. 7 in St. Mary's-row, just outside the college gates.

"Such," said Mr. Pokyr, giving our hero one of those hearty pats on the shoulder for

which he is justly famous—"such, my dear Golightly, are bedmakers."

"Are they never—dis-discharged on account of—" Mr. Samuel began.

"Well, I don't think such a crime, for instance, as—well, say manslaughter—would be looked over; but anything short of that they may do, and still enjoy their places for life, and—"

"Retire on a pension afterwards," interposed Mr. Jamaica Blaydes.

"I think, Golightly, if I were you," said Mr. Calipee, in an energetic manner, "I should fumigate that arm-chair before I sat in it again. I have some pastiles and also toilet vinegar in my rooms, which are at your service."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Samuel, gratefully. "Which had I better use, do you think?"

"Both," said Mr. Pokyr; "for, to my certain knowledge, Cribb never washes her gown more than once a term."

"And that makes three times a-year, you know," said Blaydes.

"I am rather hungry after all this," said Mr. Calipee. "There is some supper in my rooms, I believe."

The invitation of the Indian gentleman was cheerfully accepted by all the party; and, before long, they were joined by The O'Higgins, our hero's cousin George, and some others of their acquaintance. A very pleasant evening was spent, of which Mr. Samuel Golightly and Mr. Chutney were very properly made the heroes, considering the bold front they had both showed in the early part of the day. Their healths were drunk several times, in bumpers, before the evening was over.

Our hero was aroused next morning by Mr. Sneek's knocks at his bed-room door.

"Ha'-past nine, sir," said Mr. Sneek.

"Come in, Sneek," said his master, who did not feel quite himself; but whether this arose from the excitement consequent on fighting a duel, or from events subsequent to his engagement with Mr. Chutney, we are unable to state.

"Give me some soda-water, Sneek," said Mr. Samuel.

"B'ilers require water quite nat'ral," the gyp observed to himself, as he fetched the effervescent and reviving beverage from the gyp-room.

"Ha'-past nine, sir!" he said, as he

handed Mr. Samuel the tumbler. "I'll see about breakfast."

"All right, Sneek. I am going to get up at once."

"Now," said Mr. Golightly, meditatively contemplating his plump fingers, "I know I slept in my ring for something. I wanted to remind myself of something, but what it was I really forget."

All of a sudden, the truth flashed upon his mind. He had to attend the classical lecture of the Reverend Mr. Porson Plunkett at ten o'clock. He hastily took his tub, dressed; and, just as Sneek appeared

with breakfast from the kitchens, our hero, in his cap and gown, was ready to sally forth to the lecture.

"I must go to lecture," said he to the gyp. "There is the clock striking."

"Take a cup of coffee fust, sir, do," said Mr. Sneek. "Can't wait? Well, then, I'll keep the things hot. Mr. Plunkett's lecture, fust staircase, New Quad, right 'and."

With this remark, Mr. Sneek made a profound bow to his master, and proceeded to place the coffee-pot and poached eggs in the fender.

Mr. Samuel, feeling rather feverish and



THE REVEREND PORSON PLUNKETT'S LECTURE.

considerably nervous, took his seat at the table with several others of the freshmen of his year, who, like himself, were that morning about to make their first acquaintance with their classical lecturer. Mr. Golightly had previously attended one or two lectures on mathematical subjects, such as Euclid and algebra, where he had seen remarkable things done with a black board and a piece of chalk, and had been considerably mystified, and, it must be confessed, not in the least enlightened thereby. It had been the opinion of the Rector of Oakingham that the turn of his son's genius was rather towards

mathematics than classics; and at home, with Mr. Morgan to demonstrate the props of Euclid by cutting them out in note paper, and carefully piecing them together step by step, they were pleasant things enough; and Mr. Samuel undoubtedly entered the University with clear notions of what an angle was. But this early knowledge the college lecturer soon dispelled; and our hero was reluctantly compelled to behave with regard to props in general as one does with riddles—give them up. Mr. Samuel Golightly's experiences of mathematical lectures were a confused and ill-digested mixture of black

boards, a lump of chalk—which was always falling on the floor—and a gentleman in spectacles, with a duster in his hand—anything but the “draughts of spring water” spoken of by the author of “Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster,” who found out that “the first lessons in geometry and algebra” he received at college “were as draughts of spring water to lips dry with heat and cracked with sand.”

Though Mr. Samuel Golightly's lips, on the occasion of his first visit to Mr. Plunkett's rooms, were not literally “cracked with sand,” they were, in sober truth, very

dry; and when the reverend lecturer made his appearance, with unmistakable signs of eggs for breakfast on his face, our hero felt absolutely unwell. He had a new ordeal to go through; and having devoted the evening before to conviviality, had not read the chapter previously.

“What is your n-name, sir?” asked Mr. Porson Plunkett, who, like Mr. Samuel, stammered slightly.

“Go-go-golightly,” said our hero, nervously.

“Have I n-not had you here bef-fore, sir?”

“N-no, sir.”



“YOUR 'UMBLE SERVANT, GENTLEMEN.”

“The n-name of Golightly is in my class-book. What are your initials?”

“S-S. A., sir,” replied Mr. Samuel.

“Have you three names beginning with S?” asked the lecturer, hardly certain that our hero was not an impertinent and hardened freshman, trying to take him off for the amusement of the class.

“N-no, sir,” said our hero, much confused by the very short and angry manner of Mr. Porson Plunkett. “I st-stammer.”

“I p-perceive you do,” was the reply.

“Now, Mr. Smith, begin.”

Mr. Smith, who was quite a swell classic,

rattled off a sentence or two fluently enough. Some of the gentlemen present looked at their books, the while evidently calculating the “bit” that it would come to their turn to construe. Others looked about them quite unconcernedly, being well up in the subject; and one melancholy-looking individual took out his pocket-knife, and began to make little paper boxes, of the kind known as fly-traps, with great energy, crushing them up and throwing them under the table as fast as he made them—a pastime he pursued with a great display of perseverance and energy during the whole time the lecture lasted.

Mr. Golightly must be placed among the number first mentioned. With his usual sagacity, he had hit upon his own particular "bit" to a nicety. When his turn came, looking at him with unpleasant directness, the Reverend Porson Plunkett said—

"Mr. Golightly."

The subject of their studies was the work of the famous Latin historian. Our classical readers will, doubtless, at once recognize the following well-known passage, which Mr. Golightly read; and non-classical readers will not be much the worse off if they do not, as we propose to append a rendering of the same in the vulgar tongue:—

"Imperator ater tigris duxit copias suas in Campum Martium et aggerem—"

"Aggerem"—if you please. Thank you," said the lecturer, tartly.

Blushing slightly, as he corrected himself, Mr. Samuel went on—

"—Aggerem viae tres cohortes obtinuerunt."

Reading the Latin—with the exception of the quantities, at which he was not very good—was, of course, mere child's play to Mr. Golightly. Putting the English to it was the difficulty that next arose. Our hero proceeded to construe; a query first occurring to his mind—"Did it begin with the first word?" However, he took "Imperator" first, and risked the consequences.

"Imperator—"

"Well."

"The Emperor," said Mr. Samuel, boldly—for him. He did not mean it, but he spoke his thoughts aloud—"What comes next?"

The gentleman near him, who was quite a swell, answered him in a whisper, "'ater tigris.'"

"'Ater tigris.'"

There was an awkward pause on the part of our hero. He felt it would not do to call the Emperor a black tiger exactly. There was a slight titter all round the table, and Mr. Porson Plunkett said—

"Well!" accompanying that monosyllable with an expressive smile.

"The buttons in black," whispered our hero's prompter; and "'Buttons in black,'" Mr. Golightly said.

A general laugh followed, in which our hero joined himself.

"Jokes are quite out of place here, sir!" said the lecturer, who was very fond of making them himself when opportunities

arose, but very angry with anybody else who did so; therein resembling, in a smaller degree, several eminent judges on the bench at the present time.

"Mr. Popham," said Mr. Plunkett, "will you go on?"

Mr. Popham was a singularly stupid-looking young man who sat near Mr. Samuel, and apparently shared his ignorance of the author they were reading, and also his terror of classical lecturers in general.

"The Emperor," proceeded Mr. Popham, timidly—feeling that to be the only safe spot in the ground he had to traverse.

"'Ater tigris,'" said Mr. Porson Plunkett.

"'A black tiger,'" ejaculated Mr. Popham, quite defiantly, driven to bay, and heartily wishing the Emperor was down the tiger's throat.

"Well," observed Mr. Plunkett, "let us say 'a fierce tiger;' or, as we might render it in English, 'a very tiger.'"

"'Duxit copias suas'—led his forces,'" continued poor Mr. Popham, all in a breath; and then, after a momentary pause, he went on timidly, feeling he was on treacherous ground again, "'In Campum Martium—'"

"Yes—that is here. You have the same reading that we have, I suppose?"

"'In Campum Martium,'" repeated Mr. Popham slowly, and in a terrible fright at the frowns of Mr. Porson Plunkett and the smiles of his fellow undergraduates.

"Well—we got as far as that before, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Popham, drawing a long breath of relief, "'against the Field Marshal.'"

This reading by the light of nature was the signal for quite a roar.

"Hush, gentlemen, please!" said Mr. Plunkett. "Will you, Mr. Golightly, complete the translation of the sentence?"

Thus called upon, Mr. Samuel Adolphus was compelled to proceed, which he did as follows:—

"'Et aggerem viae tres cohortes obtinuerunt.'"

"You need not have troubled to read us the Latin again."

"And three cohorts took possession of the public road."

"Can't you give 'aggerem' a more literal meaning?"

Our hero looked nervously at his book.

"Mr. Popham?"

"'Public road,'" said Mr. Popham.

"We have had '*public*' before. Can you not suggest a more literal meaning?"

"'Public,'" said Mr. Popham, with stupid tenacity.

"Dear me, Mr. Popham, you'll ask me in a moment to believe that '*a-agger domus*' was a public-house by the side of the road!"

This smart sally of the Reverend Mr. Plunkett's was received with a laugh, which there was not the least necessity for repressing.

Neither Mr. Golightly nor Mr. Popham was called upon to construe again that morning; and each enjoyed the proceedings all the more for that reason. After the lecture was over, Mr. Popham made advances of a friendly kind to our hero. They were partners in misfortune.

"Will you eat some breakfast in my rooms?" asked Mr. Samuel, blandly.

"Thank you, I will—I have not breakfasted, as I was rather late this morning."

"I was late, too," remarked Mr. Samuel.

And, over their coffee and eggs, both gentlemen resolved never again to fall into the clutches of the Reverend Porson Plunkett, M.A., without devoting half an hour beforehand to looking up the matter they would be called upon to expound in so public a manner.

Our hero was giving his friend, Mr. Popham, a succinct but graphic account of the extraordinary condition in which he had found his bedmaker, Mrs. Cribb, on the occasion of his return from Newmarket—at the same time carefully suppressing in his narrative any evidence of his reason for going there—when his gyp put in an appearance to remove the breakfast things.

"Cribb is not here this mornin', sir," said Mr. Sneek, bustling about and blowing heavily. "All the work of the staircase left to me. Now, my wife—"

"Mrs. Cribb was in a disgraceful state last night," said Mr. Golightly; "and I hope I shall never see her so again."

"I hope not, sir; but what we heard upset us both, sir—doole," said the gyp, knowingly. "Delighted to see you safe back, sir, I was. But Betsy *is* apt to forget herself, it can't be denied."

"I hope she will never do so again."

"Mine seems a good sort of bedmaker," observed Mr. Popham.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Sneek, with great alacrity; "are you the new gentleman on letter X staircase?"

"I am," said Mr. Popham.

"Bedmaker on that staircase most exemplary woman—first cousin of my own, sir! Beg your pardon, sir," said the gyp to Mr. Samuel; "rare job with Cribb last night, gettin' her home. I did it, though," he added, with an air of merit unquestionable.

"Yes," said our hero, not precisely apprehending the drift of his gyp's remarks on this score.

"Heavy job it was, sir, I assure you: I wouldn't tell you a story about it. Ha!—past eleven, sir—buttery's open. Pint of ale wouldn't hurt me—it wouldn't!"

Mr. Samuel at once gave Mr. Sneek the requisite order for a quart of buttery beer, on a slip of paper.

"Thank you, sir. Your 'umble servant, gentlemen," Mr. Sneek said, as Mr. Golightly and Mr. Popham sallied forth, leaving Mr. Sneek with leisure on his hands to convert his order into "college"—an opportunity he availed himself of without one second's delay.

THE MOABITE STONE.

OUR readers must have met with so many notices of the Moabite Stone, that we should have thought it necessary to preface the present article with an apology, were it not that Dr. Ginsburg has very recently issued a work on it, which is more complete than anything we have previously seen, and equals in interest anything, perhaps, that we have ever read. Its principal contents are a fac-simile of the original inscription, with an English translation; the history of the discovery of the Stone; the restoration and present condition of the text; the relation of the inscription to the Biblical narrative; its historical, theological, and linguistical bearings; the literature of the Stone; a commentary on the text; the various translations which have been given by different scholars; and a vocabulary.

The present paper is mainly based on Dr. Ginsburg's work, and aims at giving a popular account of the celebrated Stone, with its teachings and suggestions.

In the summer of 1868, the Rev. F. Klein undertook a journey from Es-Salt to Kerak, over a country which has been very little visited by Europeans during the present century. On August 19th, he reached Dibân—about thirteen miles east of the

Dead Sea, and forty-two miles south-eastward from Jerusalem—where he was informed that, scarcely ten minutes' distance from his tent, there was a large black Stone of basalt. It proved forty-one inches high, twenty-one in width and in thickness, rounded to nearly a semicircle both at top and bottom; and it contained an inscription of thirty-four lines, running across it, at about an inch and a quarter apart.

Though he did not understand the import or importance of the inscription, Mr. Klein felt it to be desirable that the Stone should be secured for some European museum; and Dr. Petermann, of Berlin, to whom he described it, endeavoured to get possession of it for his government.

The Moabites, who up to this time had regarded it as a charm merely, having learned that a Frank—as they call every European—was desirous of obtaining it, determined, like good men of business, to have more than one bidder, in order to get a higher price; and, a few weeks after Mr. Klein's visit, a man from Kerak came to Captain Warren, the agent of the Palestine Exploration Society, at Jerusalem, to inform him of the existence of the Stone. Captain Warren, however, knowing that the Prussian Consul had moved in the matter, did not feel himself at liberty to interfere.

In the spring of 1869, Dr. Barclay, an Englishman, informed Captain Warren, and M. Clermont-Ganneau, of the French Consulate at Jerusalem, that the Prussians had done but little towards securing the relic; and surprised them by stating that no "squeeze," or copy of the inscription, had been taken. Though the Englishmen felt that it mattered little whether the Stone got to Berlin, London, or Paris, they called on Mr. Klein to ascertain what progress had really been made in the matter.

M. Ganneau, however, employed several agents to obtain "squeezes," and actually offered £375 for the Stone itself. The Governor of Nablûs, hearing there was a Stone at Dibân for which a large sum of money had been offered, endeavoured to obtain the prize for himself; but the Moab-

ites, sooner than give it up, put a fire under it, and then cold water on it, so that the Stone broke. The bits they distributed among the different families, to place in the granaries, where they were to act as blessings on the corn; and in November, 1869, Captain Warren, whilst on his journey from Lebanon to Jerusalem, was met by a person who not only told him of the fate of the Stone, but gave him one of the pieces. Nearly two-thirds of the relic are now in the possession of M. Ganneau and the Palestine Exploration Society—the former having twenty fragments, and the latter eighteen.

Taking each line to average ten words, the entire inscription must have consisted of 300 words and about 1,100 letters. One of M. Ganneau's fragments contains 150 letters, another 358, a third 38, and the remaining seventeen contain 67; whilst the eighteen small fragments in the possession of the Palestine Exploration Society contain 56 letters; making a total of 669 letters out of the 1,100.

As already stated, M. Ganneau sent qualified persons to take a "squeeze" whilst his negotiations for the Stone itself were pending, and before it was broken. Unfortunately, however, the Arabs, who seemed not to have been able to determine their exact partnership in the relic, fought over it whilst the impression was being taken—so that it was imperfectly done, and saved with difficulty; for, having been taken off whilst wet, it got torn and crumpled in drying, and ultimately reached M. Ganneau in seven pieces.

It is obvious that the text at present in the hands of scholars necessarily contains lacunæ, which, it is believed, consist of about 35 entire words, 15 half-words, and 18 letters. They occur not only at the end, but in the middle of all the lines except six, which are perfect.

The inscription has been translated into German, French, and English, by several eminent Orientalists, some of whom have ventured to fill a few of the lacunæ. The following is Dr. Ginsburg's translation:—

- 1 I Mesha am son of Chemoshgad King of Moab, the
- 2 Debonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned
- 3 after my father. And I erected this Stone to Chemosh at Kahara [a Stone of]
- 4 [Sa]lvation, for he saved me from all despoilers and let me see my desire upon all my enemies,
- 5 and Om[ri], king of Israel, who oppressed Moab many days, for Chemosh was angry with his

- 6 [la]nd. His son succeeded him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my days
 he said, [Let us go]
 7 and I will see my desire on him and his house, and Israel said, I shall destroy it for
 ever. Now Omri took the land
 8 Medeba and occupied it [he and his son and his son's] son, forty years. And Chemosh
 [had mercy]
 9 on it in my days; and I built Baal Meon, and made therein the ditch and I [built]
 10 Kirjathaim. For the men of Gad dwelled in the land [Ataro]th from of old, and the
 K[ing of I]srael fortified
 11 A[t]aroth, and I assaulted the wall and captured it, and killed all the wa[rriors of]
 12 the wall, for the well-pleasing of Chemosh and Moab; and I removed from it all the
 spoil, and [of]
 13 fered] it before Chemosh in Kirjath; and I placed therein the men of Siran and the
 me[n of Zereth]
 14 Shachar. And Chemosh said to me, Go take Nebo against Israel. [And I]
 15 went in the night, and I fought against it from the break of dawn till noon, and I took
 16 it, and slew in all seven thousand [men, but I did not kill the women
 17 and maidens,] for [I] devoted [them] to Ashtar-Chemosh; and I took from it
 18 [the ves]sels of Jehovah and cast them down before Chemosh. And the King of
 Israel fortif[ied]
 19 Jahaz, and occupied it, when he made war against me; and Chemosh drove him out
 before [me and]
 20 I took from Moab two hundred men, all chiefs, and fought against Jahaz, and took it,
 21 in addition to Dibon. I built Karcha, the wall of the forest, and the wall
 22 of the city, and I built the gates thereof, and I built the towers thereof, and I
 23 built the palace, and I made the prisons for the men of . . . with [in the]
 24 wall. And there was no cistern within the wall in Karcha, and I said to all the people.
 Make for yourselves
 25 every man a cistern in his house. And I dug the ditch for Karcha with the [chosen]
 men of
 26 [I]srael. I built Aroer and I made the road across the Arnon,
 27 I built Beth-Bamoth, for it was destroyed; I built Bezer, for it was cu[t down]
 28 by the fifty m[en] of Dibon, for all Dibon was now loyal; and I sav[ed]
 29 [from my enemies] Bikran, which I added to my land, and I bui[lt]
 30 [Beth-Gamul], and Beth-Diblathaim, and Beth-Baal-Meon, and I placed there the
 Mo[abites]
 31 [to take possession of] the land. And Horonaim . . . dwelt therein . . .
 32 And Chemosh said to me, Go down, make war against Horonaim, and ta[ke it] . . .
 33 Chemosh in my days
 34 year and I . . .

It is obvious that the monument records three great events in the reign of Mesha, the King of Moab: His wars with Omri, King of Israel, and his successors; his public works; and his wars against the Hownaim, or the Edomites. Our interest, of course, centres in the first; and, in order to a clear understanding of the relations of Moab to Israel, we turn now to the Biblical narrative.

The Moabites, as our readers are aware, were the descendants of Moab, the son of Lot, grandnephew of Abraham, and second cousin of Jacob, the father of the Israelites (Gen. xix. 37, and xi. 27). Before the Israelites went up out of Egypt, the Moab-

ites had settled in the land east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, as far north as the River Jabbok, whence they had driven out the people known to them as the Emims (Deut. ii. 11). In turn, they were dislodged by the Amorites from the country lying between the Jabbok on the north, and the River Arnon on the south, after which the latter was their northern boundary (Num. xxi. 13—26; Judges, xi. 18). The portion of the country immediately north of the Arnon, and adjacent to the Salt or Dead Sea, continued to be known as the Plains of Moab, in token of its former possessors (Deut. xxxiv. 1; and Joshua, xiii. 32).

Though the Israelites, when conquering

their Promised Land, in obedience to Divine command, left the Moabites in undisturbed possession of the country they then held (Deut. ii. 9; Judges, xi. 15—18; 2 Chron. xx. 10); Balak, the King of Moab, fearing a hostile attempt after the Amorites had been conquered, hired Balaam to curse the Israelites; but he could only utter prophetic blessings on them (Num. xxii., xxiii., xxiv.).

On the division of the Promised Land, the district east of the Jordan, between the Jabbok and the Arnon—which, as has been stated, the Amorites had previously wrested from the Moabites—was assigned to Reuben and Gad; the former taking the southern, and the latter the northern portion (Num. xxxii. 33—38; Joshua, xiii. 15—28). The Arnon, therefore, separated the lands of Reuben and Moab. The following are enumerated amongst the cities of the two trans-Jordanic tribes of Israel:—Aroer, Ataroth, Baal-Meon, Beth-Baal-Meon, Dibon, Elealeh, Heshbon, Jahaz, Jazer, Kirja-thaim, Medeba, Nebo, Sibmah, and Zareth-shahar.

Early in the period of the Judges, Eglon, the King of Moab, aided by the Ammonites and Amalekites, conquered the Israelites, who served him eighteen years, and were ultimately freed by Ehud, the Benjamite (Judges, iii. 12—30). The Book of Ruth shows a period of friendliness between the two peoples, in which Elimelech, of the tribe of Judah, went with his family to sojourn in Moab, during a famine in Israel; and thereby led to Ruth, the Moabitess, becoming an ancestress of David.

Saul, the first King of Israel, fought against all his enemies, on every side, including Moab—who, indeed, heads the list. During Saul's reign, David, whilst dwelling with his malcontents in the Cave of Adullam, took his parents to Moab, and placed them under the protection of its king; and they dwelt with him all the while David was in the hold (1 Sam. xxii. 3, 4). Upwards of twenty years afterward, David—but why is not stated—made war on the Moabites, put two-thirds of them to death, whilst the rest became his servants, and brought gifts (2 Sam. viii. 2, and 1 Chron. xviii. 2). Amongst the "many strange women" that King Solomon loved, there were women of the Moabites (1 Kings, xi. 1); and such was their influence, as to induce him to build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that was before Jerusalem (*ib.*, 7, 33; and 2 Kings, xxiii. 13).

About 930 B.C., Omri was made King of Israel by the soldiery. In 919 B.C., he was succeeded by his son Ahab, who died in 896 B.C.; when his son Ahaziah ascended the throne, to be succeeded by his brother Jehoram, or Joram, the next year. On the death of Ahab, about a century after that of David, Mesha, the King of Moab, rebelled against the King of Israel, to whom he had to render an hundred thousand lambs, and an hundred thousand rams, with the wool.

That Jehoram thought Moab a valuable tributary and a powerful enemy may be inferred from the facts that he resolved on its re-subjugation; and, having numbered all his people, deemed it prudent to secure the aid of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and of the King of Edom; and also that, instead of taking a direct route, the allies reached the enemy by fetching a compass of seven days' journey through the wilderness of Edom. The allied armies, successful at first, did their utmost to destroy the country through which they advanced, and at length shut up the Moabites in the city of Kir-haraseth. Mesha, having, with seven hundred men who drew swords, made an unsuccessful attempt to break his way through, took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall. And there was great indignation against Israel; and they departed from him, and returned to their own land (2 Kings, iii.).

During the reign of Jehoshaphat—but whether before or after the war just mentioned appears to be open to question—the Moabites, Ammonites, and Edomites invaded Judah; but, quarrelling amongst themselves, left to the Jews the easy task of stripping their dead bodies of an abundance of riches and precious jewels (2 Chron. xx.). In the reign of Jehoash, or Joash (839—823 B.C.), bands of the Moabites invaded the land of Israel.

Isaiah, whose prophetic career is supposed to have extended from 759 to 713 B.C., and therefore from 136 to 182 years after Mesha's rebellion, devotes his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters to the *Burden of Moab*, in which he foretells great afflictions which were to befall the land; and mentions the following as Moabish cities—which, as we have seen, are in Deuteronomy and Joshua spoken of as belonging to Reuben and Gad: Dibon, Elealeh, Hesh-

bon, Jahaz, Jazer, Medeba, Nebo, and Sibmah.

On comparing the foregoing sketch with the narrative of the Stone, there can be no doubt that the Omri of one is the Omri of the other. Israel had not two kings of that name. Moreover, the two narratives concur in placing a Moabitish rebellion against Israel in the times of the Omri dynasty. Hence there can be no difficulty in fixing the date of the Stone. The inscription states that the subjugation of Moab lasted forty years, and began and ended in Mesha's days. As it is improbable that his reign exceeded this period by many years, the monument cannot be more modern than 880 B.C.; and is, therefore, the most ancient specimen of alphabetical writing yet discovered.

It has not been unnaturally concluded from the Biblical account—or, rather, the Biblical silence—that Moab remained in subjection to Israel from the time of David to that of Jehoram. The Moabite Stone, however, shows that it was re-subjugated by Omri; consequently, it had attained its freedom prior to the commencement of his reign—possibly during that of Solomon, and through the influence of his Moabitish wives—or, perhaps, on the division of the Jewish kingdom in the time of Rehoboam.

To account for the fact that the allies departed from Mesha, and returned to their own land, notwithstanding all their previous successes against him, it has usually been supposed that they were influenced by pity for, and not the anger of, the Moabites; which, to say the least, was not the ordinary course of the Israelites when engaged in war. Thus, Josephus, when speaking of the offering up of the Prince of Moab on the wall of Kir-haraseth, says, "Whom, when the kings saw, they commiserated the distress that was the occasion of it; and were so affected, in the way of humanity and pity, that they raised the siege, and every one returned to his own house" (*Antiq.* ix., iii., s. 2). The Moabite Stone gives another, and far more probable, version of the affair. The principal event which it was intended to record was, the defeat of the allies, and the deliverance of Moab from an oppression that must be seen to have been severe, when it is remembered that the entire territory paying the annual tribute of an hundred thousand lambs, and an hundred thousand rams, with the wool, is estimated as not so

large as the county of Huntingdon, the area of which is 230,865 statute acres. This version, moreover, harmonizes well with the power of Moab—which, we have seen, was recognized by the King of Israel.

Such, also, was the power of Mesha, as to enable him not merely to throw off the Israelitish yoke, but to take possession of a considerable portion of territory beyond the Arnon; for we learn, from the inscription, that he built (or rebuilt) several north Arnonic towns—such as Aroer, Baal-Meon, Beth-Baal-Meon, Beth-Bamoth, Beth-Diblahthaim, Bezer, Karcha, and Kirja-thaim; captured Ataroth, Dibon, Jahaz, and Nebo; fortified some of them, and placed a Moabitish population in some; added Bikran to his land, and made a road across the Arnon. Respecting these conquests, the Bible is silent—just as Mesha says nothing respecting the success of the allies at the beginning of the war, or of the straits to which they reduced him in Kir-haraseth; thus showing that history has always been written in pretty much the same way.

"The differences between the two narratives," says Dr. Ginsburg, "are such as might be expected in two records of the same events from two hostile parties, and are far less striking than the conflicting descriptions given by the English and French of the Battle of Waterloo; by the English, French, and Russians of the capture of Sebastopol; by the Prussians and Austrians of the Battle of Sadowa; or by the French and Germans of the Battle of Woerth." But, though the actual narrative is silent on these conquests, Isaiah, as we have seen, fully recognizes the fact that at least some of the towns mentioned in the inscription, as well as several other Reubenite and Gadite towns, were in his day in the possession of Moab. Whether they had so remained from the time of Mesha, we have no means of determining at present.

Dr. Ginsburg infers—from the statement in the inscription, "I took from it [Nebo] the vessels of Jehovah, and cast them down before Chemosh"—that the vessels used in the service of Jehovah were actually used in that of Chemosh; and that, therefore, the special part of the ritual for which they were designed was common to the religion both of the Hebrews and of the Moabites. Though the fact may be as he supposes, we think his inference somewhat forced. The trophies of war sometimes hung in Christian churches,

can scarcely be said to be used in Christian worship.

Amongst the Jews, the pronunciation of the name Jehovah was, as we are told by Biblical students, only allowed in the priestly benediction, and that any layman who pronounced it forfeited his life in this world and in the next. That this reverence for the sacred names dates very far back is evident from the fact that it is never employed in the Septuagint (298 B.C.), the Apocrypha, or the New Testament. According to tradition, the pious horror of pronouncing it obtained in the time of Moses; but the occurrence of the name on the Moabite Stone shows that it was so far used by the Israelites in the time of Mesha that he took it as the characteristic name of the Jewish National Deity.

With very few exceptions, ancient writings have no division of words; and it has been maintained, from analogy, that the books of the Old Testament followed the general rule. In the Moabite inscription, however, the most ancient specimen of alphabetical writing known, and whose language approximates to the Hebrew far more closely than does even the Phœnician, the words are divided by points, and the text into verses by vertical strokes. Hence, if analogy is to guide us, it must be concluded that the Hebrews resembled their relatives in this particular. It may be added, that this is in harmony with the Synagogue Scrolls.

In the forms of the different parts of speech, the Moabite Stone resembles the Hebrew much more closely than the Phœnician does; and in their syntax the first two are identical, but differ materially from the third. The whole vocabulary of the Stone exists in the Hebrew Scriptures.

Herodotus states that the Phœnicians who came with Cadmus introduced letters into Greece, but says nothing about their number. Pliny declares that the Cadmean alphabet consisted of sixteen letters; that Palamedes, at the time of the Trojan war, added four more; and that Simonides, the lyric poet, added a like number; but that, according to Aristotle, there were originally eighteen letters. Hence, some have concluded that the original Semitic alphabet contained only sixteen letters. Now, the Moabite Stone, having an age of about 900 B.C.—and the alphabet employed in its inscription is undoubtedly older still—contains twenty-two letters, of which five are actually

among the so-called post-Cadmean characters. The ancient Semitic alphabet, therefore, contained twenty-two letters, which were altogether adopted by the Greeks.

As there are many points in Old Testament history on which further information is devoutly to be wished, we cannot conclude this brief paper without expressing the not unreasonable hope that other Moabite stones may yet be discovered; and we shall be delighted to find amongst them one stating why David made war on the people who, a few years before, and at his request, afforded those dearest to him a shelter so long as it was needed.

ONE OF TWO ;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LI.

Dutch. Yet staid; heaven gates are not so highly arched
As princely palaces. They that enter there
Must go upon their knees.

The Dutchesse of Malfy, actus iv., scena ii.

MR. WADE, as she uttered the words, "*He is a murderer!*" shut her closed eyelids more tightly than before, and shuddered, as if she saw a vision of dreadful import.

Edgar Wade, terribly excited, stood and looked at the dying woman, and said not a word. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes lustrous. His whole frame and face betokened strong emotion.

The rest of the company showed little heed of what the poor woman said, and paid more attention to her than to her words.

Dr. Richards supported her with his strong arm, holding some wine to her lips, and soothing her in his gentle way; for the little man, like a little child, was as tender-hearted as he was clever.

"Well, you must be quiet a little, now; you are excited. Do not open your eyes. Even the little light we have now will do you harm. Be silent. You may mutter some prayers, if you like—they will do you good, very likely."

That prayer had any other efficacy than that of dulling the senses—as schoolboys count before they go to sleep—the scientific doctor never dreamed; but he was quite ready to use it as a narcotic.

"In the world of science, my dear sir," said the doctor to one of his friends,

"everything has its use—even crime; and, if you will have it, the folly of faith!"

"Oh, doctor! how can you say so? You, who are so good."

"Which faith, my dear sir?" asked the sly little man. "There are four hundred and seventy-nine distinct religions in this world; and, of course, I only meant one of them."

But the doctor's works were better than his faith. He was always ready to help the poor or the afflicted, to save those in trouble, to do all that he could for the sick without money, as well as the sick with it. His heart was devoted to science—he was a worshipper of truth; and many a saint by profession might have taken a lesson from his life.

The dying woman heard his words, and smiled; and then spoke again.

"I do not want to be silent now. I have spoken, and would speak more; and yet, how dangerous is the tongue—how well should we watch it! You heard me call my son a murderer, just now: it was a mother's hasty word. And, alas! my Edgar"—here she turned towards him mysteriously, as if she could see through those transparent closed lids, which were so thin that they showed in more strong contrast the largeness of the orbs beneath them—"alas, my Edgar! you have indeed planted thorns in the heart that you should have guarded and shielded. May Heaven forgive you, as I do now! My balm of comfort has turned but to bitterness. The hope with which I nursed you when you were a child failed me when you grew a man. Come to me. Kiss me."

The smile which wreathed the lips of the speaker was one of those peculiarly sweet and saintly smiles so seldom seen, and so hard to describe. It was full of forgiveness, of love, of intercession even—of high feeling, far above the passions of this world—of strength, and yet of weakness. Good women, weakly struggling against cruel and brute strength, often shed such smiles upon their masters; and it is to be noted that these dumb and meek replies have the power of irritating those to whom they are given more than strong words or heavy blows.

Edgar Wade stood up at the side of the bed; and to the kneeling nurse, the doctor, and the Earl—who had fallen down as if in prayer—he seemed to tower above the poor dying woman, as the following words seemed

suddenly to leap from his mouth—to be, indeed, wrung from him:—

"I call you all here to witness and to remember the words I reply to the mad woman who lies there. I distinctly disown the relationship she seeks to establish. The Earl here knows how cruelly I have been used—how my youth has been wasted, and my manhood blasted, by crimes and follies antecedent to my birth, and over which I could have no possible control. I shall stand upon my own right. I am full of trouble and anxiety—there is no man more to be pitied than I am. But I again warn you to place no credence upon what this lady has said. I have evidence to show that there has been a conspiracy to defraud me of my rights. I deny totally that I am her son, and I shall take measures to establish that fact at the earliest moment possible."

The same sad smile continued for some time, as the hurried words fell upon Mrs. Wade's ear; but it faded quickly out when they came to an end. The nursing Sister had pressed more closely to the invalid, and had placed in her hands a small crucifix. Dr. Richards held up his hand to the speaker, as if warning him to be silent. The Earl pressed his gray head more closely to his sheltering hands; and Winifred closed her eyes, as if by that means she could shut out the cruel scene.

When Edgar Wade paused, the dying woman said, in a very soft and humble tone—a tone which seemed to convey to all who heard, that all hope in this world was gone—

"Edgar, Edgar!—alas, what have you said?"

"That which I know and believe," cried the barrister, as if the answer were wrung from him. "I wish to Heaven that any of those present could be in my place for one moment—could feel the icy desolation in which I have dwelt for years—could know the sad brooding over wrong, the torment which has pursued me, the restlessness which my fate has begotten. Farewell for ever! From this time forth I see you no more—you, who have been my nurse in childhood, my companion in boyhood, my bane and curse in all!"

In a moment he was gone: the room was empty of his presence. The little company felt a strange relief. The nursing Sister rose from her knees; the doctor again attended

to his patient; the Earl and Winnifred seemed to breathe more freely.

Poor, dying Mrs. Wade pressed the emblem of her faith, which the Sister had left in her hands, more closely to her lips. She breathed now with some difficulty; tears gathered under the transparent eyelids, and fell upon the dim and wasted face. She murmured—

“Pity me, oh, Heaven! Alas! he is lost. Oh, Edgar!—my son, my son!”

The words found an echo in the heart of the Earl of Chesterton, who, moving towards the sufferer, placed his hand gently upon hers.

The effect seemed to be electrical. The memory—that wondrous quality which our philosophy cannot fathom nor analyze—recalled the never-forgotten touch of that hand, which seemed to cheer her now as it had cheered her in happier times.

The poor, sad face looked for a brief moment brighter and happier; the life, now flagging and becoming wearied of its long fight with death, came for a minute back, with greater power and with fuller pulses. The voice, sweet and low as ever, was stronger as it spoke.

“My Philip, are you here? Ah, well I know it! You were my joy and delight in the beginning of my life—indeed, I never lived until I knew you, nor at all to this world save in that short delirium of happiness your presence gave; and now you are my solace and my comfort—now, when I am about to set out alone upon a long voyage, dark and dreary it may be, but wherein I know that I shall reach a haven of rest. Rest!—it is all I want, my Philip. I forgive you—forgive me, too. Look with love upon my weaknesses; for love itself is wisdom, and the time will come when empty, worldly, cruel knowledge will be lost in love.”

“I pray God for that good time, Eugenie,” said the Earl, with a broken voice. “Poor stricken bird, so much sinned against and so little sinning! Alas! how have you been punished for these long years, suffering and alone! But you alone have not suffered. As I, too, bore my share of sin—the far greater and more hateful share, for the part I so unworthily played—so, Heaven is my witness, I have not been without its punishment. The world knew nothing of it; but it was more bitter because I bore it alone, and unknown to all.”

The thin hand which lay under that of the Earl was gently turned upward to his own, and clasped his somewhat firmly—as if to convey, even at the last, some comfort and some love.

“You forgive me, Eugenie? I know you do. Alas! what weight of sorrow and of cruelty you have to forgive. You ask my forgiveness! I have nothing to forgive—nothing but now to return your love, and to bless you and pray for you as you die. You are happy in dying: we are all miserable that live. Oh! Eugenie, Eugenie!—my first, my only love, would that I could die in peace, as you do now!”

He was silent. The gold watch in the doctor's pocket was heard ticking, at its busy task of numbering the minutes of this mortal life, in which we make so loud a cry and so busy a to-do.

The invalid, who had bestowed the last warm pressure on the hand of him she loved, suddenly withdrew it, and pressed to her lips, with both thin hands, the crucifix of the Sister. The doctor watched her face more closely. He nodded his head to the Earl, who had arisen, as much as to say—“The change has come. Science is of no use now. Here is One against whom that cannot struggle.”

Winnifred arose too, and placed her soft, warm hand upon the cold, thin hands that held the crucifix; but, gazing upon the face, the tears—which had been falling fast from the young wife's eyes—stopped, as she saw the change come over the features of her more than widowed sister.

The nurse had arisen too; and, with holy but unmoved countenance, repeated the prayers of her Church for the parting soul. Blessings upon that Faith which never deserts the worn and wearied, the sick and the dying, the weak and bruised; which attends us upon the threshold of this world—into which we come naked and crying—and is not absent from us when we go forth, beaten and defeated it may be, but released from our burdens!

As the pack which Christian wore upon his shoulders—a sore and heavy weight, grievous to be borne—fell away from him when he reached the Delectable Mountains, so from this poor dying sinner, guilt, sin, and the troubles of the world rolled away. Her features regained a placid, a contented, and even a joyful look—joyful with surprise, as if some vast curtain of dark mist had

rolled away, and she could see something beyond that was beautiful and bright.

A slight shudder shook her frame, and this returned three times, each seemingly more strong than the other; and then the same sweet smile with which she had greeted her son returned, but without the patient suffering that she had before expressed.

Then again came a deeper and more sudden shudder. The eyes slowly opened, the smile died away, the features were composed and at peace; but the wide, deep, liquid eyes, so fixedly gazing, saw nothing. Eugenie Wade had ceased to belong to this world of trouble!

"She is dead," said the doctor. "I foresee how it would be. If she had been quite alone, may be, she might have lived for some hours. But was it worth while? Poor thing, she must have suffered!"

He took one of the hands as he spoke this, and he said what he had to say—good fellow as he was, and much used to death-bed scenes—with tears in his eyes, and lifted it gently up: it fell a dead weight upon the cross which it had clasped.

The Sister ceased from her prayers, and, crossing the hands upon the breast, placed the crucifix between them.

The Earl stooped down and kissed the dead forehead of her whom he had so passionately loved; and Winnifred took his hand, and led him from the room.

"Come with me, my lord," she said. "This is no place for us now."

Suddenly she turned; and, running to the nursing Sister, took her two hands in hers, and drawing her towards her, gave a sweet, long, thankful kiss.

"You will remain here for a time, I know," she said.

The Sister silently nodded, and returned the kiss which seemed to add some warmth to her life.

"And you, doctor"—Winnifred spoke in a whisper, as we do in the presence of the newly dead; as if Death, still lingering over his victim, could hear us, and might be reminded of our presence, and would strike us too—"And you, doctor—will you come with us?"

The doctor had done all that humanity could accomplish, and now said that he was ready.

The nursing Sister smoothed the face of the dead, and closed the eyes, which were

clouded over now; opened the window, placed a vase of flowers before an image of the Saviour which stood upon the dressing-table; and, kneeling down before that simple and temporary altar, offered up a prayer—not for herself, but for the soul that had so lately escaped from its prison of the flesh.

THE BROOK.

EVER impetuous, ever on rushing, the brook
amongst boulders

Dashes along; all heedless of hindrances, reckless
of method,

Hewing a path by its might and activity. What
can withstand it?

Fretfully wearing the granite away that opposeth its
progress,

Racing in rapids or swirling in shallows, its course
it pursueth,

Leaving the foam of its speed on its flanks, as a
hard-ridden courser:

Foam that is gathered in hollows, like traces of
winter unmelted.

Sworn and unruly to-day, it rejecteth the beauty
transparent;

Scorneth the melody soft of the babbling that yester-
terday charmed us.

Musical still, though uproarious. Now in its pride
it assumeth

Majesty's milk-white robe; and its jewels are pearls:
so it seemeth

Something more solid and potent than water, but
lately so limpid.

Why then embody the spirit that guides as a maiden
reclining,

Pensively tilting an urn; or in tears that give birth
to a fountain?

Never so listless and foolish the daughters of moun-
tain and mist are.

Ocean and sun are their grandsires; and air, the
unmeasured, their birthplace.

Rivers and lakes are their children, and worthy of
parents and offspring,

Roam they like Dian of old, exulting in vigour and
beauty.

Surely the torrent is conscious of pleasure, so merry
it seemeth—

Pleasure that motion engenders in ev'ry thing ani-
mate: else why

Revels a man in the speed of his courser, or feels a
delightful

Tide of emotion upwelling within him, whenever he
rowing

Maketh his craft leap lightly and truly, or leisurely
watcheth

Curling away from the bows of his sail-driven bark
riven billows?

Why doth the lark fly skyward and startle the air
with its joyance?

Why do the myriad insects, so madly and wantonly
darting,

Weave their mysterious dances, and each give the
note of their pleasure?

Wherefore the laughter of trees when stirr'd by the
breath of the Zephyr?

Strange it may be, yet certain, that motion enhanceth
existence.

This is the maddening joy of the torrent, inspiring a rapture
Deeper than pleasure of sight or of hearing in all
who behold it.

TABLE TALK.

WE read that there has been a meeting of schoolmasters, to consider the propriety of changing the pronunciation of Latin, as heretofore customary in public schools and at the Universities. The question has long been agitated amongst scholars, but never satisfactorily solved. We English have our own way of pronouncing the language of Horace and Cicero; foreign nations have theirs—naturally, altogether different; although it is an error to assume that the foreign pronunciation of Latin is uniform. To some extent this is the case, as in the pronunciation of the vowels *a*, *e*, and *i*—*a* being pronounced as *ah*, *e* as *a*, and *i* as *e*. But here the parallel ceases. French, Germans, Italians, all pronounce Latin—with the single exception of the vowels—according to the rules which guide the pronunciation of their own several languages. Thus, the Italians adopt the national pronunciation of the *c* when followed by the vowels *e* and *i*, and pronounce it as the soft *ch*, and prefix a hard *c* before the *h* when following the vowel *i*, as in *mihi* or *nihil*, which they pronounce as if the *h* were preceded in both cases by a *k*. Again, they pronounce *au* as we pronounce *ou* in “our”—saying, for instance, *louda* for *lauda*. The *j*, also, they never admit, but always pronounce it as *i*. The French, on the other hand, retain their national pronunciation of all these letters, as well as of the *u*, which the Italians pronounce *oo*. We cannot, therefore, very well see that any serious alteration in our own time-honoured system of Latin pronunciation can do much good. Latin is a dead language; and, for all practical purposes, the old usage would seem to be as serviceable as any new one. We shall not make any sounder or more exact scholars by any innovation which may be adopted; and, certainly, it grates uncomfortably on the ears of “old boys” when they hear the name of their familiar Cicero given out as “Kikero;” and *scilicet*, forsooth, as “skiliket.”

THE PAST CHRISTMAS is not yet too distant for us to recur to our tentative explana-

tion of the origin of the term “carol.” It has been suggested as probable that the Italian “*carola*”—which we at some time or other adopted—is the diminutive form of some provincial Latin or old Italian word, cognate to “*car-men*,” Latin for a “song,” “hymn,” or “poem.” The diminutive form conveys a notion of cheerfulness and lightness, such as is implied in our word “carol.” The supposed form—say “*cara*”—is possible, whether *carmen* or *casmen* be connected with *cano*, “I sing,” or the Sanskrit root *kri*, “to make.” The connection with the Greek *khara*, “joy” (the *h* was omitted in our former note, owing to a misprint), is scarcely so satisfactorily supported. With regard to the fact of *carola* being Italian for “dance,” not “song,” it should be borne in mind that the connection between the two ideas was far closer in bygone days. Even now, too, we find song and dance combined in other countries. It is not at all improbable that the “carol” originally comprehended a dance.

NATIVES IN INDIA have a few deeply rooted convictions, it is impossible to displace, about vaccination. They believe we organize this preventive throughout the country, not to stop small-pox—that is only the public reason; the private reason, well known to the Governor-General, is to get hold of the *white-blooded* infant, who, when born, is destined to be the saviour of India, and to expel the foreigner. We are pursuing the policy of Pharaoh, only more humanely. Another idea is that we wish to collect “crusts” to make a foundation for the Jumna Bridge. An old prophet of theirs foretold that the Jumna could not be bridged except with that foundation. The Jumna is bridged, the prophet is falsified, but the tradition lingers still. Can we wonder? Were there not French peasants who in '51 thought Napoleon the First was alive? We beat them in all sciences and arts except music—ours is nearly as good in reality. Punch and Judy's orchestra performed off the Strand is operatic as compared with the native tom-tom, accompanied by nasal singing in a monotone. Missionaries christianize to gain their living, but not from an abstract sense of right. People in England think that the sweeper class is the lowest of all. The washerman is lower—he washes the clothes of the sweeper. Lowest of all is the “Chandela”—*i.e.*, offspring of a

Brahman woman and a sweeper. Reverse the case, and the offspring of a Brahman (man) and sweeper (woman) is not nearly so low. The idea has prevailed in India among natives that the Duke of Edinburgh, by his own *ipse dixit*, could alter any objectionable law or regulation. They would petition him to do so—of course he could; was he not a Queen's son, while the Governor was only the "Lord Sahib?" Another idea is, that perjury is not disgraceful if it benefits the village of the perjurer. But the proper *local* oath, which is held sacred by any village, will ensure the truth.

TO THE ABOVE NOTES we may add an anecdote relating to an old but interesting story, which probably will never altogether lose its interest for English readers—that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. The history of the tragedy is old; but we do not know that, amidst its many harrowing details, this affecting instance of true woman's love is generally known. The number confined in that deadly cell was one hundred and forty-six, of whom one only was a female—wife of one of the prisoners, a Mr. Carey, an officer in the navy. This brave woman—who, by the bye, was not a European, but a native of India, passionately devoted to her husband—declared, in an anguish of tender affection, that no circumstances of danger or distress should divide her from her husband. Carey himself was among the victims who succumbed on that fatal night, but the poor wife was less fortunate. Of the twenty-three who survived, all—save four—were set at liberty in the morning; but Mrs. Carey, unable to support the loss of her husband, became insane, and, in her madness, immolated herself on the altar of her grief.

NOW THAT PIGEON POSTS have come into fashion, microscopic writing has risen in estimation. It is a revival of an art that has been highly esteemed during the last hundred and fifty years, although only occasionally practised. We have in our possession many specimens of the art, chiefly consisting of the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer in seven languages: all in the minutest characters, and within the space of a sixpence or shilling. Occasionally, the writing is made to take the form of engraved lines in a portrait; and one of the most curious specimens of this particular adapta-

tion of the art of microscopic writing is to be found in "The Book of Common Prayer, Engraven and Printed by J. Sturt," in 1717. The whole volume is a curiosity, each page having been engraved from a distinct plate—said to have been of silver—and ornamented with illustrations and devices. The frontispiece represents a bust of George the First; the lines in which are composed of microscopic writing, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments, the Prayer for the Royal Family, and the Twenty-first Psalm. These are so engraved as to appear, at the first glance, like the ordinary lines in a copper-plate engraving; and yet the writing can be distinctly read.

THE PROPHET ASKS, What is man? From a very materialistic point of view, an American paper says that, taking the average, at fifty years of age a man has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, and was sick 500 days. In this time he has eaten 79,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish; and drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid—namely, water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, &c.—altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 feet surface and three feet deep, on which a small steambot could float comfortably. Few men of fifty, probably, have looked upon themselves in this light before.

THE ART OF constructing lamps that would burn for an unlimited period without requiring either trimming or replenishing is said to have been known to the ancients. If it were, the knowledge died with them. We have, however, some acquaintance with a fire that has—on the authority of the *Birmingham Post*—been burning for a little more than a hundred years. A coal pit at the Bank Colliery, near Rotherham, belonging to the Earl Fitzwilliam, caught fire a century ago. The difficulty has all along been how to put it out. This has at last been met by building a brick wall a thousand yards in length, and varying in thickness from nine inches to five feet, which will shut off the burning coal from the other parts of the workings. We are further informed that, "so intense is the heat arising from this fire, that people possessing gardens above the colliery declare that the growth of plants is materially affected, and

they are enabled to obtain two and three crops every year." Wonderful, indeed! But as the heat, coming from the depths of the earth, must frizzle up the roots of the vegetables before it created that genial atmosphere in which "two or three" crops would come to perfection in the time ordinarily taken by one, we cannot help thinking that the good people of Bank Colliery are not quite free from poor old Squire Western's failing—a weakness for indulging "in that kind of pleasantry which is commonly called rhodomontade, but which may with as much propriety be expressed by a much shorter word," as Fielding humorously puts it.

A STRUGGLE is being periodically waged between the old-established theatres and the music halls. The music hall is emphatically a leading feature in the amusements of the present day; but that it is not so much a new institution as is generally imagined may be judged from the following extract, date 1757:—"A warrant granted by my Lord Mayor to search the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, at the Rose, in Cur-sitor-street, where public dancing and musick were carried on twice a-week without the licence which the late act requires, was executed by eight or nine constables, who brought away about thirty young men and women, and lodged them in the two compters."

THE LAW of debtor and creditor, even now, is in a far from satisfactory condition; but a bankrupt has at least some chance left him to begin the world afresh, and retrieve his past misfortunes. Our forefathers would seem, however, to have treated the defaulting bankrupt in a very summary fashion, when we read that "Alexander Thompson, embroiderer, was executed at Tyburn for not surrendering himself, pursuant to notice given in the *London Gazette*, after being declared a bankrupt."

EVERYBODY ALMOST, in these days, who wears a black coat, and has a name and habitation, expects his friends to write him Esquire. This assumption—which it really, in many cases, is—seems to have been an old fable. In an old newspaper we find the following:—"This metropolis is overrun with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call town squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we

to enlist every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds Esquire to his name."

PUCK'S PROMISE to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes might even now be accomplished by means of the telegraph; and we are very rapidly diminishing the time in which a man may make the tour of the globe. Starting from London, and sailing to San Francisco, and from thence to Yokohama, and back home by the Peninsular and Oriental line, *viâ* Suez, the journey round the world may be accomplished in twelve weeks. Perhaps the energetic Mr. Cook may attend to this, and may organize "the celebrated globe-girdling tour." If so, we shall look to receive a ticket gratis for the idea.

BEAR-BAITING, cock-fighting, and other harmless amenities of a like kind, found favour with our ancestors. But, even then, the gentler spirit which has since embodied itself in the shape of the Royal Humane Society sometimes asserted itself, as may be seen from the following curious old advertisement:—"This is to give notice to all lovers of cruelty and promoters of misery, that at the George Inn, on Wednesday in the Whitsun Week, will be provided for their diversion that savage sport of cock-fighting, which cannot fail to give delight to every breast thoroughly divested of humanity. And for the music, oaths and curses will not fail to resound round the pit; so that this pastime must be greatly approved of by such as have no reverence for the Deity nor benevolence to his creatures." There is a keen, yet quiet, irony in this which is very effective. Its style reminds us to some extent of a like advertisement of late times—we mean Rowland Hill's well-known programme of the great drama of the Judgment Day.

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OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.



THE results of the campaign on the Continent, and the overthrow, in a period unprecedented in history, of a great nation—a nation which has hitherto been considered the first military

power in the world—have made an impression on the minds of Englishmen which is far from comfortable, to say the least of it. We have hitherto held the first place amongst the nations. With pardonable pride, we remember our former and our present greatness; and we have no wish, in the rapid and sudden contingencies of the present time, to lose our ancient sovereignty amongst the nations, and, through any apathy or want of foresight on our own parts, to sink to the position of a second or third rate power. The ambition of kings is, at the present moment, at fever heat. The din of arms rings too ominously around us for us to remain quiet and self-satisfied lookers-on at the fierce storm of blood which eddies round us so tumultuously day by day, with merciless lack of abatement.

We naturally turn to one another and ask the question—How should we ourselves stand, if rudely forced into conflict with any nation which might think itself strong enough to attack us? Are we prepared for war? And the answer is an uneasy negative.

Lord Bacon, England's greatest philosopher, has said:—"Let it suffice that no estate expect to be great that is not awake upon any just occasion of arming." True words these, indeed, though spoken more than two centuries ago! And never did they apply more truly than to the state of England at the present time. And, in speaking of England, we do not mean only this little island of ours—begirt by nature's belt of blue ocean—but the dominions all over the world which own us master, and of which the loss of even the smallest by foreign attack would lower our prestige immediately among the nations of the world. Our interests in Asia and America are alike assailable; Russia has an eye to India, and to wrest that jewel from our crown has long been her traditional policy; America looks to Canada and the West Indian Islands with a longing which our obstinacy with regard to the Alabama claims has not failed, certainly, to diminish;—until, as we look round us on every side, a universal conclusion has been come to that the naval and military power which sufficed in the years of peace and quietude is utterly inadequate for present emergencies.

We have no intention in this article to go into the technical details of the case, but to touch, briefly and as intelligibly as possible, on our position of defence as it is, and the means that seem most fitting to be adopted in order to ensure ourselves a greater sense of security in the face of present contingencies. The momentous question is being ventilated incessantly in the columns of the daily journals. Men of all classes, who have, or think they have, a suggestion to offer for the public good, hasten forward with their advice. Country clergymen, Indian majors on half-pay, competition wallahs, and, last but not least, old Cabinet ministers are infected with the public apprehension; and each and all lend their words of wisdom towards the solution of the all-important problem. Speaking

of Cabinet ministers, we find Lord Russell—who, whatever he may be as a good politician, is at least a true Englishman—writing two long and exhaustive letters to the *Times* on our national defences. Thirty years ago, the ex-Prime Minister was certified, by a reviewer of the period, as ready to take the command of the Channel fleet at a moment's notice; and the joke certainly loses none of its pith at the present day, when we find him, in his green old age, gallantly coming forward with propositions for reorganizing the British army.

It is not our purpose, however, to enter into those mysteries of our military system which our would-be authorities so delight to fathom. There are certain broad and unmistakable facts which brook no denial and no palliation.

An utter want of organization is the first and most palpable fact. The military forces of the Crown are a "heterogeneous medley." There is no cohesion, no unity. The three chief branches of our national forces are—the regular army, the army reserve, and the militia, volunteers, and yeomanry; and each of these is under a separate authority. The regular army is under the Commander-in-Chief; the pensioners and army reserve under the War Office; and the militia, volunteers, and yeomanry, under the lords-lieutenant of counties. The laws which govern these several forces are contained in various acts of Parliament, which it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to get together; and the regulations concerning pay, promotion, and discipline are contained partly in scattered regulations, partly in an unwritten code known only to officials at the War Office and Horse Guards, by whom the law is laid down in these matters without fear of appeal, as nobody else can understand it.

The regular army, the militia, and the volunteers, are severally recruited by voluntary enlistment; but, instead of mutually helping one another, a competition—we might almost say jealousy—exists between them which is hardly conducive to united action. There are, for instance, three different systems for appointing officers. In the scientific corps—namely, the engineers and artillery—officers are appointed by open competition of the severest kind. In the guards, infantry and cavalry, they are nominated by the Commander-in-Chief; and promotion goes *sometimes* by seniority, but principally by purchase. In the militia and vo-

lunteers, commissions issue from the lords-lieutenant.

Our army has cost us, during the last ten years, nearly a hundred and fifty millions of money. About eighteen millions has been expended upon equipment and stores, and yet our sea defences are not armed with guns capable of piercing armour-clad ships; even our regular troops are not yet wholly armed with the breech-loader; and we are positively short of powder. In fact, if we drifted into war to-morrow, and lost a force but one-tenth in number of that French force now prisoners in Germany, we should not know where to turn for reserves. We have men, material, money, public spirit in abundance. We have in India, indeed, an army of 180,000 men, perfectly equipped for war. Yet, on the shores of the Channel, scarcely four divisions could be drawn up in order of battle. John Bull may well feel nervous, when such awkward truths as these force themselves upon his notice. And to this state our military power in Europe has been reduced by the absence of one thing—organization.

Our space will not permit us to go fully into the causes which have led to the present deplorable state of things; but we must perforce touch upon them to some slight degree.

The defence of the realm is the first duty of the Crown; but the Crown cannot legally keep up an army without the consent of Parliament, and the army is governed by the Crown through the power given to it by Parliament in the annual passing of the Mutiny Act. The constitutional principle which followed upon the revolution of 1688 was, that Parliament should vote the supplies; but the dealing with those supplies rested with the Crown. The amounts annually voted, Parliament could easily control; but long wars and the protection of distant colonies gave rise to what were called "army extraordinaries," which were subsequent votes of money called for by the Crown to meet unforeseen expenses. These "army extraordinaries" were used by the Crown as a constant pretext for exceeding the supply, and the confusion necessary upon them was a complete obstacle to real control over military expenditure. The Reformed Parliament of 1835 determined to take matters more into their own hands, and abolished army extraordinaries; and an agitation for army reform has been going on ever since,

the results of which have been to throw various departments together under one head, but without reconstructing them on any clear and definite principle. Consequently, ever since the consolidation of the War Office, duties have clashed, power has been wasted, and extravagance has run riot through the whole system.

The same absence of system in the arrangements made at the union of the departments, which has given us the two conflicting governments at the War Office and Horse Guards, has infected the whole of our army system, and has left us without any really effective reserves at the back of our standing army.

It were worse than useless, however, to waste time in deploring the errors of the past. The only thing that remains, in the face of the emergency, is to set our house in order as soon and as effectively as possible; and the great question that now vexes men's minds is how this can be done.

Suggestions manifold have been made, and by competent authorities. Lord Elcho has for years past urged upon successive Governments the adoption of broad principles of defensive policy, without trenching too severely upon those civil rights of which Englishmen are so justly jealous. People are rapidly coming round to the conclusion, however, that we shall be forced to recur to a compulsory enrolment or conscription for the militia affecting every man in the country between certain ages. We say "recur," for although this proposition will undoubtedly raise a storm of resistance amongst certain classes, it must be remembered that this is the ancient constitutional law of the realm. The ballot is the true basis on which the militia rests in all the acts of Parliament passed from 1757 to the present time; and its operation is only suspended by an annual act passed regularly since 1829. Hence, it has been so long and so frequently suspended, that many forget or are ignorant of the fact that it is still, at the present moment, the law of the land. It is proposed, then, that this act should no longer be suspended; and that the ballot should be applied to all ranks of society—and that no exemptions, save such necessary and judicious ones as existed under the old Ballot Act, should be allowed to a greater extent than possible. The force raised, in the first instance, would include adults between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five,

and subsequently those between the ages of seventeen and twenty, so as to interfere least with settled trades, professions, or occupations. Compulsory service by ballot has this great virtue, that it brings young men of all classes into the ranks of the militia. The only exemption would be that those who objected to enter the paid militia must serve, at their own expense, in a volunteer corps. But the volunteer service would then be reconstructed, on a severer and more regular system than it has hitherto possessed.

The strength of the militia should be largely increased, and the men enrolled might remain on the rolls for seven years, during the first three of which they would be required to attend the yearly musters; and, for the remaining four, they would be liable to be called out in cases of national emergency. Thus the national reserve would consist of two classes—the first to be trained yearly; the second, having undergone training, to be liable to be called out when the nation is in danger. It has been computed that by this means we might easily raise a permanent standing militia of 300,000 men. The command of the reserve forces would, like that of the army, be under the Commander-in-Chief, who would provide officers under the direction of the Secretary of State; thus taking the old privilege of appointing officers out of the hands of the lords-lieutenant of counties. The militia battalions would, as at present, remain in the counties, which would become the local centres of military action and organization. Officers who, having left the army, were willing to serve in the militia of their own counties, would be far superior to the present race of militia officers, who are for the most part well-to-do country gentlemen whose knowledge of the art of war is decidedly limited. By this means, the militia would be as well officered as the line itself. The new force would serve—like the old one of the same name, but in a far greater degree—as a recruiting ground for the line. It is proposed, also, to modify the army reserve system to a large extent. The option now given of enlistment would be abolished, and a man would be required to serve six years in the army and six in the army reserve, or for other periods at the discretion of the Secretary of State, according to the act. The necessary hold over the men would be retained by giving

them a pension, increasing as they advanced in life and years of service.

A minor, though far from unimportant, question with regard to the army proper has been discussed—namely, whether the present age at which recruits are enlisted is not too young. The great majority of recruits are about eighteen when they enlist. Now, lads of that age are, as a rule, totally unfit to be sent out to India or other hot climates; and the consequence is that hundreds who, if they had gone at twenty-one, would have made veteran soldiers, die out there, or have to be invalided home at great expense. It is considered, therefore, that recruits from the militia for the line should not be less than twenty-one years of age.

One of the most necessary reforms, however, in the reorganization of our new army, is the abolition of the purchase system. The system may even now be said to be doomed. The British army of the future can have nothing to do with an evil which has already wrought so much injury, and been the source of so much inefficiency. The same principle should be maintained in the military service of this country as is in force in the Royal navy, and to a certain extent even in the Indian army—viz., one of selection. Really good and valuable officers would thus always be secured; and we should at least be free from the sneer of Continental critics, that English soldiers in the field are lions led by asses. As regards promotion from the ranks, that is a question on which there is much difference of opinion. Many think that the population of this country is not sufficiently educated for so sweeping an innovation just yet. We all know the favourite saying of the First Napoleon, "that every conscript carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack;" and the fact has been adduced as proving the superiority of the French officers over our own. But we are not a purely military nation, and we have no wish to be so. All that we want is a good, well-disciplined, well-equipped, and well-officered army, ready for any emergency, home or foreign; and, among the class of educated society from which we now draw our officers, there is plenty of first-rate material, if we choose to bestow commissions, not on the principle of back-door influence and family connections, but with regard to merit alone. The Prussian officers—who have at least shown themselves in no way inferior to the French commanders in the present cam-

paign—are appointed, not from the ranks, but from the exclusive pale of the aristocracy; although they undergo a preliminary training precisely the same as that of a common soldier; and, in fact, go through all the ordinary toil and drudgery which usually belong to the private.

There are many other points which we might advert to with regard to the forthcoming reform in our army administration; but we must not forget that one of the most important features in the organization of any army lies in the department of supply. In this matter, the British army has long been notoriously deficient. The Crimean War furnished us a lesson in this respect which it will take the English nation long to let fall into oblivion. Brave veterans died in the trenches by hundreds, through the want of proper organization in this department alone; and more perished, comparatively speaking, from hunger and consequent disease than from the shells or bullets of the enemy. Nothing is more remarkable in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, both in India and Spain—as well as in those of Napoleon—than the consummate knowledge and minute attention displayed by those great generals in all that related to the food, transport, and clothing of their armies. These are the first conditions of success in war, and a good general must never lose sight of them.

Another weak point in our armour is our artillery service. The nominal strength of our artillery at this moment is 30 batteries, or 180 guns. Now, the first requisite is the latest artillery and plenty of it. We have no such thing. Our guns are none of the newest, and we have not one-fourth of the number required. The gun last approved at Woolwich might bear comparison with any other gun in use; but pieces on that model have not been supplied to the army; and, even for those which we already have, some thousands of men and horses have yet to be provided before they can be considered available.

Moreover, it is now a question whether field guns may not be made of greater power and calibre than formerly. The Prussian guns overwhelmed the French artillery, not merely by their number, but by their weight of shot. The Battle of Sedan was decided entirely by the fire of artillery. The Germans had, in that battle alone, 600 guns; and although the French, according to their own account,

had a number nearly as great, the weight, range, and precision of the German guns established their superiority so effectually, that towards the close of the battle "the French artillery had practically ceased to exist as a protecting arm."

The English have always been behind in the matter of their artillery; and the explanation is that men of influence have always largely preponderated in other branches of the service, where advancement to the highest commands was attainable. Our field artillery has seldom been employed in masses, for the simple reason that we have never had sufficient guns for the purpose. We have occasionally placed together two or three batteries of six guns each; but this is not what is meant by massing field artillery. The First Napoleon—a consummate master of artillery—was the author of the system of massing it so as to concentrate its fire; although Marlborough advanced, at Malplaquet, forty guns in line at a trot—probably the greatest number ever ordered to the front for co-operation by a British general. But the gigantic efforts at Wagram, Friedland, Borodino, and Leipsic, first really exemplified the system on a grand scale; and, in the present war, the Prussian generals have acted upon the lesson to some purpose. The supreme importance of artillery to an army has never been more effectually proved than by the results of the recent battles. The war may almost be said to have been decided by artillery alone. The idea is not taught in our service—probably, because we never had guns to mass; but the general who can mass them, and will do so before the enemy has time to mass his artillery, is almost sure to win the battle. Artillery, in fact, is of greater importance than infantry; and a small army, like our own, should be especially strong in this arm. Our insular position, too, suggests the same conclusion. An invader might be naturally expected to be weak in artillery, while we, on the other hand, might be overpoweringly strong. Instead of having field artillery for 60,000 men, we ought to have sufficient for at least double and treble that number. We have the means and the material for rendering the British artillery the best in the world, and we should lose no time in accomplishing so vital a work. The history of the hour is teaching a stern lesson, which it behoves us to profit by in time.

In the few remarks we have made, we

have not pretended to deal at length with a subject which is so vast and comprehensive as the proper management of the army of the most powerful nation in the world. But the question has suddenly become one of such immediate interest to all of us, that it is impossible to pass it by in silence, even in the columns of a literary magazine like this. It will engage the attention of Parliament in the session about to open, with an interest which has never been called forth for many a long year. Irish finances, popular education, and many other equally important subjects, must be content to remain in the shade for the nonce. This involves the very name and existence of England as a great nation. It involves the safety of the country from foreign invasion. Upon it, in fact, depend the preservation of our very liberties and the time-honoured belief in the inviolability of an Englishman's hearth and home.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER IX.

CHOCOLATE AT SIGNOR NERI'S.

VERY different from the estimation in which Miss Pyecroft viewed herself and her belongings was the appreciation which the Signora had of herself, in her fallen fortunes. Timid, shrinking from all notice, and living in a world of her own, of which her brother formed the centre round which she revolved, she looked back upon the past as on a gallery of lovely pictures, seen long ago in her girlhood, whose beauty was so vividly impressed upon her, that she should never forget it; yet it invested her present with no factitious importance, though there were jottings of palaces and courtly arrays among these memory-sketches.

No one in Broadmead understood or cared about foreigners: it was an essentially uncosmopolitan place, knowing nothing of the great world-progress without, nor yet caring for it. Of Italians, its only experience had been itinerant organ-grinders, travelling through the country, for the most part, with monkeys. Consequently, poverty and music of some sort appeared to the population of Broadmead to be the natural birthright of foreigners; and that the Signor played upon one kind of organ, whilst his countrymen turned the handles of another, made no

great difference in their eyes: organs, music, poverty, in the one case—organs, poverty, music, in the other.

Perhaps Miss Pycroft's intuitions rose rather above this village estimation of the Signor; still they were but modified. Refugee, in her eyes, as in Dr. Crawford's, was associated with words similar to rebel and republican, than which latter any word more deplorable was not to be found in any dictionary. Still, in Broadmead, Signor Neri's political prejudices, whatever they might be—and, as they had not come within the limits of the Pycroft-pedigree relation to history, Miss Pycroft had never inquired—were harmless; and he being down, and Miss Pycroft dominant, she could afford, on certain occasions such as the present, to be magnanimous.

Nevertheless, she was taking an unprecedented step, and she was fully aware of it; and the flutter she experienced as she knocked at the door of the organist's cottage was, perhaps, as great as the flutter felt by the Signora when Diana, who was looking out of the window, announced the approach of Miss Pycroft.

"Therefore I shall go," said Diana, taking up her hat.

"Ah, no, *mia carissima!* Go not. Do not leave me single to that woman *terribile!*"

"Why, poor dear frightened Signorina," exclaimed Diana, seizing the Signora's hands, "you are actually trembling. Never mind Miss Pycroft; she won't stay more than ten minutes; and, if it's any comfort, I will remain where I am."

"Alas!" replied the Signora, with a look of great despondency, "it will be much more long. She have come to drink chocolate at the hour of four."

"Chocolate!" ejaculated Diana, in extreme amazement. "Have you actually invited Miss Pycroft to chocolate? I do not wonder that you are alarmed."

"Giuseppe knows that it is not so," answered the Signora, looking appealingly towards her brother. "Could I do else, Giuseppe?"

"What is it, *maestro!*" asked Diana, turning to Signor Neri. "Explain the mystery."

"That is more than in me lies. It is more perplexing than my most entwining fugue. I have never, nor my sister, been in Miss Pycroft's house; yet she do write and say, I will at four drink chocolate with you. It is one marvel."

"What can she possibly want?" thought Diana.

"And there will be no more Pergolesi," sighed the Signor. "Miss Pycroft, she have not the ear of love to the divine harmony. She one great bear to the instruments of music. Orfeo himself would have not had strongness over Miss Pycroft."

There was a slight rustling outside; and the Signora's little handmaid opening the door, Miss Pycroft sailed in.

She looked a little annoyed as she saw Diana.

"I was not aware that you were expecting any company, Signora," said she, after the usual salutations had passed.

"I'm no one," said Diana, laughing, and coming to the relief of the Signora, who was evidently feeling as though she had committed some grievous crime. "I'm always here when I can be; and I've come to practise some Pergolesi with the Signor; and Jasper's coming to listen to it, and it will be charming. You will like it above all things, Miss Pycroft. And we shall have chocolate afterwards, out of the dear little foreign cups. You never saw such lovely china. We have nothing to equal it at the Manor House. And I don't believe there's anything like it in Broadmead."

"Hem!" coughed Miss Pycroft. She began to fear that she had made a mistake, Diana had such an unfortunate way of putting every one on an equality. Besides, the object for which she had come would be entirely frustrated; for even if Diana should be too much engrossed with the music to hear what she was saying to the Signora, Jasper had excellent ears; added to which, Jasper was not a favourite of hers.

"I could not send *mia ca*, Miss Ellis, away," began the Signora.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Pycroft, returning to her wonted composure, from which she had been slightly startled by Diana's unexpected appearance. "It is some time since I have had the pleasure of seeing Diana; therefore, the gratification it affords me to take chocolate with you is enhanced by the presence of one who has, for some reason or other, so long been a stranger at Briery House." And Miss Pycroft felt that she had diplomatically entered upon the matter in hand.

But Diana's answer gave her no reason to think that she should meet with success; neither did Diana betray the smallest con-

sciousness that she perceived any hidden drift in Miss Pycroft's speech.

"No; it is a long time since I was at Brierly House. Have you any kittens now?"

Miss Pycroft looked over her spectacles and through her spectacles at Diana. Could a girl who was actually engaged be frivolous enough to think of kittens? She had been too credulous. Sophia had misunderstood Mrs. Crawford.

"Miss Letty showed me four lovely ones the last time I called—a tortoiseshell, a tabby, a white one with black spots, and a perfectly black one," continued Diana, as though kittens were her sole object of interest in life. "Did you bring them all up?"

"Have you, then, four large cats?" enquired the Signora, with a puzzled look, wondering what could induce Miss Pycroft to keep so many. "Ah, for surely the many mice!" she added, as a happy thought occurred to her.

"I have one cat, and no mice," replied Miss Pycroft, majestically; "there are no mice where there is a proper cat."

"I do wish I had one proper cat," said Signora Neri, in a musing tone. "I have one great large one, who do like milk better than mice; and the mice do run and play. Mine cannot be one proper cat. It would please me for her so to be."

Diana laughed, and Miss Pycroft became more than ever convinced that she had placed herself in a false position. Everything was taking a trivial turn. But foreigners were so childish, and Diana was so undignified.

Signor Neri was sorting out the music, and had taken no part in the conversation. Miss Pycroft turned to him.

"I sent you an addition to the choir not long since, Signor Neri. I hope he is progressing satisfactorily. I have not been down to the Smiths lately, so I have not heard how Jim is getting on with his singing."

The Signor shrugged his shoulders.

"The intention was good, madame, for which I give my best of thanks; but the poor Smith had not the ear for singing—neither the throat, nor chest, nor soul. Not one note could he attune."

"Of course not, for he had never been taught. I sent him to learn."

"But, madame, it was impossible. He was as one organ without pipes—he had not voice, he could make no sound in har-

mony with the notes I struck. One tone alone had he. And though I sounded and sounded again each other, still did he keep firm—it could not vary—it was ever the same, *do, do, do*; and one might play *sol, fa, mi*, and the rest, for ever, and ever, and ever, and still would it never change. It was like one great bee humming and humming changeless through all the song the nightingale might sing."

"Quite poetical, *maestro*," exclaimed Diana. "I believe you compose poetry as well as *toccatas*! Miss Pycroft, it would be impossible for Jim Smith to sing in the choir: he has not a scrap of music in him."

"Scales bring out the voice," said Miss Pycroft, didactically. "Besides, it would have kept him from the Methodists."

Signor Neri did not comprehend the force of the latter argument; but he was about to make a protest against the first part of the speech, when Jasper Seaton's step was heard on the narrow gravel path between the flower-borders.

The window of the sitting-room was open down to the ground; and Diana, darting through it, slipped her arm through Jasper's.

"What a time you have been," she said. "Miss Pycroft is here, and you must talk to her whilst I am singing. Stoop down," she continued—"I want to whisper something."

And Miss Pycroft, from her distant corner of the room, peering through the window, became perplexed.

"That is more like an engagement," she said to herself. "Sophia and Letitia are always running away with some idea or another."

There was another step not far behind; and, as Jasper stooped to hear what Diana had to say, another hand was on the latch of the gate—and John Carteret stood hesitating as to whether he should go in or pass on.

There was a sore place in John Carteret's heart: the same sudden pain that had shot across it when Diana had first spoken about Jasper was there now. It had been called up on the previous day—for he had involuntarily witnessed the reconciliation between the guardian and his ward; for, meeting the rector at the door with the intelligence that John Amos was already dead, the two had followed not far behind Jasper and Diana. Dr. Craw-

ford had glanced at his companion, and had noticed the flush that rose to his face die away, and a constrained look settle upon it.

"What a capricious being that girl is," said the rector, after a meditative silence. "Not much more than ten minutes since, I should have said that she and Jasper were on the eve of a grand quarrel."

"It has ended amicably, then," said John Carteret, assuming an indifferent tone.

"Very," answered the rector, laconically. Then they walked on silently.

"Mr. Seaton has been an indulgent guardian," observed John Carteret.

"Too indulgent—the girl is spoiled. I beg your pardon," he added; "but I've known Di ever since she was a child."

There was another pause, and the rector proceeded with his meditations. Presently he said, somewhat abruptly—

"I wonder Anne made no provision for her. She won't have a farthing."

"So she told me."

"Ah!" said the rector, rousing up as John Carteret answered his half-unconscious speech. "I said you did not care about money."

The words slipped out before he had time to check them; for Dr. Crawford felt pleased to have his previously expressed opinion confirmed.

"Did Mr. Seaton think I did?" asked John Carteret, quickly.

Dr. Crawford hesitated. He had been indiscreet, and was doubtful how to disentangle himself from the blunder.

"I have not mentioned Mr. Seaton's name," he said, after an uncomfortable pause. "I shall be obliged if you consider the words unsaid."

But though John Carteret refrained from further questions, the words rankled in his mind. Who else but Jasper Seaton could have raised the question? And to the feeling of incipient jealousy already aroused, one of distrust and antagonism was added.

It had taken too great a hold upon him to admit of his going to the Manor House, as he had intended to do, until he had seen Diana again; and now, as he stood at the gate, it seemed as though he could not meet either of them.

He would have passed on, but Diana's quick ear had heard the click of the latch. She turned—

"John!"

And before John Carteret knew what he was doing, he was standing face to face with Jasper Seaton, bowing stiffly in recognition of Diana's rapidly performed introduction.

Miss Pycroft watched, as it were, the scene in pantomime.

The engagement, if it were one, was not recognized at head-quarters, was her inward conclusion; and again she regretted having departed from her usual code, and was beginning to anathematize Mrs. Crawford, Sophia, Letitia, chocolate, foreigners, and delicate china, and more especially Diana, as the prime cause of the position in which she had placed herself—a position which was gradually assuming, in the Pycroft estimation, an aspect of decided indecorum.

Diana looked from Jasper to John Carteret, and from John Carteret back again to Jasper. John Carteret's face unmistakably told his feelings: it wore an expression of constraint, even of haughtiness, mingled with a little defiance. Jasper's manner, too, which had been so genial during the last twenty-four hours, had frozen again. The old restless, suspicious look had returned. There was no advance towards cordiality on either side; and it was evident that the two men were ill at ease with one another.

Whose fault was it? Partly John Carteret's decidedly, thought Diana, as she noted the change in his face and manner, so different from what she had ever seen before. And then all that she had said against Jasper rose up in condemnation to herself; and she began to blame herself for her injustice, as she had done on the previous day, and resolved to put all right at the first opportunity.

Diana took the initiative, as John Carteret stood irresolute.

"Signor Neri is expecting us," said Diana. "You must come and hear me sing."

She spoke with a little imperiousness.

John Carteret entered. He seated himself near Miss Pycroft, who immediately began to converse with him upon theological subjects, with a view of testing his orthodoxy.

Diana, full of self-upbraiding, endeavoured to restore Jasper's ruffled affability. Signor Neri went to the piano, and silently ran his fingers up and down the keys; whilst the Signora took the opportunity of quietly stealing out of the room to see if Bessy, the little handmaid, was proceeding according

to orders. She was, perhaps, longer in doing so than was absolutely necessary, and bestowed more than usual pains over the frothing of the chocolate; but it was a relief to her to leave Miss Pycroft to be entertained by others.

"I do not want visitors," she said to herself. "Why can I not be left?"

Then she heard her brother strike a chord.

"Ah! it will be better if the music do begin." And she listened.

The Signor played a soft, half-melancholy prelude before he struck the opening notes of the "Agnus." And then Diana's voice rose clear and sweet.

"*Divina!*" ejaculated the Signora; and she felt as though she could not return until the "Agnus" were ended—it would be profane to interrupt it. And her fingers moved nervously over her rosary—yet her prayers were thoughts, not words; and as the last notes of the singer died away, she crossed herself. Then, with a little sigh, she returned to the world again.

She poured the foaming chocolate into the tiny cups that Bessy had ranged round the foreign-looking salver.

"Bring it in one minute after I go," said the Signora, as she glided out of the little kitchen.

Miss Pycroft had left off conversing with John Carteret, for the simple reason that he was absorbed in the music, and paid no attention to her. And yet he never looked towards Diana, though he was conscious that more than once her eyes were turned towards him, and he did not choose to betray his feelings. He, therefore, never removed his eyes from the painting over the mantelpiece. It was the head of a Sybil, copied in former days from an old Master by the Signor himself. There was an expression in the face that reminded him forcibly of Diana; and, as he gazed, he could almost believe that through the parted lips the sounds to which he was listening issued forth.

Jasper Seaton was watching him attentively, jealously, from the corner in which he had ensconced himself; and when the "Agnus" was ended, he did not move, and remained silent.

Diana pretended to busy herself with the music that lay scattered about. Somehow she felt that a cloud was hanging over every one, and that possibly music might dispel it.

"Will you play this for me, *maestro?*" she was saying, as Signora Neri entered the room.

"Ah no, *carissima*—we must now have chocolate," said the Signora, advancing and taking her seat beside Miss Pycroft.

She had left the door open; and Bessy, anticipating the clock, had already started with her tray, which she carried round with a feeling of deep solemnity.

Miss Pycroft had been Bessy's embodiment of awe at the Sunday school; and she almost dropped the tray in the agitation of the moment in which Miss Pycroft, having assisted herself to chocolate, selected one of the un-English-looking biscuits, and regarded her, as she thought, severely through the gold-rimmed spectacles—as much as to say, "How came you and your mistress to make such things as these?"

And Bessy, perhaps, might have been ready with an excuse, as in days of old; but fortunately her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Everything appeared turning towards the *terribile*; even the sun suddenly went in, and a dark cloud sent deepening shadows into the little room.

Diana laid down the music she had been turning over.

"Is it not exquisite china, Miss Pycroft?" she said, determined to make a diversion, and seating herself on a huge footstool at Miss Pycroft's feet. "Have you any fancy for old china? Look, there is a story told on each cup; or, at any rate, part of one. We have none so beautifully designed at the Manor House, though Mrs. Seaton is very proud of hers. Do come out of your corner, Jasper. You cannot possibly see where you are."

Thus called upon, Jasper was obliged to leave his retreat, and the conversation proceeded spasmodically; Miss Pycroft becoming every minute more and more dissatisfied with her position, and more uncertain as to how matters might stand. That Jasper and John Carteret had never met before was quite clear; that there was no love lost between them was clear also; but in what relation Diana stood to either was a mystification to her.

At length she rose to go. Diana rose also.

"Are you going home, Jasper?" asked Diana.

"Yes, I shall walk home with you."

There was a slight emphasis on the "I

shall." Diana did not notice it. John Carteret did.

Diana took up her hat, and put it on.

"I am ready," she said, and for a moment she looked at John Carteret. But he simply said—

"Good-bye."

And Diana—flushed, vexed, and wondering—said "Good-bye," also, and went away; leaving Miss Pycroft feeling as though she had been made the dupe of circumstances, and that it would take a long study of the Pycroft pedigree to restore her to equanimity.

It was as though a *coup d'état* had produced a red republic within her, which had guillotined her Pycroft prejudices on the altar of expediency. She had failed essentially in her undertaking. She had sacrificed much to gain an end, and had not gained it.

"In fact," mused Miss Pycroft, ingenuously, "I know rather less than when I came."

She would have outstaid John Carteret, and have made one final effort, but that John Carteret seemed determined to prevent it. Therefore she took her leave.

"Guissepe," said the Signora, after the departure of all the guests, "there is trouble somewhere. Some taper has its flame crushed. I do not like Mr. Seaton. What is it?"

"I do not know," replied Signor Neri; but he too had caught it in the tones of the "Agnus." "*Qui tollis peccata mundi,*" he hummed, as though recalling the intonations of the singer.

"*Miserere nobis!*" responded the Signora, involuntarily. "It is a sorrowful world, Guissepe."

CHAPTER X.

THE STORM.

DIANA walked rapidly along, neither looking at Jasper nor speaking. Her hands were moving nervously, as they always did when she was agitated. She had a mental conviction that Jasper was in her way, and she must get rid of him; and yet she felt a strong disinclination to showing him, either by word or sign, that she heeded his presence. Her feelings had undergone a revolution during the last half-hour; and instead of reproaching herself, as she had so lately done, her wrath against Jasper was bubbling up, as it used to do in their old quarrels. He had come and thrown an

apple of discord into her paradise, and she hated him. He had said he would prevent her marriage, and he was already beginning to do so—not by the power of his guardianship, but through some unexplained influence, which he appeared to possess, of making John Carteret gloomy and distrustful.

Her cheeks burned deeper crimson—her eyes flashed; and, if it had not been for the twitching that prevented their keeping steady, her lips would have settled into the old scornful twist that they were almost beginning to forget.

Jasper strode silently at her side. He was scarcely more inclined for speech than his companion. And yet he should be glad when the storm was over, for he knew it was coming. It had been threatening all the afternoon; and he was not ill-pleased, as it would clear the atmosphere, and pave the way to further action.

They walked on thus until within a short distance of the great iron gates surmounted by the dolphins, when Diana's foot catching against a stone, she half stumbled. Jasper put out his hand to save her, but she recovered herself without his assistance; and, shrinking farther from him, exclaimed—

"Don't touch me!"

There was almost a cry of pain in her tone, and Jasper asked—

"Are you hurt?"

"No!"

Then, after a moment's silence, she added—

"Yes—I am hurt. Not in my foot, though, but in my heart. What have you done to make everything grow dark, Jasper? I thought it was all going to be light. I don't know how, but it was burning steadily until you came. You promised—"

Here she hesitated, and Jasper asked—

"What did I promise, Diana?"

The question brought another shadow over her—another cloud, to hide away the light. But a few hours ago, it had seemed so clear to her that Jasper had set aside all his objections to her engagement—that he was going to make everything pleasant and straight for her; and now, all seemed to have resolved itself into indistinctness. She could remember no actual promise that he had made to this effect, only the general impression that she had gathered from his words.

"What did I promise?" repeated Jasper, taking advantage of her hesitation.

"That—that—at least, you made me believe that you would like John Carteret; and now—"

"I cannot help what you chose to believe, Diana—though I have no objection to liking Mr. Carteret, if he will allow himself to be liked; which, as far as I can make out, does not seem to be his wish or intention. So far, he appears to me to be a very unamiable sort of person."

"That is because there is something wrong. He never was so strange before, as he was to-day. I know there is some cause for it, though I do not know what the cause is. What have you done, Jasper?"

For she felt, instinctively, that Jasper was in some way or other connected with the altered manner of John Carteret—that it was through him that the clouds had gathered around her *Paradiso*.

"Done! I have done nothing. I never saw Mr. Carteret before to-day."

"And you wouldn't care if you never saw him again," returned Diana, vehemently. "You didn't care to see him—you would rather not have seen him. I saw it in your face!"

"Did you see anything in Mr. Carteret's?" inquired Jasper. "There was certainly nothing encouraging in it. To me, it seemed as though he did not wish to see either of us."

"Jasper!"

And Diana's colour faded from its vivid crimson, and she became deadly white—partly through excess of anger, and partly through the sudden fear that Jasper's words had called up. For she could not deny to herself that there had been something strangely repellent in John Carteret's manner—that something had occurred that had removed her from him, though she had tried to attribute it to his desire of preventing any attention being drawn to the fact of their engagement.

"My own belief," continued Jasper, "is, that Mr. Carteret would not have come into Signor Neri's at all, if you had not insisted upon it. If you recollect, he was turning away when you spoke."

No—she had not thought of it at the time, but she recalled it now. How keen-sighted Jasper had become; and she was angry at his having perceived, and having forced upon her, a disagreeable fact of which she had scarcely been aware.

And why should John Carteret have turned away, as he had never done before? Surely,

Jasper was at the root of the evil; and the storm that had been gathering grew wilder within her. The old passionate temper that had been uncurbed through her untutored childhood, and that had been kept in abeyance during the halcyon time of the last few weeks, had risen almost to its height. She stopped suddenly, and, facing her companion, said—

"Jasper, you are very wicked!"

She spoke in a slow, constrained voice, that tried to be calm.

Jasper, with the perversity that had ever characterized his dealings with her, was rather pleased than otherwise. It always amused him to see Diana in a passion; and, as a child, he had often roused her. There was such an infinite variety in her action, in the quick light dancing in her eyes, in her quivering lips, and in the little foot stamping the ground in impotent rage; there was something that told of life—strong, energetic life in it; something, too, that made her seem more akin to him—that made him feel, even at this present moment, that they were not so far apart.

"Thank you, Di," he answered, quietly.

"I suppose I shall always hate you, Jasper," she said, still speaking in a measured tone, and catching her breath at every word. "I can't help it. I believe you are more wicked than I am, and I know I am very wicked. I thought I was growing better since—since— I thought I should perhaps never hate any one again; but that is over—one can't help hating one's enemies!"

Jasper Seaton winced slightly, but he replied—

"I am not your enemy, Diana."

"You are—or you would not have brought all this to pass."

"You are unreasonable, Di. I have not brought anything to pass. What have I to do with the change that you say has come to Mr. Carteret? How can it be my fault? I am as ignorant as yourself of the cause of it."

Which was the truth; though Jasper determined, whatever might be the cause, to turn John Carteret's altered manner to his own advantage.

"I told you this was a foolish engagement," he went on.

Diana made no reply.

"And one that certainly cannot be carried out."

"Why not?" asked Diana, defiantly. "Who has the power to prevent it?"

"I suppose Mr. Carteret is a sensible man," continued Jasper, without attending to her question—"a reasonable man."

"What are you talking about—what do you mean? I do not understand you," said Diana.

"It is just possible," Jasper said, still speaking very quietly, "that Mr. Carteret may come to view the matter in the same light that I do. In fact, he may have already begun to do so; for, otherwise, he would have made a point of seeing me, as I am your guardian. How am I to construe his not having done so? Indeed, after this afternoon, may I not rather infer that he wishes to avoid me?"

There was no truth in what he said. Diana knew there was not; and yet it sounded so plausible, that she stood there shivering as if a chill had fallen upon her.

"It is all false! false! He does care for me!"

"How do you know?"

"How do I know?" she began—but she stopped.

How could she tell Jasper how she knew? And yet her heart told her there was no doubt of it, despite the miserable feeling that was creeping over her, and trying to stifle her belief in it.

"You only know what he told you, Diana; and when a man is flirting with a girl, he will say anything. There is no dependence to be placed on his statements."

"Flirting! John Carteret! Jasper, I will not hear you."

And she put her hands over her ears, whilst her eyes shot forth contempt. Jasper removed one hand, and held it so that she could not replace it.

"But you must hear me, Diana. Mr. Carteret is probably waking up to a wiser view, and may perceive that people who have no money to marry upon cannot possibly marry."

"He knew I had none—I told him so. He does not care about it."

Jasper smiled contemptuously.

"Or said he did not. Besides, was it likely that he should believe that I would allow you to be unprovided for? That may have been his hope. But I assured Dr. Crawford yesterday that you would have nothing—literally nothing; and perhaps Dr. Crawford may have said something to his

friend that has had the effect of making him pause ere he takes the final leap."

"How dare you, Jasper!—how dare you?" sobbed Diana, no longer able to restrain the passion that had half choked her. "You are false, wicked—no more able to understand John Carteret than—"

"Than you are," interposed Jasper. "Mr. Carteret is a clever man, doubtless: one who would not do a foolish thing. However, I am willing to wait for time to prove whether I am right or wrong."

If Jasper had shown the slightest symptom of anger or vexation in his tone, Diana would have thrown all his words to the wind. But he was calm—deferential almost—and totally unlike what Jasper used to be in their former quarrels. There was nothing sharp or capricious in anything he had said; on the contrary, he seemed as though he was reasoning calmly for her good, and had that as his sole object. Therefore, his words had a certain amount of weight with her—or rather, they infused feelings of fear, of doubt, of suspicion, that she could not silence. Could Dr. Crawford have said anything? Dr. Crawford was her enemy—so she construed her own dislike to him—and who could tell how he might influence John Carteret against her? John Carteret had, without doubt, wished to avoid her. He had scarcely spoken to her. There must be some reason for the constraint in his manner. What was it? And yet, again, she recalled the little importance that John Carteret in their conversations had attached to wealth. And then Jasper's insinuation crept in. He might not have believed that she was absolutely penniless. She tried to suppress the doubt as utterly unworthy of her lover; but the seed had been implanted, and its fruit would spring up.

They passed through the iron gates, and up the broad avenue; and as they approached the house, Diana sprang forward, darted up the steps, almost ran against Mrs. Seaton in the hall, and fled to her own apartments—where, locking the door, she threw herself into the one easy chair she possessed, and sat with closed eyes, waiting until she should recover her breath, and restore her tumultuous thoughts to order.

Slowly the wild throbbing of her heart was stilled. Slowly she unclosed her eyes, and gazed round the half-furnished sitting-room.

The sun was pouring a flood of brilliant

light through the west window, bringing into unrelieved prominence each shabbiness of detail that her happiness had gilded over.

She had been playing at poverty, and she knew it now; she was only just awakening to what might be the reality.

Was this her paradise?

The poorness of the belongings struck her as forcibly as they had done Jasper. The faded tapestry, the shabby chairs, the old red table cloth. Everything that, in her light-hearted heedlessness and ignorance of the deep significance of poverty, had seemed to her so all-sufficient, now, in her sudden revulsion of feeling, appeared as if leagued together to mock her; for now she was looking at them with other eyes than her own, and asking herself whether a man of refinement, like John Carteret, would be willing to go through the world as she, under the shadow of his care, was willing to do? What was she, that he would cast in his lot with her, and go hand in hand through life with her?

She did not soften to herself one time-worn, patched, or mended excrescence, one shortcoming, one flaw, one blemish, that had hitherto been invisible. She sat there, beginning for the first time to realize the sordidness of poverty—its depressing influences; its hard battle with its enemy, the world.

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

It had been Dr. Crawford's text on the previous Sunday; and she had sat listening to the sermon, and dreaming how little outward circumstances or luxury of any kind mattered; every now and then stealing a glance at John Carteret in the rectory pew, to see whether his thoughts were even as her thoughts, and to try to catch some new inspiration from his spiritual face. She had alternately gazed and listened, until she seemed to be carried above the world into some region whence she could look down upon it; and it appeared to her as insignificant as the tiny silver lines the rivers thread through miniature valleys, when seen from the high mountain, whose summit rises nigher to heaven.

But as she looked round her room to-day, her thoughts flew to the well-furnished home of the preacher, and to his well-appointed establishment. And she drew a practical comment.

What did he know of the words he had

preached? What experience had he had of the soul-life that can suffer the want of all things—he who never felt the need? Perhaps, after all, there was nothing in the sermon.

Meanwhile, Jasper Seaton had reached the house at a slower pace.

"Have you and Di been quarrelling?" asked Mrs. Seaton, as her son entered the library where she was sorting out some papers. She did not look up at him, but went on with her employment—scarcely, perhaps, expecting an answer.

"We have not quarrelled," answered Jasper, in a forced, measured tone, that made Mrs. Seaton turn her head quickly, and regard him attentively.

"What is the matter?" she said, stepping nearer to him.

"Nothing!"

Mrs. Seaton came a little nearer. A new light was slowly dawning upon her.

"Have you any *new* reason for objecting to her engagement?"

"No—only the old one: that, neither with my consent, nor without it—if I can help it—shall Diana marry that man."

He spoke more vehemently now, and the light dawned clearer and clearer to Mrs. Seaton. Dare she give utterance to it? She hesitated.

"One would think you were in love with Di yourself, Jasper—only it is so impossible!"

He started up. It sounded strange to hear it in actual spoken words, though he believed the words were spoken at random. Still, they had taken effect. They echoed through the room and hissed in his ears, as though the thought were presented to him for the first time.

"Nonsense!" he said. "What nonsense you are talking, mother. Is it not natural that I should look after Di's interests?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Seaton, with a sigh, thinking how pleasant it would have been to have settled Diana quietly, and be free from all anxiety respecting her. Besides, the truth was growing very clear to Mrs. Seaton, although she forbore to let her son perceive that she knew it. She had borne with Diana, for his sake. She was willing to bear with her being his wife, if it should please Jasper—though she wondered at Jasper's fancy.

But how it was going to be brought about, she could not imagine; for Diana

was certainly in earnest, and her attachment was not mere caprice, or the whim of the moment.

Mrs. Seaton looked at Jasper, who was striding up and down the room, as was his wont when he was excited. She almost pitied him—if she could be said to feel pity towards one for whom her love amounted to idolatry; and from that moment, she was an enemy of John Carteret's.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTAINS SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. GOLIGHTLY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE MUTTON CUTLET CLUB.

FAME, trumpet-tongued, soon spreads the report of bold deeds in both large societies and small ones. So it was with Mr. Golightly, at St. Mary's; but whether it arose from the story of his having fought a duel being told abroad, or from his connection with so unimpeachably correct a set as that in which Mr. Pokyr shone as the leader of *ton*, our hero soon became quite a man of mark in his college. For several days after his encounter with Mr. Chutney, on returning to his rooms of an afternoon or coming in from lecture in a morning, Mr. Samuel was wont to find the letter-box, if his outer door was sported, or his table, if it were open, covered with cards left for him by gentlemen, not only of his own standing in the University, but of the years above him. These marks of consideration were left upon him, not only by gentlemen who—from their proposing to themselves no more serious affair in their stay at the University, than consisted in getting over the various obstacles between them and a "poll" degree—might be supposed to have plenty of leisure on their hands, but also among his callers were men of quite a different class. Mr. Eustace Jones, the future senior wrangler, dropped quietly downstairs from his calculus and green tea, and, timidly knocking at our hero's door, fidgeted nervously on the extreme edge of a cane-bottomed chair for precisely five minutes by his own watch, and then ran up to his own rooms to make up, as fast as possible, for the time he had thus sacrificed to the demands of politeness. Mr. Golightly expressed himself much pleased with the opportunity thus afforded him of making the acquaintance of so dis-

tinguished a mathematician. He could not, however, as he contemplated the pale face, and nervous, absent manner of his visitor, help thinking that he should not care particularly to count this extraordinary genius among his intimate acquaintance.

A reading man of another stamp was the Lord Ernest Beauhoo, who "ground like a fiend," as Mr. Pokyr, who was a distant cousin of Lord Ernest's, expressed it.

His lordship, a solemn young prig, of limited classical attainments, was working away at Plato, at Cambridge, previous to enlightening his country from the floor of the House of Commons. A nice little pocket borough, appendant to the family of Beauhoo, awaited his lordship's coming of age: a Cabinet minister filling the dignified position of warming-pan in the borough of Calm, pending the approaching majority of Lord Ernest Beauhoo. And then, faithful electors of Calm!—blue fire and Beauhoo for ever! However, when this legislator in embryo called upon Mr. Samuel Golightly, he found that gentleman out; so he slipped the Beauhoo pasteboard, with the Beauhoo crest on it, into the letter-box in the sported door.

On the occasion of the first influx into his rooms of a heavy batch of cards, our hero, having placed them carefully on his table, proceeded to call upon his cousin, Mr. George, and ask him to explain the meaning of this suddenly revealed desire of everybody in the college to make his acquaintance.

"Well," said Mr. George, in reply to the query of Mr. Samuel, "it is the usual thing here—only you have more men of the years above you on the list of your callers than is common. You ought to feel honoured, I am sure."

"I do," said Mr. Samuel, with some show of proper gratitude. "My Fa—"

"Well, never mind Uncle Sam just now," protested Mr. George, who did not reverence the oracle of the parsonage so much as his father, the Squire, did.

"My Fa," proceeded Mr. Samuel, however, nothing daunted, and determined to finish his observation, "wishes me to make the acquaintance of as large a number of men of my own age as possible, while I am here. As I have often heard him say, 'the proper study for mankind is man'—"

"Original and apropos," interrupted Mr. George.

"And," continued our hero, "I am willing to do so, since these gentlemen seek my acquaintance."

"Of course you are. What did you come here for? Enjoy the place as much as you can."

"What am I to do?" asked Mr. Samuel.

"You must return their calls. If they are out, leave a pasteboard. If they are in, stay five minutes, and don't refuse a glass of sherry. If you don't know where they keep, ask Sneek to take you round to their rooms—which he will do for a trifling consideration and kind treatment."

Our hero laughed at his cousin's advice, and determined to follow it out to the letter, with the single exception of not retaining the services of Mr. Sneek for the occasion.

"Come up to Pokyr's," said Mr. George, abruptly.

"Right," said Mr. Samuel, who was fast rubbing off his country rust, and acquiring the manners of his friends.

"Come in," cried the voice of Mr. Pokyr, in reply to Mr. George's knock—with a long-drawn out and emphatic "come:" the tone of an injured man, who, having got out his books for an hour's grind, is disagreeably surprised to find five or six friends have chosen that particular hour for a call.

Mr. Pokyr's dictionaries were open on his table; but he was not turning over their pages, pregnant with meaning, but standing with his back to the fire, talking to Mr. Calipee, Mr. Fitzfoodel, and several other gentlemen, who were enjoying his society and his cigars at the same time.

"Hallo! at work?" said Mr. George.

"I hope we are not disturbing you," said Mr. Samuel.

"Ah! about time I did work, I think, with the 'Little Go' before me, and not a word about the subjects within the range of my knowledge at present. But you do not disturb me, exactly. Calipee began that an hour ago; and when once he is well seated in my easy chair, he does not move again in a hurry—do you, Nigger?"

"He is going out for a ride with us," said the Nigger, by way of explanation.

"I beg to inform Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly of his election as a member of the Mutton Cutlet Club," said Mr. Pokyr, with due form.

"Oh!" said our hero, smiling with complete satisfaction. "Thank you."

"Our meetings are Saturday nights—our

club-room is at the Green Dragon. This is Saturday, and I will therefore take you with me, introduce you to the club, administer the usual oaths, and make a Mutton Cutlet of you," said Mr. Pokyr.

"I shall be ready," said Mr. Samuel.

"I hear that they are going to put up Smith," said Mr. Calipee.

"And who is Smith?" asked Mr. Calipee.

"Smith is legion!" said Mr. George.

"Smith is not a bad sort of fellow," said Mr. Pokyr. "Comes from our county—rides well, and good cattle, with the Loamshire hounds."

"Let us look him out," said one of Mr. Pokyr's friends, strolling up to his host's bookcase, and taking down Burke.

"Need not trouble to look there," said Mr. Fitzfoodel, "find it all in Smiles's 'Self-Help.' Got Smiles, Pokyr? Save a deal of trouble—assure you."

"I do not possess a copy of the work in question," replied Mr. Pokyr.

"I hope he won't get elected. I hate all those fellows—they spoil the club," said Fitzfoodel, plaintively.

"Well, he'll have my vote," said Pokyr, who was president of this aristocratic and exclusive club.

"And mine," said Mr. George. "I like a fellow who rides well, and is a good sort of fellow besides."

"I hate parvenus," exclaimed Mr. Fitzfoodel, representing the landed interest.

"By the bye," said Mr. Pokyr, giving our hero a tap on the shoulder, "you must join the Drag, Golightly."

"The Drag?" said Mr. Samuel.

"Hounds, herrings, and aniseed—you know," said his friend, imitating the action of a jockey.

"But I don't ride very well," said our hero, apologetically.

"You ride well enough. You must have a quiet horse from Spratt's, and you'll do as well as the best of us."

"Must join," said everybody.

Our hero, with characteristic amiability, consented to become a contributing member to the University of Cambridge Drag Hunt.

"Somebody coming upstairs. Another visitor, Pokyr," said Calipee.

"A dun," said Mr. Pokyr, as a feeble single knock fell on their ears. "Let him knock again," he said, putting a cap on one of his pistols. "I'm ready for him."

"Pray, don't shoot!" said Mr. Samuel.

"They deserve it."

The door opened. In walked Mr. Pokyr's laundress. Bang went the pistol.

"Ha! you've just escaped it," he cried, pointing to a hole in the ceiling, which truth compels us to state was there before.

"You'll frighten me to death some day, sir, please, sir," said the laundress.

"You have had a lucky escape," said Mr. Pokyr, tossing his laundress a shilling.

"Good morning, sir, and thank you, sir," replied that official, evidently not reluctant to be shot at again, then or another day.

"The horses is at the gate, sir," said Mr.

Pokyr's man. Mr. George Golightly went for a ride with his friends, while our hero spent the afternoon in returning some of the calls he had on his list.

The evening came, and with it his introduction to the Mutton Cutlet Club: an event which, shortly after its occurrence, our hero described in a letter to his father. Prudently reserving any account he might have to give of his encounter with Mr. Chutney for a verbal relation, in case he found his cousin, Mr. George, had mentioned it to any members of his family, Mr. Samuel confined himself on the present



MR. GOLIGHTLY IS MADE A MEMBER OF THE MUTTON CUTLET CLUB.

occasion to an account of his first dinner with the club, at the Green Dragon. After premising that he was personally in a perfect state of salubrioness, and mentioning some other minor topics, Mr. Samuel said:—

"On Saturday last, I was introduced by Mr. Pokyr to the Mutton Cutlet Club, having previously been elected a member, and paid my entrance fees and yearly subscription. I had been led by Mr. Pokyr to suppose that, notwithstanding its curious title, the Mutton Cutlet Club was an association of gentlemen of the University for literary discussion,

the reading of papers, and for debates thereupon. But on entering the club room—which is the large room at the Green Dragon, an inn with the name of which, at all events, you are acquainted—I found a long table laid for dinner, some sixteen or twenty covers being laid. However, before dinner began, the secretary of the club produced a silver gridiron, on which I was sworn, in a sort of humorous oath, to do many things, of which these are some of those I recollect—'Never to drink beer if I could get claret, unless I liked beer better;' 'Never to drink claret when I could get port, unless I liked

claret better; 'Never to dine anywhere except at the table of the Mutton Cutlet Club on a Saturday night, unless I had a better place to go to;' 'To submit to all the fines of the club, as levied by order of the president;' 'To sing a song when called on or pay the fine;' and many like promises. Dinner being served, I sat near Mr. Pokyr, who occupied the chair. We had soup first; and there is a legend in the club, which is of ancient standing, that every dish contains mutton in some form; but I did not detect it in the soup. We had, afterwards, mutton cutlets in various ways—*en papillotes* I chose,

recollecting those we used to have in Paris—and other things followed in due course. The wine was very good, and after dinner the fun became very general. Cigars were placed on the table; and the room, though large, was soon filled with smoke, as everybody seemed to smoke. I was much alarmed when it came to my turn to sing a song, as I only know the one I once sang when we were playing forfeits last Christmas at the Hall, and Arabella imposed a song on me. The words are so simple, that a great deal depends on the way it is sung. I think I sang it well, as it was received with



MR. GOLIGHTLY SINGS A SONG.

much applause; and being encored, I was obliged to sing it again. It is—

'Did you ever, ever, ever see a Whale?
Did you ever, ever, ever see a Whale?
Did you ever, ever, ever see a Whale?
No, I never, never, never—
No, I never, never, never saw a Whale;
But I've often, often, often—
But I've often, often, often seen a Cow!'

Which is quite true. The words of all the verses are just the same. I sang a great many, I know. Pokyr said it was a capital song—the melody being very pretty, and the words simple yet interesting. After-

wards, to finish up with, we had a Dutch chorus. Everybody sang a verse of some different song. This went round the table; and at last the chorus was made by all singing together their own verses to their own tunes. The effect was beyond description. I never heard such an unearthly noise in my life. Pokyr says they always 'finish up with a row.'

"Altogether, I like the Cutlet Club very much."

With these interesting details of the doings at the club, and his very kind wishes to

all the members of the family, our hero closed his second epistle from the University to his father at Oakingham-cum-Pokeington.

Mrs. Cribb, on her restoration to health, appeared for several days in her Sunday attire, by way of rehabilitating her general character, which might be supposed to have suffered somewhat from her recent indisposition.

She appears, in the following portrait, in the Sunday dress above referred to. Our



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ELIZABETH CRIBB, FROM HER CARTE DE VISITE.

engraving is faithfully copied from her *carte de visite*, which she is in the habit of presenting to her masters when they leave college, and in return for which she will take kindly to a "tip." She gave one to Mr. Golightly on the occasion of his leaving St. Mary's, observing—

"And, sir, when I were at the photographer's, and see all them pillars and statues and fountains, I said to the young man as was going to take—'Young man, bein' a servant, could I be accommodated with a brush to 'old in my 'ands to show the same?'"

Which accounts for the clothes brush to

be seen in the hand of Mrs. Cribb, in the faithful likeness which is given in this chapter.

OUR OLD FRIEND MR. PEPYS AGAIN,

IN QUITE A NEW PHASE.

BY LADY LYTTON.

GOING the other day to pay a visit to an old manor house in Devonshire, I was told that my friends were out, but had only gone for a short drive, and had left a message requesting that, should I call during their absence, I would walk in, and await their return. I did so accordingly, and was shown into the library. Besides the ancestral library table, which is a marvellously handsome specimen of old carved black oak, representing Conway Castle in its palmy days, which—the table, not the castle—has stood its ground in my friends' family since the days of the Edwards, there was a collateral branch of the same useful piece of furniture at one side of the large old high mantelpiece, placed before an arras sofa, which in its external form simulated the stiff stateliness of those hard stools of repentance used in the times of the Tudors—no doubt, as a successful protest against sedentary habits, but whose broad squabs were in reality stuffed with all the springs and springes so ensnaring to, and provocative of, modern lolling and lounging. This part of the room was especially the chosen niche of my friend's wife; and, verily, there was a somewhat oppressive faintness in the atmosphere just here that caused my soul involuntarily to "sicken," as Lord Byron tells us that of the "luxurious slave" does—the slave of luxury understood—

"O'er the heaving wave."

Nor was this faintness at all the result of the last sighs of Patchouli, or the essenced Gull-attar, mingling with the defunct fumes of my friend's Látaki. No; it arose, I suspect, from a maelstrom of magazines, a *tremontano* of new novels, and an Aurora borealis of Scotch reviews, overlaid by an avalanche of daily papers, whose political principles—if they had any—seemed drifted hither, thither, north, south, east, and west, by the equinoctial oratorical hurricanes of "members out of Parliament" to their respective constituencies and their bucolic auditory, "of the earth earthy," at agricultural dinners. I

looked at them, without attempting to take one of them; for it is astonishing how intensely I loathe "The Beautiful," "The High," and "The True," which I never come across without my soul's playing the "luxurious slave," but only in *print*. The *realities* of these much-abused adjectives—that is, the sterling coin of this paper currency, this cheap verbal virtue, these amentaceous pendants from literary cobwebs—I would circumnavigate a world to find, and worship when I did find. But where seek them in this age, which is essentially and emphatically an age of fiction—that is, of fine sentiments and mean actions, and where expediency is to modern civilization (?) what Diana was at Ephesus—the great goddess of men's idolatry? It is not what they feel, think, or believe, individually or collectively, that they either write, talk, or strive for; but that which will best tend to lubricate the complex wheels of that unwieldy machine called the State, and bring most grist to each man's own mill; for which reason this is, and must of necessity be, an era of solemn shams, shallow seemings, and intense *charlatanry*.

Once upon a time, in the *Times*, there was a curious little synopsis of the political humbug of our Gallic neighbours, headed "Papal Littérateurs." A Paris letter says:—"It is curious to see the heterogeneous elements of which the papal army of *littérateurs* is made up. M. Drouyn de Lhuys believes in the transmigration of souls, and other theories held by French dreamers, which are in direct opposition to all Catholic dogmas. The majority who rejected Jules Favre's motion for the evacuation of Rome are Voltaireans. M. Guizot is a Protestant, of the Evangelical school. M. Cohen, the principal *révêlateur* of *La France*, is a Jew; and although he says, in the columns of that journal, that the Papacy is the great conservative principle of modern society—in short, the salt of the earth—he goes every Saturday to the Synagogue, and is as scrupulous an observer as he can well be of the law of Moses, and the ordinances of the rabbis."

Well, and have we not our own Disraeli, great upon church rates and the suppression of dissent, even though he should engage in single combat with it—as Mrs. Partington did with the Atlantic—and bail it out, mop in hand, at his own back door? And have we not also scores of other "enlight-

ened* statesmen," who, having "foamed as patriots" all their youth, in the hope of "subsiding peers," either perorate in Parliament or in print all the virtues, patriotism, progress, generous aims, and noble ends which they have chronically and *consistently* refrained from giving any practical illustrations of in their own lives? There is an old Hebrew legend, which perhaps may have been the latent cause of Mr. Disraeli's caricaturing upon his church rate hobby—*qui sait?* Be that as it may, this Mosaic "morality" runs that, during the persecutions that followed the great Jewish struggles and defeat under Bar Cochba, a widow and her five sons were brought before the Roman emperor; who, pointing to a statue, said to them—
"That is my god: kneel down and worship him."

As they refused to do so, the emperor ordered the eldest to be beheaded, and then repeated his command to the next three; but with the same result. When there was only the youngest left, a beautiful boy of fourteen, he said to him—

"Come, save thy life, boy, and kneel down."

But the boy, looking at the king with disdain, only repeated the last words of his dying brothers.

"Come, boy," said the emperor again, "let me save thy life. I will throw this ring of mine on the ground. Pick it up, that the people may see thee bowing down, and believe that thou hast worshipped."

The boy answered—

"So much fear hast thou of those mortals below, because their eyes are upon thee; and should I have less fear of my God above, whose eyes are upon me?"

Whereupon, he shared the fate of his brothers. Foolish young martyr, to have seen anything "looming" above, or beyond the advantages terrestrial rulers have it in their power to bestow! Verily, we are wiser in our generation; and our statesmen, being on their metal at agricultural and all similar gatherings, naturally look to the *ring*, and *stoop*, so as to let the people believe they have worshipped. But where all is seeming, no wonder that vice, crime, and fraud of every kind is, despite our verbal pother about progress (?), so fearfully on the in-

* So called, no doubt, from making light of every obstacle in the way of their own personal advancement.

crease, as our statistics but too incontrovertibly prove they are. And no wonder, too, that the villains of sensational novels, such as Mr. Wilkie Collins's Sir Percival Glyde and Count Fosco, are such pale, tame types, compared with the living, breathing, brutal, unscrupulous villains by which we are surrounded, in this our glorious wilderness of humbug! What Sallust wrote of the state of Roman society in Catiline's time, surely some future Sallust will have to stereotype of English society in the nineteenth century.

"Pro pudore, pro abstinentiâ, pro virtute,
Audacia, largitio, avaritia vigeabant."

However, so true is it, as Lord Bacon observes, that totally unalloyed characters, like pure, unalloyed gold, can never pass current in the world; that perhaps a slight infusion of that moral alloy called "humbug" may be admissible to all who would utilize their intrinsic value for the good of their fellow-creatures, and not be selfishly satisfied to remain in all their unappreciated, because unappropriated, purity and solidity, within their mine, unexcavated and unwrought for mundane purposes. But it is to allopathic and universal humbug that there should be some statute of limitation; for that it is—as Mr. Carlyle expresses it, with more strength and truth than elegance, in his "Latter-Day Pamphlets"—which fills "the subterranean dust-bin of scoundrelism for the devil's regiments of the line." It is curious, after sickening over contemporary falsehood, venality, and sycophancy, to note the rigid impartiality and even-handed justice of posterity, which has nothing to fear—neither thumbscrews, nor actions for libel, nor even police regulations—in parading Truth at noonday, in the same unsophisticated and uncrinoline state in which she may be drawn from her Well. So those who are now loudest in denouncing the amiable little weaknesses of our truculent Tudor, "Bluff King Harry;" and the vices—varnished with that greatest of all vices, hypocrisy—of his far more infamous daughter, Elizabeth; and who, to give a more "modern instance," now trade in printed morality upon the vices of "the first gentleman of the age;"—it is curious, I say, to note how they would have been the very first—as we know some of them *were*, in the latter instance—to go down upon all-fours to puff, varnish, and adulate, living, the modern Sardanapalus, whom they so un-

sparingly dissect when dead. And so it will be with lesser men, but far greater villains, of our own immediate times. So "patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards," till the next generation cuts in! But what a volume of essays the analyzation of this world-old kicking of the dead lion, and worship of the living dog, would make, had we only—a *tout dire*—old Montaigne to write it!

I was led to these reflections upon contemporary humbug, by stumbling upon Mr. Samuel Pepys, very unexpectedly, in this old Devonshire manor house, quite in a new character—that of "a stern philosopher." "Good lack!" as he himself would have exclaimed. I was quite taken aback at the bare idea of such a thing. The way of the rencontre was this:—

Turning away from the neighbourhood of the innumerable magazines, lest some of them should explode, I looked at the well-filled bookcases in search of a companion till my friends should return. A huge tome of the "Travels of Busbequius" first attracted my attention; but, in taking it down, more with a view to examining the rude and rare old plates, a little fat, old, ragged duodecimo, that had been wedged in on the top of it, fell at my feet. Replacing the ponderous folio, I picked it up, and read the following title-page—which, with the dedication, capitals, italics, and punctuation included, I shall transcribe verbatim. The first was as follows:—

"RITES of FUNERAL, *Antient and Modern*, Through the known WORLD. Written Originally in *French* by the Ingenious *Monsieur MURET*. To which is added, A *Vindication* of CHRISTIANITY Against PAGANISM. All Translated into *English* by P. LORRAIN.—*London*, Printed for *R. Royston*, Bookseller to His most Sacred Majesty, at the *Angel in Amen-Corner*, 1683."

Then came the Dedication:—

"To the honourable SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ. SIR—To *Apologize* for this *Dedication* under the worn pretence of a desire of *protection*, were at once to do Violence both to the Character of my *Author* (whose Fame has raised him above the need of any) and my own *Modesty*, who am too conscious of what the best performances of this kind amount to, not to know That *Pardon* only (without *Protection*) is Indulgence sufficient

to the frailties of a *Translation*. THAT then which alone emboldens me to the inscribing this to YOUR REVERED NAME, is a belief I have that the *Copy* cannot be disagreeable to YOU of an *Original*, in whose diversities of Entertainment and Reading, You have been sometimes pleas'd to own so much satisfaction, especially upon a subject of such singularity as this, touching the different *Rites of Funeral* in practise with MANKIND. Of which *Rites*, however entitled YOUR VIRTUES have long since rendered YOU to those of the most solemn, or YOUR SEVERER PHILOSOPHY may nevertheless make you partial to others of the less studied Methods mention'd in this *Treaties*; GOD grant Your arrival at either may be as late for the benefit of *others*, as YOUR KNOWN INTEGRITY and FORTITUDE render impossible its coming too soon with regard to YOUR SELF. Which is the most fervent prayer of, HONOUR'D SIR, Your most Faithful and most Obedient Servant, *Paul LORRAIN*.—November 6, 1682."

Now, as for the grammar of this dedication *chef-d'œuvre*, it is beyond criticism; but, when I came to Mr. Pepys's revered and honoured name, in such very large italic capitals, I was strongly reminded of that unscrupulous, all-grasping genius, Shakespeare, who swept Olympus so bare, that, when poor Dogberry arrived a couple of centuries after him, he found that wicked Will had stolen all his best ideas: for it struck me, when I read, only a year or two ago, in a modern dedication, something about a "loved and honoured name"—that, until that dedication appeared, no one was aware the name in question had ever been either loved or honoured—how M. Paul Lorrain's fitting M. Pepys with a revered name in capitals is evidently an unwarrantable and anticipatory filching of the modern mythological "loved and honoured name." I confess I would have given much to have seen how the little, pompous, fussy Secretary of the Admiralty's "severer philosophy" liked his parasite's somewhat confused and equivocal aspiration, after telling him that his virtues deserved the very best of good funerals, and that it could not come too soon for the said virtues—which was the dedicator's fervent prayer! Now, both the wish and the way in which it is worded are so exceedingly Gampy, that Mrs. Harris herself would find it too harassing a pro-

cess to attempt to disentangle it. But with regard to Mr. Pepys's "severer philosophy"—of which really enough cannot be said or thought—one gets into a wilderness of conjectures as to which were the particular evidences of it that more notably left their impress on the mind of M. Paul Lorrain; whether it might have been the terribly conflicting emotions endured by the sensitive Secretary at the sight of "Lady Castlemaine's laced smocks" hanging out to bleach at Whitehall; or his despatching into the country, with only two guineas, that "poor wretch"—as he was wont, with more truth than tenderness, to designate Mrs. Pepys; while, as if he felt sure all the time that the recording angel would, at the great audit, compare notes with him, he actually enters it in his "Diary," that, on that same occasion, he "did give Knipp £5, took her to the Duke's house after," and goodness knows what "junketings" beside. If it were not from these and oft-repeated similar instances, I am at a loss to conjecture where honest Paul Lorrain unearthed Mr. Pepys's "severer philosophy." It certainly did not accompany him in his devotions; for, in all his scrupulously recorded church-goings, it is curious to mark how equally balanced his piety was between orisons and oglings. However, *à tout péché miserecorde*; and certes, there were, are, and ever will be, worse men than Samuel Pepys. He was honest; for, as he himself sententiously observed, when strongly tempted to speculation, "*It was not worth the risk of being found out*;" and he was steadily and conscientiously laborious in "that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him." Neither was he an unmindful man, or an uncharitable man to, those worse off than himself. Therefore, as at the end of M. Paul Lorrain's translation of "the ingenious Monsieur Muret's" book, there is appended the following notice:

"The translator of this book teaches the *French* tongue, according to an exact and easie method. He is to be heard of at Mrs. Gates's house in *Bow-lane*, over against *Basing-lane* end, *London*."

We may feel quite sure that some of Pepys's "pieces of eight" were translated into the poor French teacher's pocket; and, doubtless, had not the Pepysean "Diary" unfortunately been brought to a close on the 31st of May, 1669, on the 8th of Novem-

ber, 1682, posterity might have been regaled by some such entry as the following :

"Did have Paul Lorrain to dinner, off a chine and venison pasty. He mightily pleased with the entertainment, and more so with £10 I took occasion to slip into his hand; for, indeed, I think he do do me justice in his dedication of the translation of Monsieur Muret's book, though I did banter him about his earnest prayer that I might have a speedy funeral, from which he did defend himself mightily wittily, and with good discretion. And so away to 'The World's End,' a drinking-house by the park; and there merry, and so home late; and missing my footing as I got into bed, and hitting my nose against the bedpost, I did marvel what had become of my 'severer philosophy!'"

ONE OF TWO;
OR,
A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.
BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LII.

"O miseris hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!" sayeth Lucretius. "Often, when we seek the right, do we stumble on the wrong; and, contrariwise, as we grasp the wrong, we per-adventure only happen upon the right."—*Similitudes by John Pawlet*, p. 29.

BY what an admirable law of Nature it is that we associate ourselves with success, and congratulate ourselves upon it, even when another has achieved it; and disassociate ourselves from defeat in the quickest and most satisfactory manner!

"Ah!" said Inspector Stevenson, looking at the defeated Brownjohn. "Your case has broken down, Mr. Samuel. *That* horse won't run."

"Been scratched long ago, to *my* mind," returned the person addressed. "And no wonder. There are always two ends to a long pole, and I got hold of the wrong one. That's all."

"You did what you had to do, very well indeed," said Tom Forster, who did not feel any triumph at the humiliation of his rival; "and no man could do more."

"Thank you, sir—proud, I'm sure," said the police sergeant, taking the proffered hand, and shaking it. For Brownjohn, like a good honest fellow, generously admired his rival; and having lost the race, put up with the loss, and felt no deep regret. He had done his best—that was all he could do.

"I hope," he continued, "that your system will turn out better than mine. I don't do any fancy work. I look for my clue, and I hold on to it. I get to where it leads me—and it is nowhere. Now, with you it may be otherwise. You have a way with you that will—"

"Lead to nothing too, very probably," said the old man. "If murderers were men of talent instead of being the stupidest fools on earth, if crime were wisdom instead of folly, why, they would baffle us utterly. And there is something in this that we have not got to the bottom of, by any means."

"No?" asked Brownjohn, willing to be instructed, and half asking a question.

"I have felt so, at any rate," returned Old Daylight; "and I feel so more than ever to-day. Why, bless you, none of us are sure of a criminal, even if caught red-handed, till he confesses his crime."

As he said these words, Mr. Inspector Stevenson, who had gone into another room, after whispering to the magistrate, opened the door, and produced César Negretti and his little companion, Patsy Quelch.

Patsy seemed to have grown an inch taller. There was a gleam of triumph in his blue Irish eye—a quick, sharp, wakeful look, and a bold bearing about the boy, as if his hour had come.

César, on the other hand, had lost all his variable lightness and agility, and seemed to have collapsed. The prospect even of a couple of months' imprisonment had a terrible significance to the Maltese. Let him but once get into the hands of the police, and when should he escape? Such were his thoughts. He had a natural horror of all guardians of the laws, as may have been observed in others who choose to break through them.

"Who are these, Mr. Inspector?" asked the magistrate.

"Please, your worship," answered that officer, "we thought at first that it was something very small. Only a larceny case—spoon-stealing from a coffee-house."

"It is that!" interjected Patsy, in a quick, shrill whisper, which thrilled through the room, and made César start nervously.

"Miserable pig!" muttered the Italian, between his teeth. "Wretch—Irish—misbegotten one, had it not been for thee—"

Patsy's triumphant look silenced him, and Patsy himself was frowned into quietude by the Inspector. But he—with that curious

patience often exhibited by persons who love revenge—could wait. The objurgations of the Maltese, whispered or shouted, fell like peas upon sheet iron, and left no mark nor hurt.

Mr. Horton, by a courteous gesture, invited Mr. Tom Forster to the table in this preliminary investigation, and the bundle of the Maltese was silently examined.

Mr. César Negretti was one of those individuals—not uncommonly met with—who are not by any means deterred nor confounded by the wickedness of a deed, but who are appalled by detection.

Standing first on one leg and then on the other, his miserable body screwed up into as small a space as it could well occupy, he had lost all his gracefulness, and looked as contemptible an object as one well could conceive. The perpetration of crime, or the indulgence in low passions, is not conducive to good and noble looks; and a gallery of criminals may well be called a "Chamber of Horrors." The bright olive complexion of the Maltese assumed a green-yellowish hue; his eyes had lost their brightness and their sparkling vivacity. His fisherman's scarlet cap he had pulled off, and it hung dangling from his hand; while limp ringlets of his black hair straggled over his face, which was covered with perspiration. Once or twice he tried to assume an indifferent air, and even a sickly smile; but in those moments—to the eyes of Patsy, which were fixed on him—he looked somewhat more contemptible than before.

As for Mr. Tom Forster, he was taken by surprise. The spoons were of silver, and bore a half worn-out crest, which he at once recognized as the same as those bore which he had found at Acacia Villa. They did not carry the English, but the French, Hall-mark, and were of foreign manufacture. Mr. Forster, who had had some experience in these matters—as related in an early chapter of this history—pointed this out to Mr. Horton.

But besides these evidences, there were some light kid gloves—soiled, indeed, and crumpled and worn, but not so dirty as those which such a person as Negretti would have worn, nor were they of the kind which he would have purchased. They must, therefore, have been stolen or given to him.

Some other knick-nacks, a letter or so in French, one or two in an Italian patois used

in Malta, and some letters in English, made up the other contents of the bundle; with the exception of a shirt of fine texture, and a black kerseymere waistcoat.

The magistrate examined these, and then spoke—

"These are not all your clothes?"

"Yes—yes, signor; most honourable sir, yes," replied the Maltese, partly in Italian, with painful eagerness. Then he added, with a sigh of some satisfaction—"With the exception of those I have now got on."

"Yer lie!" muttered Patsy to himself; but he did not speak aloud this time.

"But what have you done with the others, my poor lad?" asked the magistrate, in a tone of kindly pity—grieved, as he always was, at the guilt of others, especially of the young.

"I—I changed them for these where I went with Mr. Brownjohn."

He looked pleadingly towards that stolid officer.

"He did so," said the police sergeant, accenting the last word. "He had a notion, I think, your worship, of getting beyond seas; but I kept my eye upon him, and he dressed himself up in this nautical way at a slop shop."

Here Mr. Tom Forster, bending respectfully down, whispered something in the magistrate's ear.

Mr. Horton nodded, and said—

"But a young fellow like you must have some other property. Where did you leave your trunk or chest?"

"I have none. I have sold it."

Mr. Horton looked puzzled and displeased; and Patsy fidgeted, and held up his hand as a schoolboy at a Sunday school does, when he feels, rightly or wrongly, that he can answer a question.

"Umph!" ejaculated the Inspector, noticing it; "the boy wants to speak, your worship."

"Let him speak up," said Mr. Horton, glancing in a kind and encouraging way upon the small boy.

Hereon Patsy spoke.

"Please, he has been and left a box at the café in Rupert-street. I know it, and I see'd it. The padrone, as we call the master, will show it."

"Very good," returned the magistrate. "Do you know where that place is, Sergeant Brownjohn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take a cab, and go and search the box. And now let us look to these letters."

The dates of the papers found in the parcel—during the reading of which César Negretti turned visibly more pale, and exhibited more distress—extended over some six months. The first in order was a rough draught of a letter to Mr. Edgar Wade, barrister, of the Temple, in which the writer acquainted that gentleman that he knew something which would, if examined and acted upon, turn to his advantage. It was purposely worded in a wide and indefinite manner, and seemed to have elicited a careful answer from the barrister. This answer did not occur; but there was another rough draft of a reply to the letter, in which the writer stated that, in overlooking some letters of his (the writer's) father—who was Gustave —, formerly valet to Lord Chesterton—he had discovered the secret of Edgar Wade's birth.

A third letter—and the little bundle of MSS. had been carefully and consecutively arranged, and had been preserved as being of some value—was from Mr. Edgar Wade himself. He wished the informant would call upon him: such matters as he could communicate had better be spoken than written. He appointed a certain evening, and wished that the writer of the letters would bring with him proofs of the authenticity of his information.

A fourth letter—again from Edgar Wade—complained that the appointment had not been kept, and asked—evidently in answer to some hints upon the subject of remuneration—what amount of money would be demanded, presuming the information supplied should turn out to be of use in placing the writer, Mr. Edgar Wade, in possession of his rights?

Mr. Horton looked significantly at Mr. Tom Forster as he read these letters. That gentleman fidgeted with his spectacles, examined the writing of his friend with coolness and minuteness, and was evidently troubled. The letters were quite genuine; and as each succeeding one strengthened the revelations so unpleasant to Mr. Forster's feelings, so his examination became more slow and methodical.

It would seem to have been Negretti's purpose to keep away as long as he could from a personal interview with the barrister. Some more brief notes of a letter next occurred, in which were found the names of

Gustave, Madame Martin—with her address at Acacia Villa—and Lord Chesterton. Lord Wimpole, in whose service the writer had been, was also mentioned; and the secret to be confided was held up as of the greatest importance and value.

There was no answer to this. Edgar Wade, it would appear, had sought out and found his informant; and, from notes of conversations, a large sum of money seemed to have been asked, and to have been agreed upon, as a reward to be paid upon Edgar Wade making his claim perfect. There were instructions, evidently taken from the barrister's lips, as to getting papers in the possession of Lord Wimpole or Madame Martin.

As Mr. Tom Forster read these, his heart sank within him. He turned pale, felt sick at heart, and sat down, polishing his eyeglasses with his bandanna pocket-handkerchief.

"This case assumes a very serious aspect," said the magistrate, looking at him. "I am afraid, Mr. Forster, that your accumulation of proofs in regard to Lord Wimpole have misled us."

"The proofs were all right, sir," returned Old Daylight, in a mild voice; "but I am afraid they have led us to the wrong person."

"I see no reason why his lordship should not be released on his own recognizances," said the magistrate, making out an order to that effect, and directing it to Captain Chesman. "Perhaps Inspector Stevenson will see to this!"

He handed the paper to Stevenson, who took it gloomily. "Here was a go," he said to himself; "Old Daylight was actually breaking down! What next? When would the right party turn up?"

"No," observed Old Forster, after a pause, "your worship was right in your unwillingness to make that arrest. There are yet more papers—possibly, in that man's box. Have you any more letters like or similar to these?"

César's pale lips moved faintly with the reply of—

"*Si, signor.*"

"Most of these notes are in your writing, I presume. We can prove that, even if you deny it. I want you to be cautious about what you say. It is evident that you know much about matters antecedent to the murder of this poor woman—"

Again a low, hissing sound of "*Si, sig-*

nor," a bowing down of the head, and a "piteous"—as old writers would say—extension of the hands and fingers, as if for mercy.

"If not of the murder itself," continued the magistrate.

César's head fell upon his chest, and he said nothing. But the eyes of the silent, watchful little Irish boy gleamed and sparkled with intelligence.

"Have mercy, sir, upon me—spare me, good sir!" gasped the Maltese. "Give me time. Let me consult my friends, and I will tell all."

The words sounded more like the low whining of a beaten dog than the voice—once so clear, sharp, and resonant—of César Negretti.

"You shall have plenty of time, and every opportunity," said the magistrate. "We will see you properly taken care of, and go fully into the case to-morrow."

César and Patsy were therefore removed; and, after some talk with Old Daylight in regard to Mr. Edgar Wade—for whose appearance Tom Forster himself undertook to answer, being supplied with the proper instrument for compelling his attendance—Mr. Horton left.

As Forster passed Sergeant Brownjohn, that functionary said—

"Well, I am as sorry as if it were my own case. Yours seems to break down as well as mine, although you were on the right track."

"Ah! my friend," said Old Daylight, with a sigh, "it was a race between us. One of Two, you know. And, as far as I see, I have the right evidence; and you, although you did not intend it, have arrested the right man."

He nodded in the direction in which César Negretti had disappeared as he spoke.

ON GRAIL MYTHS AND THE GERMAN GRAL-SAGE.

PART I.

AFTER quoting Voltaire's lament that the empire of reason was driving "the airy reign of fancy" far away from the earth, Lord Woodhouselee observes:—"It will require genius of a very remarkable order ever to revive among the polished nations of Europe a fervid taste for the romance of chivalry."

Professor Morley, in a lecture upon "King Arthur's Place in Literature," says:—"It is an indication of the bright genius of the present, which lays hold upon the Arthur myth as something real, something significant, something that one may make a part of one's own time and thought in the present day."

And to this present, of which Professor Morley speaks, Simrock also looked forward, since—after speaking of the second bloom of the German language and literature developed towards the end of the eighteenth century, out of which "may be seen the seeds of a new national consciousness ripening"—he adds: "If this be the case—and with high beating heart we see daily the mighty shoots of the young plant preserved—then will also the poets who dominated in the earlier period of our nation be no longer strange to us; and Wolfram von Eschenbach, the most German of all, be worthy of the greatest right to our admiration and to our love."

It is more than fifty years since Lord Woodhouselee wrote the passage alluded to—it is almost a hundred since Voltaire died; and the utilitarian spirit that both saw coming and come among the nations may have done its work, and man may have a brief breathing space given him wherein he may sit down and attend to that culture which Mr. Matthew Arnold so desires to find among his fellow-beings: a time to turn from the outer life to the inner, and, by raising the latter to its highest, refine and ennoble the work-day world that lies around, and possibly bring upon the earth some of the chivalrous spirit depicted in the mediæval romances. For a little chivalry in a man's nature makes him none the worse a man—rather the better and the nobler—though the Mammon-worshipping world may call him romantic and Quixotic.

Progress is rough work, and carries man along too swiftly to give him time to wipe the dust and dirt from off his brow. Yet progress is the stepping-stone to the great ideal to be hewn out of it—even as the beautiful statue is shaped from the rough, unpolished, yet valuable block of Carrara marble.

Rough, uncouth, unplastic, unsightly, in confusion, is much of the raw material that progress and utilitarianism have produced; and, as poetry is the first refining effort of barbarism, so may the second bloom of poetic thought and inspiration be the awakener of a new reign of high chivalrous feeling in

the world, after the semi-barbaric influence of go-aheadism—which may be described as the progress of the humanity, but not of the divinity, of man.

And so we turn, as children, lovingly to the old master spirits who ruled long and long ago; who taught bright lessons in dark ages, which the people of the age were not old enough to read; and, therefore, they have slumbered on in their hundreds of years of sleep, until the greatest poet of our times has burst through the thorny hedges that surrounded them, and aroused to life the sleeping beauty so long hidden from the gaze of the world.

Mr. J. M. Ludlow, in his "Popular Epics of the Middle Ages"—though he does not touch upon the cycle containing the Grail, Gral, or Sangreal legends—remarks that, "to this cycle belong poems of wonderful beauty and pathos, or even thoughtful depth, such as two of the French 'Tristans,' or the German 'Parzival;'" although, "in life-like vigour and freshness," he considers them as "far from equalling those of the former cycles." Yet, speaking of the olden song-smiths as a whole, he says, "Perhaps we shall find something to learn from them. . . . Perhaps, if we look closely into it, we may discover that the substance of poetry is there, of which we have too often kept only the garment."

Perhaps we may discover more: perhaps we may discover that these men taught in parables; that their harps were tuned to give forth chords, of which the key-note was appreciated but by the few; or which, perhaps, is only now sounding in the ears of a later generation; or whose light, like that of a hitherto undiscovered star, has but just reached the earth. As in each myth of Greece and Rome, Lord Bacon believed some great truth of nature or of philosophy to be set forth; as from the wild legends of the Scandinavian deities may beauteous meanings be elicited; and in the "Havamal," or High Song of Odin, the wisdom almost of Solomon be found; so in the Grail legends of the Arthurian cycle may be traced deep lessons of high thought and theologic teaching, and a spiritual element that gives, as it were, two lives to the poem—even as the outer and inner life of man make up the perfect being, yet one only generally known to his fellow-creatures, unless he is carefully studied by some loving bosom friend, to whom, through

the medium of a discriminating sympathy, the higher, truer reading of his manhood becomes appreciable.

In these remarks upon the Grail legends, I have more particularly in mind the German Gral-Sage of "Parzival," composed, or rather compiled, by Wolfram von Eschenbach—a German poet of the thirteenth century, born some time in the latter half of the twelfth. This Wolfram was "one of the most fertile of the Minnesingers and romance writers of his day." His birthplace appears to be a matter of dispute, but in his poem he calls himself a Bavarian (stanza 121, line 7, of canto Gurnemanz, "Parzival"). He was of good family, and led the roving life of a minstrel knight; not being overburdened with riches, yet well esteemed by his contemporaries. He took part in the poetic tournament, or "Wartburg-kriege," at the Thuringian Court—Walter der Vogelweide, Reimar the elder, Henry of Rispach, or the virtuous clerk, Henry of Osterdingen, and Klingesor von Ungerland, being among those present.

The poems of Walter der Vogelweide, like those of Wolfram von Eschenbach, were not unfrequently tinged with a religious spirit: indeed, a religious and devotional train of thought seems to have been common to the poets of this age; and when we consider the times in which they lived, we shall scarcely wonder at it, since the Crusaders were then arousing a sentiment for religion among all classes, which, in earnest thinking minds, became something more sincere than a mere enthusiastic effervescence. Therefore, it was natural, in such an age, that the poet should turn to the Christian myth of the Grail rather than to the Sagas and Eddas of the Scandinavians, or the classic fables of Greece;—though these were not neglected, Wolfram himself being the author of the "German Homer," a poem of more than thirty thousand verses, celebrating the exploits of Hector and Paris. The popular mind, leaning towards a Christianity mixed up with romance and knight-errantry, necessitated poets to write up to its demands and cravings; and the search for and possession of the Holy Grail might seem an apt parallel to the longing felt for the possession of the Holy City, then in possession of the Infidels.

The history of the exploits of Arthur, King of the Britons, which had been compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the

twelfth century, was one of the first works that laid the foundation of romantic history in Europe. Geoffrey of Monmouth died in 1154, in which same year Henry II. ascended the English throne; and in his reign lived one Walter Map, an Archdeacon of Oxford, of whom Professor Morley says—"Walter Map's work, if you remember, consisted especially in the placing of the Holy Grail in the centre of the romances that existed before his time. He took the legend of the Holy Grail as representing the Divine Mysteries, and he placed that in the centre of all—he made it the pivot on which the whole should turn."

Precisely what Walter Map was doing for England, Wolfram von Eschenbach was, not so many years later, doing for Germany, through his poem of "Parzival."

Simrock, the interpreter of Wolfram, and the renderer of his "Parzival" into modern German, says—"He does not confine himself to the Breton Saga, and the circle of the Knights of the Round Table, but interweaves them as an episode proceeding from the Gral." And further on he observes—"What stamps 'Parzival' as an undying work of art, whereby Wolfram leaves those who have supplied him with the material far behind, is the poetic consciousness with which he works all these externals into the inner life of his hero, whose spiritual development he sets before us in all its phases."

With Chretien de Troyes, who before Wolfram (1170—1190) had handled the Gral-Sage, this ground-thought is not perceptible. "Neither," says Simrock, "is it to be found, as far as we know, in the French and Provençal poets generally."

But Wolfram von Eschenbach does not take Chretien de Troyes as his authority; in fact, he blames him for his treatment of the Saga, since in stanza 827 of the last canto we read—

"Chretien de Troyes, full surely he
Hath done this legend injury;
Which well may Kiot's wrath excite,
Who brings the truer tale to light."

According to Simrock, the material that came into Wolfram's hands appears to have been full of confusion, and simply a collection of badly joined fables, even as the Arthurian legends had been to Walter Map. But Wolfram, placing the Grail as the centre of his Parzival-Sage, gave to the

world a psychological epic; or, as I have called it in "The Search for the Gral," a sort of mediæval "Pilgrim's Progress."

With regard to the Grail myths, there are several; the most popular story being that the Gral, Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was the salver or vessel from which our Lord ate at the Last Supper with His disciples, and in which the clotted blood was deposited when He was taken down from the Cross.

It had been seized by a Jew, who took it to Pontius Pilate; but he, not being willing to have in his possession anything that had belonged to the Saviour, gave it to Joseph of Arimathea. The legend further states, that Joseph of Arimathea, being cast into prison, was miraculously sustained there by its power for forty-two years; during which time he neither hungered, nor thirsted, nor felt the miseries of incarceration.

After Joseph's release from prison, he travelled with the Gral through several countries of Europe; and it was at length given into the keeping of a king in Britain (so say some), called the Fisherman King.

A second, found in Mabinoge (Mabinogion, from the "Clyfr coch Hergest," and other ancient Welsh MSS., London, 1839)—from which, says Simrock, one has the first source of the Parzival-Sage, that it was a dish on which the head of a man lay. This brings us to the story of John the Baptist, which I epitomize.

"The head of John the Baptist was, in early times, an object of much reverence. According to Sozomenes, it was discovered, in the reign of the Emperor Valens, with the monks belonging to the Macedonian fraternity. As, however, Valens was an Arian, the relic resisted being taken to Constantinople; the mules employed in its conveyance obstinately refusing to draw it farther than to the village of Cosilai, not far from Chalcedon. Later on it was, however, brought to Constantinople in the reign of Theodosius, who was orthodox in his views. This was accomplished much against the wishes of a pious matron who had tended the holy relic at Cosilai. Theodosius raised a magnificent temple for it; and a priest of Servian extraction, who had assisted the matron in her pious offices, seeing that the holy head had made no resistance to its removal as on the former occasion, followed it to Constantinople, where he embraced the Catholic faith, and daily offered up the sacrifice of the mass before the relic."

In the fifth century the head disappeared from Constantinople, but was brought back in the ninth; and we hear that, in the year 1027, Basil the purple-born being at the point of death, Alexius, abbot of Studion, brought the relic to the bedside, for which he was immediately appointed patriarch.

Another account is that the Holy Grail was a miraculous stone. In the "Wartburg-kriege" it is stated that "sixty thousand angels who wished to drive God from heaven had made a crown for Lucifer. As the archangel Michael dashed it from his head, a stone fell out, and this stone is the Gral."

charged with dry lymph, is placed for a minute. The cuticle is afterwards gently pressed down, and the operation is complete. The result," says Mr. Ellis, "is almost uniformly successful." These remarks of so eminent an authority are worth the notice of all interested in this most important subject.

A STORY IS TOLD of an old lawyer who remarked that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were—a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be single again, and an old maid who did not know what she wanted. We are in for a session of army reform, and the public temper may be pretty fairly represented by the three ladies in the anecdote we have just given. Members of every shade of opinion will want some alteration of the state of things that exists in every department of the service. Beginning at the beginning of the discussion, we may adduce this example:—At Brighton, Professor Fawcett told his constituents that—"The purchase system ought to be abolished; the double government of the Horse Guards and the War Office swept away . . . and, as a necessary preliminary to all these changes, we should have a Commander-in-Chief, not chosen because of his affinity to the Court, but because of his proved skill as a soldier and administrator." Earl Russell, on the other hand, writes to the *Times*, and concludes his letter on the state of our defences with a hearty recognition of the Duke of Cambridge's talent for administering the affairs of the army. His lordship says—"We have in the office of Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the Duke of Cambridge, who is, by general consent, the right man in the right place." Army reform is not such an easy thing as it looks. Both the Cambridge professor and the ex-Premier represent sections of the Liberal party, and both are supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Yet their opinions are clearly as opposite as they well can be on one of the first questions that will come under discussion—reform in administration—the administrative department of the army. But this disagreement among the doctors must not be allowed to interfere with our practical application of the lesson the great struggle, just coming to an end in France, has taught us. We firmly believe the Swiss military system is the best in Europe—the most

TABLE TALK.

AT the present moment, when the spread of the small-pox epidemic is occasioning such alarm in London, the following note from an old magazine may possess some interest:—"Newport, in Wales, claims the merit of having practised inoculation of the small-pox from time immemorial, before it was even known to the other counties of Britain. For while the London physicians, on the recommendation of a Turkish practice by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were cautiously venturing to experiment on some condemned criminals, the more hardy native of Pembrokeshire dared to inoculate himself, without the assistance of either physician or preparation. This was as early as the year 1722. The method had been constantly attended with great success; and though it had not acquired the name of inoculation, yet it was carried on in much the same manner. They called it *buying the small-pox*, as it was the custom to purchase the matter contained in the pustules of each other."

MR. ELLIS—whose experience on the subject is very large—recommends, in the re-vaccination of adults, a method differing from the one commonly in use. Believing that re-vaccination with dry lymph is deceptive and untrustworthy, Mr. Ellis proceeds as follows:—"After slightly rubbing the skin of the arm with a little eau de Cologne, to remove any greasiness from it, it is touched with a fine camel-hair pencil, dipped in vesicating liquid. Three little spots, of the size of a pin's head, only are thus left on the arm; and next day, into the minute vesicles thus formed, the ivory point,

economical and the most effective; and, in most of its details, applicable to the requirements of our own social state. We hope the House of Commons will not overlook the Swiss in its admiration of the Prussian system.

A FELLOWSHIP IN our Universities is looked upon nowadays as the natural reward of distinguished work in the final examinations; but an old biography of Admiral Blake, Cromwell's great sea captain, throws an odd light on the qualifications then deemed most necessary for college emoluments. Our biographer says:—"In 1615 he entered into the University of Oxford, where he continued until 1623, though without being much countenanced or caressed by his superiors—for he was more than once disappointed in his endeavours after academical preferments. It is observable that Mr. Wood—in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses'—ascribes the repulses he met with at Wadham College, when he was competitor for a fellowship, either to want of learning or of stature. As it is highly probable that he did not want capacity, and as he was an early riser and studious, we may therefore conclude that he could not fail of being learned—at least, in the degree requisite to the enjoyment of a fellowship; and may safely ascribe his disappointment to his want of stature; it being the custom of Sir Henry Savil, the then warden of that college, to pay much regard to the outward appearance of those who solicited preferment in that society." While speaking of Blake, it may not be out of place to mention one example of the manner in which this gallant sailor made the name of England feared wherever his ships went. When he lay before Malaga, in a time of peace with Spain, some of his sailors went ashore, and meeting a procession of the Host, refused to pay the customary respect. The people, incited by one of the priests, fell upon the sailors and ill-used them considerably. As soon as Blake heard of this, he immediately sent a prompt demand for the rendering up of the delinquent priest. The Spanish governor answered that, as he had no authority over the priests, he could not send the one in question. Blake's answer, however, was unmistakable. He replied "that he did not inquire into the authority of the governor; but that, if the priest was not sent within three hours, he would burn the town." The

priest was, of course, given up; when Blake, who was a true gentleman, sent word to the governor "that if he had complained to him of any insult given by his sailors, he would have punished them severely—for he would not have his men affront the established religion of any place—but that the Spaniards had no right to assume that power; and he would have all the world know that an Englishman was only to be punished by Englishmen." Some people think that a Blake might be useful now sometimes; but, then, this is an age of civilization, and England is more polite than she used to be!

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM "Lancashire Witches" is not clearly known, for Hertfordshire was formerly as famous for witches as the more northern county. The last "witch" tried, however, under the Witch Act, was a harmless old Lancashire woman named Jane Wenman. The jury, in spite of the judge, refused to convict. The poor woman was pardoned; and the prosecution, as was too often the case in those days, was afterwards found to be malicious. This occasioned not only the repeal of the Draconian act, but also the witticism of Judge Page, who, leaning round the court, advised them "to look out for witches, not among the *old* women, but among the *young*." And this is supposed to be the reason of Lancashire being thus distinguished as abounding in beauties.

WE HAVE JUST TURNED out from Woolwich the long-talked of 35-ton gun—the largest piece of ordnance in the world; and the next thing will be, of course, to see if even a bigger one still can be managed. Our ancestors would seem, however, to have prided themselves on making their guns as small as possible, since we read that, in 1775, "upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon, of a new construction—so light as to be carried by a man on horseback, and which carry balls from four to seven pounds weight—were shipped from the Tower, during the course of the present month, for the use of the troops in America."

WE HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT that the summary process known as "tarring and feathering" was purely a Transatlantic invention; but it would seem that the practice belonged originally to this country, and has merely been revived by our American cousins. Richard Cœur de Lion, during the expedi-

tion to the Holy Land, made several very severe orders for preserving peace in the navy. One of them was, that if any man was found guilty of theft, his head was to be shaved, boiling pitch poured upon it, and feathers stuck therein, so that he might be known; and the first land the ship touched at, he was to be set ashore. The spirit of modern improvements has substituted tar; but we expect that there is not very much difference, so far as the feelings of the patient are concerned.

THAT NOXIOUS ANIMAL, the "area sneak," had his ancestors, seemingly as well up to the art of petty thieving as himself; for we read in an old paper, dated 1741, of the conviction of one Robert Ramsay for stealing plate. And the account goes on to inform us that "Ramsay, who was bred a lawyer, used to go forth in a morning, genteelly dressed, with his brother—a snuff-box maker, who turned evidence against him. If they found any door open, while the maids were washing their steps or gone of an errand, one of them slipped in and seized what he could find; while the other stood at a little distance, to receive and carry off the prize." Verily, there is nothing new under the sun; and we suppose our forefathers missed their wrappers and overcoats out of the hall as regularly as we do nowadays.

DANIEL LAMBERT is mostly accepted as the "representative man" in the matter of enormous size; but we think he must have been beaten by the gentleman whose obituary notice we copy from an old file:—"Dec. 10, 1741, Mr. Henry Wanyford, late steward to the Earl of Essex. He was of so large a size, that the top of the hearse was obliged to be taken off before the coffin could be admitted; and so heavy, that they were forced to move it along the churchyard upon rollers."

GAD'S HILL HAS ACQUIRED a new lease of celebrity from having been so long the favourite residence of Charles Dickens. But the fame of this beautiful spot is by no means new, as all Shakspearean readers know. The following extract from an old book, entitled "The Kentish Traveller's Companion," is curious:—"The author's reflections, in particular, in passing over Gad's Hill, are such as must have occurred to every one who has tasted Falstaff's sack

with Shakspeare and with Quin; and all such must, with him, also be mortified at missing the old sign of the Fat Knight and his companions on the one side, and King Henry V. (a striking likeness) on the other. Instead of which, the present landlord has hung out 'The Plough' with 'Late Sir John Falstaff,' and the trite adage of 'God speed the Plough.'" The reason of mine host's alteration of the sign is, however, thus explained from another source:—Lady ———, the owner of the house, took it into her head to remove Fat Jack and Lean Hal, notwithstanding the tenant offered to give an advanced rent for the sake of retaining them; but no entreaties could prevail. It must be so, or he must no longer be her tenant. The poor host was then obliged to content himself with leave to fix a show-board to the sign, informing travellers that the house was formerly the "Sir John Falstaff."

A CORRESPONDENT says: Until recently, it was the custom for the smiths of a Royal dockyard (Chatham), on the eve of St. Clement, their patron saint, to carry "Old Clem" on their brawny shoulders, embowered in evergreen, round the town in triumphal procession, accompanied with pipe and tabor. "Old Clem" was attired in eighteenth century costume, wore an enormous wig and spectacles, and recited a rhymed speech at set intervals. The ropemakers chaired Queen Kate (St. Catherine) in a similar manner on Christmas Eve. Queen Kate was a pretty boy, with crown, and in robes. Rural pageantry is fast dying out, and these old customs are at least worthy of note.

HERE IS A CURIOUS NOTE concerning a very old friend:—"Tuesday, 17, 1775, was performed for the first time, at Covent-garden, a comedy called 'The Rivals,' said to be written by Mr. Sheridan. Some objections being made both to language and character, the author has thought proper to withdraw his piece for correction, and it has since been played with applause."

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SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. SERVANTS.



YOU are quite right, my gentle Public. It must have come to this, sooner or later. "The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep." Come, confess! Have I ever been dull, or bored you, or been melancholy myself—except, perhaps, at the wedding breakfast? Have I ever for one moment caused you to imagine that the author of these sketches is Dr. Cumming, or our own Tupper—no, I did not write the articles in the *Saturday* upon him—or Miss Dr. Somebody, or a bishop, or the late

editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, or Beales, M.A.—or, indeed, the Prime Minister? Never, I am sure.

In my soberest moments, a graceful fancy has thus prevented my degenerating into a too stern morality; and I have always endeavoured to be lively, even when obliged to be severe. But I warn my readers that there are some subjects which require to be handled with a solemnity and seriousness that forbid levity. Oh! I see it—it has been staring me in the face the last ten minutes, the title of this paper. I have made up my mind to have it out; and yet here I am trembling

on the edge of the chair, not daring to trust myself to its inhospitable arms. And supposing I am caught! Suppose the housemaid casts her detective orbs over these pages. Suppose—but that is too horrible—the butler stealthily advancing from behind, and peeping over my shoulder. I have not got a looking-glass opposite me; but I am sure I am looking as terrified as old Sir Prenny Smiffkins did, when I surprised him in the coffee-room at the Round Table, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when all the servants were downstairs, taking a choice and select lunch gratis off the tit-bits of the cold fowls ranged on the sideboard, with red cabbage, pickle, and bread, and the house beer.

Nonsense. Am I in my own house, or not? Am I master, or is Mrs. Gadabout mistress, of the establishment? I cannot honestly declare that either is. It may suit the convenience of my cook that I should dine at eight o'clock; and the butler, that my favourite beverage is claret. But if I preferred dining at a quarter to nine, and Hungarian to the Médocian vintage? How then? Ha, ha!—I should lose them. I don't care about the butler. But the cook—the darling, the precious, the invaluable, the adorable! Don't be alarmed, madam. HE gave me warning last year because I took him for the Ascot week to my cottage on the Heath, where I was entertaining a small but select circle. The second day he came to me with tears in his eyes—

"To oblige his dear patron—the Mécènes of his art, the director of his conscience culinary—he had consented to pass himself of the delights of his stall of orchestra at Covent Garden, and of the ballets of that ravishing Arlambra! Did he make obstacles to accompany Monsieur to his campagne? No. But he had figured to himself a different landscape. He had dreamt a delicious turf, sown here and there with tufts of trees and flowers; of groves, where the nightingale's

song of love, assisted by the smoke of a pure Londres of real Havanna, should refresh a brain which had begun to spoil itself in the service of Monsieur. Ah! what horror!—that arid plain, recalling the home of the Kabyle. Was he a Zouave, to recreate himself in sand? No! he was artist, poet—what will you? A poet! Ah, such a spot did the divine Williams imagine in his *drame* of 'Markbetts,' when the infernal sisters confectioned their *potage à la Canidia*. A *nostalgic*, an ill of country menaced him. He quitted me with regrets—oh! with regrets, well sure; nevertheless, he must assure me of his distinguished consideration."

Of course, I wasn't going to lose such a man for such a trifle; and he returned to his opera and ballet, engaging to send down a substitute.

Who are these mysterious people? Where do they come from? Who were their fathers and mothers? Are they of noble birth or lineage, and enter service, as the Knights of Malta, under a vow? What gives them their appetites? Why are they so particular and frequent in their meals? I don't carry out the following programme in my own case:—*Something* when they get up; breakfast at eight; lunch, a morsel (!!) of bread and cheese and beer, at eleven; dinner at one; tea at five; supper at nine. I fancy they measure their rank among themselves by the yards of provisions they swallow. I don't keep a large establishment myself—a cook, butler and two servants in livery, housekeeper, lady's-maid, three housemaids, two kitchen-maids, three laundry-maids, coachman, groom, and a couple of helpers; but I confess, when I have them in on Sunday evenings for the purpose of prayer and a short exhortation, I feel a very uncomfortable sort of awe creep over me. The rustle of that ancient lavender silk dress of the housekeeper, as she sits on a sort of throne by herself, crisps my nerves. I can feel the eyes of the butler upon me, and that he is, in his mind, calling me a humbug and a hypocrite. I pity the young grooms and maids, who are shy, awkward, and uncomfortable. I give a sigh of relief as the "rear" turns, and gives me a full view of the noble and rotund proportions of Mrs. Stores. I don't know why I should do it—I should have thought they had plenty of praying in church: but they are my instructions, and I obey.

No doubt it's wrong, but it does amuse

me to see them troop in according to their rank and precedence, in which order they sit down. Who settles the questions of precedence? Casserole is not of the reformed religion, and does not attend. I suppose he would take the *pas* of the butler. But would he? The coachman also appears more humble than I should have thought would be the case, from his usual lofty position. Which is the greater swell—the laundry or the kitchen-maid? How much has been written on their supposed habits—and how little correctly, I will venture to add! Who rules—the little tyrant of the kitchen? How I should like to assume plush, and pass a month in the servants' hall! How I would worm the secrets out of that sleek Mr. Spoons, and trace the various channels through which spoil is conveyed! What secret hoards has he, and where? I was in Throgmorton-street one day on business, and I saw him come out of a broker's office. What are his favourite investments? Perhaps he can put me on to a good thing in time-bargains. And is he content with one-eighth profit?

These are fair speculations into which to enter—for how little we know the feelings, manners, and habits of those who are actually the arbitrators of our comfort or discomfort! The servants of the present day are, for some reason, distinct types from those of our fathers. I never see any butlers now like old Growler—that is, before Aunt Rachel corrupted him.

He must have been five and thirty or forty years in the family—and when young, a tall, handsome man. He was very dark; so dark, that when he got gray, it was an iron-gray, barely perceptible. His linen was always marvellously washed, and kept in perfect order. He wore frills to all his shirts. Five gold studs—jewellery was his weakness—secured by little chains between each, were placed at equal distances down the front. On the right hand side of the top stud was what looked like a piece of mud, about the size of a half-crown. This was a brooch, containing the hair of his deceased wife, used on ordinary occasions. On days of festivity, it was supplemented by one double the size, encrusted with large pearls. He was much troubled with corns, which excrescences he wore in great profusion on the soles of his feet—and were also a constant source of expense to him, as he was continually consulting eminent

chiroprudists, with no results: these spoilt his temper, which was at times perfectly fiendish. When I first left Oxford, I wasn't allowed a latch-key, because Aunt Rachel was afraid of burglars; and thought that, if I was to lose it in the streets, whoever picked it up would at once know that it belonged to our house, and rob it the same night. So, as I was a gay young spark, and took my pleasure very freely, rarely returning from balls, or the Fly-by-nights, or club, till the milkman clattered about the square, Mr. Growler was not at all in a pleasant humour when summoned out of his warm bunk by a dissipated young man, whom he had known as a baby.

"Pretty time to come home, indeed. Might as well have waited till breakfast. I won't stand it, darned if I do. I'll have nothing more to do with this — old castle."

He always called the house the castle, and I don't know why.

However, the row used to wake my father from his dreams of protocols, who used to put his venerable head over the bannister—encased in a white night-cap with a tassel at the top, which always excited my irreverent laughter—to ask what was the noise all about. Then Aunt Rachel began to scream at imaginary burglars: and as this took place, on an average, five nights a-week during the season, Growler and I at last compounded. He slept the sleep of the undisturbed, and I kept my vigils without having to encounter the wrathful Growler on my return.

When the family was away and the house shut up, it was a tremendous offence if any one dared to ring the front door bell, and inquire for any member. I had a very severe passage of arms with him on one occasion, arising from the above antipathy. A young diplomatist, a friend of mine, who had just returned from his Legation, in September, called to see if I was in town. I was abroad, and Growler knew it.

"Mr. Gorham at home, Growler?"

"No!"

"Is he in town?"

"NO!" he roared.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. In prison, may be!"

He got a very severe wiggling for this from my father, especially when he heard it was a member of his own profession to whom Growler had misbehaved him-

self. Then, poor old fellow, came the drinking business. I remember being perfectly astounded, on my return home from the country house where I had been spending my Christmas, and standing by the dining-room fire to warm myself before I went up to dress, at seeing Growler enter with the lamp in his arms, and make three pirouettes with it before he could place it on the table, exclaiming—

"Well, Marsha Gorham—heresh row in cashel."

It went on for some time without being discovered by my father; but his drunkenness took such an eccentric turn. He would be drunk for three or four days, and not touch a drop of strong liquor for three or four months. At last it came out. My father didn't know what to do with him. He couldn't keep him, and couldn't turn him out into the streets. Growler seemed fated to pass his life in diplomacy. A cousin of mine, who was going to some South American Legation, offered to take him, if he would only promise to be sober whenever he gave any of his state dinners; with the further assurance that, with those exceptions, he might be drunk whenever he liked. He went out, and for six months he was as sober as possible. Unluckily, one night my cousin gave a dinner to the other foreign representatives. Growler was drunk on that occasion, and remained so for a week. When he recovered he was sent home again, and consoled himself with marriage, taking unto himself a young lady of the tender age of seventeen, just about fifty years younger than himself. I don't think it turned out happily, and a separation ensued, when Growler very quietly drank himself to death.

But, at all events, Growler was an honest, respectable, trustworthy fellow, who had unfortunately allowed one vice to overtake him, when he thought he had passed the distance post of temptation. Let us compare him with a remarkable young gentleman, who was my factotum before I succeeded to my present fortune.

Mr. Charles Smiler was the worthy son of a still more worthy father. Mr. Smiler, senior, had discovered in the pocket of his master a compromising letter from a married lady. This he stole; and taking it to the lady, proposed selling it to her for three hundred pounds. This very handsome offer she declined, so Mr. Smiler found a pur-

chaser in the husband. Hence the intervention of my Lord Penzance, and the usual scandals and miseries. His master, of course, kicked him—I believe, literally—out of the house; and, when the establishment was broken up, he recommended me Master Charles as an excellent servant—thinking that he was not to be held responsible for any share in his father's guilt. For some time, he appeared to go on very steadily; and, in truth, I never saw a better servant. One day I happened to go into the pantry, when I saw several numbers of a penny sporting paper lying about.

"What is the meaning of these, Charles? I hope you don't bet."

"Lor', sir, not I. I only take them for the chesses and knurr and spell, of which I am very fond."

I was not quite convinced; and sent all my plate, but that in actual use, to my bankers.

Some time afterwards, Mrs. G. complained to me that he had been following Swift's "Directions to Servants," inasmuch as, when sent on messages, he stayed out longer than the message required—"perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle"—especially if sent in the morning; and sometimes absented himself altogether without leave. He began to throw off the mask; and whenever a certain friend of mine used to call—who is supposed to be a great authority in sporting matters—he used surreptitiously to ask him for tips: What horse was good for the Derby? if he knew of a dark 'un for the Ascot Stakes? and so on. Still the spoons were not missing, and I winked at his doings. On one Ascot Cup day, I gave a dinner party. As he was handling tea round, he said to my wife—who was sitting next to a lady of rank—

"All right, mum—Blair Athol has won the Cup!"

(By the way, I may be doing his generally correct information injustice in naming Blair Athol, as I am not a racing man, and have not the slightest idea whether that horse ever did win; but it does not affect the story.)

Her ladyship had her glasses up to her eyes in an instant, and said to my wife—every syllable very strongly accentuated—

"What a ve-ry ex-tra-or-din-ar-r-ry young man!"

He escaped with a wiggling; but the fact was, he had a recipe for varnish of marvel-

lous brilliancy, the secret of which he would not impart, else had I dismissed him instantly. My boots were the envy and admiration of the club. I will confess to my gentle public that I have a weakness—every great man has—and that is *boots*. I like them well made, well fitting, and well varnished.

"Always remember, my dear boy," used to say my poor old grandmother, who often spoke the words of wisdom, "to have your extremities well dressed. Spend your money on the best hats, the best gloves, and the best boots; and so long as"—what she called—"the intermediates are not threadbare, you will always be the best dressed man in England!"

I couldn't part with him, not even when—Well, I had better be candid; such things have happened in the best regulated families. The fact is, he became fired with the—I wish I could say laudable—ambition to hand down his name, and probably his recipe for varnish, to posterity. I should not have objected so much to this, if he had resorted to legitimate methods to secure his object; but I presume, or I love to believe, that he was in such haste to obtain these advantages, that he forgot them—and, subsequently, to marry the very pretty nursemaid who was an accomplice in his designs.

However, punishment, with her lame foot, shortly overtook him. My wife sent him out one morning, and he didn't return to lunch. At seven in the evening, the servants hadn't seen him. At half-past, I went down to the cellar to get the wine for dinner, and as I got inside the door I stumbled over something and nearly fell, and put out the candle. It was the body of Charles, drunk and incapable, on the floor. And, sir, will you believe it? That heartless young scoundrel—that depraved miscreant, to whom I had been so kind, and whose faults I had so often overlooked—I repeat, that heartless young scoundrel had been tasting samples of my choicest vintages, for which I had ransacked the cellars of the Continent. Never shall I forget my feelings when, clutched in the hand of the ungrateful and drunken little wretch, I found a bottle of Chambertin, thirty years old—the priceless ruby of my bins. How did he get there? I searched his pockets, and found a counterpart of the key of the cellar; of which, no doubt, he had taken a copy when, in a weak moment of confidence, I had entrusted him

with it to fetch the wine. I went upstairs for my riding whip, and on my return belaboured him with it till I had restored him sufficiently to his senses to make him understand that he was to leave the house immediately, and not to apply to me for a character.

I found out afterwards where he used to go to. He frequented the betting ring there used to be in Hyde Park. The last time I saw him he was numbered 13,691, and was conductor of an omnibus—no doubt, a respectable, and, indeed, responsible, but still inferior position.

Dear, dear! how the subject has run away with me. Here am I, nearly at the end of my space, and I have given specimens of a butler and a footman. Is no time to be devoted to my favourite aversion, the lady's-maid? Shall the coachman, from his coign of vantage, boast that he escapes scatheless? And the kitchen-maid, and the gamekeeper, and the housekeeper, and the female cook: they can merely pass before you in a vision, called up by the enchanter's—my—wand.

There is, however, one servant I must not leave out—because, although she receives wages, she is the tyrant of the whole establishment. She is the old nurse. Everybody is afraid of her except the children, whom she evidently considers her own, and not their mother's. Her dignity is awful; and I should just like to see you offer her hashed mutton for dinner. She is faithful and devoted to her mistress and the children, as long as she has her own way. It is better not to trust her with money. If you send her out with a sovereign to buy six-pennyworth of stamps, she will spend the 19s. 6d. in toys or other necessaries, and say, when remonstrated with—

"Why, poor Miss Dottie has not had a new doll for a fortnight; and I promised Master Frank a box of soldiers ever so long ago."

"Oh, Hannah!" observes Mrs. G., meekly, "I wish you would not be so extravagant. The children have plenty of toys, and I really can't afford it."

"Well, mum, if you grudges them, poor dears, I'll pay for them myself; so there, take back your 19s. 6d."

Or else it is—

"Hannah, just dress Master Hugh. I am going to take him a walk—it's such a lovely day."

"I'm sure, mum, you aint a-going to do

no such thing. Dr. Macdraught says he's not to go out in this east wind."

"But, my good woman, the wind is south-west. Look at the weathercock!"

"Don't tell me—just as if I don't know better than a parcel of weathercocks!"

So east it is, and Master Hugh does not go for a walk.

One word to the ladies, and especially country ladies, before I close. Cannot you do something towards training boys and girls to be good servants? Have Polly Pumpkin into your kitchen two or three times a-week, and teach her how to boil a potato and broil a chop. Tommy Spoggs, from the plough, may attend the lectures of your butler at the same time. Let a grid-iron and a duster be part of the implements of your national schools. Teach them to sew and be clean: it will be of far more use to them than the absurdity of drumming into their stupid brains the situation on the map of Heligoland.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XI.

A LULL.

THE evening passed, as evenings after a stormy day generally do, in comparative quiet.

Mrs. Seaton, being lost in wonderment at the knowledge suddenly revealed to her, gave herself up to contemplation, and an intricate piece of knitting.

Jasper occupied himself in looking over a folio of papers that he brought down, and which were soon scattered over one of the tables. This table happened to be the one nearest Diana's favourite corner of the drawing-room; and as she had seated herself in her usual place, she was thus brought nearer to Jasper than she might have chosen to be had she exercised any thought in the matter.

But being there, some influence that she did not exert herself to resist insensibly kept her there, and it being at some distance from Mrs. Seaton was also a reason for remaining. She did not wish to talk to-night, and Jasper was too much taken up with his papers to give any attention to anything else; besides, Jasper would not care to talk, she knew that.

So she opened the book that she had found lying near her, and began to read—

or, at least, tried to do so; but her thoughts wandered off into speculations as to what had befallen John Carteret, and into theories concerning what might further transpire. Every now and then she turned over a leaf mechanically; but she did not understand a word of what was before her, though her eyes followed line after line through the pages.

It was a translation of "Faust," and she fixed her gaze on the black letters until they seemed to move on the white ground, and to start out of place and become confused one with another, so that she could make no consecutive sense out of them; and yet, here and there, a sentence chimed in with the phase of thought in which she had been dwelling lately:—

"For he serves in a perplexing scene
That oft misleads him. Still his will is right:
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
Its hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime,
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time."

The letters that had been whirling before her seemed to grow quieter as she reached this passage, and to stand still, so that she might read them—

"Still the will is right."

The will is right! Was it not her own case—a sort of explanation of what she had been trying to understand—a sort of prophecy of what might come to pass?—a half-revelation of what was unfolding within her—of something that carried her beyond herself, and yet that was a part of her being, the beginning of the enigma she had asked John Carteret, and which still remained unanswered by him—that she had asked on that day that seemed so very long ago, through the short season of happiness following it being so absorbing, that it had overpowered the life that went before, even as though the floodgates of the golden river that watered Havilah had been opened, and, sweeping the old away, had baptized her unto a new and spiritual birth?

Again she turned over the leaves; but her eyes caught no other words that moved her as these had done, and again she returned to them:—

"Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring—
The unformed bud and blossoming."

The words might have been written for

her, so well did they suit what she had felt of late. Would that the prophecy might be true also. She forgot the afternoon's trouble in her reverie; she leaned her head back, and a peaceful smile came on her lips. She should understand—she should learn.

Jasper Seaton, casually looking up from his papers, caught the look, and it perplexed him. What had caused the change from the passionate anger, half childish in its uncontrol?—half amusing, too, through its powerlessness to create a feeling of anger or annoyance in him.

There was something beyond his comprehension in the smile, though he had easily understood the quick, flashing wrath. The latter was like herself, but the smile belonged to another creation. It was the dawning of something he could not understand.

He did not speak, for he was afraid of dispelling the look which, whilst it puzzled, fascinated him. The wearied look that had been upon her through dinner had passed away, and her eyes shone with a light that seemed to reflect something far away.

All at once she became conscious of his gaze. She glanced up at him, and their eyes met. Then the new light faded, her brow clouded over, the present was recalled, and the weary expression came into her face again. She busied herself with her book again, and turned over page after page, to no purpose; and at last, with a gesture of impatience, closed it, and tossing it on the table whereon Jasper's papers lay, she rose hastily.

Disarranged by the violence with which the book fell among them, and by the movement of her dress as she hurried past, some of the papers fluttered from the table, and one fell close at her feet.

She picked it up, with a little cry of surprise—for on it was written her own name, in the handwriting of Madame de Mouline. "Diana Ellis," she involuntarily read aloud.

Jasper sprang up, and snatched the paper away just as she was on the point of opening it. His manner showed evident signs of agitation, though he strove to speak unconcernedly.

"It is one of my private papers," he said, in answer to Diana's bewildered look.

"It had my name on it," said Diana.

"Possibly so," returned Jasper, recovering himself; "but it need not necessarily be in-

tended for you. As it happens, it is simply a memorandum for my own benefit, which my sister wrote out. The circumstances in which it can be of the slightest concern to you may never arise. If they should, I shall inform you upon the subject. At present, the paper is simply a matter of my own—a private paper.”

“I wished, I hoped—” began Diana, half in apology—“it seemed so natural that it should be mine. I never had one word from Madame de Mouline during her illness. I thought she would have written one line—one little line, to me.”

“I gave you her messages. She was too weak to write to you. This was not written lately: it is an old memorandum, if you will notice,” and Jasper pointed to the other side of the paper, which bore a date of some years ago. “It did not come into my hands until after her death; and now—” and he paused, as though considering something—“it is not likely to be of any use.”

Diana turned away in disappointment. If it could only have been one word of comfort, of advice. If Madame de Mouline were only alive now. Just when she wanted a friend to counsel and to guide her, she was left alone. The Signora was very kind and very good, but the Signora did not understand English ways and English feelings; besides, there was a great gulf between them which Diana could not pass over.

“You must pray to the Madonna, my child,” the Signora had said more than once. “She is very pitiful. She understands the hearts of maidens in trouble.”

And Diana having wept, like Lady Lillcraft, over the story of Annette Delabre, thought of the poetic words, “*Etoile de la mer, prie pour nous,*” and half wondered whether the Madonna could possibly make intercession for her.

But though it all seemed beautiful and poetic for Annette Delabre and the Signora Neri, Diana’s wilful instincts turned away from deriving comfort from the suggestion.

The Signora was an Italian. She had lived in the land of Madonnas and saints; and she had read the lives of the latter, and engrafted them into her own, until, in her little English cottage, she seemed to Diana as somewhat approaching a saint herself.

The tiny parlour of the tiny cottage tended to carry out the illusion. Its pictures of the Holy Family, of Madonnas, saints; its statuettes and crucifixes, its carved chalices

and candlesticks, its *prie-Dieu* chairs, and constant flowers beneath the painting of the patron-saint of the Neri family, made it, in her eyes, almost an oratory wherein the Signora pursued her life of constant devotion. The piano even did not appear out of place, for Signor Neri’s music always sounded to Diana like a prayer.

There was a peacefulness about the room that always produced an effect upon Diana; and the slight, tall figure of the Signora, in her long black dress and shining rosary, approximated to a conventual habit, that made Diana feel that the Signora Neri was in some way apart from the world.

Apart she certainly was from the world at Broadmead, which slipped its waves past her, without gathering her into its tide;—a straggling seaweed stranded upon the bank, whose delicate fibres were well worthy of adding a touch of beauty to its waters.

She had often soothed Diana when she had come to her in trouble, and Diana had left her quieted and consoled—not strengthened, perhaps, for different natures require different supports, and what seemed all-sufficient to the Signora was incomprehensible to Diana. Besides, the one had passed through life, the other was only beginning it; and there were many battles to be fought before the great calm that settles upon all thinking, reasoning lives should come.

Nevertheless, she was one of Diana’s props, never failing her; and Diana felt, at the present moment, that she should sleep more serenely if she could only hear the Signora’s gentle voice, that always sounded like a benediction, say to her, “Good night, *carissima.*”

She knew it was a childish wish, and quite out of the question to gratify it; though the long twilight that was only becoming gray now would have lighted her, could she have framed a pretext for going to the Signora at such an hour. And then, the explanation would take too long—if explanation that could be called which was merely speculative; and into speculative difficulties the Signora never entered.

“It is not come,” she would say. “Who knows if it is to come? The good shepherd counts his sheep, as in the day, so on the darkest night; and he will not suffer harm to come to them. Be at peace.”

But it was not in Diana’s nature to be at peace—she was too young, too light-hearted,

too restless. Like the green wheat, she shrank in the cutting wind: she must grow nearer to the harvest ere she could bend unscathed beneath the blasts of heaven.

She gave a half-sigh as the wish and her inability to gratify it passed through her mind; and turning to the window, she watched the moon rising and bringing back to sight the gray distance that the deepening twilight had blurred.

Jasper, who had apparently busied himself with his papers, pushed them aside—all but the memorandum, which he thrust carefully into his pocket. He could not even make a pretence of seeing any longer. No one wished for lights. Mrs. Seaton had fallen asleep, and was dreaming over her surprise. Jasper's face was still contracted, and he would not have cared for any one to read the workings of it; and Diana's moon-watch would have been at an end if lights had been brought in.

She stood silently in the recess formed by the great bay-window; and the moon began to tip the outline of her face and figure with ivory, giving a sculptured appearance to the heavy folds of her black dress.

At her half-sigh, Jasper, who had been hesitating, moved away from the table, and stood beside her.

She gave an impatient shrug, for it annoyed her.

"You said this afternoon that I was wicked, Diana. You believe me to be everything that is bad. Perhaps I am"—and there was a degree of emotion in his voice that Diana had never known before—"but, if I am, others are as much to blame for it as myself."

Diana turned quickly. Was it possible that Jasper might have the intuitions that were coming to herself? Could he be unlike his former self all at once? Was he, too, awaking? And in spite of her anger and distrust, she felt sorry for him; though the mixture of conflicting elements produced an unpleasant and unsatisfactory feeling.

"Will you promise me one thing, Diana?"

"What is that?"

"To wait a little before you utterly condemn me."

"Condemn you?"

"Condemn me," he repeated—"which I know you do in your heart. I told you the truth, and you did not believe me. I am quite ignorant of the cause of Mr. Carteret's coolness. Time may explain it; and until

then, it is but fair that you should defer your opinion of me."

"Jasper, how strange you are," said Diana. "You are not a bit like yourself to-night."

For the anxiety that Jasper had betrayed to stand well as to his sayings and doings was an entirely new development. Usually, he was totally regardless of what any one might think or say. He threw public opinion to the winds, and generally acted in defiance of it.

"Is there anything strange in desiring not to be misunderstood?"

"Not for any one else," she replied.

"Why for me?" he asked.

"Oh, you never care about any one," she answered, carelessly.

He was about to reply unguardedly; but he checked himself.

"Perhaps it has never been of material consequence until now," he said; "but when a guardian is accused of conniving at the unhappiness of his ward—"

Here Diana interrupted him, in spite of all her gloomy fears and meditations, with a laugh.

"Jasper, I cannot imagine what is making you talk such nonsense. You might be a hundred years old. I have never looked upon you as a guardian. I have never felt the least afraid of you—never believed in your authority in the least. I only began to think of it the other day."

And then why she had thought of it sprang up to recollection, and she stopped short in what she was going to say.

"Don't think of it again, then," said Jasper: "only think of me as your friend."

What power did Jasper possess over her, that she was already beginning, in spite of all her convictions, to put faith in him again—that she was beginning to feel her own shortcomings, in a way she had never felt them with John Carteret, immeasurably superior as she knew him to be to Jasper Seaton?

Possibly, she had naturally been more guarded with John Carteret; or, rather, there had been no temptation to develop the ungoverned depths of her nature, as she seemed impelled to do with Jasper. Possibly, too, the higher nature of John Carteret had acted as a guide and shield, though she knew it not—nor did it enter into her philosophy to reason it out. The fact was clear before her that so it was, and she looked not to the cause.

And before she retired to rest that night, she had taken half the blame away from Jasper, and was wondering what she had done to offend John Carteret.

CHAPTER XII.

RAINBOW COLOURS.

"Di!"

She was out on her balcony among the flowers, and had not heard the door open. And, with a cry of surprise, she sprang through the window again, wondering how John Carteret had found his way there—for he had never been in her room before.

"John! I am so glad."

Then she glanced at him, half shyly, to see if there were any trace left of yesterday's cloud; but the eyes that met hers told her the shadow had passed away, though John Carteret looked very grave.

"What made you come here?" she asked, still wondering.

"Mr. Seaton told me where to find you."

"Jasper!"

"Yes. I have been with him for more than an hour."

"Did you like him?" she asked, anxiously.

"What did you think of him?"

"I found him straightforward and agreeable."

"Oh!"

It was a relief to her; and yet the very relief that it afforded caused a thousand doubts and fears, that had vanished at the sight of John Carteret, to crowd into her mind again. She wondered if it were possible that he and Jasper should coincide in their views. How else could it be that they had agreed so well? Yet Jasper was quite inexplicable to her. First he was one thing, then another—that made her now fear, distrust, dislike him; and then again win back her confidence, and make her blame herself for her injustice towards him. There was a continual balancing of opinion, owing to Jasper's changeful mood; and she scarcely knew, at the present time, which scale was heaviest weighted. And as she looked round the room that had lost so much of its lustre in her eyes, and contrasted John Carteret's dignified presence with it, she seemed to become suddenly aware that anything mean-looking and poverty-stricken in connection with John Carteret had something anomalous in it. And she pursued the line of thought until it reached herself individually; and she began to ask herself whether he

would, when he came to consider calmly, think it well to marry one who had no prospect of wealth, but whose inheritance was poverty.

John Carteret's eyes wandered round the room also. Perhaps his thoughts were in unison with hers.

Diana's eyes followed his wistfully.

"Everything is my own," she said, somewhat apologetically. "I chose the room myself. I might have had a better one; but the sun comes in brightly, and the flowers make it look pleasant; and I thought it did not matter for things to be old and worn, if one felt happy. And, as I have no money of my own, John, I thought it would be better for me to feel that I was quite poor at once. I thought I should do it more easily up here than in one of the grand rooms; and I have been very, very happy. Does it seem very, very shabby?"

She spoke earnestly; for the mere words were but the surface of her thoughts, as she watched his eyes roving round the apartment—noting, as she well knew, every single detail. Nothing was escaping him; and a look of sadness came into his face.

"You do not like it?" she said, sorrowfully.

But John Carteret was reading more deeply than she had given him credit for.

"I like it better than the most splendid palace," he replied.

"Nonsense!" she said, laughing with a joyous, ringing laugh—for his words removed a load from her heart. "I do not want you to like it half so well as that."

"I like it better," he answered, very gravely.

"And you don't think it so very, very poor—too poor, I mean, for one to see every day?"

But he did not answer her question.

"Di," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes. Something very good, I hope. Now, sit down in my great arm-chair, and I will take the little one; and you shall explain to me what was the matter yesterday, and what made you vexed with me. You can divide it into heads, like a sermon; and you must put all your best thoughts into it."

"I shall."

"Very well. Now begin. I am listening most attentively."

He laid his hand upon her arm.

"Diana, it is something serious."

"Nothing bad—is it?" she asked, in sudden alarm.

"Something that must be said," he answered.

She drew her chair nearer to where he was sitting; and, leaning slightly forward, fixed on him a steadfast gaze. All Jasper's reasoning of the previous day rose to remembrance. It was an omen of evil that her lover had been communing so long with Jasper, and that Jasper had shown no unwillingness for him to come to her—nay, had even sent him. Yet, surely John Carteret knew that she had nothing to expect from the Seatons? He must know it. Whiter and whiter grew her face, as she waited for John Carteret to speak.

Apparently he had some difficulty in doing so; for he more than once half began, and then paused. At last, he said—

"Diana, I have done wrong. A poor man, like myself, with years of hard work before him, and only poverty to offer, had no right to ask you to be his wife. You know nothing of the world, and you do not know how bitter a thing poverty is. When I reflect, it seems to me almost cowardly to have done as I have done; but I lost sight of it in my happiness. I gilded the future with imaginary gold, and hope made me believe that I could conquer impossibilities. But in the last few days my eyes have been opening, and I see that I had no right to offer you such a lot as mine. I might turn aside from the path I have chosen to one more lucrative; but I cannot do it. There is a voice crying that I cannot silence: I dare not turn away, unheeding."

He paused for a moment, but Diana did not answer. She came still nearer, as though she feared to lose one word that he was speaking.

"Di, I scarcely know how to say it, but it seems to me right that I should release you from this engagement. You are little more than a child, and yet the best years of your life may pass away before I have a home to offer you. I ought not to bind you by a promise to me. It is scarcely the act of an honourable man."

And again he paused. But Diana sat speechless, waiting to hear the end—her eyes dilated with a dreamy terror, and her lips quivering with intense emotion; but still she remained motionless: a listening statue, that scarcely seemed to breathe.

John Carteret went on.

"I have talked over everything with Mr. Seaton, and—"

But at Jasper's name, a shiver of life agitated the silent statue, the colour flooded the face, the light leaped into the eyes. Diana sprang up, and stood before John Carteret—almost defiantly.

"And now you are speaking Jasper's words, and not your own," she said. "He has been persuading you, as he would have persuaded me. He has no doubt told you of, has urged upon you, the folly of our engagement, until you have come to see it as clearly as he does. How dare you repeat his words to me!"

Yet, even as she spoke, the flush faded away, and the fear returned; for might it not be even as Jasper had said?

"You do Mr. Seaton injustice. He urged nothing upon me. He, perhaps, may view the matter in as strong a light as you have represented; but, in actual words, he merely agreed with me."

Diana's heart grew faint. She grasped the back of the chair near which she was standing. How could John Carteret speak so calmly, so impassively, if he cared about her as she had thought he did?

"John!"

So strangely unlike her usual voice, that John Carteret looked at her in alarm.

"Di, my darling, what is it?" And he would have put his arm round her. But she shrank away from him, and, in the same low, hoarse voice, asked—

"Is it true?"

"Is what true?" And he drew nearer, in spite of the hand that waved him away.

"That you mind about—about—" she was going to say "money," but it seemed so sordid a thought in connection with John Carteret; therefore she changed her sentence—"that you mind poverty very much? I thought you knew that I had nothing—that there is no one to give me anything. I thought that you were quite sure of it, John, that I had, and should have, nothing."

The quick colour rose in John Carteret's face. Had the same insinuation been suggested to Diana also? And the dislike and jealousy of Jasper Seaton, that had been smoothed away during their late interview, began to return. For Jasper had exerted himself to be—as he could when he chose—everything that was agreeable. He had exerted his powers of fascination; and John

Carteret left him feeling that he had too lightly suffered himself to be prejudiced against Diana's guardian.

"Is it because I am so poor that you have spoken those untrue words?" she continued, without awaiting a reply to her speech.

"You would not be poor, Diana. Mr. Seaton told me that he intended to settle three hundred a-year upon you if you married."

"Jasper!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! How extraordinary!"

And then she recalled Jasper's request of the previous night. After all, he was proving himself her friend; and it was her captious, ungovernable temper that always stood in the way.

"Mr. Seaton knew that, under present circumstances, it would be impossible for us to marry; and he proposed this as a solution of the difficulty. He mentioned being under obligations in his boyhood to your father, and that he should feel this an opportunity of gratefully repaying the debt."

Diana stood as one stunned. It was perfectly incomprehensible; and, in her bewilderment, she almost forgot what John Carteret had been saying. What could have induced Jasper to alter his determination so suddenly? Then she remembered the paper he had snatched away, with her name written upon it. Could that have anything to do with it? Could some loving request from his sister have caused him to act in this unexpected manner?

"I did not think Jasper was so good," she said, though she could not emerge from the perplexing cloud that enveloped her. "Three hundred a-year is a great deal. It would be enough to live upon, even if you had nothing at all. Jasper has always been very kind."

And Diana relapsed into a compunctious state of feeling.

Again a sharp twinge passed through John Carteret.

"Mr. Seaton is doubtless very good," she answered, a little coldly; "but his very goodness has opened my eyes, and shown me clearly the position in which I am placed. I cannot accept this money from him."

"But he is not going to give it to you—only to me. You do not mind that?"

"He gives it to you solely in the event of our marriage—in consideration," he said,

bitterly, "of our having little or nothing to live upon."

He put the case clearly, and in its most humbling form—very different, indeed, from the courtly manner in which Jasper Seaton had insinuated the idea.

"And," he continued, "I cannot accept it, Di. No honourable man would consent to live upon another's wealth."

"I shouldn't mind taking it from Jasper in the least," returned Diana. "He has already more money than he knows what to do with; and now he has all Madame de Mouline's as well—or, at any rate, the greater part of it. And very likely he thinks that Madame de Mouline would have been glad for him to give me some of it. I am almost certain that that was what he was thinking of when he proposed it."

"Nevertheless, it is Mr. Seaton's money, to all intents and purposes, and as such I must look upon it."

"Well, then, do not take it. But, John," she said, and she shivered involuntarily, as all her doubts and fears began to return, "what has this to do with—with what you seemed to wish—with those words that you did not say from your heart—did you, John?"

John Carteret drew her nearer to him.

"Di, I cannot marry you until I am a richer man; and that seems to me so far off, that I do not think I ought to keep you to this engagement, that appears all but hopeless."

Again Diana started up, her eyes full of defiance.

"Hopeless!—it is too late to think of that now. Why is it more hopeless than it was a few weeks since? Have you or I grown poorer?"

"I have grown wiser," answered John Carteret.

It was an enigmatical answer, and Diana felt it to be so. Perhaps Jasper Seaton was right, and John Carteret did not really care for her. She hesitated a little before she spoke again; and then, still thinking of Jasper's words, she said—

"You have repented?"

"I have—but not according to your interpretation. I ought never to have asked for your love, Diana."

"What else could you have done, John?" she inquired, naively.

"That is the difficulty," he replied. "I did what I ought not to have done; and it makes it all the harder to do what I ought to do—which is—"

But Diana stopped him.

"Which do you think it is right to do, John—to keep your promise, or to break it?"

But the question was more perplexing than it had seemed to John Carteret during his conversation with Mr. Seaton. Then his duty seemed very clear to him, seen in the light of the rays that Mr. Seaton threw over the points as they appeared. Now he wavered.

"Shall I tell you what your thoughts are?" asked Diana. And without giving him time to reply, she went on—"Your thoughts are all wrong, and full of pride, John—if you will only look deep enough. I thought you were quite perfect, and that no fault could be found with you; but I was mistaken. There is a phase of the old original sin lurking within you—one which is, perhaps, almost the greatest cause of misery and wrongdoing in the world: and that is pride. And if you will examine into your heart, you will see that it is the root of your present honourable feelings."

"Di!"

"Hush! You must not be too proud to learn from me, though I am an inferior. To satisfy your pride, you are willing to make me miserable, and yourself miserable too—that is, if you *do* care about me, John. Hush!" she said again, as he was about to interrupt her, "and hear what I have to say. You have no right to end our engagement. It is a matter over which you have not entire control. I will not be released from it, excepting on one condition. I do not care for riches, for comforts, for waiting—even if I waited till your hair was white as snow, and the day of our marriage was our last day upon earth. All these things would not move me. There is only one reason for which I will agree with you that it is honourable to put an end to our engagement."

"And that—"

"Is, that you have mistaken your own feelings, and that you have ceased to care for me!"

"That will never be," said John Carteret, very firmly.

And after all he had reasoned out so excellently, so eloquently with Jasper Seaton, John Carteret felt himself but a weak mortal. But then, he had not heard Diana's arguments!

"Di," said John Carteret, after a pause, "can you trust me?"

"Yes. What do you mean?"

"Are you strong enough to believe in me, in spite of all that may seem against me?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him, and wondering what he expected of her.

"Di, I told Mr. Seaton that I would not claim your promise to be my wife until you came of age, and could choose legally for yourself. As I refused the sum he offered to settle upon you, it was only right that I should engage to do this; and from this promise I cannot draw back. Much may come in three long years—sorrow, trial, doubts, and disappointments. It almost seems as though I ought not to ask you to bear so great a burden—at any rate, that you ought to think it well over before you undertake it."

"It requires no thought," returned Diana, softly. "Three years will go by like a flowing river. What are you dreaming of, John? Have you been distrusting me of late? Are you growing tired of me; and do you think I am as unstable as the wind, and only a spoiled child?"

And her eyes looked straight into his; and the look that met hers brought up, all at once, the remembrance of the first time she had seen him, and of the sermon to which she had listened so attentively; and the words of the text floated round her, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest."

She had been nearer rest since she had known John Carteret; and through him, in the end, she should find it. She knew not how, but she knew that it would be so; and she was content to wait, to trust, to hope. He was her strong rock, her castle. Whither else should she turn?

"John, I would keep my promise for a thousand years!"

And what could John Carteret urge in answer?

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWS HOW POOR LITTLE MR. POPHAM HAS A NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING EATEN OF DOGS; AND HOW HIS FRIEND, MR. SAMUEL GOLIGHTLY, COMES BOLDLY TO THE RESCUE.

PURSUANT to that good resolution which was announced in a previous chapter, both Mr. Popham and our hero—who were now the best of friends, and had

several times breakfasted together, besides giving each other invitations for the coming vacation—attended Mr. Porson Plunkett's classical lectures with undeviating punctuality. This of itself was a step towards softening the heart of any lecturer; but, besides this, the two gentlemen regularly coned over the subject-matter of an evening, sitting together and giving each other a helping hand—which, certainly, both wanted; and it would be a difficult point to decide which of the two required it the more.

"Popham," said Mr. Golightly, on one of these occasions, as they sat in our hero's rooms, expending the midnight oil over their Livy, taking occasional sips of black coffee—at making which, in a patent percolator, Mr. Samuel had become, with a little practice, quite a proficient—by way of refreshment for the inner man, and dipping into the abstruse mysteries contained in the pages of White and Riddell, and Dr. Smith's grammar.

"Popham."

"Golightly," said Mr. Popham, in reply, looking up from the dictionary in which he had for ten minutes past been digging desperately for a word which, oddly enough, "stumped" them both.

"Can't you find it?" said our hero, forgetting for the moment what he had been about to say, as he contemplated the puzzled and almost despairing look on the face of his friend and fellow-student.

"Dashed if I can—it's not here," ejaculated Mr. Popham.

"Are you sure? Have you looked at all the places?"

"Perfectly certain," answered Mr. Popham, taking a voluminous gulp of the black coffee at his side.

"Then we must give it up," said Mr. Samuel, with that philosophic resignation to the force of circumstances which rarely deserted him.

"But we can't make head or tail of the sentence without it," replied his friend, diving into the repertory of Riddell and White again.

"One—two—three," exclaimed Mr. Golightly, giving a deep-drawn sigh of relief, as he ran his finger up their sentences of Livy, "four—five—six." Then, after a pause, "Seven."

"Well?"

"Why, if Smith's there, it must come to

him, and he is certain to know all about it."

"But if he isn't, it's mine, you know!" replied Mr. Percy Popham, having, at the same time, the terror of Porson Plunkett, M.A., before his eyes.

"Ah, but Smith is sure to be there," returned Mr. Samuel, thereby clinching the argument.

"Well, we will knock off, then, if you like," said Mr. Popham, giving way before the force of his friend's reasoning. He closed the dictionary, and threw himself on the sofa, in an attitude of easy but inelegant repose.

"After Plunky's lecture," said Mr. Samuel, actually venturing to speak of that reverend Tartar by such a disrespectful, though commonly used, abbreviation—"after Plunky's lecture, and luncheon, I'm going out with Pokyr, and George, and Calipee, and all those fellows."

Naturally enough, Mr. Percy Popham inquired "Where?"

"The Drag," answered our hero, with quite a knowing nod, at the same time looking proudly at his friend. "I have joined—subscribed, I mean—you know."

"Where do they meet?"

"At Fulbourne."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Popham. "Are you a good rider—a *very* good rider—Golightly?"

"N-n-not *very* good, Popham," responded Mr. Samuel, who always told the truth, even when it was against him.

"Then you'll be thrown a dozen times at least, as sure as a gun. They go at an awful pace."

"If I am, Popham," said Mr. Samuel, in a quiet tone, and with a complacent smile, intended to convey the idea that falling was out of the question—he certainly meant to pick a *very* quiet horse—"if I am, Popham, I certainly sha'n't get on again."

"After the twelfth time, do you mean?" inquired Percy, raising his eyebrows incredulously.

"After the first—or second," replied our hero. "I don't like falls, and, I may add, I don't often fall; though at home I often go out with the Loamshire."

But then, Duple was the quietest of cobs.

"What I was going to propose, Popham," said Mr. Samuel, when his previous remarks had had sufficient time to make a

due impression upon the mind of his friend—"what I was going to propose was—"

"Well?"

"Why, that you should join us, and come too."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Percy Popham, abruptly turning round on the sofa.

"That," observed Mr. Samuel, in a slightly injured tone, "is neither here nor there."

"I'm not a member of the Drag," remarked Mr. Popham, turning round once more.

"That does not matter in the least; besides, we—that is, I—can easily propose you, and so you can be."

"Um," returned Mr. Popham, from the couch.

But in that "Um" there was indecision. This fact was not lost upon our hero.

"I will make another cup of coffee," he said, operating again with the tea-kettle and the percolator.

And the upshot of it all was, that, after two small cups of black coffee, with just the least little *soupeon* of Cognac in them, by way of qualification at that late—or rather, early—hour, Mr. Percy Popham announced to Mr. Samuel Golightly his intention of joining that gentleman—"after Plunky's lecture, and luncheon, and all that"—in an afternoon's sport with the "Drag."

Luckily for our two friends, Mr. Smith put in an appearance next morning at the Reverend Porson Plunkett's lecture; and the identical "bit" with the impracticable word in it fell to Mr. Smith's portion, as our hero had calculated it would; and, to the astonishment of Mr. Samuel and Mr. Popham, that gentleman cleared the obstacle without the slightest difficulty in the world.

"I told you it came from that," whispered our hero to Mr. Popham, who sat next him, as usual.

"Yes, but you did not know what part it was," Mr. Popham wrote on a slip of paper, and placed it on Mr. Samuel's open book.

After the lecture was satisfactorily disposed of, our friends hurried off to exchange their academical robes for the costume of the chase.

"Halloo—whoo-hoo-hoo-whoop!" cried Mr. Pokyr, as he somewhat unceremoniously entered our hero's bed-room, and there discovered Mr. Samuel, endued in a

new pepper-and-salt coloured suit, all but the gaiters, over buttoning which he was getting very red in the face.

"Come—come along; we're waiting lunch for you. You and the Nigger have a way of being always behindhand."

"I shall be ready in a minute," replied Mr. Samuel, looking up from the fatiguing occupation of buttoning the white pearl buttons of his gaiters over his manly calves.

"Don't you go in 'persuaders'—spurs, you know," Mr. Pokyr explained, when he perceived Mr. Golightly's ignorance of the meaning of the former term.

"Never wore spurs in my life," said Mr. Samuel.

"Well—perhaps you are better without 'em."

"I think it is cruel. I would not spur Duple—that is, my horse at home; then why should I spur another horse, merely because it is hired? My Fa has often observed, when we were driving into Fuddleton, 'the merciful man has a care for his beast,' and told the coachman not to hurry."

"Do your carriage horses all the good in the world to hurry them a bit, and get some of the fat off them. Well, come along!"

By this time, Mr. Samuel's equipment was complete, and he accompanied Mr. Pokyr to his rooms, where his hospitable table was spread with a substantial luncheon, to which several members of the college, including our friend Mr. Popham, sat down; while Mr. Pokyr's man, assisted by the obliging Sneek, did his best to minister to their wants, carefully filling their glasses as often as occasion required.

After luncheon, Mr. Popham and our hero accompanied Mr. Pokyr to Spratt's stable, where the two noble steeds owned by the last-named gentleman stood eating their heads off at livery. They were met in the yard by Spratt himself—a wiry little man, whose principal distinguishing features were what are termed, I believe, a cock-eye and a game leg. Touching his hat to Mr. Pokyr with due respect, Spratt observed—

"The Whigs have had another thrashing, sir."

For Spratt was a very high Tory horse-dealer; and liked, above all things, to combine politics with business.

"Never mind the Whigs, Spratt," said Mr. Pokyr.

It is, of course, needless to mention that the whole of the Shovelle family, from which

Mr. Pokyr sprang, are, and always have been, staunch Conservatives.

"They'll come to ruin without us."

"Ha! ha! ha! sir. True! The house divided against—" began the livery stable keeper.

"Drop houses, Spratt," said Mr. Pokyr, interrupting him. "Horses we have come about."

"Your gray hoss has been ready this half-hour, Mr. Pokyr."

"These gentlemen want a couple of 'tits."

"Where are they for—Newmarket?" asked the wary proprietor. For although old Hobson has long enough been dead, and the very Conduit designed to keep the good Carrier's memory green has been stuck away in an out-of-the-way place, still there is something of the principle of that Choice to which the old Cambridge horse-keeper gave a name yet hanging about Cambridge stable-yards.

In reply to Spratt's query, Mr. Samuel ingeniously replied,

"Out with the Drag."

"Then I've got two fust-raters—just the very thing, Mr. Pokyr. I'm glad I kep' 'em in. These gents being friends of yours, I should like to turn 'em out in Spratt's best style. I could have let them two hosses twice over; but somehow I kep' 'em back. Williim," shouted Spratt, at the top of his voice, at the same time giving a long, shrill whistle.

A head was poked out over a half-door at the top of the yard.

"Put the saddle and bridle on Prince and the gray mare."

In a few seconds, "Williim," Spratt's head man, led out Prince—a great, lumbering, brown horse, apparently about a dozen years old, very groggy on his legs all round, and shabby and charger-like about the tail; but groomed up, well fed, and made to look his best. And at the same time, another lad brought out the gray mare. A very skittish-looking female she was, with a nasty way of laying back her ears; and a restless, fidgety manner of carrying herself; besides going very "dotty" on her near fore-leg—caused by standing so long doing nothing in the stable, her owner said.

"There!" said Spratt, sticking his Scotch cap on one side, and complacently scratching his head, as he looked on the Prince.

"There's a hoss! He's a 'unter—that's what *he* is."

He had been in his youth, and loved the fun as well as any M. F. H. in England, as Mr. Golightly presently discovered to his cost.

"Groggy," said Mr. Pokyr, stepping up to his own animal.

"Jumps like a kitten. I'm told, he clears a five-barred gate as easy as he hops over one rail."

"That heel's cracked—by jingo!" said Mr. Pokyr.

"Best hoss I've got—a regular seasoned 'unter. I never let him out 'ackney. Do I, Williim?" with a wink.

"Never dew such a thing," of course was Williim's reply.

"Are they quiet?" asked Mr. Golightly. "I don't like going very fast myself. I like a quiet horse."

"So do I—quiet," chimed in Mr. Percy Popham.

"They're more lambs nor hosses, both on 'em—aint they, Williim?"

The ostler nodded assent.

The gray mare expressed her denial of this statement by giving one or two slight but uncommonly vicious-looking kicks.

"I don't—that is—*much* like the gray. Have you got any others?" asked Mr. Samuel—feeling that, after the character Mr. Spratt had given the pair, he was touching on rather delicate ground, and both the stable-keeper and "Williim" might take the observation in a personal light.

"They're the only two I've got," said Spratt, rubbing the end of his nose severely.

"Fit for the job," William put in.

"Ah! fit for the job," said the proprietor, catching at the idea. "They're Drag hosses, they are."

"Well known," said William.

"And the only two I've got as aint let," said Spratt.

So it was Hobson's choice, after all.

By this time, Mr. Pokyr had ridden out at the gate in the street, and the regular hunters expressed a strong desire to follow his lead.

But both Mr. Samuel and Mr. Popham immensely preferred Prince of the two animals before them: at the same time that both were very shy of the gray mare. An animated discussion followed, which might have lasted some time but for a suggestion of William's.

"Don' know which to hev? Then torse up, gemmen, and settle it that way."

"Ha!" said Spratt.

"I aint got no coin, or I'd do it for both on you—which 'ould be the fairest way."

Mr. Samuel unbuttoned his coat, raised a shilling from the depths of his breeches pocket, and placed it in William's hand. Mr. Percy Popham agreed to this mode of settling the question.

"Heads, the brown hoss—tails, the gray mare," said William, spinning the coin.

Our hero and his friend assented with a nod.

"Call, please, gemmen."

The excitement was intense.

"Head," said Mr. Samuel.

"'Eads it is," said William, touching his hat, and very respectfully consigning the shilling to the deep-flapped pocket of his drab waistcoat.

"The brown hoss is yours, sir."

Mr. Samuel, not unobservant of the fate of his shilling, but affecting not to notice it,



OUR HERO UNFORTUNATELY LOSES HIS STIRRUP AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

sprang with tolerable agility into the saddle, which turned round as he did so; while it took two men to hold the gray lamb before Mr. Popham could effect a landing. All being right at last, the two gentlemen sallied forth into the street, in the wake of their friend and leader, Mr. Pokyr;—farther in the wake of that gentleman than they cared for, as they had to trot through more streets than one, and were conscious of the impression they were creating upon the public in general: Prince, Mr. Golightly's animal,

breathing high, and displaying symptoms of turning out a "bucketter;" while, on her part, Mr. Popham's gray mare edged and sidled along in a manner calculated to fill her rider with alarm as to what she might take it into her head to do when giving way to the excitement of the chase. Nor was the position of the two gentlemen rendered more agreeable by the audible remark of a person in the professional cricketing interest, who happened to be standing at the corner of Jesus-lane as they passed by—

"Two Freshmen," said he, in an unmistakably disparaging tone.

Almost immediately afterwards they overtook Mr. Pokyr, riding in company with several friends.

"How do they go?" asked that gentleman, referring to Prince and the gray mare.

"Not badly, at present," replied Mr. Samuel, wisely cloaking his apprehensions of the future.

"That is all right, then. Will you," said Mr. Pokyr, smiling benignly upon Mr.

Popham, "oblige us by taking care of this?"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Popham, as he edged the gray up to Mr. Pokyr's side, and took from him a small and strong-smelling newspaper-covered packet.

"Only a spare bloater, in case we may require it," was Mr. Pokyr's answer.

And so they all trotted along towards the meet, speedily overtaking other parties of horsemen bent upon the same diversion.

Now, hunting the Drag, as practised at our



"LOOK OUT THERE," CRIED MR. POKYR.

two Universities and at other places, is so innocent, so health-promoting, and in every way so praiseworthy an amusement, that there seems nothing to be said to its discredit. A particular line of ground, not usually remarkable for its stiff fences, having been selected, and a red herring, rubbed with aniseed, having been carefully dragged over it some hours previously, all is done that can be done; and the rest must be left to the hounds. The scent always lies, a run is a certainty, and you have the advantage

of knowing beforehand pretty exactly where you are going, if you give your horse his head. Let it be understood, however, that these remarks are not written with any view to the disparagement of our noble sport of fox-hunting. The present writer is no sneaking vulpecide and hedgerow trapper of the "red rascal," but religiously believes that all foxes were providentially brought into this world to be preserved first, and hunted afterwards.

Having arrived at the meet, and the cap

having been sent round to enable non-members to contribute their quota to the general expenses, no time was lost about the start; Mr. Pokyr, Mr. Fitzfoodel, and several other highflyers showing the way—which, at first, lay through a grass field. The Prince, with our hero on his back, at once bounded off like a deer, and also roaring so well that he might have played Lion instead of Snug the Joiner, in Shakspeare's play—pulling, besides, in a most unpleasant way.

"Woa, Princey—woa, my b-boy," exclaimed Mr. Samuel, in as soothing a tone as circumstances permitted him to employ.

But Prince wouldn't "woa;" and, on the contrary, tore along, soon placing his rider a long way in the van.

"Gently there, sir—you'll be on the dogs in a minute."

But Prince would not listen to reason or obey the rein.

"Good gracious—what a horse!" ejaculated Mr. Golightly, as he gave the Prince his head in a hilly turnip field. "This must quiet him."

Quite the reverse, however. Prince's roaring did not stop him in the least; and, topping the hill, he galloped down the slope on the other side, at a fearful pace.

"Woa," cried his rider, faintly—"here's a hedge!"

They reached it in an instant, and over it they went—Mr. Golightly losing his off-stirrup in the scrimmage. On again—another fence—a tremendous drop, evidently.

"Oh, lor!" thought Mr. Samuel. "I dislike hunting the Drag, if this is it."

He landed—but on his horse's neck. The others were close at his heels. Prince heard them. Across a lane—another fence! Mr. Golightly precipitately deposited on the soft turf on one side—Prince left standing on the other.

"Look out there," cried Mr. Pokyr, "or we shall be on the top of you!"

And our hero just got out of the way in time to avoid the hoofs of his friend's horse.

During his short but sharp run, Mr. Samuel had almost forgotten his friend, Mr. Popham, and the gray mare. The question now arose in his mind, "What has become of Popham?"

With characteristic determination, he scrambled through the hedge; and, luckily, found Prince within a hundred yards of the place where he had parted company with him a minute before.

"Ah!"—hearing cries from a neighbouring ditch—"Ah! who is that? Somebody hurt? I hope not," called out Mr. Samuel, ever ready to succour the wounded.

"Oh—o-h-h-h! what do they want? What is it? What is it?"

"What is what?" demanded Mr. Golightly, rapidly advancing to the rescue.

"Oh-h-h, they'll eat me! I'm sure they mean it."

"Popham!" said our hero, recognizing the voice of his friend, and conscience-smitten that he had neglected to look for him before—"what is the matter?"

"Golightly!" cried the distressed voice of Percy, "I shall be eaten, I'm sure I shall."

At that instant the speaker, turning the corner, came into sight, vigorously pursued by five or six stragglers from the pack, who kept jumping round the terrified little man in a horribly anthropophagous fashion. The hounds had followed the scent, found poor Percy in a ditch, where his gray had left him, and wanted the spare bloater he carried in his pocket.

"Down!" said Mr. Samuel to the dogs, raising his hunting crop, while his friend took refuge behind him—"down!"

But five damp noses hovered round Mr. Popham's coat-tails, in spite of Mr. Samuel's commanding "Downs!"

"What in the world is it?" asked Mr. Popham, in despair.

"Why you—you must have something in your pocket," suggested Mr. Golightly, with consummate sagacity.

"To—be—sure; the red herring—I forgot it. Here," said he, throwing it to the dogs, who speedily took the paper off.

"Good dog."

"What do you say," asked Mr. Samuel, who had never once, in all these trying circumstances, lost his coolness or presence of mind, and still held tight to Prince's bridle—"shall we go on again?"

"All right, just as you like," said Mr. Popham, ashamed to appear in any way deficient in mettle.

"But where's the gray?"

THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL.

AN amusing *brochure* under the above title is being much talked about just at present among the reading public. As the title implies, it bears upon the present

war on the Continent; and, although written from a decidedly Conservative and French point of view, tells cleverly, in allegory, the political lesson of the conflict. Upwards of a hundred thousand, at sixpence a copy, have been sold in a very short time; and probably nobody is more surprised at the success of the pamphlet than the publishers, Brown and Co., of Salisbury—unless it be the Reverend Canon of that city, who is generally supposed to be the author. Like all other political *brochures* of the hour, its popularity belongs only to the time being; but its chief merit is, that it is one of those little *jeux d'esprit* which are written within the comprehension of everybody, and which express exactly the public feeling of the moment.

A leisure half-hour, then, by road or rail, could not be more pleasantly employed than in a perusal of this smart little trifle; and, as an incentive thereto, we think we cannot do better than give a brief *résumé* of the plot—if it may be so called—of the story.

The title is best explained by the opening words of the sketch:—"Mrs. Europa [Europe, of course] kept a dame's school, where boys were well instructed in modern languages, fortifications, and the use of the globes. Her connection and credit were good; for there was no other school where so sound and liberal an education could be obtained."

We then come to a description of the kind of scholars placed under Mrs. Europa's wing:—

"The lads were of all sorts and sizes, much as they are in schools in general: good boys and bad boys, sharp boys and slow boys, industrious boys and idle boys, peaceable boys and pugnacious boys, well-behaved boys and vulgar boys. The old Dame, naturally being unable to be always looking after them, appointed five of the biggest and most trustworthy of her pupils monitors, who had authority over the rest, and kept the unruly ones in order. These five, at the time of which we are writing, were Louis, William, Alick, Joseph, and John." As the boys are supposed to represent the different nations of the Continent, we need hardly say that the "big" boys were, severally—France, Prussia, Russia, Austria, and England.

The task of the monitors, as is the special duty of such officials, was to settle any dispute which might arise amongst the smaller fry; and "should it be necessary to fight the matter out, they were to see fair play, stop the encounter when it had gone far enough;

and, at all times, to uphold justice and prevent tyranny and bullying."

It may be remarked that this sentence gives the key to the whole aim and intention of the book.

As things would have it, however, the monitors themselves occasionally took to bullying, and "there lingered a tradition in the school of a terrific row in times past, when a monitor, named Nicholas, made a most unprovoked attack upon a quiet, but very dirty, little boy, called Constantine." The allusion here to the Crimean war and the late Czar Nicholas's attempt to get hold of Constantinople is very happy.

But, unfortunately for the weakness of human nature and the peace of Dame Europa's school, the interest of the tradition was now about to be merged in a still more "terrific row." Each of the upper boys had allotted to him a garden of his own in a corner of the playground, and in the middle of each was an arbour, fitted up according to the taste and means of its owner.

"Louis had the prettiest arbour of all; like a grotto in fairy-land, full of the most beautiful flowers and ferns, with a vine creeping over the roof, and a little fountain playing inside."

France—with her wealth of purple vines, and the famous fountains at Versailles—is neatly rendered here. And England is very well pictured, to boot:—

"John's garden was pretty enough, and more productive than any; owing its chief beauty, however, to the fact that it was an island, separated from all the rest by a stream between twenty and thirty feet wide. But his arbour was a mere tool-house, where he shut himself up almost all play-time, turning at his lathe, or making nets, or sharpening knives, or cutting out boats to sail on the river."

Next we come to Prussia:—

"By the side of Louis's domain was that of William—the biggest and strongest of all the monitors. He set up, however, for being a very studious and peaceable boy, and made the rest of the school believe that he had never provoked a quarrel in his life."

The character of Master William is a caustic piece of satire on the Heaven-invoking proclivities of the new German Emperor. "He was rather fond of singing psalms and carrying Testaments about in his pocket; and many of the boys thought Master William a bit of a humbug." And

we are afraid the other boys were somewhat justified in their candid opinion respecting Master William; for "he was as proud as anybody of his garden, but he never went to work in it without casting envious eyes on two little flower-beds which now belonged to Louis, but which ought by rights, he thought, to belong to him."

And the two little flower-beds—or, in other words, Alsace and Lorraine—the pious William determines to have. "But he kept his wishes to himself; and nobody suspected that so good and religious a boy could be guilty of coveting what was admitted by the whole school to be the property of another."

The question, however, is how to obtain his wishes most conveniently; and, to this end, William takes into his confidence only one boy—a sharp, shrewd lad, named Mark, his favourite fag—"not over-scrupulous in what he did, full of deep tricks and dodges, and so cunning that the old dame herself, though she had the eyes of a hawk, never could catch him out in anything absolutely wrong." William and Mark (Bismarck) put their heads together; their first mutual conclusion being that they must take care that the other monitors do not interfere in the impending quarrel. Like a true diplomatist, Mark does not ignore flattery.

"'You see, old fellow, you have grown so much lately, and filled out so wonderfully, that you are getting really formidable. Why, I recollect the time when you were quite a little chap.'

"'Yes,' said William, turning up his eyes devoutly, 'it has pleased Providence that I should be stout.'

The only "big boy" whose possible interference occasions any misgiving in William's mind is John (whose political identity is apparent). But Mark promptly dispels the illusion.

"'Oh,' answered Mark, with a scornful laugh, 'never you mind *him*. He won't meddle with anybody. He is a deal too busy in that filthy, dirty shop of his, making things to sell to the other boys. Besides,' he continued, 'he is never *ready*.'

This apprehension being thus summarily disposed of, Mark duly proceeds to instruct his superior in the way he should go.

"'Whatever you do, take care to put Master Louis in the wrong. Don't pick a quarrel with *him*; but force him, by quietly provoking him, to pick a quarrel with *you*. Give out that you are peaceably disposed,

and carry your Testament about as usual. That will put Dame Europa off her guard, and she will believe in you as much as ever. The rest you may leave to me.'

The bell rings for afternoon school, and the disinterested conference ends.

"Mark ran off to the pump to wash his hands, which no amount of scrubbing would ever make decently clean; while William changed his coat, and walked sedately across the playground, humming to himself, not in very good tune, a verse of the Old Hundredth Psalm."

An opportunity soon occurs of putting their little plot into execution.

"A garden became vacant on the other side of Louis' little territory, which none of the boys seemed much inclined to accept. It was a troublesome piece of ground, exposed to constant attacks from the town cads, who used to overrun it in the night, and pull up the newly planted flowers. The cats, too, were fond of prowling about in it, and making havoc among the beds. Nobody bid for it, therefore; and it seemed to be going begging.

"'Don't you think,' said Mark, one day, to his friend and patron, 'that your little cousin, the new boy, might as well have that garden?'

The allusion here, as will be seen, is to the Spanish throne, so long vacant, and the Hohenzollern difficulty.

William is not slow to embrace the idea of his faithful Mark—his only fear being that, in the event of Louis not agreeing to the proposition, the other boys may say that he himself has provoked the quarrel.

The objection is soon waived by Mark.

"'Not if we manage it properly,' is the reply. 'They are sure to fix the cause of dispute on Louis, rather than on you. You are such a peaceable boy, you know; and he has always been fond of a shindy.'

So Dame Europa is asked to assign the vacant garden to William's little cousin. But Louis raises a decided objection. He has no wish to be hemmed in on all sides by William and his cousins. William tries persuasion, but with no success.

"'Oh, but you might be sure that I should do nothing unfair,' said William, reproachfully. 'I have never attacked anybody,' he continued, fumbling in his pocket for the Testament, and bringing out by mistake a baccy pouch and a flask of brandy instead, which he was fortunately quick enough to

conceal before the Dame had caught sight of them."

A little "scene" here takes place, in which the passion and scorn of Louis, as contrasted with the peace-loving professions of William, are admirably drawn; and the end of the matter is, that Dame Europa leaves it to the monitors to settle the difficulty amongst themselves. John, "in his deep gruff voice," advises William not to press it; and so the new boy's claim to the garden is withdrawn. Mark's neat little plot seems on the point of falling through; but the anger of Louis, which will not be appeased, in an evil hour for Louis, comes to the aid of the conspirators.

"'I have been grossly insulted,' began Louis at last, in a towering passion, 'and I shall not be satisfied unless William promises never to make any such underhanded attempts to get the better of me again.'

"'Tell him to be hanged,' whispers Mark.

"'You be— No,' said William, recollecting himself, 'I never use bad language. My friend,' he continued, 'I cannot promise you anything of the kind.'

"'Then I shall lick you till you do, you psalm-singing humbug!' shouted Louis."

The fight now commences in real earnest, and, at the end of the first round, poor Louis gets decidedly the worst of it.

"Then William wrote home to his mother, on a halfpenny post-card, so that all the letter-carriers might see how pious he was—

"'DEAR MAMMA—I am fighting for my Fatherland, as you know I call my garden. It is a fine name, and creates sympathy. Glorious news! Aided by Providence, I have hit Louis in the eye. Thou may'st imagine his feelings. What wonderful events has Heaven thus brought about!—Your affectionate son,
' WILLIAM.'

"Then he sang a hymn, and went on with the second round." The fight proceeds with no better fortune for Louis.

Meanwhile, the monitors look quietly at one another, not knowing exactly what to do. The idea suggests itself to John, who has hitherto been looked up to as the leading boy in the school, that he ought to interfere. But Billy, "who was head fag, and twisted Johnny round his finger," and Bobby, "a fair-haired boy, who kept John's accounts, and took care of his money," dissuade him from interference, and counsel "neutrality."

As the author is a thorough Conservative, we must not be astonished to find, under the above names, the Premier, and Mr. Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, treated with such levity.

At the end of every round, however, John gets across the stream, and bathes poor Louis' head, and gives him sherry and water out of his own flask.

"'Thank you kindly, John,' said Louis; 'but,' he added, looking somewhat reproachfully at his friend, 'why don't you separate us? Don't you see that this great brute is too many for me? I had no idea he could fight like that.'

"'What can I do?' said John. 'You began it, you know; and you really must fight it out. I have no power.'

"'So it seems,' replied Louis. 'Ah, there was a time—well, thank you kindly, John, for—the sticking plaster.'

In these and the sentences which follow, English neutrality and her aid to the sick and wounded are well hit off.

Things get from bad to worse for poor Louis. William, who talked so big about his peaceable disposition, and declared that he only wanted to defend his "Fatherland," chases him across the garden, trampling over beds and borders on his way; and then swears that he will break down his beautiful summer-house, and bring Louis upon his knees.

Louis, in despair, from his arbour appeals to John for help; but John counsels surrender.

"'Why don't you give in, Louis? It is of no mortal use to go on. He will make friends directly, if you give back the two strips of garden; and, if you don't, he will only smash your arbour to pieces, or keep you shut up all dinner time, and starve you out. Give in, old fellow. There's no disgrace in it. Everybody says how pluckily you have fought.'

The story of the fight comes to Dame Europa's ears.

"'And, pray, John, why did you not separate them?' demanded the Dame.

"'Please, ma'am,' answered John, 'I was a *neutral*.'

For the picture of the old Dame's disgust at John's conduct, we must refer our readers to the book itself. Expressing her opinion that *neutral* is just a fine name for *coward*, Dame Europa proceeds:—

"'You must take one side or the other—

do what you will. Now, which side do you take, I wonder?’

“There was some tittering, and whispering, and shuffling about on the forms, and then a chorus of voices said—

“‘Please, ma’am, he *sucked up to both of them.*’

“‘Just what ‘neutrals’ always do,’ said Mrs. Europa. “Sucked up to both, I suppose, and pleased neither.’”

Here the pamphlet may be said to conclude. Public opinion in Europe, as enunciated by Dame Europa, duly condemns John Bull's conduct in the quarrel between William and Louis, and England's position among the nations is summed up thus allegorically:—

“If it be really true that the head and champion of the school is thoroughly beaten by circumstances—utterly at a loss, at some critical moment, to know what is the right thing to do—let him confess at once that he is unequal to his place, that he is not the boy we took him for; that his courage has been overrated, and his reputation as a hero too cheaply earned; that, for all his vaunted influence with others, he is too weak to stay an unrighteous strife—to avert a storm of cruel, savage blows—to spare the infliction of wounds which will be gaping and unhealed for long, long years to come, bearing on their ghastly face a bitter hatred for the foe that dealt them, and contempt for the ‘neutral’ friend who looked calmly on.”

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART III.—CHAPTER II.—UP THE BROOK.

SLEEP brings dreams. Such dreams, as she would chide, on awaking,
 Found her then. Thence, often. Touch of kindlier colour
 In her cheek at morn, a softer smile in the even.
 Rest the vague sad thoughts, that drifted vainly, for ever,
 Round the dim wan hope. Now there is more in the future.
 So the shifting denes, if held and bound by the marram,
 Grow to green sea cliffs, and bear the spires and the houses.
 But she knew not this, or would not own that she knew it.

Now the days went by, and she began to be stronger.
 So, one day, she sat, to catch the warmth of the morning,
 In the little room she loved in days that were happy.
 Here she used to dream, or softly sing at her knitting.
 Here she used to sit, and draw the flowers, for her pleasure,
 Which she drew, heart-sore, when Ethel praised them, in Honfleur.
 In the well-known room was nothing changed in her absence.
 Glass, for flowers, work-basket, cushion'd chair by the window,
 Books long shut,—she laughed: she check'd the tears with an effort:
 Thinking how so long their hearts had silently waited,
 Thinking all so long they should have yearn'd, and been hopeful.
 Then she lean'd, again, a little while, by the lattice,
 Looking toward the brook, or looking down at the garden;
 Till it seem'd as if she had but been, for a moment,
 Down the village street. Could it be all a delusion?
 Childhood's guileless hours, the bridge, the pines, and the beacon,
 Seem'd so fresh, it seem'd but yesternorn that she dallied
 On the bridge, to weep. Then she remember'd the woman,
 Whom she found; the child. And she remember'd the meeting,
 By the gate; and blush'd, to think of all that had happen'd.
 So, the dreams came back, that once she dream'd in the orchard:
 So, the book she read. She, looking round for the volume,—
 Writ by her who sleeps beneath the soil of the stranger,
 Who, with Adonais, and him who sang Adonais,
 Makes the Southland wind come as a sigh o'er the water,—

Found the page, where one, with love re-born, in a rapture,
Sings love's mystic chrism. And 'twixt the leaves was a letter.

Edith's heart beat fast. She knew the hand that had writ it:
Read with feverish haste the love-wing'd words of her cousin.
Still she read, through tears, and all the words, in confusion,
Mix'd and ran together, till she could read them no longer.
Then she heard a foot, and hid away, in her bosom,
Even from Mary Trevor, the pleading fervid and tender.
"What! have you been weeping? what again?" said the sister,
Taking Edith's hand: "what is it, now, that has happen'd?
"Come, now you are well: you must begin to be cheerful."
"Aunt, he wrote a letter," Edith dreamily answer'd.
Half she drew it forth, and trusted her, that, in sorrow
Or in joy, had ever been as a friend to be trusted:
Yet conceal'd it still:—"See, it was here that I found it;
"Here, between these leaves. Too late! too late! it is only
"Silly dreams, no doubt; and he will hardly remember.
"But I wrong'd him, aunt, and I can only be happy,
"When I hear him say the foolish wrong is forgiven.
"He would come, you think? Would it were now! for to-morrow
"Seems, indeed, too long, to wish and pine for his pardon."

Then, as one who wins, and vastly pleased with her mission,
Mary Trevor smiled: said, "it is easy to find him.
"You'll stay here? you will?" So Edith made her a promise,
Bold, with sweet desire, to meet the doom of his glances.
Then the strength of youth stirr'd in the limbs of the elder;
Then she almost ran; for she had yearn'd, as a mother,
O'er the two, so long. She found him laid in the orchard;
On the wide-spread rug stretch'd with his friend, little Ethel;
Stringing gall-nuts black, and green pine-cones, for a basket.

"She has ask'd for you," the sister said; and he answer'd
With a look, and rose. His look was calm; but a flutter,
Half love, half dismay, moved in the soul of the curate.
So, with hearts too full to speak a word of the matter,
Side by side they reach'd the house in silence together.
"You'll not stay too long," she whisper'd low, "nor excite her."
"No," he said, "no, aunt." What thoughts have all, as they enter?
Now the twain once more look in the eyes of each other.

He, his look was firm: it did not waver a moment:
Soft, with sweet content. She did not rise at his coming.
Half the old wild self came back to her, with the cousin.
One quick glance she shot, beneath the fringe of her lashes,
Like the lightning's gleam, on sultry eve, in the summer:
Then she dropp'd her eyes. He stood in silence before her.
But she stretch'd to him her thin white hand, and he took it,
Muttering, "all too long you have delay'd to be better."
"Yes," she said: then, he,— "Now June is here, and the iris,
"In the mill-slucce, bright. Will you delay? And the crocus,
"Dead, long since! Come, haste; and pluck the bloom of the season.
"Scarce the flowers should miss our feet to wander among them."
"No," she said, grown sad: 'twas then he saw where the letter
On her lap lay spread: she caught the change of expression.
"Yes, how long," she said, "the letter stay'd for the owner!

" Yet 'tis found, though late: how grieved am I that I wrong'd you!
 " All the wrong I did I meekly pray you to pardon."
 " Yours the wrong," he said: " but, now, let wrongs be forgotten.
 " We forget the night, when day breaks fair with his splendour.
 " All the past is lived: now let us live in the future.
 " Now I think it is day, for us, with joy of your presence."
 So he spake, heart-full, a little pleased with the figure.
 But in her bright eyes flashed up a glimmer of mischief,
 As she laugh'd, and said, with lifted finger, to warn him,—
 " You are courtier grown: now I shall hold you a stranger,
 " If you use the arts you so much scorn in the letter."
 So they talked, content, as will, half strange to each other,
 Friends, well pleased to meet; recalling all that was pleasant
 In the old lost days, the old familiar places;
 Scanning, each, in stealth, the other's bearing and manner;
 Noting every change, each look and tone that was alter'd;
 Wondering time could touch a thing so dear as a lover;
 Till the sister said, " now it is time I should part you:
 " I am truly grieved to have so painful an office;
 " Parting such good friends, so long estranged and divided."
 Edith seem'd as one round whom a chamber is darken'd,
 Listening, till she heard his foot no more on the gravel.

Now we near the goal, and we to gain it are eager.
 Now our little ship is soon to ride in the harbour.
 Make the fire-side bright, to welcome those that we bring you.

With fresh hope, fresh life. Then she would stroll in the garden;
 Half for love, half aid, would take the arm of the father.
 Had there been, then, blame, and bitter pain, and division?
 These, they made no sign, but clung, for silence, the closer.
 Day by day wore on, to yield a change for the better.
 When the morn look'd in, with laughing eyes, through the lattice,
 He would come to talk, and tell the tales of the village:
 In the room she loved sit, oftentimes, in the even;
 Read some singer's lay, and plead his cause, with another's;
 Till dusk would fall, and each could see, in the darkness,
 Eyes grow bright as stars. But yet he wisely avoided
 On his love to touch. And she was shy. But his presence
 Grew so dear, the note, the cuckoo-note of her sighing,—
 That " can never,"—ceased to be a knell to her passion.

Listen. All goes well. Now it is well with the curate.
 Days wore on: she ceased to feel ashamed at his coming.
 She would chat, and sit among them all, as of old time.
 Half she seem'd, once more, the Edith childish and happy,
 Who would jump the brook, or sing her songs in the meadow.
 She became more like. A little silent and quiet,
 Now her wit would flash, and break, at times, into laughter.
 Now she filled again, with gleam and charm of her nature,
 At the dull old house, so long forlorn with her absence.

Morn by morn knit fast a closer league and a friendship.
 Now the two grow old, and, with the will to be busy,
 Keep but half the strength that once they spent for the master.
 On the young man fell the trust and toil of the parish,
 For the damsel still increased the cares of the household,

Love was knit more strong with sense and labour of office.

Now the past grew dim: a tender glamour of distance
Took the lines, too hard, and soften'd all with its colour.
Now the three, good friends,—the Curate, Edith, and Ethel,
Roam'd the woodlands through, as children, vow'd to be happy.
Now the meads, the brook, the breezy haunts of the beacon,
Knew their wandering feet, and winding lanes of the village.
Now 'twas sweet to haunt the old familiar places;
In the schools to look, and praise the care of the master.
Now they found old friends; but some were hard to remember.
When will they be wed, the people said in a whisper.
So the landlord's face flamed into kind recognition;
So the smith, again, stood still, and bow'd, at his shutter.
Love was knit more strong than on the morn of the promise.

Now it fell, on a morn, they went a ramble together.
Past the limes they went, and by the doors of the houses:
Till they reach'd the bridge, the pride and glory of Orton,
Built by Hugh de Vaux, for use and gain of a village.
It they did not cross, but went along by the glitter
Of the treeless brook, that flash'd with sheen of the morning.
Then the mill-bridge gain'd; and, leaned awhile, for their pleasure,
By the quaint old mill, above the noise of the water,
Heard the grumbling wheel, and watch'd the foam, and the eddies:
While around lay cool the dusty gloom of the gables,
Built, half brick, half elm, grotesque, a relic of Cheshire;
Painted white and black, and huddled strangely together.
With their ears half deaf they left the murmur, reluctant;
Pass'd the bridge, and cross'd the whiten'd yard of the miller.
Doves' red pattering feet had wander'd hither and thither,
Crack'd old mill-stones lean'd against the wall, by the entrance.
By the still mill-slucice they paused again for the lilies,—
Mid their broad green leaves,—the water-reeds, and the iris:
Then, by poplar trees, along the green of the margin,
Still went wandering on. And so they came where the rover
Has its own wild will; now running, noisy and shallow;
Now smooth-lingering by in still deep pools by the alders.
By and bye they found a little weir, where the water,—
Smooth above, damm'd up,—runs down in foam and in music;
Gurgling its sweet tune o'er rough-cut stones, and the hurdles,
Staked with rude green wood, and twisted firmly together.
But the brook, at foot, makes many streams in the hollow,
Tiny streams, that wind round little islands of gravel;
While the islands gleam with yellow wands of the willow:
Haunt, the blue bird loves, that cleaves the air as an arrow.
Here, by ash-tree root, made soft and brown with the mosses,
Edith sat, to hear the pleasant roar of the water.
At her feet he lay;—and Ethel roam'd in the meadow:—
But when friendly talk began to languish a little,
Rose, and laugh'd, and pluck'd a sprig of leaves from the ash-tree:
Then lay down, and propp'd his head on knees of his cousin.
"Look!" he said, "look here! now count the leaves: they are even.
"Yes, a sign! a sign! why dally more? Shall it be, then?
"You'll accept the sign, the Cheshire quaint divination?"
"Yes," she said so low; and smooth'd the hair from his forehead
With her soft small hand; and met his eyes, and was silent.

"When? say, when." "Nay, when you will," she said; and she trembled: But she took his face between her hands, and she kissed him. No word more. Her tears were near to fall, as they wander'd By the brook-side back, and seemed upborne into heaven.

ONE OF TWO;
OR,
A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.
BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LIII.
A LAST INTERVIEW.

THE nursing Sister, left alone with the dead, put up her prayers in silence, and with some faith and hope—both deadened by custom, both now a matter of habit. The fire which had kindled them in her young breast had ceased to leap into a golden flame, but had fallen to its steady, customary glow—even covered with white ashes of disappointment, and concealed by custom and routine, but yet alive and burning. Did she pity or envy the poor lady who was at rest? Hardly one or the other feeling was expressed in the calm, tender kiss she bestowed on the forehead of the dead, as she smoothed the features and composed the limbs. Even the dead was of the world; and the Sister's Church was far above and beyond the world, looking on it, acting on it, working for it, but not of it. Poor world, when such noble and good souls are constrained to leave it! Poor wounded souls, who leave the world, and look askance at it, and live to themselves, transformed to something hardly human, yet ever hungering for human love and sympathy.

The little doctor, who had cut the Gordian knot of the ravelled Churches and sects by believing in nothing that would not admit of scientific proof, was not forgetful of the Sister—for whom he would have liked to prescribe a good dance, plenty of roast beef and South-down mutton, an honest husband, and a small family—and had sent some one to relieve her in due time; but, in the meantime, she must wait—and she was used to waiting.

She heard the footsteps of Edgar Wade, as he now and then rose and paced about in the little room over head—which he had fitted as an extra study; and then there would ensue a long interval of silence. It was evident that the acute lawyer and man of the world suffered much perturbation; and, of a truth, the remark of a modern phi-

losopher, which would apply here, is consolatory to us small persons, who cannot but feel some envy at the thick-skinned people, who are supposed to suffer nothing. "The sages," wrote this clever man, "feel as much as we do; only, by an assumed constancy, they hide their feelings from the world."

The barrister was a sage after the philosopher's own heart. He had hidden his feeling from the world; but, nevertheless, he felt. He went straight to this little room after parting from Mrs. Wade, and, raising his hands to his hot forehead, remained for a short time the picture of despair. Things were not going with him as he could have wished; troubles were closing around him; and the stout heart and busy brain were both over-worked and over-charged.

"What will happen, I know not," said the young man to himself. "At any rate, let me prepare for the worst. My letter has not been answered. What can she mean? Months ago—is it months or weeks?—she vowed that she loved me, and that it was only my poverty that was an obstacle; and now, when all seems— But come, I must work—for a time, at least."

He sat down, and wrote rapidly, yet carefully, pausing now and then to read the folios which he filled, and taking care to use precise and definite expressions.

Occasionally he would pause and listen, and wonder to himself in some such phrases as these—

"That man Richards, I suppose, did it. He has always some new-fangled invention which is to astonish the world, and then falls to nothing. I wish I had not brought him here. I wonder what ill-luck it was that made me do so. I was a madman. Her tongue may undo much that is done. Why was it not silent in the grave? Poor thing!—that was the best place for her. I wonder why and for what some people live! Providence! As if Providence ever troubled itself about such wretched worms as we are. She must die; she cannot surely exist as she is. How like a ghost she looked—if there are such things as ghosts."

Then he continued writing, and would again listen. His hearing was very acute; and he distinguished the retreating foot-

steps of the Earl, Winnifred, and the doctor. But he had some pages to fill, and he set himself resolutely to his task.

When it was finished, he packed up the papers, and carefully wrapped them in a quarto sheet of writing paper; sealed, directed, and then pocketed them.

"They will be," he said, "safer with me than any one else. And now—now for the last appeal!" He laughed bitterly to himself. "How few people would suspect me of this folly! But I suppose it is in my blood. I should be slave to such a passion, when we consider what my parents were; and this passion masters me!"

"There is only one kind of love," said the great philosopher before quoted; "but there are a thousand different imitations of it." And he adds that many people talk about love, but few ever know that passion. Perhaps it is as well they do not. Husbands and wives who are very fond of each other, go through life very well on the imitation. Similarity of tastes, an equal level of wisdom or stupidity, habit, convenience, a nice position, a title, a good house, a fine income, an old name—all these pass for love. But they are not love, notwithstanding.

People have got so used to the imitation, that they are quite angry if they ever meet with the original. One young gentleman, in whom the true passion had really begun to burn, seized his mistress's hand, and kissed it fondly.

"My dear George," said the nymph, as she passed her kerchief over her hand and drew on her glove, "pray, don't be so ridiculous."

Cupid took flight for ever. Our playwrights and novelists do not now even attempt to describe love, and are poor hands at lovemaking—or else Shakspeare and the Elizabethan poets knew nothing about it. We are, no doubt, very clever, but we cannot yet beat Shakspeare; and he happens to be borne out by a cloud of witnesses. Amidst the numerous passions—ambition, envy, savage indignation, overweening conceit of his own merit—that burned in the bosom of Edgar Wade, one pure and true passion had managed to establish itself; and its object was, by some mischance, Natalie Fifine!

"Once more," he muttered to himself—"I will see her once more! Alas, why is my soul so ill at ease?"

He went downstairs to his chamber—

which was next door to Mrs. Wade's—and, taking from the cheffonier a bottle, filled a wine glass full of brandy, and drank it. The draught seemed to do him good, and he took another. At any other time, this might have intoxicated him; but now the draught only served to make steady his nerves, and to give him determination.

He reached the door of the room wherein poor Mrs. Wade lay, very still and quiet now—as we shall all once lie—and would have passed it; but a sensation, which he could neither account for nor control, made him enter the room to gaze upon the dead.

He did not *know* that she was dead, but he *felt* it. The silence, where there had been the sound of voices, might have told it; but that of itself was by no means a proof. Edgar Wade was not astonished, when he opened the door, to see the face of the dead covered with a white handkerchief, and the Sister kneeling at her temporary altar.

With a terrible calmness, he approached the bed and lifted the face-cloth, and gazed for a moment fixedly at the face of the dead. The Sister arose from her knees, and looked at him, with a meek astonishment upon her features.

"*She* is at last at rest," he said, in answer to that questioning face.

"She is, poor creature!" answered the nurse; "and, pray Heaven, in peace."

The features, so calm and placid, seemed to give a tacit answer to the prayer; and Edgar Wade, mechanically uttering a feeling which came upon him, said—

"And, after all, she looks as if she died before her time."

"No!" returned the Sister, "no one does that. Her infelicity had years too many. Her sorrows seemed to be of longer duration than her life. All is ended now. It is for us to learn a lesson of patience from her days of sorrow."

Edgar Wade replaced the cloth; and he seemed again impelled to ask if Mrs. Wade had said any more than she did when she had recognized him; and to his question, awkwardly put, the nursing Sister answered in the negative.

"She seemed to shield you. And I am sure she loved you still, and prayed for you."

The barrister's eyes emitted a softened light as he turned to the nursing Sister; but he said nothing, and turned round to leave the room.

"Oh, sir!" cried the *religieuse*, suddenly and with fervour, "if you have been guilty of injustice and harshness to this poor lady, accept her forgiveness, and soften your heart to her now she is dead. Repent what you have done amiss. We are all weak and erring. The presence of the dead should teach us to know ourselves. Cast out what is wrong in you, and try to live a new life."

Never had the little woman before spoken so much to a man since she had entered the sisterhood. Hers was a passive life. It was her business to do and not to speak, to refrain her tongue and to perform her daily acts of duty. She wondered at herself, after she had spoken so earnestly, raising the ivory cross which hung from her waist in her pale, thin hands as she spoke, and placing that emblem before her as a silent ambassador of good faith.

The barrister said nothing, but held up one hand, as if to deprecate further intercession, and passed the other over his burning forehead and weary eyes.

Thus he left the room.

"They fool me," he said, bitterly, "to the top of my bent. They all run in the same groove. It is *I* that am in the wrong—it is *I* that have to repent. God help me! will no one put himself in my place?"

He was very angry with the world, as most selfish people are, at intervals, during all their lives. He was not appreciated, and not sufficiently regarded, and never had been; and he had, by a long series of meditations, burned these facts in upon his brain. It was, therefore, in the same bitter humour that Edgar Wade again passed through the door that led into the mews, and summoned the stable-help to saddle his horse; mounted upon which, he was not long before he sought the house wherein she dwelt whom he loved more than any one else in the world.

When the servant opened the garden door, she was inclined to dispute the passage of the barrister, since he led, as had been his wont, his horse across the footpath and into the garden, tying it to the verandah while he entered. But, at that time, there was that about Edgar Wade that did not admit of denial or questioning.

"Mademoiselle is not at home," said the servant—"not at home to any one."

"You mean to say that she *is* in the house, and will not see me!"

"Precisely, monsieur; that is her express command."

"Then I will see her," was the cool, calm answer, as the barrister entered the front door, and made straight to the little parlour.

Sounds of laughter were heard within—laughter from the lips of Natalie, chorused by the gruff voice of a gentleman, who seemed delighted by the exuberance of the faëry creature before him. Lord Montcastel had thrown his dice, and had been—indeed, was being—rewarded by the delight of the young creature whom he had promised to make his bride, and who held in her hand that promise, drawn up in a legal form.

Natalie had just been mimicking the young men of the day, and assuring her lover—as other syrens have done before now, and will do yet again—that a good, sensible, middle-aged husband was the one to be chosen; and that the fops, beaux, and bloods of the day were not worth looking upon. In short, she was playing a fantasia upon that tune which is a favourite with middle-aged gentlemen, and which asserts with philosophic boldness that it is "better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," when the door opened, and Edgar Wade stood before the pair.

As the landscape seldom looks so beautiful as when we behold it for the last time, and as the treasure's worth somehow forces itself upon our minds just as we are about to lose it, so Middle. Fifine never looked so lovely to Edgar Wade as when he was about to lose her. His voice was deep with emotion, as he stretched his arms towards her and said—

"Natalie!"

She turned round to him, almost angry, but still brilliant and excited; and then, suddenly, she fled to Lord Montcastel, as if to beg his protection, and whispered an assurance that this was one of the admirers whom she had discarded for his lordship's sake. Whatever one may say about Fortune, she is a powerful goddess. It was Edgar's fate that whatever he did at this time should be undertaken on the worst possible occasion. He could not have come at a better hour or moment for Natalie—nor for his lordship.

"Who is this?" he asked, gently pushing aside the lady, and standing between her and the barrister.

"It is Monsieur Edgar Wade," she whis-

pered—"one of them of whom I spoke. He is an *avocat*."

The Earl bowed stiffly towards the intruder, and asked what he wanted.

"I wish," said Edgar, humbly enough—though he naturally felt that he should have liked to throttle his opponent—"to speak a few words to that lady, and alone."

The Earl looked at Natalie, who shook her head, and whispered—

"I cannot see him. I do not wish to speak to him. I have given orders that he was not to be admitted."

"You cannot do so, sir," said Lord Montcastel, acting as interpreter. "You see that your presence disturbs her. Anything you have to say must be said through me."

Edgar looked round the gaily furnished room, which his money had helped to make so bright and pleasant, and answered—

"I recognize you, my lord. I have met you before—once before, at the Opera. Might I ask by what right you interpose between us?"

"That is soon answered," said Montcastel, coarsely, as if dealing with an inferior. "You are learned in the law, by profession, I hear. I claim a legal right. This lady is, or will be soon, my wife!"

The blow struck. Mr. Wade was for a moment dumb. At last he managed to speak.

"Is it so?" he cried. "Let me hear it from the lips of Natalie. Can it be so? Tell me."

"Milord speaks truly, and of good faith," she said, taking the Earl's arm, and looking proudly up to him. "I told your friend so, whom you sent—an old gentleman"—and here, by a touch or two, she described Mr. Tom Forster. "I told him to tell you to come here no more."

The barrister turned a deadly pale colour, and then, by a sudden rush, the blood came back. He seemed choking with passion.

"Natalie," he cried, "you know what you have done. You marry this man for his rank. Mine is higher than his. I, too, shall be an earl! I was working, striving for this and for you; and now, when all seems fair before us, you have cast me off. You have killed me!"

The tone he said this in was so full of despair that it commanded some respect from the two worldlings who stood before him.

"Pray," asked Montcastel, more politely,

and even with more calmness than the intrusion seemed to warrant; but at the same time with a sneer—"Pray, may I ask what title you lay claim to when you come into your rights?"

"The earldom of Chesterton," answered the barrister, proudly—again white with sickness, hatred, and despair; and then he walked slowly, still looking at Natalie, from the room.

Out into the cold air—choking with passion, so that he loosened and tore off his heavy cravat, Edgar Wade hurriedly untied his horse's bridle, and led him forth. The cold, sharp, biting air—for it was a sharp and early frost—seemed for a moment to revive him. He pressed his heels to the sides of his horse, and galloped wildly away, the keen air cutting his bared neck like an icy knife; but he felt it not. The pair inside the little house listened to the retreating footfalls of the horse; and then the Earl, passing his arm round Natalie's waist, laughed noisily, but without mirth.

"There's one poor devil out of the lot that you've sent mad, Natalie! The earldom of Chesterton!—why, his lordship is alive—as good a life as mine, too—and has a son who will succeed him. Mad—poor devil!—mad as a March hare."

TABLE TALK.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER, like Lord Mayor's Day, only comes once a-year, and the close of January annually brings, to those interested in such matters, a flutter of expectation to know who will carry off the much-coveted laurel. To non-University ears, the term "wrangler" seems strange; and a word on the subject may not be amiss. In old times, the word wrangle was used in the Universities in the sense of "to dispute publicly"—that is, to defend or oppose a thesis. All degrees were originally gained by disputations; and the substitution of an examination to see whether the candidates were fit to dispute is a thing of comparatively modern times. The Vice-Chancellor, when the examination is over, admits the candidates, not to the Bachelor's degree, but *ad respondendum questioni*; and the person thus admitted is called a questionist. The form of asking some trifling question, or keeping a mock act, is afterwards performed between the questionist and the *Father* of his college—this being the name given to

one of the Fellows whose duty it is to present the candidates of his college to the Vice-Chancellor. On the Thursday after Mid-Lent Sunday, the Vice-Chancellor declares all the questionists—who in the interval have borne the name and assumed the dress of Bachelor of Arts—to be really entitled to their degree. The term “wrangler” must imply, therefore, one who is held more than usually qualified to proceed to the disputations which were once the practical test of his fitness for the degree.

THIS YEAR, the Senior Wrangler has had the usual honours paid him. We have learned who he is, from what training stables he comes, and the name and social position of his father. Having been accustomed from earliest infancy to learn these details every year, we have learned to regard it as part of our general social system. Why a young man who is first in a mathematical examination should be thus paraded for honour, rather than one who is first in any other examination, would be hard to say. Since, however, it is to be, we think that a line ought to be drawn at the senior. Of late years, a practice has grown up of putting in the names, schools, pedigrees, and private histories, not only of the senior, but also of the second, third, and even to the sixth wrangler. The thing is absurd, chiefly because it attributes a vastly undue importance to an examination which is only one among many others; and, at all events, nothing more than *prima inter pares* of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. And, if this fashion spreads, where are we to stop? Why should not every honour-man have his biography printed, “so far as he’s got?” Then of the Wooden Spoon of 1881 we shall probably read something like the following:—“Mr. Thycke Dundyrhedde, the Wooden Spoon for this year, is the eldest son of the Rev. Thycke Dundyrhedde, Rector of Marshcum-Mallows, and Rural Dean. At an early age, the future Wooden Spoon showed a decided predilection for figures and mathematics. He crossed the Asses’ Bridge with comparative ease, and mastered the intricacies of rule of three before he was eighteen. He carried off no prize at school, nor was he a scholar of his college. Mr. Slogough was his college tutor, Mr. Stuffem his private tutor. He was educated privately.” Observe, by the way, that they always put in the name of the college tutor;

principally, we suppose, because the college tutor has got nothing whatever to do with a man’s success in the tripos.

ANOTHER AGGRAVATING THING about the Cambridge mathematical honour list is the annual discussion which is raised as to what becomes of all the senior wranglers, as if an S. W. was another and a higher kind of being. Practically, the question is easily answered. They have generally a decided turn for mathematics; and from them, if they go on, come our best mathematicians. They are also, as a rule, men of great “go;” and, if they take to any other pursuit, they generally do well in it. It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that because a young man of twenty-two is a few marks ahead of other young men of the same age in a single examination, that he is on that account to be ahead all his life. It would be very easy, were it not for the unreasonableness of people, to show that senior wranglers have done very well indeed in after-life; though not better—as why should they?—than other young men who were not so high in the class lists. Of course, we ought not to look to literature as a field of success for senior wranglers. Most Cambridge men who have to turn to literature are either from the classical honour list, or are “poll” men.

THE U. S. HOUSE of Representatives, we learn by telegraph, passed, on the 30th of January, the following resolution, moved by their moderate and well-disposed General Butler:—“That the Congress of the United States, in the name and on behalf of the people thereof, do give to O’Donovan Rossa, and the Irish exiles and patriots, a cordial welcome to the capital and the country.” Civil conduct towards Great Britain, certainly! And the vote was passed by 172 to 21. Happily, it means nothing at all politically, and is only a bit of the gallant General’s “buncombe.” And it is creditable to the American House of Commons that it still contains 21 members, in a house of 193, who do not care to welcome, formally, gentlemen who have luckily escaped from durance vile in an English convict prison. As to the patriots themselves, most of our readers will agree with us in thinking that the General is heartily welcome to them.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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THE GRAND STYLE—AND THE OTHER.



ISTORY, to ordinary readers—those who get it from authors who have studied what they call the “dignity of history,” and write in the “grand style”—is a splendid spectacular drama, in innumerable *tableaux*, and with no plot, or none discoverable. The *tableaux* are all exactly alike, only the actors change their clothes, and perform to different music. But the incidents are the same, and the grouping. A Drury Lane playbill, advertising some great spectacle, pretty well represents the course of history in every one of its acts. Here we have, in big letters—“The Assembling of the Tribes—Martial Preparations—Terrific Battle—Siege of the City—Heroism of Besieged—Great Triumphal Procession.” Glory, of course, crowns the victors; and their deeds are narrated a few years after, and before the next act begins—the last book of Herodotus, for instance, gives us the Battle of Plataea—by the historian, who sheds undying lustre on the actors. The lustre somehow dies out; new great victories dim the glories of the old; and what was once a perfect lime-light of splendour, on deeds engraven in gold, becomes a feeble glimmer over a tarnished gilding. Pray, who remembers great heroes? They survive to be read by the schoolboy; or their names, where schoolboys do not read of them, remain only to

point a moral and adorn a leading article. Take, for example, the great, the illustrious Belisarius—who conquered the Vandals and the Goths—the master of Sicily and of Rome. What Civil Service candidate can now detail his achievements? And who remembers of him aught but the lying fable that he begged his bread, blind and destitute? Glory means honourable mention by the historians. But what if no one reads their histories? Lucky, however, in turbulent times, are the men who get through without leaving behind them names destined to descend to posterity laden with the reproach of crimes never committed, and atrocities never imagined. And while the great villains of history—such as Nero, Richard the Third, or Robespierre—find no difficulty in getting *rehabilités*, the lesser scoundrels—who, perhaps, were tolerably honest and upright men, as honesty then went; who fill but a poor half-page in the scroll of Clio, and that an ignoble one—find none to plead their cause. My own sympathy has always been with these helpless victims of a spasmodic public virtue, doomed to live on, their fair names straggled in the dust by a disgraceful *agnomen*—such as Caius the Traitor, Balbus the Conspirator, Manlius the Murderer, and so on. It is all useless pity, because nothing can be done for them. They went in for public affairs, and tossed up, so to speak—heads or tails, glory or reprobation. It came down tails—reprobation. Only one cannot help fancying that Messrs. Gibbon, Hume, and Rollin must be having a bad time of it among the indignant shades of those whom they have immortalized with what the newspapers call an unenviable notoriety.

Happily, in these days, we have a new kind of writers, who give us other, if not juster, notions of glory. They do not, it is true, write history—because we know that, without the grand-style, history is a thing of nought; but they write memoirs, *Chroniques Scandaleuses*, anecdotes, and gossip. They peep

into the closets of kings and queens, and tell us what the skeleton is like. They know the weakness of every great man; and spot, with a keen delight, any little facts which show him to be, after all, only human. So that, after our histories in the grand style, and when we have sufficiently admired the prodigious feats performed by our hero, we can have the additional pleasure of seeing him in a rusty—off the stage; talking like all the rest of us, only not quite so well. Thus, what more gallant and glorious hero is there in all history than the conqueror of Ivry, the great and brave King Henry of Navarre? We see him foremost in the fight, the white plume leading in the van. No knight sits his horse more gallantly; no knight unhorses his adversary more skilfully; no knight treats his vanquished foe with more generosity. His life is a long pageant of brilliant successes. His story, so far as the grand style is concerned, is a long succession of splendid episodes. He is the lord of love, as he is the lord of battle. If there is one king in all the royal list who deserved his crown, who won it royally, and wore it royally, surely it is King Henry the Fourth of France. Is it, then, with pleasure or with pain—I think, more of pleasure—that we read the stories told of this great monarch by that tremendous gossip-monger, Talemant des Réaux? He has been behind the scenes—the rogue—and tells us all about him. This great warrior, he says, was neither liberal nor grateful. He never praised the exploits of others, and boasted like a Gascon of his own. He was always ready to postpone business to pleasure. He was unclean in his personal habits, and an inordinate lover of jokes and *bon mots*. Brave as he undoubtedly was, he never heard of the approach of an enemy without great agitation. He had no dignity of carriage; and, above all, he was a confirmed kleptomaniac—he would steal everything he could lay his hands upon; and always used to say that, if he had not been a king, he should most certainly have been hanged.

The French—whose kings have always lived in their midst, and who have less reverence for great men than any other nation—have, it is true, a far more copious collection of these writers than we ourselves. They have also two authors, the Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrion, who have written of war from the peasant's point of view, and shown

his estimate of glory—how it dazzles, while it does not deceive, the poor. But ours will be the honour of having invented the new *genre*—the art which bids fair to revolutionize the popular ideas of glory and of war, and to give novel materials to the historian—the art of the “Special Correspondent.” Here, at least, we are as yet *facile principes*. Even the Americans—who can “interview” a general, and note down, with considerable vivacity, how, smoking an evasive cigar, the great man put by their questions—have not yet learned even to approach our “Special;” whose main business, as I take it, is to strip war of its glory and victors of their praise.

Consider, to show our progress, the wars of eighty years ago. I have before me an *Evening Post* of 1781. With the exception of certain insignificant items of home news—how a prize fight had recently been fought by two porters' wives; how a great many criminals had been left for execution for sundry heinous offences, such as stealing a silver spoon, a sheep, or a pocket handkerchief—the paper, which is of one sheet, rather larger than the *Pall Mall*, is wholly devoted to the cause of glory. It contains two whole pages of despatches from the various seats of war. These are, of course, written in the grand style, common to commanding officers as well as to historians. They recount the intrepidity of the troops in general terms, and the bravery of individual officers in special terms. And after describing the engagement, they proceed to inform us that so many men have been lost on either side. There is not a word of any Special Correspondent. Probably, if any had been discovered in the camp, he would immediately have been hanged as an example. No one is among them taking notes. We hear nothing of a broken-down commissariat; there is no mention of green coffee, of men half-starving, of contractors' stores gone rotten and bad, of suffering, discontent, and endurance. All is grandeur, and glory, and blare of trumpets. An enthusiastic and heroic army, well fed and well clothed, is led by enthusiastic and heroic officers. When the red-coats land, the enemy trembles and flies. And comparing these meagre and yet fulsome despatches with our own full and many-sided accounts, we feel how vapid, stupid, and mendacious they used to be. Even in the old wars, however, we have glimpses of the

real state of things. Thus, a certain Smollett—afterwards to be favourably known in other walks of life—once went to sea as assistant-surgeon in the Royal navy, and formed part of the Carthage expedition. Let those who want to know how warfare was carried on in those days, and of what sort were our captains and officers in the navy, read the pages, written with all the *vraisemblance* that indignation could produce, in "Roderick Random."

What the world has wanted all this time, is a history of war which regards troops as something besides a mere collection of gun-bearing shoulders, and the destruction of men as something more than the weakening of war machinery. We have wanted to know what the *pawn* thought of it all. He has, of course, all the real work. When famine sets in, it tackles him first; when camping out brings on fevers and agues, they seize him first; when endurance, patience, coolness are required, if the pawn does not show them, all is lost. He has to show every quality but that of administration. And when all is over, and the war ended, he has hitherto returned to the shadow of his own fig tree—which is a pleasing metaphor for the fireside of a village beer-shop—where he has spent the remainder of a life, shortened by physical suffering, in a halo of glory, as the man who fought under the renowned general who won the great victories.

But, in inventing the Special Correspondent, we have altered all this. We have given the pawn his proper rank. His opinions, his sufferings, his heroism, and his cowardice will henceforth form as great an element of history as the general's plan, and the distribution of the troops. The Special is indeed ubiquitous. Nothing can escape him; and when, as happens in the present war, he has to do with an educated pawn, he becomes the exponent of events from an entirely novel point of view.

The history of 1870 will be mainly remarkable for the fidelity with which not only events, but the thousand little details which lead up to them, have been narrated. The mists and clouds which surround the figure of Glory have been dispersed; and she stands hesitating—seeing for the first time clearly—and doubtful now whether to award her chiefest praise to the brave men who have been defeated, or the brave men who defeated them.

The glory of victory used to be entirely one-sided. In ancient times, the vanquished all got killed. Of course, they could have none. In after-times, as the victors generally wrote their own story, the vanquished again got none. It belongs to us to have the story written by outsiders, who belong to neither camp, and can tell a plain, unvarnished tale.

Certainly, however, the newest thing in history is getting an account of the progress of a siege from the besieged themselves. The story of a siege has never before been written by a foreigner—himself shut in—from day to day. Still less, of course, has it been sent out by balloon post. The great siege of Paris—the greatest of its many sieges—will have, besides the historian of the grand style—who naturally has to do with the sorties and the forts—the historian of the people, who presents us with their daily life, their thoughts and their conversation. In the letters that have come to us from Paris, we have the cynical and even comic aspect of war, as well as its mournful and pathetic aspect. What can be more humorous than the picture presented to us, by the "Besieged Resident" of the *Daily News*, of the little cobbler who has made a pact with death; of the fat grocer who mounts a kepi, and announces his intention of undergoing any sacrifices for his country; of the only son who "is owed" to his mother, and who sighs over the fate that keeps him from dying in the trenches; of the parade and processions to drum and fife, and the rooted repugnance of the processionists to going outside; or of the faithful servant who keeps a cat tied up in a cupboard, secretly fattening it for the New Year's Day? Pictures such as these, which appeal chiefly to the cynical side of our nature, will delight the world for ever. Not the less have they another side. The fat grocer *has* fought; his sacrifices have been real; he has been willing cheerfully to forego what would have seemed, a short three months since, not only a luxury, but a sheer necessary of life. Many a prating and boastful little mechanic has not only talked of his pact with death, but has met a soldier's death in the trenches; and all has not been braggadocio and bluster. Paris, at first, rather enjoyed the position. She was posed in the eyes of Europe *en heroine*. She perhaps rather overdid her part. But in the last few weeks she has been a heroine indeed. And it is good to

think that some one has been there to chronicle the courage of the women. We have seen them accompanying their husbands and lovers to the gates, perhaps only to see them again brought back on stretchers, but never once dissuading them from going. Their children have died of hunger; they have had little food, and no fire; but they have been—one and all—like that old Gallic woman in Eugene Sue's novel, who, when the country was invaded by a worse foe than the Prussians, could find no words but the indignant cry—"Rods for these Romans!"

It may be that glory will take a new line, and go to those who fight for duty, rather than those who fight for victory. War is a sad necessity at best; and the laurel that is plucked from a field of carnage ought to be, after all, of little worth. How would it be if history were rewritten from the people's point of view, with no single battle narrated beyond the mere event? And where then would be the grand style?

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XIII.

AT FAULT.

MISS PYECROFT, as has been related, had retired from her expedition discomfited, and deeply aggrieved that the untowardness of circumstances had so combined as to render it, in every point of view, a complete failure.

As she had acknowledged to herself, her mind was in a much more mystified state when she left Signor Neri's cottage than when she had entered it, and it took some days' studying of the Pycroft pedigree ere she could calm the perturbation of her feelings of propriety—for Miss Pycroft did not disguise from herself that her propriety had been in a manner outraged, through that natural weakness of mortals called curiosity, which weakness Miss Pycroft had flattered herself that she soared above; but, alas! she had painfully experienced that she was not altogether exempt from this failing of humanity.

Miss Letty and Miss Sophia had been in a state of great excitement during their sister's absence, and had mentally accompanied her every step of the way.

"Now she is turning the lane," said Letty, who had watched her from the window as far as it was possible to see her.

"She won't be long, then," answered Sophia.

"She must have reached the great maple by this time."

"Yes. Her hand is upon the latch of the gate."

"She is in the garden. I wonder if she has noticed the tulip tree."

"She has knocked at the cottage door," exclaimed Sophia.

Then came a pause.

"The door is opened—she has gone in. She is shaking hands with—at least, do you think Rebecca would shake hands with the Signor?" asked Letty. "She only bows to him."

"Perhaps she might in his own house," returned Sophia.

"Ah, well, perhaps she might. Rebecca always knows at once what she ought to do."

"And exactly what she ought to say at the right moment—which is, of course, the most difficult thing in the world to do," answered Letitia. "It's wonderful!"

"She's as good as a lawyer with her questions and cross-questions," returned Miss Sophia. "No one would ever guess what she was driving at, till she suddenly turns round upon one with the very thing one thought to have kept quite secret."

"I can just fancy her now," said Miss Letty, "asking Signora Neri about her carnations and tube-roses, in order to reassure her a little; for I dare say the Signora feels quite nervous at having Rebecca to take chocolate with her."

And as Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia pursued their worsted-work, they wove in with the many-coloured threads their estimate of Miss Pycroft's further progress, until it became a brilliant success, in their imaginations.

Consequently, when Miss Pycroft returned, and, having divested herself of her out-door apparel, sat silent for the space of half an hour, and then suddenly burst forth with the sentiment—"I don't believe that there is anything at all in it," they were quite aghast.

It was the only observation Miss Pycroft vouchsafed upon the subject; and Letitia and Sophia had to wonder and comment upon it in private, and deduce as much, or perhaps more from it than it was susceptible of affording. The topic was evidently so far dismissed from Miss Pycroft's mind,

that she intended taking no further notice of it.

But, however much Letitia and Sophia might dissent from the view Miss Pycroft had taken of the matter, they were disposed to put firmer faith than ever in her sagacity in the course of the following week.

For, in the course of the following week, Mrs. Crawford called at Brierly House; and Mrs. Crawford never called at Brierly House, or anywhere else, unless she had something especial to communicate, or something especial to accomplish; for Mrs. Crawford was not given to paying morning visits.

"News," said Miss Letty to Miss Sophia, as she saw Mrs. Crawford advancing up the garden.

Miss Sophia nodded, but went on with her work; for it was a custom in the Pycroft household never to appear as though expecting any one; but that the arrival of a guest was the event least likely to occur in the natural order of things. Consequently, the Misses Pycroft affected an obstinate deafness whenever the door-bell rang, and had a way of slightly elevating their eyebrows upon the announcement of visitors.

Mrs. Crawford was not long in unburdening her mind of the matter that oppressed it. Mr. Carteret, after all, had given up the curacy—he was going away immediately. Mrs. Crawford did not know if he had heard of anything advantageous, or whether there was any trouble at the Manor House. Mr. Carteret had been up there one morning for about four hours, and had told Dr. Crawford in the evening of his change of plans.

"And the immense disappointment it is to me can scarcely be realized," continued Mrs. Crawford, "for Dr. Crawford had made all his plans for the autumn. We expected to be away for two months, and now it will be utterly impossible. This curate scheme was quite a relief to him; for, though there is not very much to do here, yet he is completely tied down, so that he can never stir. And it's not worth paying a curate to help him; so that this arrangement was most eligible."

"It seems the fashion of young people nowadays," answered Miss Pycroft, "to consider no one but themselves, and not to mind in the least how they disturb or altogether annihilate the plans that have been formed by those of more mature years."

"And Dr. Crawford thought himself so

exceedingly lucky," continued Mrs. Crawford, in a plaintive voice. "It is not all bishops who will ordain without a stipend; but Dr. Crawford is such a favourite, that our own dear old bishop consented at once to do it. And Mr. Carteret is one of those enthusiasts who would have been willing to work on for nothing for an indefinite time. It is very unfortunate, but I suppose this engagement has turned his head, and he is looking out for something that will pay."

"Ah," replied Miss Pycroft, shaking her head, "the loaves and fishes! The mercenary—I may say, mercantile—spirit of the age creeping in everywhere."

"Still," added Mrs. Crawford, "if he is thinking of marrying, of course he must look out for something to enable him to keep a wife. Jasper Seaton told my husband the other day, that he should make no settlement upon Diana; and I know that the Carterets have enough to do to make ends meet; so the young man has no expectations from his family. The engagement may be all off, for what I know to the contrary."

Miss Pycroft nodded sagaciously.

"I half believe it is," added Mrs. Crawford.

"And does Mr. Carteret seem to take it much to heart?" interposed Miss Letitia.

Miss Pycroft gave a side glance at her sister, as much as to deprecate any leading questions. But Miss Letitia had too romantic an interest in any love affairs to be satisfied with the crumbs of intelligence to be gathered from Mrs. Crawford's unassisted communications.

"He has seemed a little graver, certainly," replied Mrs. Crawford. "But, then, there has been such a general upsetting of all his plans—though why, I do not know—that I dare say he feels anxious about the future. Indeed, I should not be much surprised if he didn't go into the Church at all."

"Poor young man!" ejaculated Miss Sophia.

"Much as I might deplore it for the inconvenience it has occasioned Dr. Crawford," said Miss Pycroft, directing a second side glance in the direction of Miss Sophia, "I am not sure that a young man like Mr. Carteret would be a gain to the Church. Some of his views, as I had an opportunity of eliciting from himself, are of a decidedly subversive nature. Indeed, one may judge

of his general views from the fact of his choice having fallen upon Diana Ellis as a wife. No young man of orthodox bias could have so far lost sight of his orthodoxy as to think for a moment of a girl who has so much of the heathen about her; and, indeed, with even less reverence than a heathen possesses. I have had some little experience in these matters," she went on, "having had brothers whose interests of this nature I have in a manner conducted—perhaps I should rather say protected—men of the most consummate orthodoxy; and their choice in each case was such as might be expected from their principles—"

"And then," interrupted Miss Sophia, warmed by the recollection of those olden days, "Rebecca has had a good deal of experience in her own case. She might have been married many times if she had only found her standard; but it used to be one of poor dear papa's jokes, that the reason Rebecca never made a match was because she was more than a match for any one that ever asked her."

"Principles," said Miss Pycroft, with a deprecating smile, "must be carried out at any cost. But there is no occasion to revert to the past, Sophia."

Miss Sophia retired into her shell; and Miss Pycroft turned to Mrs. Crawford—

"I do not like enthusiasm. One never finds it in well-regulated families, or in well-regulated minds. It suggests a want of balance."

"Well," replied Mrs. Crawford, who, in spite of her disappointment, had a slight partiality for John Carteret, "there are different kinds of enthusiasm. No doubt, Diana's enthusiasm is very disagreeable, and annoying, and whirlwind-like, and results in nothing; but Mr. Carteret's is quite different: he's more of an enthusiast in the way of working away at what he considers his duty, without looking to anything ulterior. That is Dr. Crawford's opinion of him; and in this engagement, Dr. Crawford says that he does not think that he cared about, or ever thought of money—though how people are to get married without it I am sure I don't know. For until people come to keep house, they have no idea of what the expenses are—small as well as great items; there seems to be nothing but a perpetual paying away of one's income. And if people have no incomes to pay away, they have to go into debt; and I shouldn't be surprised

if Mr. Carteret's seen something of that, for his mother's a very extravagant woman. And it may be, at the eleventh hour, a sense of this has come over him."

"Especially as he must have noticed how fond Diana is of decking herself out in gay colours, with her rings, and her bracelets, and her pagan decorations—to say nothing of her idle ways, and not being able to hem a strip of frilling. It would take more than a fortune to keep her."

"She's not worn so much jewellery lately," observed Miss Letitia.

"She is in mourning," said Miss Pycroft, shortly.

But Miss Letitia, though she answered not, had antedated the mourning time.

"And a happy thing it is that she is in mourning," Miss Pycroft further remarked, with some asperity; "for it prevents her looking like an Indian queen, which I'm sure the school children must have taken her for. I was always at my wits' end when she came into the school-room on Sundays, for my class did nothing but stare at her until she went out again."

Mrs. Crawford nodded acquiescence.

"Then do you think the engagement is at an end?" asked Miss Sophia, her horns of curiosity once more emerging.

"Well, I would not give a definite opinion upon the point; though I should not be much surprised if it were. Whether it is that Jasper has seen the folly of it, and has put a stop to it; or whether it was never anything more than a flirtation that has died a natural death, I can't say. But one thing is certain, Mr. Carteret has not been every day at the Manor House, as he used to be; and Mrs. Seaton has been more distant with him; and, altogether, it is easy to see that things are not on the most pleasant footing in the world."

Again Miss Pycroft bowed her head complacently. It was some comfort to her to feel that her sagacity had insinuated doubts and difficulties. In conjunction with the Pycroft pedigree, it was reinstating her on her throne of infallibility.

"I wonder if Di will take it much to heart," said the soft-hearted Letty.

"Pshaw!" returned Miss Pycroft; "girls' hearts now are merely shuttlecocks, tossed about by every battledore that comes in the way. They're as light as feathers."

When Miss Pycroft had made a simile, she generally became particularly gracious;

and therefore she forbore to frown at Letty's remark, as otherwise she might have done.

"Then, after all," said Miss Letitia, meditatively, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were to be Jasper."

To which somewhat enigmatical sentence Mrs. Crawford responded, in some surprise—

"No, I think you may be tolerably certain upon that point. Neither Jasper nor Di have a thought in that direction."

Whereupon Miss Pycroft again moved her head complacently, it might be in acquiescence with Mrs. Crawford's statement, or it might be in self-gratulation at her own superior wisdom and discernment.

That a similar opinion to the one enunciated by Miss Letitia had occurred to herself, she did not deny in the recesses of her heart; but she would, on no account, compromise herself by any expression of it.

Time would show. Until then, Miss Pycroft would simply shake her head, with a plenitude of meaning unfathomable as Lord Burleigh's—which shake of the head Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia, in due course of time, came to regard as expressive of everything that had happened, or that was to happen, at Broadmead.

Meanwhile, they busied themselves in sipping what honey they could from occasional sources—always, however, accrediting it to Miss Pycroft's account.

They never met John Carteret and Di together again, though they frequented the late haunts of the lovers; therefore they presumed that a coolness had sprung up.

"Exactly what Rebecca's words had foreshadowed."

Once they met John Carteret alone, and he was so absorbed that he did not see them until they had almost passed by. Then he turned, made a few commonplace remarks, said he was going sooner than he had expected, and should be quite unable to call at Brierly House. Would they convey his apologies and adieux to Miss Pycroft?

"It is plain that he does not care to meet Rebecca's discriminating eye. And perhaps he is afraid of her saying something to him."

Miss Pycroft drew herself up. Such a total disregard of etiquette and social proprieties did not argue much in the young man's favour.

From this episode Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia gathered little, but they were more

fortunate in another episode that occurred shortly after John Carteret's departure.

Then, in one of their rambles, they saw Diana—"pale as a ghost" was Miss Letty's description—fitting in and out amongst the trees in Ryehill copse: the very last place that they had seen her with her lover.

The leaves were beginning to fade and change their colour—some even were falling—

"Like blighted hopes," suggested Miss Letitia; "the hopeful green passing into the sere yellow, or dingy brown. Poor Di!—I suppose it's all over, and that Mr. Carteret has backed out of the engagement. Jasper might have done something for her; though, if it's money that is the trouble, she's better without him than with him. Poor thing, it's a great pity. But she's very young; and first love seldom comes to anything"—here Miss Letty gave a soft memorial sigh—"and, as Rebecca says, it will doubtless strengthen her character."

"Well," said Miss Sophia, "Rebecca was right, as usual. She saw the beginning before any one else had an idea of it, though I must say I didn't believe in it at first."

And so Miss Pycroft once more stood firm upon the pedestal from which she had for a moment tottered, and all but fallen to the ground. And having regained it, she determined not to be caught tripping again. She had discovered that there is more wisdom in waiting for information than in seeking it; and, above all, that the greatest wisdom upon any doubtful point lies in complete and oracular silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST STEPS OF THE LONG PATHWAY.

EVERY one was right, and every one was wrong at Broadmead; and every one, as is always the case, knew a great deal more than there was to know—though, at the same time, they knew nothing at all of the real facts of the case.

Even Di, sitting in her Paradise, as she had called it in the sunny days of her early acquaintance with John Carteret, comprehended the situation scarcely better than the rest of the Broadmead world. She was crushed down—bewildered; and life, that had danced so gaily for her since her sun arose, now moved slowly, and with halting steps; and her heart was filled with gloomy foreboding. Hope, that had showed her fairer landscapes beyond than even those

that were blooming around her, had grown dim; a veil of mist had fallen half way, and she knew not what might lie behind it. There might be brightness when the cloud dispelled, or there might be the blackness of midnight.

She had parted with John Carteret indefinitely. She had promised to keep her faith in him. She had not listened to his protests—which gave her, at any moment, liberty to withdraw from the engagement.

“Until your love ceases, John, I will not be released from my promise,” Diana had said.

“My love will never cease,” he answered; “but, my darling, you do not know how dark the path may be; how long, how crookedly it may twist and turn ere it brings us to one another again; how faint the heart will grow with weary waiting; how heavy—”

“Not if we trust one another.”

“Di, sometimes separations bring want of faith; actions are misconstrued, and words perverted. It wants strong hearts to keep unswerving through a long engagement, such as ours is likely to be.”

“You have less faith than I have, John. Where are all your teachings and talking, that have given me new strength since I knew you? Do you wish me to throw everything aside, and have no belief in aught beyond the passing hour? I could not if I would, for I feel that I am grasping at something that is not a shadow—something more real, greater than my very being, though I cannot see it. Some day I shall understand it, and shall know what it is, John, when you and I sit down after our trial-time in the pleasant future, that now seems far off as the land of Beulah.”

“Di, you are growing eloquent,” said John Carteret.

“No; I am only beginning to see to understand the invisible,” she replied—“and that very, very indistinctly; for there is a haze before my eyes, and only now and then a rift in it lets me see the faint glimmer of the sky beyond. John, when you explained to me what hope was, it seemed a hopeless instead of a hopeful condition; but now it has come to me all at once, and I know that hope must be waited for with patience—with, perhaps, tribulation. I can wait. Can you not trust me, John?”

And John Carteret thought of the first day he had seen her, like a bright flash of gorgeous colour, dazzling him in the dingy

organ-loft; and he gazed on the little figure clad in deep mourning, with the yellow hair wound round and round her head, and the restless face trying to calm itself down.

“Can you not trust me, John?”

Why should he try her thus in the last few moments they would have together, he knew not for how long? for he had an intuition, though Diana had not, that their parting would be a longer one than she dreamed of. The difficulties of the future were clear to him, though he had no doubt of his power of surmounting them; besides, he had provisions of evil that he felt he had no right to communicate. Perhaps, too, the half-feeling of jealousy that he had experienced with regard to Jasper might cause him to be retentive, and make him sensitive of letting Diana think that he in any way distrusted her guardian. Or he might desire to trust his love entirely and undoubtingly in the hands of the one with whom alone it rested.

At any rate, he was silent upon the subject; and thus the two parted—to meet, they knew not when.

As Diana sat recalling every circumstance of that last interview, a vague misgiving overpowered her: they might never meet again! Who knew? For there was a time upon earth to every mortal being when the last good-bye should be said; and this might happen at any moment. Life was so uncertain; the destinies of man were so unforeseen. Something might occur to prevent her from ever seeing John Carteret again. Perhaps, he knew that it was unlikely that they should in the end meet. No; he had promised that they should see each other again. Nothing but death would prevent it. Their last parting would be with death.

Would death part them for ever?

She started. She had never thought of that before. So short a time, even the longest life on earth: so long a time in eternity. Were souls made for each other, but for a brief life-span? And was the hereafter nothing to them?

Oh, death—death! No wonder, mortals shrank from it. No wonder that they feared to pass through those dark portals that opened into obscurity. If people could only live for ever on the earth—live among those golden hills and valleys that she imagined afar in her bliss-dreams, when the rest-time of earth should come; and she and John Carteret, having surmounted all

their troubles, were rolling out their lives like a river, that carried freshness with it wherever it sped!

Death!—haunting shadow of a life of happiness. And she remembered the words she had spoken to John Carteret, "If the day of our marriage should be the day of our death!" and she felt that, if her words should come to pass, how unfulfilled her life-hope would be. She tried to drive the subject from her thoughts; but the farther she tried to drive it, the closer it drew its shadows round her, until she seemed hemmed in on all sides, imprisoned in a darksome tomb, from whence there was no escape, and into which no ray of light penetrated.

Jasper had appeared wonderfully kind and thoughtful during the last few days of John Carteret's stay at Broadmead. He had taken unusual interest in John Carteret's future, suggesting several curacies, and offering his influence.

But John Carteret had declined it, Diana thought, a little brusquely.

He had invited John Carteret to dinner several times, and had almost ostentatiously smoothed over Mrs. Seaton's evident unwillingness to give an invitation herself.

Perhaps he had done it almost too ostentatiously, and that had prevented John Carteret from accepting.

Mrs. Seaton had quite changed in her manner since she had made the discovery of her son's state of feeling. Like most weak women, her fancies had no moderation in them; she took no modified views; she invested every one with entire vice or entire virtue, as the case might be, and liked or disliked accordingly. And John Carteret's standing—as he did at the present time—in her son's way was sufficient to obliterate every symptom of favour with which she had hitherto regarded him.

Actually, he was a person whom she had infinitely preferred to Diana, since he was polished, dignified, and courteous—just what she thought a young man ought to be; whereas, Diana was almost the reverse of her ideas of a lady.

Nevertheless, her present phase led her to exalt Diana on Jasper's account, and to depreciate and dislike John Carteret for a similar reason.

The change in Mrs. Seaton was not lost upon Diana—who, however, was quite unable to account for it; neither was John

Carteret blind to it, though he simply regarded it as part of Mrs. Seaton's partizan-ship for Dr. Crawford.

Jasper Seaton came nearer the truth, though not in its fullest extent. He believed that it was his disapprobation of the match that had regulated his mother's manner. Nevertheless, he saw, too, the other construction that might be put upon it; and resolved to turn it to his own purposes.

"You see, my mother feels Dr. Crawford's disappointment," he said to Diana. "Wrapped up in the rector, as she has been for so many years, anything that annoys him annoys her. And perhaps this sudden change in Mr. Carteret's plans is a little capricious."

"I don't see that Dr. Crawford has any right to be annoyed," answered Diana, warmly. "It was a very selfish arrangement of his—like all Dr. Crawford's arrangements, and all meant for his own benefit. John was to do all the work for nothing."

"Some men are glad enough to get a title that way," returned Jasper; "besides, it was a mutual arrangement."

"John would not have disarranged it, if he had not had some good reason."

"Probably not. Pray, don't think I blame him in the matter. I merely say that it makes the rector's disappointment none the less; and I suppose he felt quite secure of Mr. Carteret, on account of his other engagement. And I own I should have been guilty of adopting the same line of argument myself."

Diana felt irritated, though Jasper's reasoning was, apparently, quite natural. Still, it touched her, as an insinuation of the doubt he had before expressed; and it made her feel uncomfortable.

"John is not a rich man, Jasper."

"He does not seem to wish for money, though," returned Jasper, meditatively.

"Jasper," said Diana, "he told me what you had offered to do."

"Did he?" replied Jasper; "he shouldn't have done that—it was a private matter."

"I am sure he did not think it private, or he would not have told me," answered Diana, eagerly. "Perhaps I ought not to have repeated it. But it was very good of you to offer it. And—"

"Not at all, Di," interrupted Jasper. "What do I want with more than I had before poor Anne's death? And I am sure

it is what Anne would like me to do with some of her money."

"I knew it was that—I told John so—that Madame de Mouline—" Here she stopped, for Jasper's eyes were fixed upon her with a searching expression.

"That what?" he asked.

"That you would think that Madame de Mouline would have been glad for you to give me some of her money."

"Yes, yes; of course she would," replied Jasper, recovering from his momentary apprehension. "Of course she would; that was my reason for offering it."

"Yes."

"I offered some of Anne's money, and it was refused," said Jasper, as if speaking to himself; then he added, "Though I did not think it necessary to explain it to Mr. Carteret."

"And John was really grateful, Jasper. I know he was—only—"

"Only he was very proud," said Jasper, smiling. "He must take care, Di. Pride often gets a fall."

"You don't think he has done wrong, Jasper?" said Diana, after a little hesitation.

"In not accepting a marriage settlement?"

"No. I mean about Dr. Crawford."

"I! Why should I? Each one has a right to do as he pleases; and Mr. Carteret understands his own affairs better than I do. Why should I judge him?"

But Diana was dissatisfied, in spite of Jasper's disclaimer. She felt that every one did blame John Carteret; that Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, and Jasper and Mrs. Seaton thought it strange that he should go away when he was engaged—that he might have waited a little longer. And she almost began to think herself that, perhaps, it was a little odd; and she found herself wondering whether John Carteret was beginning to think the engagement a foolish one. He had offered to give it up. But that was because he thought it his duty to do so—nothing else. But, then, were people willing to do their duty, if it involved anything very difficult or unpleasant?

The answer came, "John Carteret would be willing." But still the answer did not satisfy her as to whether duty or inclination might be the ruling motive.

Was she beginning to mistrust already? No, not of herself—she knew that; but the innuendoes of others were not without effect.

She felt that there were surmises afloat respecting John Carteret that, in some way or other, damaged him. She felt that it lay with her to refute these impalpable charges. Yet how was it possible to refute that which was not spoken—that was merely to be gathered from half-expressed utterances?

By believing in him herself—that was all she could do, and in time people might come to see how false had all their conclusions been with regard to him.

Nevertheless, the insidious seed planted in her mind would spring up; and she was more disquieted than she was willing to admit.

It was early; she had but taken the first steps in that long pathway of which John Carteret had spoken—that pathway through thorns and nettles that she would have to tread. Truly, the nettles were beginning to sting already. She must crush them in her grasp, and trample them underneath her feet; or they might choke the path, and prove a deadly poison.

What had she promised?

"To keep firm faith in John Carteret."

And so she would.

Until!—

Oh, why had that proviso been made? Should it not rather have been for ever and ever?

ON GRAIL MYTHS AND THE GERMAN GRAL-SAGE.

PART II.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH, in "Parzival" (canto Trevizent, stanzas 453, &c.), gives an account of the manner in which his authority, Kiot the Provençal, discovered an old manuscript, in Arabic characters, at Toledo; from which he learns that Flegetanis, a heathen celebrated for his knowledge of curious arts—descended on the mother's side from the Israelitish race, and of heathen descent on the father's; born, as the poet says, "before baptism became our protection from the torments of hell"—read in the stars that "a thing will appear called the Gral;" that a troop of angels left it upon the earth; and, further, that whoever was called to the service of the Gral was truly blessed among mankind.

Upon reading this account, Kiot set himself to work to find whether any people had ever been found worthy to serve the Gral.

He looked through various chronicles, until he found in the chronicle of Anjou what he wanted. There he read of Mazadan, and of those descended from him; how Titurel and Trimutel made over the Gral to Anfortas—whose sister, Herzeleide, was the mother of Parzival. Parzival, it must be remembered, was the son of Salmureth of Anjou; and here we find a relationship between Parzival and King Arthur, Salmureth being the son of Gandem, and grandson of Addanz, who was cousin to Uther Pendragon, the father of King Arthur. (Canto Belakane, stanza 56.)

In the "Wartburg-kriege," one named Zabolon is mentioned, evidently identical with Flegetanis, as he is also said to have worshipped a calf, his father being a heathen, his mother of Jewish extraction. This, Simrock thinks, would lead us to Jewish traditions as they were propagated in the middle ages. Against this, Ferdinand Wolf writes to Dr. Holland—"The Grail myth is certainly formed from Celtic-Druidical elements in Southern (?) France, from the joining on of the Gral knighthood, &c." On which Simrock remarks—"On the unknown element of Druidical-Gral knighthood will I not allow myself to be drawn away." He evidently inclines to the idea that the Gral-Sage is of Provençal origin; the name Gral—from gradal, a cup or vessel—does not, he intimates, decide the Celtic origin of the word itself; for, quoting from Diez's "Ety-mologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprache," Bonn, 1855, it is there stated—"Even now, in Southern France, grazal, grazau, grial, grau, are used for various kinds of vessels." Yet, he asks, does not the account given by Flegetanis suggest that the myth may be of Oriental-heathen origin? Can it be, he asks, the Heliotrapezon, or Table of the Sun, of the pious Ethiopians, which, according to Herodotus, was daily supplied with fish and flesh? In "Parzival" we find—

"Whate'er one's wishes did command,
That found he ready to his hand;
Or viands hot, or viands cold,
Or viands fresh, or viands old;
Whether 'twere fish, flesh, fowl, or game,
One need but wish, and lo! it came."

"Or," again asks Simrock, "can it be the old Egyptian cup of Hermes? or the black stone, in the Kaaba, that fell from heaven in the days of Adam's innocence, and gradually darkened as man became wicked, until now it is quite black?"

Or—which question Simrock does not ask—can it have been of Scandinavian origin, since the Quern-stones of the Icelandic Saga possess the same wonderful properties as the Gral, and produced anything the possessor wished for; and not alone food, gold, jewels, but love, peace, and prosperity. Even as—

"The Gral of blessings was the spring,
And earthly sweetness forth could fling;
To it was power unearthly given,
Such as one knows is born of Heaven."

Is there not something akin in the Arthurian fable of the great tracts of land—

"Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was ever less and less till Arthur came;"

and the Scandinavian idea that before the Æsir, or gods, the Jötuus, or giants, inferior to them in intellect, existed, and ruled the world until Odin, or Wodin, their greatest god and hero, arose? And is not the constant warfare of the Æsir and Jötuus also significant?

May not the head of Mimer, that uttered true runes—reminding one of the head of Orpheus—be a confusion with the head in the Welsh account, or with the head of John the Baptist? For Simrock, in narrating a further tradition concerning the head—namely, that "Herodias was in love with John the Baptist, and was angry with him for not returning it; and, when she received his head in the charger, she wept over it, and covered it with kisses, when suddenly the mouth opened and blew so lustily that Herodias was driven into empty space, where she is for ever and ever impelled on her wild journey, excepting between midnight and cock-crow, when she may rest on a hazel tree"—says that the story is evidently an inversion of the Scandinavian one of Freya weeping tears of gold over Oder, who has left her to travel into far countries, whither she continually sought for him. "Also of Odin is it related that he, as the Storm God, pursued Freya round the world;" which latter would seem to be the better parallel.

Or may the Grail, with its element of wonderful stone, be traced to that cup of gold, or hidden treasure, that English, Danish, and German superstition says is buried where the rainbow touches the earth; whose painted arch, the Scandinavians say, is the bridge Bifrost, which is the pathway from earth to heaven. No mortal hath yet dis-

covered the spot from whence the arch springs, else he would find a treasure, hidden by the gods of old, that would make him rich beyond his fellows—and wiser too; for, when the foundations of the bridge Bifrost were laid, Odin, the All-Father, whispered words of deep wisdom into the earth that have lain buried there for ages; and when this corner-stone of Bifrost is found, those words shall issue forth like sweet-toned music, and fill the soul of the finder with the wisdom of the gods; and in his heart shall rise such undreamed-of bliss, that he will never care to leave the earth.

But one might go on indefinitely bringing forward from the mythologies and traditions of all countries and faiths, certain similarities which might, perhaps, only serve to render more obscure and doubtful the original source. Therefore, to only one other theory will I call attention, and that one I propound with all due reverence.

I have mentioned that Simrock alludes to the propagation of Jewish tradition with respect to the *Grail* myth; also that, in the various legends, the Grail is said to be formed of stone of some kind, in most cases possessing inherent virtue. Now the Jews, scattered throughout all countries, and retaining still their distinct nationality, retained also their knowledge of the prophecies relating to themselves; and the return to his own land, and the glories of the restored Jerusalem, were themes constantly in the mind of the devout Jew.

It is true that the Jews were regarded with antipathy by the Christians at large; nevertheless, there were probably those who were desirous of knowing something of the learning of this remarkable people, and who might desire of them a song—even as their enemies had done in past ages, when they wept in captivity by the waters of Babylon.

Would not the Jew, in answer to the request, naturally dwell upon the splendours of the Holy City—whose walls should be called “salvation,” and “whose gates praise”? whose “stones should be laid with fair colours, its foundations with sapphires, its windows of agates, its gates of carbuncle, and its borders of precious stones”? “That beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, should be the city beloved of God—peace should be within its walls, and prosperity within its palaces.” And forth from his lips would pour—like wondrous romance, like magnificent bursts of such poetry as

they had never heard before—the powerful eloquence of the inspired writers of his nation: teeming with promises of things fair and blessed, all dependent upon the stone—the chief corner-stone—that was to lay the foundation of a glorious future.

Might not this corner-stone, upon which so much was to be upbuilded, sound in the ears of the listeners like some mystic materialism, some temporal acquisition, that should ensure to its possessor all glory and blessing? Is it unreasonable to suppose that this may have been the case, and that upon the Jewish foreshadowing of the blessing and the inheritance may have been built up the earthly kingdom, and the earthly medium through which men were to possess it? Might not the type become the reality in the mediæval mind, and creep into a myth in accordance with the spirit of the times; and this myth become type again in the heart of the poet, touched with the dawning light of yet imperfect Christian instruction, and so serve to shadow forth a theologic teaching once more through allegory?

Simrock thinks that Wolfram von Eschenbach was not acquainted with the legend relating to Joseph of Arimathea. It certainly is not directly alluded to; and yet one cannot but feel that, in the *Lapis exilis*, there is indirect evidence of the Christ-element. This stone, “which is called the Gral,” and which is said to have had the power (canto Trevizent, stanzas 469, &c.) of renewing the life of the Phœnix, so that it became more beautiful than it was before, was also said to be able to keep in life those who gazed upon it; that those who kept it ever before them should always be fresh and lovely; that it was food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty; the source of all good; that men must be called to its service; that their names should be found written thereon, and that only the pure in heart could serve it; and also—which fact seems to bear reference to our Lord, and not to St. John the Baptist—that it was on Good Friday (not on Midsummer Day) that the dove descended from heaven, to renew the strength of the Holy Gral—

“A dove its flight from heaven doth wing,
And bears to earth an offering,
Upon the holy stone to lay
A small white wafer. Then away,
With pinions spread and shining crest,
It seeks again its heavenly rest.”

Here we have the dove, the emblem of

the Holy Spirit, descending to testify, as it were, to the Divine power of the Grail. And from all these circumstances, allusions, and indirect supports, one may surely gather that Wolfram must have attached to the *Grail-mythus* the deepest, fullest signification of which it is susceptible, and which is more clearly set forth in the story concerning Joseph of Arimathea than in any other.

At all events, it would appear that, keeping this myth in mind, one can weave from the Parzival-Sage a theologic teaching, clothed in the garb of chivalrous romance; even as one can learn it from the dream that John Bunyan dreamed in Bedford Gaol, or from Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian poems; and that we shall find, as the late Dean of Canterbury found in those latter fields of beauty, that though fair prospects are blighted, though storms of passion beat, though doubts arise and superstition assails, yet the trusting soul, rising above the earthliness of earth, shall find at last that "at eventide there is light, and the end is glory."

ONE OF TWO ;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LIV.

"Ye barren lawyers, bring your evidence,
Join link to link, and stretch out line by line;
Like cunning spiders, spin out their own slime
To catch their prey, ere they do suck his blood."

The Templar, act ii., sc v.

Poor human nature, over which the philosopher meditated, and into one or two of whose secrets he had penetrated, was sometimes one too many for him; and, in this case, she furnished him with an instance in which he was defeated. Each single instance in the evidence he had so closely fitted to the person of Lord Wim-pole, Old Daylight found might equally well fit another person, and that person was——

Well, he did not like to think over it. Unlike most persons of restricted and narrow affections—who, when they minimise their love for the world, lessen it also even to those few upon whom they do bestow it—Mr. Forster loved those whom he did love with a steady, quiet, deep affection, which grew the stronger under difficulties, and flourished—like the British government—beneath the blows of a strong Opposition.

Thus, even while Edgar Wade was so bitter against the poor invalid who lay at his house, Tom Forster loved her more fondly than ever; and when, in his turn, Edgar himself began to be covered with the thick cloud of suspicion, the poor old gentleman cursed the day when he first took up with his hobby, and blamed his unlucky stars that ever he came to visit Kensal-green, or its neighbourhood.

That day, which was so full of events to Mr. Tom Forster and all concerned, was followed by a night not less eventful. When the old gentleman got home, revolving many things in his mind, he found the poor invalid dead; the nursing Sister gone away, and replaced by some one who watched, and paid the last sad offices to the poor dead lady; and the room arranged with crucifix and candles, and that unmistakable atmosphere pervading it—felt at no other time, and not to be passed by—which is inseparable from the room wherein lies the newly dead.

The old man did not know all that had passed between Mrs. Wade and the bar-rister at the last interview; and, moreover, as the reader knows, was strongly impressed with belief in all that he had said. He thought that—moved and urged beyond her strength—the poor lady had yielded to temptation. But, as she lay there dead, all his old respect and love came back, and she was forgiven.

"Poor thing," he thought, "if there be penance in the decrees of Heaven, her life was one long penance for her sins. How calmly she lies now! Who would not forgive her? What was her life but a trial and a punishment? Is not all life the same?"

The tears were rolling down the deeply lined face of Old Forster as he said this, and they continued to fall as he walked slowly downstairs, and sat down in his easy chair.

"I shall wait," he said to himself, "till this unhappy man comes home. What is life? Is it worth having? After all, is it not a game of chess against a superior player, the after-conduct of which depends upon the first moves which he makes?"

"There's old Robert Owen—a fantastic old fellow," he continued to himself, "wanting men and women to live after one model, and all to dress alike, in pink flannel garments, like the Noah's ark men and women we buy at a toy shop! And he says, in his new gospel, that man is the creature of cir-

cumstances, over which he has no control. If I thought that were true, I would sell this London house, and go and live with his people in New Lanark—and I might as well."

Here he walked a while up and down, took out his heavy leathern pocket-book, looked at the little legal instrument with which it was furnished, and felt very much as if he should like to put it in the fire. But he was restrained by the respect he felt for English law, and for other reasons too.

"After all," he muttered, "it had better come from my hands; and then— He will hate me for ever after; and yet I would rather break it to him. Why not? Why should he not hate an old fool like I am, who has certainly done no good by poking his nose into the business of other people?"

"It's about all over with me," continued Old Daylight. "This is the one grand mistake I have made; and that mistake is a knock-down blow. I am too old to recover it. 'I went up like a rocket,' as Dr. M'Phie has it, in Rolt's paper, 'and I come down like a stick.' That's what I do."

To comfort himself, Old Daylight mixed a glass of that which teetotalers call "alcoholic poison." Happily, he lived in the days before teetotalism became rampant, and had not even a suspicion that he was doing an evil thing; on the contrary, he felt refreshed, and somewhat renovated; but the events of the day weighed upon him, and he knew not where to turn for comfort. So he sat down in his easy chair—one which modern luxury, by the way, would deem uncomfortable—and read some pages of Shakspeare for a consolation.

He sat there a long time. His candles burnt lower and lower; and Edgar Wade did not return.

He summoned his housekeeper, and from that astute lady learned as much as he could from anybody as to the very moment when the Earl of Chesterton and a lady had called, how long they had remained, and almost what had passed in their presence. But, as we have seen, the dying lady spoke in so low a tone, that the most acute listener in the vast and well-built old house could have learnt but little; and Mr. Forster felt that, to do her justice, the housekeeper told all that she knew, and that it was rather her misfortune than her fault that she knew no more.

"And Mr. Edgar Wade—was he present when the poor lady died?"

"I think not, sir; he went into the room while the nurse was yet there, but some time after the sad affair."

"Sad affair!" muttered Forster. "That is one way to mention it. Happy release, I should call it. And did he stay long in the house afterwards?"

"No. He came downstairs at once, and went through the garden into the stables, where he keeps his horse."

"I see. That will do. You can go to bed. I will wait up for him."

The housekeeper, subdued and quiet, as most servants are when there is a death in the house, went away, nothing loath. She had thought much more of her master since a real Earl had called there, taking a pleasure in "carriage company," and feeling somewhat exalted by the fact. Still, she was perpetually haunted by her master's mysterious business; and, being unable to penetrate the mystery, put her worst construction on it. She passed into the room furtively almost, and on tiptoe, where the watcher sat, and the dead lay with the candles burning; and, nothing afraid, expressed herself delighted that all was "nice and comfortable," and then stole up to bed.

Old Daylight placed his bandanna on his head, and settled himself in his chair, and in due time fell asleep. He had taken the precaution to put the chain of the door up, so that his friend and *protégé* could not enter without awaking him.

In some hours, he awoke cold and chilly. The rushlight he had taken the precaution to set light to had burnt—in the sulky, sullen manner peculiar to those nearly extinct luminaries—almost to its socket, and was throwing from its position the pattern of its pierced tin guard, in little dim round holes of light, not only on the floor, but on the ceiling.

"God bless me!" ejaculated the old man. "Why, I *must* have been asleep."

How is it that we assure ourselves thus apologetically of any slight dereliction of duty? Old Forster had been asleep, and to his own satisfaction. He felt cold and chilly; and, rubbing and chafing his hands, he lighted a candle, and went to the street door. The chain was still up; no one had passed through; but the old gentleman—undetermined and dissatisfied as we always are when we have been watching, and are

disappointed—opened the door and looked out.

The morning was cold, and very dark. Queen Anne-street looked even more dull than it did on ordinary occasions, when the maximum of its cheerfulness was about that indicated by the minimum of cheerfulness in the catacombs. Round the corner, in the next street, and at some distance, the watchman—not yet disused, and kept up as a monument of parochial charity as well as of ornament, or principally for the reason that the parish really did not know what else to do with the poor, old, used-up specimens of humanity—was calling out, “Half-past four of a frosty morning;” and Old Forster listened to the “linked *weakness*, long drawn out,” of the old fellow’s cry till he felt chilled.

He shut the door, drew the bolts, and came in and sat down for a moment, to think.

“Why, he can’t have come in,” said he to himself. “He can’t have come in.”

He repeated this obvious fact once or twice to himself, as if he were assured of its truth by repetition. Then he suddenly recollected that, as Edgar Wade went out by the stable-yard, he might have returned thereby; but, no—the bolts were drawn.

The old gentleman, to reassure himself, went up into the barrister’s rooms. They were empty. The bed had not been slept in. The light shone through the keyhole of the door where the dead lady lay; and Old Daylight shuddered with cold, and with a deadening and perplexing feeling, as he came downstairs.

“Umph!” he said to himself, as he prepared to undress, and to go to bed. “I did not expect this. He has fled the country, I hope. What for? What for?”

The phantom before him, the guilt of Edgar Wade, began to build itself up as he lay down to rest, and kept him awake. At first he had thought that any knowledge the barrister had of the matter, even after he had examined the letters found in César Negretti’s bundle, was but little; but now—now, in this supreme moment, why was he absent?

Surely the man was—if ambitious and impatient—too clever to criminate *himself*. Old Daylight endeavoured to comfort himself with this thought; but a horrid suspicion, that made his blood run cold, told him that he might be wrong. His faith in

poor human nature fell to the lowest degree on the scale—when, happily for himself, he fell into a sound sleep, and did not wake till late in the morning.

Dressing and shaving, breakfasting or opening his letters, Mr. Forster was haunted with but one idea, and that was—of the whereabouts of the barrister. Hardly had he breakfasted, when a messenger from the police court put a note into his hand, written in the familiar and noble Roman caligraphy of Inspector Stevenson, begging him to come down at once, as something unexampled in the case before them had turned up.

Stevenson—faithful to his friend—hinted that he wanted him to know it before the magistrate had it placed before him.

It needs not to be said that Mr. Forster hurried to the office now so familiar to the reader, nor that he was received by Stevenson with an official coolness and dryness peculiar to that officer, who was all the while excited by the news, and as eager to get to the bottom of it as himself.

“Come here,” said Stevenson—“here is an old acquaintance of ours,” and he led him to the spare room in which Patsy Quelch and César Negretti met with Mr. Brownjohn the night before; and in this room—not much the worse for the night he had passed, with the exception that his coat looked a little more fluffy, and his hair somewhat rougher—sat Mr. Barnett Slammers, and his friend Mr. Scorem. That ornament of the law was rather the worse for his vigil; his bright, merry eyes looked somewhat larger, and a dark ring round each told of excitement and night watching.

“Hallo! Mr. Slammers,” cried Old Forster, “can you throw any light upon this mystery?”

“I can’t. But I think this gentleman can,” returned the reporter, laying a kindly hand on the clerk’s shoulder.

“And of what kind?” asked the old gentleman, eagerly looking at the Inspector, in whose face he read a confirmation of the words that dropped from the lips of Mr. Slammers.

That kindly Bohemian, who had an innate love of justice, looking at the Inspector and Mr. Forster, said—

“If you gentlemen were not very good fellows, and had not done me innumerable good turns—”

"Which we may do again," returned the Inspector, very drily.

"No doubt—no doubt; but that's neither here nor there—I should reserve all we have to say for the beak. But it must come before you sooner or later, and I am anxious that you should know the rights of this. This gentleman—"

Here, again, he laid his hand upon Scorem, who kept a very strict silence, and, in consequence of his legal education, determined not to speak unless spoken to.

"This gentleman will, I think, furnish you with the missing link in the chain of evidence with regard to the terrible crime in the neighbourhood of Kensal-green."

Mr. Slammers used a great many words; but it was not to be wondered at, as his profession led him to indulge in a surplusage when he used his pen, and his tongue had caught it from that instrument of a ready writer.

"Well," returned Old Forster, "we are glad to hear anything, Mr. Slammers; and due justice shall be done to you for putting this before the law."

"Oh! I've nothing to do with it," returned the reporter. "This gentleman does it all—*suâ sponte*, as they say in the classics; and, let me tell you, he does it at great cost to his feelings; and not only to them, but to his position and prospects in life, which by this action will be for ever blighted."

The breath of Mr. Scorem gave evidence of his feelings during this speech: it came and went more quickly than before, and the bright eyes seemed to glow the brighter in that shadowed room, as the honest Bohemian put his case forward. Mr. Slammers was evidently determined that Scorem should not lose by it, if *he* could help it.

"Very gratifying, I am sure," answered the Bow-street runner; "very much so. And now, what is to be shown us?"

"This!" said Scorem, dramatically, producing the end of the foil, the broken part of which was ground to a chisel end, and was very sharp.

"God bless me!" returned Old Daylight; "that's a Solingen blade, and just the length to fit the broken foil I took from Lord Wimpole's room."

"Just so!" uttered the Inspector.

"And where did you find this important piece of evidence?"

"Concealed between the boards in his master's chambers, evidently hidden away

with a purpose, as such a weapon could not well be thrown away, nor easily destroyed." Thus spoke Slammers, who knew how to marshal evidence as well as the cleverest barrister at the Old Bailey bar.

"God bless me!" uttered Old Daylight, looking at Scorem with a confused notion of having seen him before, but having, from his agitation and the novelty of the place, forgotten him. "And who is your master?"

Mr. Scorem answered the direct question with a voice altered and made solemn with emotion—

"Mr. Edgar Wade, Barrister-at-Law, Garden-court, Temple."

OLD SCARLETT, SEXTON AND DOG-WHIPPER.

ONE of our clerical contemporaries recently contained the following remarks:—"A few weeks ago mention was made of some bequest to the person whose office it was 'to whip dogs out of church;' and the question was asked, whether any of our readers knew of any similar case. The Curate of Wensley, Yorkshire, writes:—"In looking over our churchwarden's accounts from the year 1730, I see the sum of "5s. allowed for whipping dogs out of church." In the years 1742, 1751, 1753, and again, so much—I forget now what—"for new whip for dog-whipper." Amongst other entries is the following, in the year 1731:—"For providing rushes, and strawing them in the church as often as proper, 2s. 6d.;" and an allowance is made out of the rate for foxes' and otters' heads, as late as the year 1800. Our "dog-whipper" is now the "door-keeper;" but his whip—if he had it—would still often be of use, especially at the funerals of Dalesmen. Strangely enough, I never see dogs on a Sunday; and yet, as a rule, shepherd dogs are never fastened up."

In searching into old parochial registers and churchwardens' accounts, we have frequently met with notices of the "dog-whipper," and the sums paid to him; and, with regard to the last sentence in the extract just quoted, we may say that, in the pastoral district of the Cheviots, as well as in Scotland, we have frequently attended the church services, and have seen the shepherds' dogs walk with their masters into the pews, and there remain till the close of the service, without transgressing the bounds

of propriety. Sir Edwin Landseer painted a picture of this very subject, showing the Highland shepherd, with his dog, at kirk. It was called, if we remember rightly, "The Highland Shepherd's Sabbath."

But shepherds' dogs are amongst the most intelligent of their race, and know how to behave themselves during Divine service. It was far different with stray curs and vagrant dogs, who intruded into churches and cathedrals, and made themselves obnoxious

to the worshippers by their rude manners and vulgar inquisitiveness. It was to repel them from the consecrated building that the dog-whipper was appointed; and he carried his whip as his peculiar badge of office, just in the same way that the silver wand is borne by

"The verger who walks before the Dean."

A very excellent and noteworthy illustration of this is seen in the large life-size



PORTRAIT OF OLD SCARLETT.

picture of Robert Scarlett that hangs in the nave of Peterborough Cathedral, against the western wall. It is strangely out of place in that position; and it would be far better if it were added to the National Portrait Collection, to which it would be a valuable and characteristic addition. Robert Scarlett, or, as he is familiarly termed, "Old Scarlett," was the sexton of Peterborough, and died at the age of ninety-eight, July the 2nd,

1591, having buried two generations of the townspeople, and two Queens—Katharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and Mary, Queen of Scots. In the picture, Old Scarlett wears a red skull-cap, his coat and trunk hose are dusky red, his stockings blue, and he wears blue ribands to his red-soled shoes. In his right hand he holds a spade, in his left a bunch of five keys. Against a pillar are his mattock and a skull. High up

in the left hand corner are the arms of the See. He wears a belt round his waist, in which belt is tucked his dog-whip. The following lines are placed below the picture:—

“You see old Scarlett’s picture stand on hie;
But, at your feet, here doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and death-time shew,
His office by heis tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy lymm,
A scare-babe mighty voice with visage grim;
He had interd two queenes within this place
And this townes householders in his life’s space
Twice over, but at length his own time came,
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done; no doubt his soule doth live for aye,
In heaven, though here his body clad in claye.”

In agreement with this versical description, the painting represents him tall and powerful, and with a grim, stern countenance. Yet, in Chambers’ “Book of Days” (ii., 17), where a woodcut is given of the picture, it has been so very incorrectly copied that the writer of the descriptive letterpress, who evidently had not seen the original, and only knew it through the woodcut, says:—“What a lively effigy! short, stout, hardy, and self-complacent, perfectly satisfied, and perhaps even proud of his profession.” As to the dog-whip which is so very prominent in the picture, although

the writer says that it is not so, he seems puzzled, and observes:—“A droll circumstance, not very prominent in Scarlett’s portrait, is his wearing a short whip under his girdle. Why should a sexton be invested with such an article?—the writer has not the least doubt that old Robert required a whip to keep off the boys while engaged in his professional operations. The curiosity of boys regarding graves and funerals is one of their most irrepressible passions. Every gravedigger who works in a churchyard open to the public knows this well by troublesome experience.”

So entirely has the writer in the “Book of Days” misunderstood the subject which he was volunteering to explain!—his explanation being as erroneous as the engraving by which it is accompanied. We give a correct engraving of the curious picture of Old Scarlett, with his dog-whip and sexton’s paraphernalia; and if it be compared with the woodcut in the “Book of Days,” the many errors of the latter will be at once apparent. Besides those already mentioned, there is the introduction of a shadow to the handle of the matlock, the absence of Scarlett’s right thumb, and the transformation of the four daggers on the shield into four shamrocks.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART III.—CHAPTER III.—VILLAGE BELLS.

IT is late September, and fresh and clear is the morning;
Soft and clear and still, as ever morning in autumn.
Dew hangs on the grass: you see the day will be sunny.
Many a leaf is sere, and through the boughs of the chestnut
Rustling falls, at times, the fruit that shines as the jasper.

Can it be so early? There is a stir and a bustle
In the little hamlet, wont to be always so quiet.
Where? The village street is still as when, ere the daybreak,
Sleepy milkmaids call the cattle home to the shippin.
Not a sound at the forge, no beat of flail in the farmyard.
Even the old mill wheel a little while, for a wonder,
Lets the brook reflect the dusty sheds of the miller.
Only here and there a passing villager quickens
Steps, unwilling laggard; and here and there in a cottage,
In the chimney nook, or on the straw of a pallet,
Stay the weary feet, no more to wander, for ever.
All save these are gone, and hearth and home are deserted.

Track these hob-nail’d shoes, that clatter loud on the pavement.
Scarce so many gather to hear the word of the Gospel,

Drawn by Sabbath bell. Yes, here are all, by the churchyard.
 All along the wall, lit with a vague expectation,
 Shine the country faces, as thick as ears in the harvest.
 Gaffer's rustic wit now you can hear, if you listen;
 Sweet old-fashion'd gossip of Cheshire marketing women.
 Here they lean and read the solemn words on the tombstones,
 Here they cluster round the little porch and the gateway.
 Groups of mothers move among the graves of the lost ones,
 Who, in words well-meant, speak often, low, to each other.
 Yes, they all are here;—it is a scene to remember;—
 Glad or gruesome faces; the strong, the hale, and the sickly:
 Children at the breast, or holding hard by an apron:
 Troops of wandering dogs, and every rogue in the village.
 There are shepherd lads, with ribbons gay on the button;
 There are milkmaids, laughing, with a flower in the bonnet:
 Little cripples hobbling: old folk, worn and decrepit,
 Propp'd with stick, or crutch, or on the arm of a grandchild.
 Close the ringers stand, and chatter gravely together:
 Beat their feet, or whistle, with their hands in their pockets.
 Mark their look of office. A busy man is the sexton.

Who would all these greet? You shall behold in a minute.
 Stand aside: make room. They come the way of the garden.
 Now they reach the porch. The village murmurs a welcome.
 Every hat is off, and quick drops many a curtsy.
 With a buzz of pleasure the people crowd through the doorway.

Silence! All is ready! and if a word, or a whisper,
 Stirs, the sexton frowns, and lifts, in warning, a finger.
 Who are there? We note them, as they stand by the altar.
 First, the white-robed priest: he is the friend of the rector,
 Who,—do you remember?—took the care of the parish,
 When the rector sicken'd, in the hour of his sorrow.
 But the rector gives the blushing bride to her lover,
 For his heart would fail him to read a word of the service.
 Bridesmaids?—if you will. Then, you must say little Ethel.
 She is all in white, and looks as fair as a spirit.
 Children touch'd her, softly, for a charm, as she enter'd.
 It is Mary Trevor who is standing beside her.
 She is like some saint, that down the ladder of heaven
 Glides, with willing feet, to breathe around us a blessing.
 Read in that still face the runes of care, the endurance;
 Scars of God upon her, won for her Lord, in His battles.
 Groomsman?—Viot Paul: he, who is lord of the manor:
 Every inch a lord; one we may own, and be manly.
 'Tis his own free act, and gracious deed of atonement.
 These are all. No other may touch the ark that is holy.
 So 'I will,' and 'I will,' and words of Isaac and Jacob,
 And the mystic language of him who rode to Damascus.

They are gone. The children have scatter'd roses before them.
 In the little porch, upon the air of the morning,
 Rose the deep 'God bless you,' with a fervour of meaning;
 Every rustic throat well-pleased to join in the chorus.
 They are gone: the landlord, standing now by the gateway,
 Smiling, flush'd, excited, accosts his neighbours around him:—
 "What a sight! Lord bless me! What a sight for the village!

"Many a merry day we had, when I was a youngster,
 "Many a gay time since; but once to see such a vision,
 "Such a dream as this, it puts them all into shadow.
 "You've an honest heart: come, John, shake hands, and I bless you.
 "Would my Jane had lived to see this day in the village.
 "Reach me, there, that rose, her foot trod on, as she pass'd us:
 "Stick it in my coat: would it would never grow wither'd.
 "Come, now, fellows, all: this is a time of rejoicing:
 "Come, and drink a glass, to those we love and we honour.
 "Come, come all; I care not: drink away, and be jolly;
 "Till you cannot squeeze another drop in the cellar.
 "What a day! God bless me! Who will see such another!"
 So, a cheer for the landlord, and you will say that he earn'd it.
 Then the crowd moved, hustling, on its way to the Heron;
 Troops of children, dogs, the young and old, in a hubbub;
 While the bells rang out their merry peal for the wedding.

But, when stars come forth, the lovers, silent and happy,
 Linger'd by the shore, and heard the roar of the ocean.

A STORY OF A CITY BELLE.

"THE last night of the old year," said the City Belle to herself, as she nestled amongst her pillows, and drew the warm coverings closely round her. "And what a happy year it has been to me! I never had so much gaiety in all my life—balls, dinner-parties, soirées, picnics, croquet and archery meetings—one after the other, all the year round! I declare, all my spare time has been taken up with arranging new dresses and new fashions. How glad I am that papa is so rich, and that I may spend as much money as I like. What a bill Madame Lamode has sent in! Most exorbitant, certainly! Fifteen pounds for my last ball dress—and I suppose the one for to-morrow night will cost fifteen more. But papa says I am not to think about prices, but to set myself off to the best advantage, and enjoy myself as much as possible. And I am quite ready to take his advice.

"Cousin Hetty says I am very selfish, and that I waste both my time and my money; but she is very wrong, for I give my maid all the old things I don't want; and when there is a charity sermon, I always put half a sovereign in the plate. So it is too bad to call me selfish. But Hetty has such curious notions—she is so particular and old-maidish—she never goes to balls or theatres—she does not care the least about dress, or whether her things are made fashionably or not. Nothing pleases

her better than visiting sick people, and teaching dirty, ragged children. Most extraordinary taste, I think—but it is no concern of mine. Dear me, how the wind howls! I wonder where that old woman is who asked me for some money this morning! How cold and miserable she looked! I declare, I'm half sorry I spoke so crossly to her. I wish I had given her something. But it was so tiresome of her to tease me just as I was looking at those beautiful bracelets—she ought to have known I could not attend to her then. How thin and white her face was! and she had scarcely any clothes! I wonder whether she is asleep, or if she is still walking about and shivering. This wind must pierce her through and through. Pshaw! how silly I am! I don't suppose she told the truth—beggars are such dreadful impostors. There is no occasion for me to trouble myself about her—she is used to the cold, no doubt. And cold enough it is, too. I must have an extra blanket to-morrow. How thoughtless of Maria not to give me one to-night; she knows I cannot bear the cold. Servants are so heedless and selfish, if they are only comfortable themselves they don't care the least about their masters and mistresses. I shall give Maria a good scolding. Hetty often says I am very unkind to the servants, but she is too particular—it is impossible to please her. The idea of her calling me selfish—and—saying I waste—my time; too bad—of—her—she—"

The bright eyes close suddenly—a smile

plays on the rosy lips, and the beautiful Mabel Vane, the idol of her father's heart, and the reigning belle of the season, sleeps. Good night, fair maiden—"good night—and pleasant dreams."

* * * * *

At the upper end of a large, brilliantly-lighted hall was a small platform, covered with crimson velvet. In the centre was a golden throne; and immediately behind the throne an old-fashioned clock was placed, the hands of which denoted the hour of eleven. This clock struck but once during twelve months, and that was at the hour when the old year expired, and his successor was born—that successor who sprang, as it were, from the tomb of the deceased monarch. At the other end of the hall was another platform, of very much larger dimensions. A most luxurious couch occupied the middle of the fore-part; on each side of this couch were six chairs, and behind it numerous forms and benches.

The unearthly stillness which pervaded the apartment was at length broken by a flourish of trumpets, and an old man entered, clad in regal apparel, with a snow-white beard descending to his knees. In one hand he carried a sickle, and in the other an hour-glass; these he deposited on either side of the throne, ere seating himself upon it.

A pause of a few moments ensued, and then the strains of soft music were heard: the door was thrown open, and a somewhat strange procession entered.

First came a very aged man, leaning upon a staff; his figure was bent, his face was wrinkled, and his breath was drawn in quick gasps; with tottering steps he ascended the platform opposite the throne, and with some difficulty extended himself upon the couch. He was followed by twelve attendants; and so varied were they in manner and appearance, that each merits a short description.

The first couple consisted of two elderly men enveloped in thick woollen wrappers, adorned with buttons of frosted silver; hoar frost glittered on their close fur caps, and their features were pinched and blue with cold.

Two young damsels came next. The appearance of the one was decidedly unprepossessing, and suggestive of her having been exposed to the fury of a high wind; for her dress was torn and covered with

dust, and her hair was dishevelled, and hung over her shoulders in tangled masses. Her companion was a pretty young creature, all smiles and tears; but there was an expression of treachery on her face, which rather spoiled the effect of its beauty. She was arrayed in a robe of the palest green; a wreath of violets and primroses was on her head, and in her hand was a nest of young birds.

Judging by the striking resemblance between the next two lovely maidens, their relationship was that of sisters. Both were attired in robes of sky-blue, but there was a perceptible difference in the shades: the dress of the lightest hue was looped up with May blossoms, and the other with wild roses and honeysuckles. Sunny smiles beamed on their faces, and unfeigned good-humour sparkled in their blue eyes.

Next in succession were two matrons, whose beauty had reached a splendid maturity. The silken garb of the one was crimson and gold, covered with flowers of every description. The other wore a robe of glistening bronze, decorated with vine leaves and ears of wheat. Fully conscious of their charms did these ladies appear, as, with their heads erect, and triumphant smiles on their full red lips, they swept along, fearless of rivalry.

They were followed by two members of the opposite sex, both of whom had evidently bidden adieu to the days of their youth. Sundry gray hairs were visible on each head; but the sunburnt locks of one man were more abundant than the dusky brown curls of his companion, and the lines of care on his face were a trifle less distinct. He was habited in a suit of russet-brown, and the "last rose of summer" was placed in his button-hole; whilst his friend was attired in a dark gray cloak, and a pheasant's feather in his hat was his only ornament.

The next—and the last—couple were likewise of the male sex. Of one, nothing can be said, save that he was enshrouded in thick fog, and that he continually coughed and sneezed in a most unpleasant manner. By his side was a hoary-headed old man of cheery aspect; his coat was covered with snow flakes, which fell around him as he moved; an immense bundle of holly and mistletoe hung round his neck, and a huge icicle served him as a walking stick.

These twelve attendants had scarcely seated themselves on the chairs placed on each side of the couch, when fifty-two of their relations entered the hall, and took up their position behind them; these, in their turn, were followed by a motley crowd of more than three hundred persons attired in various costumes, and with every variety of form and feature, who walked noiselessly towards the large platform; and, after arranging themselves on the forms at the back of the couch, remained motionless as so many statues.

Again a pause ensued, during which time there was no movement in that vast assembly, and no sound was heard save the laboured breath of the old man lying amongst the pillows.

And then the occupant of the throne—Father Time by name—quitted the hall by a side door. He reappeared almost immediately, accompanied by two young ladies, and bearing in his hand a cushion covered with scarlet cloth; this he deposited at the foot of the throne, and motioned his companions to take their stand on either side.

Great indeed was the contrast presented by these two maidens. One was extremely beautiful, and was richly attired in evening costume, with jewels on her neck and arms. She stood by the throne in an attitude of careless grace, and glanced at the vast crowd before her with a smile of half-scornful triumph.

The other young lady was small, and slightly deformed. Her features were plain and irregular—but their sweet expression fully compensated for their lack of beauty, and irresistibly impressed one in her favour. She was dressed neatly in dark cloth, her eyes were cast down, and a deep flush of almost painful confusion suffused her cheeks.

“Behold the rival claimants for the reward of ‘Well-spent Time!’” exclaimed the old man, as he rose from the throne and bowed courteously to the assembly. “I call upon you, my old and valued friends, the Months, Weeks, and Days, to act fairly and honourably in this matter. The lifetime of your monarch is now fast drawing to its close, and by the evidence which you are about to give will it be decided if either of the fair ladies before you merit the reward of ‘Well-spent Time’—that is to say, if either of them has done all in her power to turn to the best account the lifetime of him

whose decease is so close at hand. The young lady on my right hand is the Belle of the City: health, wealth, grace, and beauty, all are hers; the admiration and envy she excites are unbounded, and the hearts which have been laid at her feet during the year now nearly past are almost innumerable. She is the betrothed bride of one for whom many have sighed in vain—very proud she is of her conquest—and she considers that her time has been well spent by reason of the success which has crowned her efforts at subjugation. Those amongst you who agree with her in this opinion, or who are desirous of bearing testimony to any unselfish and charitable actions, to any self-sacrifice or self-denial on her part during the past year, hold up your hands, and come forward to speak in her favour.”

Two or three minutes elapsed, and the silence of the multitude remained unbroken. Not one hand was raised—not one member of the crowd seemed disposed to speak in favour of the lovely City Belle.

“What—no response to my appeal?” demanded Father Time. “Does every member of this throng feel aggrieved by the manner in which its lifetime has been spent by the peerless Mabel Vane? Can it be possible that she has not performed *one* unselfish act, or denied herself *one* gratification, in order to benefit her fellow-creatures during the last three hundred and sixty-five days? Can it be true that *all* her time has been wasted in frivolous pursuits?—that her purse has been filled and refilled for no other purpose than that its contents should be lavished on *herself*? Will *no one* stand forth and defend the Belle of the City?”

And then, changing his tone of bitter sarcasm, he continued sternly, as he fixed his piercing eyes on the now shrinking figure of the abashed beauty—

“May this public reproof, this unlooked-for failure, be a lesson to thee, thou scornful maiden. Mayst thou bemoan with bitter tears the precious hours, days, weeks, and months thou hast misspent and wasted. Remember that youth and beauty quickly fade, and that riches cannot last for ever. Repent, I say—repent and reform ere it be too late!”

“And now, my good friends,” resumed Father Time, after a few moments’ pause, “it is for you to decide whether this other candidate for the reward of ‘Well-spent Time’ be worthy to claim it. Again I say,

let those amongst you who desire to speak in her favour, hold up your hands and come forward at once!"

Scarcely had these words been uttered, when, as if governed by one impulse, the hands of the entire assembly were elevated; and, as the crowd moved forwards, there ensued a perfect Babel of voices—each member of the multitude eagerly speaking in favour of the deformed girl.

For some minutes, Father Time made no effort to check the uproar, but gazed upon the excited throng with a well-pleased smile. Then suddenly raising his hand to command silence—

"It is enough," he said; "such testimony as this is more than sufficient to prove the lady's right to the reward."

Quickly taking up the cushion covered with the scarlet cloth, he hastened towards the couch whereon lay the Old Year, upon whose face were now unmistakable signs of death. After placing the cushion at the foot of the couch, he retraced his steps, and, lifting his sickle with one hand, extended the other to the deformed girl, and led her to the side of the Old Year amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude.

Again was silence commanded and obtained, for no one in that spacious hall durst dispute the will of Father Time.

"Kneel down, my child," he said, encouragingly, to the bewildered and abashed girl; "kneel down, and receive from this dying monarch the reward thou deservest so richly."

He laid down his sickle as he spoke, and, raising the poor Old Year in his arms, whispered something in his ear.

In faltering accents, the dying man obeyed the whispered injunction.

"Hester Newtone," he gasped, "gladly do I bestow upon thee this crown, in token of my gratitude—for the honour thou hast paid me in—in turning each day—nay, each hour of my lifetime—to—to the best account; in remembrance of thy numerous—acts of kindness, of charity, of—of self-denial. God bless and keep thee, my daughter; and grant thee happiness here—and eternal happiness hereafter. With—with heartfelt pleasure do I—bestow upon thee—the reward for—'Well-spent—Time.'"

The last words were almost indistinct: it was evident that the spirit of the Old Year was fleeing fast away. With great difficulty he removed the scarlet cloth from the

cushion, and, as he placed the crown of glittering jewels then disclosed, upon the brow of the deformed girl, the voice of the clock proclaimed the hour of midnight; and as the last of the twelve strokes resounded through the hall, Father Time suddenly raised his sickle, the Old Year fell back amongst the pillows, and a dense cloud of darkness descended upon the scene.

* * * * *

"Oh, Hetty! dear Hetty! wake up and let me stay with you for the rest of the night!"

With a start the sleeper awoke, and, to her great surprise, beheld her young cousin standing beside the bed, weeping bitterly.

"My dear Mabel, what is the matter? Why do you weep and tremble? Hush! dearest, tell me what troubles you," and Hetty drew the weeping girl in her arms, and kissed her affectionately.

"Oh! Hetty, I've been dreaming—such a terrible dream!" was the sobbing reply. "I felt so frightened—so ashamed. I will never be unkind to you again, or call you prim and old-maidish. You are much better than I am: I will try to be more like you—I will give money to the poor, and try to do some good—I will, indeed—only teach me how;" and clasping her arms closer round her cousin's neck, the tears of the City Belle fell faster than before.

"My dear child, what does all this mean?" inquired the naturally surprised Hetty. "Well, well, never mind; I won't ask you to tell me now—to-morrow will do. Lie down and go to sleep. Don't you know it is past twelve o'clock? New Year's Day has dawned. Kiss me, dear cousin, and may God give you strength to keep the good resolutions you have just formed; and may He grant that the fresh era which has just opened upon our lives may, indeed, be to us both a 'Happy New Year!'"

THE MODERN MAMMON.—PART I.

IT is a pity, but it is a fact which we see evidenced every day, that money, and the advantages which are procurable alone from money, seem the only things desired. England is said to be ruled by the idea of respectability—that is, presentableness. Presentableness is only to be effected in good clothes, and through the ideas that follow on immediately behind them, in this

country. The peerage—with the last corrections made by the nobility—is the universal book of reference. When station and standing are concerned, this volume decides momentous questions. A very serious, contemptuous charge has been brought against the British respectable public, in that they are said to elevate the "Book of the Peerage" as a certain sort of Bible to them, or a book at once the palladium and reliance, to which recurrence must be had for the resolution of all problems and the settlement of all social duties; since the "Peerage," being corrected by the pillars of State—the aristocracy—cannot err. If the regular Bible—that is, the Two Testaments,—may be assumed as pretty safe to be retained for an unending prospective of time in England, representing as it does the spiritual and the theoretical side of human life—the "Peerage" follows on as the companion, to stand in the universal reading mind in this country as the book of the actual and the admirable. We may delude ourselves as we please, but the mind-filling respect for money is the only religion that boasts acceptance and has hold and power with us English people. As to spiritual belief, or lively dependence on unseen government, or angelic sympathy or guidance—why, it is supposed to be a trust, dead, leafless and withered as an ancient tree. The energy both of the metropolis and of country districts is directed to the acquisition of those splendid objects, sovereigns and banknotes—as many of them as can be had. Mammon with his gold, the genius of the Bank of England with her blessed paper—thoughts of these are in every house, in every bosom. We rise thinking of them; we go to bed speculating and dreaming of them; we are, at church, continually recurring to them; we sit at the board cogitating them; we ride ruminating them. "Virtue is praised and starves:" it has lip-service, but no hands are held out to it. People do not want to practise its useless, uncomfortable, rigid injunctions. Virtue, therefore, may too pertinaciously pursue us, until in this life it may really become a bore. It holds out as our three direst enemies—the "world, the flesh, and the devil." But, dear, considerate reader, so much elevated, and so superior and sternly virtuous than we ourselves—*que voulez vous?* Pray, if you have no objection, since the opportunity is favourable, let us examine some of these complex questions;

let us discover light, with a little dispassionate, sensible moderation. Virtue—by which we mean too much, more than we can bear, of excellent living—is altogether against this frame of things. Virtue contradicts that "world" in which we live, and which we of course believe, since we find it really about us. Virtue enjoins us to mortify the "flesh," which we must assuredly maintain with its little solacements, to which we slyly recur as the thought of some comfort in a world of woe in our vexed moments. Virtue will insist upon no compromise, no "satisfactory arrangement on both sides;" but wills us and orders us absolutely to renounce the "devil." But we here wish a little light as to the personality of this devil. And in answer to our questions as to definitions, and as to what the word devil should include, we are told, "everything bad;" that is, everything of the world. Now, the common-sense new lights vouchsafed by the materialistic, reasonable philosophy, which assures us that we have made a mistake about the religious things which we have always believed—and do so still try to believe, as far as is in us—insist that there is *no real devil*, but that he is a myth in the human heart; and, in place of the old-fashioned devil, of whom we were really afraid, we have now only an abstraction, called an "aberration" or a "diversity"—whatever these words may signify—and we confess we are not afraid of *them*; consequently, we are not afraid of the devil; and, being divested of personal fear of him, we begin to imagine that there must, in some way, have been a mistake made about him, and that there may have been some ill-treatment of the devil or libel in the case, however mistaken and unintended. The most rigid adherent of right must see that there is reasonable precision in these conclusions, and that we are seeking to do justice, however late, in the world. But this is by the way, and apart from our main question, which concerns the present social state of England and our natural love of money; since with it we can do everything, and without it we can do nothing; for, certainly, money has wondrous power with everybody and in everything.

"Virtue is praised, and starves." The Latin for this latter word is *alget*, which means "to shiver and be cold;" thus accumulating uncomfottableness upon the idea of unmoneyed virtue by the accretion of

cold chilliness—or shivering—upon hunger, or the natural want of comforting internal aliment. Some of these Latin explorers of meanings were very shrewd men, as testified by the adduction of the term *alget* in this place; rendering suffering still more unendurable, and coupling cold and hunger—two very meagre, miserable hounds to run together after us, as that great, melancholy, piteous poet Dante might express it—in the penitential, fateful leash.

All the personified virtue in the world, unless warmly clad, must necessarily shiver in the cold. We must not look as if we were in want, otherwise we become a derision. Dearly as we love virtue, there is something about success that looks very enticing. Success fills out the mind—gives you that which you bargain for; you have it to see and to contemplate, and to be pleased with. You may be good, you may be very clever, you may be most admirable in your conduct, and very judicious in your habits of thinking, very resolute in the right, very indignant at evil and wrong, and conscientiously opposing evil on every practicable occasion; but if your outside do not correspond, people will fall back upon abstract justice; which does not exactly mean *you*—has nothing with you individually, or any person in particular, because it is not convenient sometimes to personally recognize. You may be most agreeable, most reputable; but this—perhaps—certainty of the strong lines of your character is of no use, unless people know that you have a comfortable sovereign in your pocket that you can disdain with; and a credit of a five-pound note at your bank, that you can vouch as a warrant that you have a right to look proud and open your mouth. Spite of all its good resolutions, the world cannot get over the idea that a poor man is a contemptible object. It has been said by an acute observer—who, perhaps, had personally poignantly felt the truth of his dictum—that “the very eloquence of the poor is disgusting.” At all events, we endeavour to be exposed to as little of it as possible; and as for poverty wholly, we endeavour to escape from its pathos, in real life, as speedily as may be. There is no doubt that “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,” when that tap which produces the effect, in touching us, is tragic only with the proper sentimental presentableness, and with its good appearance well secured. We all have sympathy for magnificent misfor-

tune, but very little for commonplace, unpicturesque woes; which, reiterated too determinedly, simply become annoyance. “Poor men’s talk” is very much like “poor men’s pay.” Sentimental effusions are cheap, and will not buy anything. Rhetoric of this useless kind is doubtless all very fine and touching; but we want to have, assailing us, as little of it as possible. We would rather almost put up with hypocrisy; because we do not want to see the rents of human nature, or its bare limbs, to make us feel cold and uncomfortable.

In these necessities of obtaining money, even painting art has been compelled to betake itself to the shop, and to avail itself of the rise and fall of the pictorial market. Mischiefs has followed this discounting of art; and the noble arms of art have been wholly sacrificed, and it has been converted into a barter, mean and unworthy. The modern writer aims only at effect for the purpose of advertising himself. It is not the quality of the work, but the quantity and the glare of publicity, that is the question. Authors—who, in many instances, are mere copyists—produce as swiftly as possible; they weave as much money-winning matter in as short a time as can be to make their amount of cash—which is to be their amount of substance in this shadowy age—as much as they can. With artists, perhaps, this trading in their art runs to still less defensible lengths. Colour, form, ideas of beauty, reveries upon the depths that lie in the resources of the art of painting, dreams of excellence, new lights of method, and happy ideas—though difficult—towards expression, all these are ground up to gold dust among the painters. Architects have become a mere constructing brood—not always even successfully that. Architectural designs are transferred from the shopboard to the site as so much measurement, to be paid for by the square foot. All is shop—selling and buying, bartering and huckstering; managing so that everything shall work our own way; evading straightforward obligations, browbeating and begging and bragging in this wonderful nation of shopkeepers, which we suppose we English really are. This England of ours was certainly once very noble, very honourable, truly religious, and—to use its own favourite characteristic word—respectable. We wonder at it now! As England can hardly truly boast one out of all the foregoing admirable qualities in the present

time, we can scarcely realize to ourselves the idea of what shall ultimately become of this ancient, once great, country of the ages—this Old England!

We appeal to evidence—we fall back upon proofs. The ledger is our great English book of books; the office, counting-house, or shop, is the scene daily of the exercise of our religious duties. Our devotions are ceaselessly paid in the temple of trade. We are continually occupied in the acknowledgment and the service of that yellow god—Money. In its million little glittering frontispieces, money is the grand golden rain. If we were the angels, we should laugh over this folly. Even with the human instigation to do so, we see and scorn our absurdities. Nevertheless, our children and our growing youths of both sexes hear but the one tale of its advantages, and of the respect due to wealth. They are suffused with the assurances of the necessity of getting money—of course, respectably; that is taken for granted. But character or no character, in truth, signifies but very little when all are presumed reputable alike, provided their appearances are imposing, and that dress and equipage are kept up. The law compels you to hold your tongue if you happen to know disadvantageous truths; besides, it is ungenerous, and quite beside your own interests, to be the first to run and tell if ugly things about people be in your knowledge. Heedless candour is very frequently very unwelcome, and your over-officiousness in enlightening is always misinterpreted. People will utilize your information for themselves, and ignore you and despise you for imparting it; besides, the penalties of the law of libel are very quickly and successfully evoked by resolute persons.

In the usual march of civilized life, all is right when belief—which seeks no further—of sufficiency of supplies is maintained. There is no injurious suspicion except for those of bad or shabby appearance. A balance at the banker's is a fact. It fills the mind. There is a sense of fullness and of comfort directly after the discovery. There instantly rise up behind you the fortresses of all the banks in the City. You may, in one way or other, be able to do good—which means worldly good—to those requiring it. Every noble feeling, every pitying or lovable sentiment, seems to have been cajoled out of the breasts of Englishmen, or hardened into them as prejudices, and lumps, not of

common ice, but of insensible, defensive, impenetrable cotton-wool. These seem to have been inserted in the places of their hearts. A great deal of this social coldness and hardness of heart arises from forgetfulness—because time is so quick; telegraphs having much to answer for in the modern selfishness and insensibility. The trumpery things of *men*, and not the impulses of *man*, are banded to and fro in the self-assured, solidified telegrams, setting us all to rigid regulation attitudes; and we are limited to just so much question, and just so much answer, to go on with.

The multiplication table is apparently the scale of entries for Both Worlds. Mammon gives the measurements and the weights. "Have" and "Have nothing" are the passwords to admiration or contempt; and the justification for the right for being here at all is to have the "money-means" of being here. Trade is your ticket for taking rank in this comfortable world for the rich, and uncomfortable world for the poor. Men are rigidly classed now; and your status and the pleasure of looking at you are accurately defined by your dress, by the street in which you live, and by the people whom you know, or are assumed as knowing. These absurd, but very natural ideas, in our artificial state of society, prevail even among literary people, and in the artistic world. Here, properly, the chief glory ought to lie the other way of mere appearances. Outside show and pretence is a masquerade, which thinkers in the world ought surely to recognize by instinct as delusive; but—at all events in practice—they do not seem to do so. All that is mere bragging and display is false, thoroughly and wholly false. The pity of it is, that not respectability of character but of outside matters has most effect for fixing your place even with supposed philosophers. Water drinking—"temperance, soberness," and moderation, or mortification, understood for "chastity," will not help you. The world does not bargain for these excellences, which it already finds safely enshrined in supposition for everybody in the Church Catechism. The world wants to see itself imposing and respectable through your capacity to display, to *show* able things—not simply talking about the virtues, which anybody can do. The world is wise enough to be thoroughly selfish. To such a height has this modern abundance and universal banter, arrogance, and pert self-sufficiency

and assumption risen—and so cast about us has flippancy been, as answering everything, that it has almost become a ridiculous matter to recall to people's recollection that there ever was such an anachronism as a moralist, or such a phenomenon as one to denounce. All our public denunciations seem made with the strict sense of the restraints of respectability all the time.

TABLE TALK.

THE SENTENCE in the Queen's Speech having reference to the approaching marriage of her daughter was very short:—"In turning to domestic affairs, I have first to inform you that I have approved a marriage between my daughter and the Marquis of Lorne; and I have declared my consent to this union in Council." Like most official and authoritative statements, it conveys no news; but only the confirmation of news long since the property of all the world. When, however, at the proper time the House of Commons considers the proposition of giving a dowry to the Princess, there will probably be some dissentient votes, if there are no dissentient voices, as more members than one stand pledged to their constituents to vote against the grant. The Princess Louise, whose long residence amongst us, amiable disposition, and great talents have rendered her one of the most popular members of the Royal family, seems to be the last Royal lady in the world who should be sent to the house of her husband dowerless; yet there is among the masses, in certain constituencies, a feeling of objection to the nation paying the usual £6,000 a-year in her case. Why? The marriage is universally popular. The Princess is to live amongst us. Why, then, this opposition to the customary grant? It seems to arise from a notion that the taxpayers pay all the money that goes for the maintenance of the Queen's Civil List, without receiving any equivalent for it. The sooner the error is corrected the better. The Crown lands were given up by the Sovereign, on the undertaking of the nation that it would pay a sufficient annual sum to defray all the charges of Royalty in return. Can we, then, honestly even, step aside from our bargain? But of this bargain, the people who, at political meetings, try to make their representatives promise to vote against the grant to the Princess Louise, are ignorant. The

national account with the Queen stands thus:—For the Civil List of her Majesty the Queen, £456,000; Prince of Wales, £113,587; other Princes and Princesses, £82,600; total, £652,187. The income we get is:—From Crown lands, £336,000; Duchy of Lancaster, £31,000; Duchy of Cornwall, £63,587; total, £430,587. But if the Crown lands were in private hands, it is our belief that in a few years they would produce a revenue equal in amount to the expenditure for the maintenance of Royal state.

WE ARE TO HAVE an International Exhibition this year at South Kensington, and yearly for ever after, it appears, from the statement to that effect made by her Majesty's Commissioners, and the inference to be derived from the permanent character of the buildings. The edifice is in the decorated Italian style, with mouldings, cornices, columns, and courses in buff-coloured terra-cotta; the brickwork being of the hard red Fareham bricks, so as to match the garden architecture, and harmonize with the new Museum buildings, which are rising in front of them. The terra-cotta and red Fareham bricks are more durable against the stress of a London winter than even granite. The building is capable of holding about fifty thousand persons. Briefly, the objects the Commissioners have in view are as follow:—They propose, in the first place, to make an International Exhibition a permanent institution of the country, giving to industrial art the same opportunity that is afforded to fine art by the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In the second place, they produce the area over which the exhibition shall spread itself, by reducing the various industries into groups, and, taking certain of these each year, bring the entire industry of the country under review every seven or eight years, fine art being a standing division of the programme. And, in the third place, to restrict the conditions under which exhibits have hitherto been received, by making all articles undergo a preliminary sifting, through appointed committees of selection, thus excluding all works that do not possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant their exhibition, and by the further exclusion of mere masses of natural products. The manufactures exhibited this year will be woollens and pottery, in addition to fine art of every description.

France, it is said, notwithstanding the war, will be a large contributor; but, what with the absorption of the energies of the peoples of France and Germany in the war, and an apparent want of public interest in this country in the project, it is not probable that the Exhibition of 1871 will rival its predecessors of 1851 or 1862.

THE LOSS of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, in the prime of life, will be felt by the play-going public generally. Londoners have been so accustomed to associate his name with the little theatre near the Tottenham-court-road—which may be said almost to have enjoyed a monopoly of his dramatic talent—that his loss will be generally and widely felt in the metropolis. For on the boards of the Prince of Wales's his best dramas were produced in rapid succession; and "Society," "Ours," "Caste," "Play," "School," and "M.P." have made Mr. Robertson's name familiar as a dramatic author. The real secret of his popularity seems to be that he was essentially the dramatist of the time—dealing, and dealing cleverly, with men and women as they are. And he seems to have caught the veering change in public opinion by introducing a grateful relief from the sensation style of drama—of which the majority of people were fast growing tired—by more healthy representations from real life. Mr. Robertson was born at Newark-on-Trent, Nottinghamshire, on the 9th of January, 1829. His father and grandfather had both been lessees of provincial theatres, so that his first acquaintance with the stage commenced at an early date. His first dramatic venture was a play, in two acts, entitled "A Night's Adventure; or, Highways and Byeways." It was produced at the Olympic Theatre, in the year 1851, under the lesseeship of the late Mr. William Farren, but did not prove a success. Ten years later "The Cantab," a slight farce, was produced at the Strand, and was more fortunate. His first real success was "David Garrick," an adaptation from the French. This play, in which Mr. Sothorn played the part of the hero, had a long run at the Haymarket Theatre, and first laid the foundation of Mr. Robertson's reputation. The next year (November, 1865) appeared the comedy of "Society," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having been previously tried in Liverpool.

From this time his success may be said to have been ensured; and at the same theatre followed, in rapid succession, "Ours," "Caste," "Play," "School"—which ran for 381 nights—and "M.P.;" and with these dramas Mr. Robertson's name will be most popularly associated. His last production was the comedy of "War," but it was withdrawn after a short run of fifteen nights—on the very evening the author expired. His other dramas—which have had more or less success—include "Shadow Tree Shaft," produced at the Princess's; "A Rapid Thaw," at the St. James's; "For Love," at the Holborn Theatre; "Dreams," at the Gaiety; "The Nightingale," at the Adelphi; and a translation, called "A Breach of Promise," at the Globe. From this list it will be apparent that Mr. Robertson was a large, as well as a very successful, contributor to the literature of the stage.

MR. GOSCHEN received, the other day, a deputation from the county of Kent on the very important subject of vagrancy, which it appears, from the remarks made by the noblemen and gentlemen who applied to the President of the Poor Law Board for assistance and advice, is very rife there. Various suggestions of a more or less ingenious character, but all having the common object of choking the exuberant growth of peripatetic pauperism in the country, were made by the members of the deputation. Lord Mahon said "the committee found that in some places pumping was done, in other places stones were broken, at others nothing was done." And it appears, also, that in some unions vagrants received a night's lodging and sixteen ounces of bread, at others only six; and that, while no pauper ever refused the lodging and the food, many had been known to object to pick two pounds of oakum, or break two bushels of stones, by way of an equitable return. Lord Mahon proceeded to quote the capital suggestion of the master of the Gravesend Union, who "recommended that all vagrants should have a hot bath"—hot is rather too suggestive of scalding; warm, we suppose, the master meant—"as that drove off a great number who disliked washing." There is a deep-seated objection to washing in the minds of paupers, not to be wondered at when we think of Mr. Greenwood's "Amateur Casual" experiences in that awful sea

of pea-soup they called "the bath." But the rustic population generally do not wash too often or too largely. A country correspondent recently sent us this anecdote of a conversation which had just taken place in her own parish:—Gentleman to small village boy in his employ: "Your face is very dirty, Scroggins, my boy. How often do you wash it?" Scroggins, with the perfect ingenuousness of rustic manners: "How often, sir? I allus wash myself once a wick, whether I wants or whether I doan't!" "Once a wick," it may be explained, is young Scroggins for "once a week." Now, when a virtuous and truth-telling boy like Giles Scroggins confessedly loves honest soap and water so little, that he washes himself only on one day in the week, how can it be expected that old and hardened casuals should like the process any better? Therefore, by all means, let workhouse authorities who are overburdened with applications for bed and breakfast insist, as a preliminary condition, upon the warm bath.

IN OUR NOTE upon Gad's Hill (p. 150, vol. vii.), we state that the landlord of a certain public-house "has hung out the Plough, with 'late Sir John Falstaff.'" A correspondent, "in middle-class life," writes:—"For the last twenty years the old sign in words has been restored, and is there now. I have spent many an hour there, when the daughters of Mr. Edwin Trood, the landlord, were my schoolfellows." The name is curious: a modification of the landlord's name in spelling—scarcely in sound, when pronounced by a country tongue—having been taken by Dickens for his last and unfinished story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." This will give us the origin of one of Dickens's "queer" names, of which some critics have made more than a mystery, asserting that he cut strange names in two, and joined head and tail, after the manner that Horace condemns in another art. Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle, and Weller, Tupman, Nickleby, and even Crisparkle, are to be found, with many others of his names, in London directories.

THE EXTRAVAGANT demands of Prussia in the way of indemnity are a not unexpected corollary to the system of "requisitioning" which they have unsparingly indulged in during the whole period of their occupation of French territory. The plan

of "requisitioning" is comparatively new in modern European warfare; but it appears to be necessary to the maintenance of a great army in a hostile country, often at a distance of many miles from the base of its operations. How different was the policy pursued by the armies of the Duke of Wellington is well known; but then his whole force was hardly equal in numbers to a single Prussian *corps d'armée* of to-day. Our readers will remember the remark of Thackeray, "when he went to survey, with eagle glance, the field of Waterloo," that, during Wellington's occupation of the Low Countries, "it may be said, as a rule, that every Englishman in the Duke's army paid his way. The soldier who drank at the village inn, not only drank but paid his score; and Donald the Highlander, billeted in the Flemish farmhouse, rocked the baby's cradle while Jean and Jeannette were out getting in the hay." The French experience of a Prussian army is not of so pleasant a kind. But they appear in the character of invaders, it is true.

THE BRIGHTON PAPERS are filled with splendid accounts of a *bal masqué* held in that town; but the masquerade is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Some idea, however, may be gained from the following as to the manner in which they were carried out a hundred years ago:—"About ten in the evening, the masquerade opened at Mrs. Cornely's, in Soho. Among the company were the following characters:—A friar, with an excellent mask, and a well-dressed lady abbeß; two ladies, in crimped crape, the materials not poorer than the fancy; a Spaniard, in scarlet satin, with brown fur edgings, had a good effect, though improper for his climate; a madman, with a four-square hat ornamented with straw: his woollen mantle had the nine of diamonds on the shoulder, and to his belt hung a large horn—in his company was often seen an honest serjeant-at-law taking briefs without taking fees; a pretty milkmaid with her pail, in company with a high-dressed mask, arm in arm; two jolly sailors in quest of company; a hussar, in green, with silver-heeled shoes; a shepherd, in green and white, all riband and flutters; a simple conjuror, known by his long beard and wand; a watchman, with candle and lantern, crying past twelve o'clock; three comical devils, very tempting, and two dry devils that every one avoided.

A very elegant lady, in a Parisian silver-tissue robe, was esteemed the smartest in the house; a hobbling countryman, who very wittily said he could dance like *anything*; three harlequins without oil in their joints; a cricket-player; a very fat running footman. A corpse, dressed in a shroud, with a coffin, alarmed numbers of the ladies and gentlemen. The coffin was black, with ornamented handles; on the breast-plate was inscribed—

‘Mortals, attend! This pale and ghastly spectre
Three moons ago was plump and stout as Hector.
Cornely’s, Almack’s, and the Coterie
Have now reduced me to the thing you see.
Oh! shun harmonic, routes, and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level.’”

Even then the masquerade had its opponents; for we find a critic of the period denouncing it as “a very low piece of foolery, fit only for children and for persons of little and trifling genius, who can entertain themselves at *blind man’s buff*.” Mrs. Cornely’s seems to have been the fashionable resort of the day for masquerades; for we read elsewhere that “a masqued ball, or masquerade, was this evening given at Mrs. Cornely’s by the gentlemen of the Tuesday Nights’ Club, at which were present near 800 persons of principal distinction.”

ALMACK’S seems first to have taken upon itself an exclusive importance about the year 1764; for we read then that “Almack’s is no longer to be used as a public tavern, but is to be set apart for the reception of a set of gentlemen who are to meet after the manner of the Minority at Wildman’s. These societies, it is believed, will endeavour to distinguish themselves by their zeal for the public good.”

A CORRESPONDENT: In an article called “*Tabbies Tabooed*,” at p. 72, vol. vii., of ONCE A WEEK, there are many interesting anecdotes of cats. This induces me to mention an instance that has come under my own immediate notice, concerning the peculiar taste of a cat for eating asparagus. Most cats, I fancy—judging from my own—are fond of eating the white portion of the asparagus that has been left on a dinner plate; though I have always imagined that their fondness for these remnants of the cooked vegetable may, in a great measure, be due to the melted butter with which they have been saturated.

But the cat of which I desire to make special mention—and which belongs to a neighbour of mine—eats the uncooked asparagus from the bed. During the time that this delicate vegetable is in season, the cat, unless shut up or fastened to a kennel by a light chain, pays repeated visits to the asparagus bed, and devours the green tops; thereby, of course, destroying the produce for the table. In consequence of this, Pussy has to be imprisoned, or chained, during the asparagus season. I never heard or read of any similar instance; and therefore I think it worth “making a note of.”

A SHORT STORY which is published in the present number, having reference to the New Year, has been in type for several weeks. Owing to the subject, it became a question whether “*A Story of a City Belle*” should appear now or stand over until January, 1872, as the three serial stories now appearing in ONCE A WEEK occupy all the space at the Editor’s disposal for fiction. “*Mr. Go-lightly*,” Chapter XV., therefore, is omitted this week, and will appear in our next number, with the usual illustrations. The Editor avails himself of the opportunity afforded by this note to state that he believes he will be consulting the wishes of most of his readers if he gives them, in future, more short stories—such as are complete in from one to half a dozen chapters—and fewer long serial tales of the regulation length of a three volume novel. This plan, if carried out, will enable him always to complete the longer story in the space afforded in one volume, as larger instalments than are at present given can be inserted weekly. This arrangement would be very acceptable to many readers of ONCE A WEEK in India and the Colonies, who take only the half-yearly volumes. The remaining space devoted to fiction, the Editor proposes to fill with shorter stories, and light sketches, as he believes such an arrangement would be generally acceptable to his readers.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors, if stamps for that purpose are sent.

The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

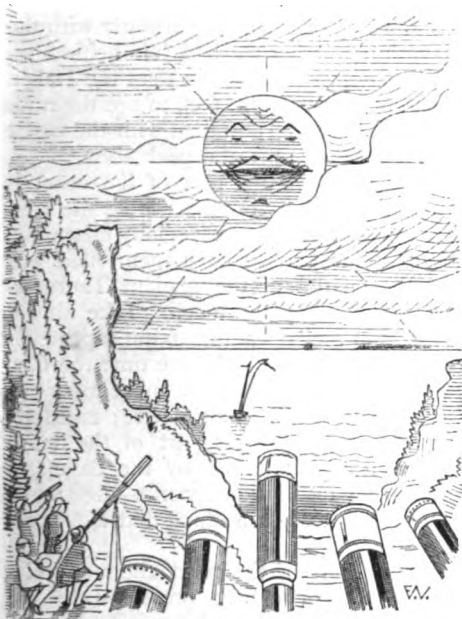
NEW SERIES.

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WITH THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.



TOWARDS the end of November, 1870, after sundry misgivings, it was announced that the Government—application having been made in the proper manner and the right quarter—had granted a sum of money and ships for the transport of observers and their instruments to the different points of observation.

A fortnight only remained before it would be necessary for the various expeditions to have left England, in order to reach their destinations in due season. Seldom, perhaps, has so much work been done in so short a time as that which fell on the organizing committee and the secretaries during that fortnight. The instruments had to be made, the observers to be carefully selected from the large number of volunteers, and,

as far as was possible, some idea obtained of the part which each was to take in the coming observations; besides a vast number of details relative to the transport of the expeditions to their respective destinations.

Settling down, however, as Englishmen know how, to their work, the committee and secretaries carried out all the plans, and completed the arrangements in a manner which every one acquainted with the organization of such expeditions would have declared impossible. On December 6th, a large detachment, comprising parties for Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Oran, embarked on the *Urgent* troop-ship, which was under orders to convey them all to their destinations. Another detachment had gone out previously to Spain, under the leadership of Lord Lindsay, who had provided all the instruments at his private expense. It fell to my lot, however, to be attached to the Sicilian branch of the expedition; and it is of their adventures of which I propose to give my readers a brief account.

We started, then, from Charing-cross by the 8.45 p.m. express for Cologne—a party about twenty strong, under the leadership of Mr. Norman Lockyer, the well-known spectroscopist. On arriving at Ostend, a saloon carriage, to hold sixteen persons, was provided for us, which was to run through to Naples, if practicable. At Cologne we rested for the first time, spending a night there; and proceeding at an early hour the next morning, *viâ* Mayence, Darmstadt, and Aschaffenburg, to Munich. The railway arrangements throughout were very perfect especially in view of the fact that our route lay along those railways in Prussia and Bavaria which are just now the highway for soldiers and stores to the seat of war. Along our route vast stores of war *matéri* were in readiness to be despatched; ever here and there trucks, marked with the red cross, were being laden with supplies for the sick and wounded; but far more numerot

were the trains laden with barrels of powder, shot, shells, and cannon.

During our brief halt at Munich, we saw, ranged in order along one side of the principal square, some of the cannon and mitrailleuses and tattered colours which the Bavarians had captured from the French at different places. The Imperial crown and the N. beneath, engraved on the cannon, seemed singularly out of place in a German city.

From Munich, our route lay through Kufstein and Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, to Verona. So far we had proceeded without mishap; but in descending the pass on the Italian side, our carriage not being specially adapted to the sharp curves and steep descents of mountain lines, a spring was broken, and at Verona we had to leave behind us the saloon which had brought us through from Ostend without a change. Hence we proceeded more leisurely towards Naples, where we arrived on the 13th December—seven days after leaving London. Early on the morning of the 14th, H.M.S. *Psyche*, which had been specially detailed for the duty of transporting us to Sicily, made her appearance in the bay; and everything having been prepared for our reception, at four p.m. the same day we embarked, and an hour later weighed anchor.

It was a lovely evening. As we steamed across the bay, stretched out before us lay the mountainous island of Capri, which seems as if designed by nature to protect the bay from the rough seas beyond. On our left, but hidden from view, was Pompeii; above which tower the twin peaks of Vesuvius and Monte Somma. Still farther from Naples, and on the promontory which forms the southern arm of the bay, the summer resort of Sorrento, lying in a ravine, is clearly visible.

Our ship passed under Stromboli—an active volcano of the Lipari Islands—at night, while we were in our berths; so that we saw nothing of its discharges of flame and smoke, which are of hourly occurrence. Early on the morning after we left Naples, we entered the Straits of Messina, passing between Scilla and Charybdis: the former, a steep rock on the Italian shore, giving its name to a village at its foot; the latter, a whirlpool, not exactly opposite the rock, but nearer Messina, in a bay on the Sicilian shore.

Through these straits we steamed with-

out mishap; for, although we were anxious to avoid Charybdis, fortunately we did not run against Scilla. The weather was calm, it is true, on each occasion of our passing through the straits, so that we were quite unable to realize any of the horrors with which the poets have invested the locality.

The coast scenery throughout the passage is very imposing. On either side are high and rugged cliffs, and behind them rise still higher mountains; the general effect being enhanced by the unwonted stillness of the deep blue sea, and the delicious softness of the air, which contrasted pleasantly with the harsh, dull weather we had left behind us. We kept nearer the Sicilian than the Italian shore—near enough, in fact, to see the ruins of the Theatre of Taormina, with the castle crowning the summit of a peak above.

The scenery of this part of the coast is said to surpass any on the island, the view from the theatre being especially charming. The castle which we have mentioned was once the citadel of the ancient Tauromenium, founded by the Siceli. Like almost all towns in Sicily, Tauromenium repeatedly changed its masters. At one time the Carthaginians, at another and subsequent period the Romans, held sway here; and long afterwards, in the early part of the tenth century, it was captured by the Saracens, who—as an inscription records—destroyed the theatre, leaving nothing but a few columns standing.

All this part of the coast abounds in legends, which have been preserved by the Greek and Latin poets. A few miles beyond Taormina is *Acì Reale*—associated with the myths of *Acis* and *Galatea*, and those of *Polyphemus*. Near this are the *Cyclopiàn Rocks*, seven in number, which the one-eyed *Polyphemus*, in his blind rage, hurled after *King Ulysses*. It was just here, at no great distance from these rocks, which the more fortunate *Ulysses* succeeded in escaping, that our beautiful but ill-fated ship struck, and had to be abandoned, in spite of every effort made to save her.

I will not now refer more in detail to a disaster which is so well known, than to say that the captain had gone below to consult about sending the instruments on shore; and while he was thus engaged, the navigating lieutenant, by an error of judgment, altered the course of the ship, and ran her on a sunken volcanic rock, two hundred yards

from the shore. All the members of the expedition, with their instruments, were landed unhurt on the rocks; and thence proceeded by rail to Catania. On our arrival, we repaired to the Grand Hotel, which thus became the head-quarters of the English, as we found it to be already of the American expedition. Science, fortunately, knows no nation; and those clouds which so often dim the political, never obscure the scientific horizon. So, forgetful of "Alabama Claims" and "Canadian Fisheries," the expeditions from the two great Anglo-Saxon nations determined, with united forces, to organize a plan of attack on the Sun.

Amalgamation, in short, was obviously desirable, in order that as little power as possible might be lost, and that no two instruments of the same kind might, to no purpose, be employed in making precisely the same observations. Thus, the American photographers were stationed at Catania, while ours were sent to Syracuse and up Mount Etna; and in the same way, the spectroscopists and polarizers were distributed among the different parties. Catania, then, was our base of operations. One detachment, reinforced by officers of the Royal Engineers, was sent to Syracuse; another to Port Augusta, about half-way on the coast between the two. But even after withdrawing and dividing our forces in this manner, there still remained a strong party at head-quarters, some of whom were, a few days later, to ascend Mount Etna and Monte Rossi, and to take up their position at the villa of the Marquis Sanguiliano and at Carlentini, while the remainder were to stay at Catania. Such were the dispositions made by the chiefs of the two expeditions—the English and American—to obtain the best observations in the best possible manner; and as we could never be assured of cloudless skies during the winter solstice, by scattering about at intervals it was fondly anticipated that, if some were unfortunate, others, at least, might be successful.

The party to which I was attached was detailed off for duty on Mount Etna, for which we were to start the day previous to the eclipse—the interval of five days being spent at Catania in acquiring as much practice as possible in the use of our instruments. Every facility was afforded us by the Italian Government for working comfortably and conveniently. We were allowed to occupy a portion of the Benedictine Monastery of

San Nicola, in the gardens of which observatories were extemporized for the photographers and spectroscopists. Those of us, however, whose place of observation was to be more distant, took up our position, during practice, on the balcony which ran round the principal quadrangle.

This monastery deserves a word in passing. It is one of the most imposing institutions of its kind in Europe, and its church the most spacious in Sicily, with a singularly fine organ. In the centre of the quadrangle is a handsome fountain, surrounded with orange trees, which, at the time of our visit, were drooping under the burden of their golden fruit. Within the balcony is a corridor, on which numerous cells open, once tenanted by forty monks and as many novices; but since the suppression of monasteries, the abbot-archbishop and a few monks only reside within the building. The garden behind—itsself conspicuous for the beauty of its orange trees, just then in perfection—commands a most superb view of the sea on one side, and Etna on the other. Here was pointed out to us a stream of lava which, in 1669, flowed so close up to the wall as to threaten to overwhelm the whole building, but was turned aside by the waving of St. Agatha's veil—a relic still to be seen. In such pleasant quarters as these we worked away with all our might for the few days that remained to us. Rising betimes in the morning, we used to make our way to the convent, and commence operations as early as possible, scarcely leaving off until the sun was below the horizon.

And now, as the long-expected day drew near, the Etna detachments had to pack up their instruments, and prepare for the journey. We left Catania at five a.m. on the 21st—a party ten strong—in charge of Professor Roscoe, in three carriages, intending to drive as far as was practicable, and accomplish the rest of our journey up the mountain on mules.

At Nicolosi—a small hamlet, twelve miles from Catania—we halted for breakfast; and from this point carriages were no longer available. So, having packed our instruments, food, and luggage on the backs of mules, and mounted ourselves, the ascent fairly began. Following a rough path or mule-track, we passed round Monte Rossi, an extinct crater, whence flowed the lava-stream of 1669, which we have before alluded to; and leaving two or three ob-

servers at this station, we continued our ascent.

I may here remark, in passing, that Etna—or Mongibello, as the mountain is termed in Sicily—is usually divided into three zones of vegetation. The first, or cultivated zone, extends as high as Nicolosi, or 2,270 feet above the sea; the next is the wooded zone, which stretches upwards to a height of 7,000 feet, and is clothed principally with oak, beech, and pine trees; while the third and highest region is almost destitute of vegetation. Even in the lower part of the second zone, however, the scorix of the lava-streams, which are of comparatively recent date, do not afford any hold for the roots of plants, and have much of the appearance which the waves of the sea would present if they were to be suddenly solidified during the height of a storm. When we had ascended to a height of about 6,000 feet above the sea, we came to a hut, where we intended to spend the night, and, weather permitting, to proceed still higher the next day. During the night, however, while we were endeavouring in vain to keep ourselves warm, and to sleep on our beds of straw, the wind shifted, and brought with it a terrible snow-storm, which continued incessantly until the day dawned. We saw then how useless would be any attempt at a further ascent; so, unpacking our large telescopes and other instruments, we at once erected them, and anxiously awaited the breaking up of the clouds. About nine a.m. they lifted, and we saw, far below us, Catania, and still farther in the distance, Port Augusta and Syracuse. Then we dared to hope that our trouble and anxiety would be rewarded.

We were well above the clouds, which we could see enveloping in their shadows the places of observation below us; and with the aid of our telescopes, we saw the American party on Monte Rossi set up their apparatus, and soon after unfurl to the wind two huge "star-spangled banners."

As the time of the eclipse drew near, our anxiety increased horribly; for now, during the space of sixty short seconds, we were to attack the sun's corona as it never had been attacked before. But, alas! at noon thick clouds once more overspread the whole heavens; and, up to the time of totality, never again—but once did they open to give us a glimpse of the sun. At a quarter to two in the afternoon we went to our posts, hoping against hope that the terrific

hail-storm which was then raging might abate—if only for *the* one minute—and enable us to accomplish all we desired. But our hopes were destined to be frustrated; for the hail-storm increased in violence, until we could no longer face it; nor did it cease until the totality was over. The effect of the dark shadow which came from the western horizon, and was even visible in the air as it swept across the earth, was a sight never to be forgotten, and one of the most awe-inspiring a man can witness. The snow and every object around assumed a dull, leaden hue; but the darkness was not so intense as we had been led to expect. The seconds hand of my watch was sufficiently distinct to enable me to count the duration of totality, which, so far as I could make out—since the sun itself, or rather the moon, was hidden by the mist and clouds—lasted about seventy seconds. Undoubtedly, if the sky had been clear the darkness would have been deeper, for the upper clouds caught those rays which were not intercepted by the moon, and reflected them on to our earth. As the moon passed across the sun's disc, and the direct rays of light once more fell on us, the hail-storm ceased, the clouds broke, and the whole sky assumed a rosy tint, which contrasted strangely with the livid hue which had just preceded it.

And now, disheartened and disappointed that after all our trouble, and after a journey of nearly 2,000 miles, we had been able to accomplish nothing, nor to add one iota of information to what was known before about the constitution of the sun and his belongings, our next duty was to pack up our instruments with all speed, and hasten down the mountain before night should overtake us. We mounted our mules, and about seven in the evening reached the small inn at Nicolosi, where we found the American observers—who had been on Monte Rossi—awaiting our arrival; having very considerably provided for our creature comforts by ordering a turkey for dinner. A native cook had been obtained from Catania, who had been enjoined to give us a dinner in the true Sicilian style. We sat down—a party comprising men of almost every nation under the sun, the confusion of Babel was more than repeated at our table—and the dinner was equal to the occasion. Memory fails me when I attempt to describe the various dishes and numerous courses which followed each other in quick succes-

sion. I have an indistinct recollection that the first four or five courses were made up of macaroni and vegetables alternately, in different guises; the tenth of fish, cooked in a peculiar way; and that, somewhere about the nineteenth course, the aforesaid turkey made its appearance on the table, after which came puddings and fruit. Dinner ended, we started for Catania, and arrived at our head-quarters—the Grand Hotel—about two hours later. Here we heard for the first time, in outline, the general results of the observations—how the party at the Marquis's villa at Sanguliano had seen the eclipse through thin, fleecy clouds; how Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor Observatory in America, had been most successful at Carlentini, and made an admirable sketch of the corona; how the Catania party were as unfortunate as ourselves; and how the Syracusan and Augusta detachments had obtained excellent photographs, and made successful observations with the spectroscope and polariscope. Unfortunately, few of us had any occasion to spend the next day in writing any report on our observations; so four of the Etna party—of whom I was one—started for Syracuse, wishing to spend two days in a visit to this classical and ancient city. The road between Catania and Syracuse follows the windings of the shore through the whole distance. Beyond Augusta, the peninsula of Thapsus, "lying low," stretches out into the sea—the peninsula which was occupied by the Athenians during their siege of Syracuse. On the mountains to the right lies the small town of Mellili, where the Hyblæan honey was produced. Near the city of Syracuse was once situated Hexapylon, a fort which was taken by Marcellus. The road now crosses Tyche, having on the right Achradina; and, still nearer Syracuse, Neapolis is passed, and close by the roadside the tomb of Archimedes is pointed out. Thence the road descends to the low ground, where the Forum and other public buildings of the ancient city were situated; and, after crossing the Isthmus, arrives at the modern city, which is entirely confined to the peninsula of Ortygia. It was Christmas evening when we arrived, and the inhabitants were celebrating the *festa* by burning faggots before images of the Virgin, and exchanging presents of bon-bons.

The whole of the surrounding country

abounds in interesting ruins and associations with the past. The stone quarries, *Latomia del Paradiso* and *De Cappuccini*—in which the Athenian captives were probably imprisoned, and from which they were set free on reciting lines of Euripides' poems—are very curious; the marks of the chisel still remain on the face of the rock; and beneath, on the ground, vast quantities of maiden-hair fern grow luxuriantly. One of these quarries has acquired the name of "The Ear of Dionysius," from its shape, and on account of its acoustic peculiarities, which that tyrant made use of to detect every whispered word which the prisoners confined here might chance to utter. The catacombs in the neighbourhood are hewn out of the solid rock, and are of vast extent—probably the largest in the world. Their walls are covered with frescoes and inscriptions, which indicate that they were used by the early Christians as the burial-place of the dead; but now all the tombs are empty, having long ago been despoiled of their contents. The most interesting, however, of all the ruins in this interesting locality is the theatre—one of the largest Greek structures of the kind in existence. It is hewn in the solid rock, so that it has to some extent escaped the ravages of time; and the highest tier of seats commands a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country. Without any sentimentality, one could easily imagine that the Syracusans must have ascended to this point to witness the last attempt of the Athenians to breast the cable which had been thrown across the greater harbour, to prevent their fleet and army from escaping into the open sea, and back to Greece. And one could almost fancy that one heard the shouts which must have filled the air when the attempt failed, and they saw the remains of the Athenian fleet returning to their quarters near the mouth of the Anapus: so soon to fall a prey to famine and capture. I know no place that is so interesting and well worth a visit as Syracuse. Pompeii is delightful; but then its ruins are modern, compared with the former capital of Sicily. When Pompeii was overwhelmed, Syracuse was an old city; for it belongs rather to the Greek than to the Roman period of history.

Having spent two days in Syracuse, we returned to Catania, and thence to Mes-

sina, where we overtook the other members of our expeditions, who had been detained there for four days by a sirocco, and were unable to proceed to Naples. At length, on Friday, December 30th, we left Sicily, and on the following morning landed at Naples, where we separated—some returning to England direct, while others purposed spending a few days in exploring places which were entirely new to most of them. I have thus far described, with perhaps wearying minuteness, the proceedings of the expedition; but have not said a word on the scientific results obtained. Although, as I have said, the party to which I was attached was unsuccessful, yet it may not be out of place to conclude this paper with a very brief description of what is already known of the sun, as well as a few remarks on the purpose and results of the observations which it was our object to make.

Nothing whatever is known of the nucleus of the sun. On the exterior is a shining envelope, named the photosphere, consisting probably of solid or liquid particles, floating in a gaseous medium, in an incandescent state. What we term "spots" on the sun are merely cavities in this photosphere, and their darkness or brightness depends on the greater or less amount of absorption which is going on at any given time.

Outside this photosphere—and therefore farther removed from the sun's centre—is an envelope, which is also in a state of incandescence, luminous, and of extreme rarity. The spectroscope, the most powerful weapon of attack on the sun known at the present day, has proved this vast envelope lies near the outside of the atmosphere in which the photosphere is suspended, and possibly enclosed in the halo of light seen during eclipses, and named the corona. But besides the chromosphere, during total eclipses there are always seen round the limb or edge of the moon red flames or prominences, shooting out at irregular intervals, and extending to a distance of three minutes, or about 80,000 miles, from the sun.

During the eclipse of 1842, the existence of these prominences was recognized. They were proved to be solar belongings, and much greater than the earth; but no conclusions were arrived at as to their *nature*; some supposing that they were mountains, others clouds.

But during the total eclipse of 1868, our

observers in India, and Mr. Lockyer, independently, in England, discovered, by means of the spectroscope, that these red flames consist of hydrogen gas—which contributes so large a proportion of our gas flames—in an incandescent state; and that, without an eclipse at all, we can recognize an envelope of this extending all round the sun to a depth of 5,000 miles; and that these red prominences are merely the projecting waves of this envelope.

This region has been named the chromosphere, from the fact that all the coloured phenomena observed during eclipses appear within it. This chromosphere, then, rests on the photosphere. We have seen how the observations on the eclipse of 1868 determined that the *prominences* were masses of hydrogen gas; but, still, no conclusion was arrived at about the nature of the corona. It was *thought* to be a halo of white light round the sun, with an indefinite outside border, which was regarded as a solar appendage. And the question was not determined by the Americans in the eclipse of 1869, although some advance was certainly made; some considering that this outside border was a solar appendage—others contending that the corona was of non-solar origin, and was probably due to the presence of light in our own atmosphere.

The point in dispute, however, was not definitely settled. To decide, as far as possible, the points in dispute, and to determine the structure and nature of the corona, were the objects of the expedition of 1870. At first sight, it does not appear how observations made during total eclipses can afford any information on the condition and constitution of the sun; but a moment's consideration suffices to point out that during total eclipses only can the sun be taken, so to speak, at a disadvantage; for at such a time, the moon, by passing between us and the source of light, intercepts all the *direct* rays, and allows our eyes the more easily to study his surroundings.

Our principal weapons of attack on the corona were the spectroscope, polariscope, and photographic camera; but not less formidable, though less pretentious, was the sketchers' pencil; for to quote Mr. Lockyer's own words—"If at all the stations—the stations being as wide apart as they have been this time—the drawings are similar, the corona would be undoubtedly cosmical; if

dissimilar, then it would either be terrestrial or subjective."

Now, we have already seen that the red prominences consist of hydrogen gas, very highly heated; and it was *supposed* that there might be a layer of cooler hydrogen visible above the ordinary level, and that the chromosphere might extend a little beyond the prominences. The object, then, of our observations was (1) to "determine the actual height of the chromosphere, as seen with an eclipsed sun;" (2) to determine if there exists cooler hydrogen above and around the incandescent layers and prominences; (3) to test the American observations of last year as to the existence of a line at 1474 in the corona spectrum, by seeing if it be visible above the region which gives the hydrogen spectrum; (4) to determine whether any other gases or vapours are ordinarily mixed up with hydrogen, but remain invisible with the uneclipsed sun, in consequence of the absence of saliently brilliant lines in their spectra. This was the duty of the spectroscopists, while the polarizers were instructed "to examine a detached and selected part of the corona, about six minutes from the sun's limb, and about eight minutes in diameter;" for if the light of the corona were proved to be polarized, we should know that it reflected the sun's light to us.

The object of the photographers, as well as the sketchers, was to obtain the *form* and structure of the corona; for the sketches could be compared with the photographs, and with each other, in order that any variation arising from different observers' eyesight might be eliminated.

Now let us sum up briefly the general results of the observations. The corona is a compound phenomenon, consisting of an envelope which reflects star-light to us, and extends, perhaps, ten minutes round the moon. Outside and beyond this envelope are rays of light, which are most strongly developed over the prominences, and of a rosy-red tint. The photographs and sketches go far to prove that the inner portion is nearly constant in form, while the outer part is variable, and, in all probability, of non-solar origin. In fine, to compare things great and small, our luminary may be, in a measure, likened to an onion in structure—its constituents thinning out so that its outside consists of a series of shells enveloping each other. In the first place, we have

the core or nucleus, in a state of incandescence. Surrounding this is a shell, also incandescent, named the photosphere. Outside this shell, and resting upon it, but with no distinct line of demarcation, is the chromosphere, composed of layers of sodium and magnesium vapours, and, perhaps, two new gases. Now, this envelope, by the recent observations, is proved to be a mass of self-luminous, gaseous matter, the extent of which is not yet determined with certainty; but its outer layer consists of cool hydrogen, and probably of other elements. This shell is stated to reflect to us some of the light from the inner shell, or photosphere; and to this reflection is due the brightness of that part of it which is above the red prominences. The thickness of this outer shell is about eight minutes, or about half the moon's apparent diameter; and whatever is outside this shell is probably due to our atmosphere, and is in no way connected with the sun.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XV.

SOUL DAWNINGS.

WHAT month is equal to September, with its mellow skies and its delicious atmosphere—half hazy, with a sprinkling of golden motes, that cloud the purple middle distance of the landscape, or sparkle against the nearer walls of the turning forest foliage, whose gleaming tints stand well against the cloudless heavens?

A sense of peace, of rest, pervades the earth; there is a dreamy stillness in the air, a balmy lull; the winds stir not; and the flowers are fading. There is no looking forward, as in spring time, for the coming summer; no twitter of the birds, at work upon their nests; no putting forth of bud and blossom, that insensibly speaks of life, of vigour, of activity to the soul; no thousand signs that the year is in its youth, or even in its prime, and that the hopes, the fears, the life of nature, are all in motion.

No. The hopes are all fulfilled—the fears are over—the seed time and the anxious time are past—the swallows have gone—the leaves are falling—the earth is putting off her summer garment, and looking forward to her winter sleep, wrapped in her snow-white shroud. Sunset has come to her, and she is going down, all in her

streaked crimson and amber glory; but it is the glory of death, and not of birth—the glory of peace, and not of life's battle field.

The golden harvest is gathered in; the rosy apples are but waiting a little longer; the grapes are hanging in amethystine clusters; the earth has accomplished her work, and is resting from her labours. The few butterflies that flutter feebly among the glowing asters and the dark scarlet geranium blossoms, or hover nigh the lingering fragrance of the mignonnette, scarce give a touch of life; they rather seem to whisper of the grave, in that they lure man's thoughts to immortality.

Perhaps in September, Broadmead was seen to the greatest advantage. The richly wooded slopes and pasture lands were glowing with the warm, varied tints the calm Indian summer time brought forth, that ever and anon scattered a shining pattern upon the turf, revived to spring-like verdure through the heavy night dews.

And yet, in spite of the luxurious mildness of the air, one felt that the frost sprites had been revelling in the pine woods after the sun had gone down, and the long golden lances that were now hurled through the tall, slender stems seemed to be scattered there to repulse the intruders.

Diana, as she wandered along, wished that John Carteret were with her to enjoy the beauty of the scene. It made her feel calmer, happier; it even seemed to strengthen her: the sense of freedom in the earth around—the wide, free heavens above—the few tiny flecks of white, that scarce deserved the name of clouds, but were rather white-winged birds floating upon an upper sea of waveless blue.

She had been listening all the morning to Mrs. Seaton's innuendoes against John Carteret; and, though she knew they were all untrue, yet she somehow felt that he was lowered by the constant aspersions cast upon him.

Jasper had certainly contradicted his mother, and taken John Carteret's part; and Diana felt grateful accordingly; but, contrary to all precedent, Jasper's championship, instead of winning Mrs. Seaton over, only appeared to increase her animosity.

In vain Diana thought of the proverb—"It is only at trees laden with fruit that people throw stones."

That might be all true enough; neverthe-

less, the stones knocked down the fruit—or, at any rate, bruised it.

But now that she was out in the open air, away from the Manor House atmosphere—out in the haunts where she and John Carteret had walked and talked so many times together—all that had fretted her spirit died away, and she could almost fancy that, though far away, his presence was still with her. She realized that she and John Carteret were bound to each other, and separated from the rest of the world; that some mysterious link was formed that never could be sundered—never in this world! Never! Why not never hereafter?

The long hereafter, the new Paradise—fairer than the lost one; fairer than man in his loftiest imaginings can conceive—was it to be soul loneliness, soul solitude? Should each spirit be an isolation?

In the first Paradise, God had seen that man could not be alone—that a communion of soul was essential to happiness. Who knows, if sin had not entered into man's heart, and the consequent curses entailed, whether the establishment of a race in His own image would not have been that perfect manhood to which, in the future kingdom, we look forward? It is all theory—all speculation; but it has been the fond theory of many a great and pure soul, that in the world to come there shall be soul unions, whose ineffable beauty and perfection we can only dimly and indistinctly shadow here.

For ever, and ever, and ever! Surely all that moves man strongly in this world cannot be altogether lost in eternity—nay, is rather a striving towards, a moulding for, that eternity.

Diana hurried along. She did not want to meet with any one. She did not want to speak to any one. She did not want to be pitied—to be wondered about; to be blamed—or hear John Carteret blamed.

For the Broadmead people—regarding her as a child that required teaching and advice—had not been slow to imply their opinions, though in such a form that she could scarcely reply to them.

"I *am* engaged," she had said at last, in a burst of provocation, to Miss Pycroft.

"If such is the case, and it is for your welfare and happiness, I am glad to hear it," answered Miss Pycroft, inwardly incredulous. "But, my dear, do not make the announcement to any one else, as Mr.

Carteret has left without informing his friends of it."

The speech and advice might have been in accordance with Miss Pycroft's bringing up, and her peculiar ideas of propriety—from which there was never tenderness of departure, or shadow of turning. But Diana's excited feelings made no allowances.

"Perhaps," she replied, "he did not consider he had any friends in Broadmead; or, at any rate, none worth telling."

"My dear," returned Miss Pycroft, "you are young and inexperienced—also somewhat excited. We will not pursue the subject."

Since which time Diana had avoided coming in contact with people—more especially with Miss Pycroft. And, therefore, to-day she was skirting along through by-paths on her way to Signor Neri's. For she knew that if she met and spoke to any one, it would spoil her voice for singing.

She had thus far succeeded in her object, when she perceived Miss Letty and Miss Sophia crossing the meadow that led to the village. Diana did not dislike Miss Letty and Miss Sophia—they were good-natured and inoffensive, but they were, at the same time, inquisitive and fond of talking. Therefore, no sooner did she see them, than she sprang across the brook, at the risk of not clearing it. However, she managed to reach the opposite bank in safety; and feeling that, to all intents and purposes, an ocean lay between her and the enemy, she nodded to the sisters; and, as she passed them, distinctly heard Miss Sophia say—

"How extremely singular!"

Then the oddity of her proceeding struck Diana herself, and she laughed aloud—a hearty laugh, that did her good; and, hurrying on, she recrossed the brook at the farther end of the field, struck into the church path, and, reaching the main street, peered cautiously along to see if any one were in sight. No person being visible, she proceeded on her way, and arrived unmolested at Signor Neri's.

She found him, as usual, among his beloved music books.

"What dusty old books!" said Diana. "I wonder you can draw anything charming out of them. Yet so it is. One sees some moth-eaten old cover; and there, hiding away for ages, is the sweetest melody that ears can listen to. But surely"—and she turned over some blotted leaves

of copied music, seemingly overloaded with explanations and directions—"there is no harmony in this—it is scarcely music, is it?—all blotches, and dashes, and scores."

"Ah!" said the Signor, "I feel veneration when I do look at it, though it is but a small part of the work of Guido Aretino—just a few pages from the 'Micrologus' of Guido, the monk, so celebrated, of Arezzo; he who did—so we Italians say—invent the *contrappunto*."

"How long was that ago?" asked Diana, laughing.

"That was in century eleventh."

"Ah, *maestro*, quite too long ago for me to think of. That must have been before any one knew anything about music."

"Not so, madamigella," replied Signor Neri, warming with the subject. "It was yet more early than that, that we in Italy did send forth to other lands the harmony divine. Our early popes did send instructors of music to teach the converts sacred melody, that so in their churches they might know the true method and right discipline of singing. So did our great Gregorio command Augustine to your shores, in order that the music of the Church might be with proper accent. Ah, could it be so now!"

And Signor Neri sighed, as he thought of his Broadmead choir.

"You think we want a St. Augustine here?"

"Why not? for I am powerless. And I do think that these rustiques—as Miss Pycroft does call them—must be much like antique Britons, in music."

"And Miss Pycroft herself?" said Diana.

"Pardon me, madamigella—the English have not the ears of my countrymen."

"Nor the voices! Ah! *maestro*, would you not like to be back in your own country?"

"*Italia mia!*" ejaculated Signor Neri. "I love my country, madamigella—but it is better as it is. I should go, and not find. Here would be a house desolate—there another. Many graves would lie around. I should meet only my dead. Here, to me they are as yet alive. What sayest thou, Orsola?"

"It is better," said the Signora. "Here see we not the change. Here is memory all peaceful; and, when the evening dusk spreads round, can Guisepe and myself wander, as in the days that have passed

away. We can see once more the old home, and the old faces smile at us. We can walk in the garden, with *terazzo* above *terazzo*. The scent of the orange flower comes up, and the breath of the citron grove steals by, and it is all sunny—and we are in our own land."

Diana drew nearer to the Signora, and took her hand.

"Does it not make you sad to think of it?"

"No, *carissima*—it is our joy, our pleasure."

"How can the memory of what is lost, give happiness?" asked Diana, partly of herself, partly of the Signora.

"It is not lost, *carissima*—the good, the beautiful is not lost. Twined is it in the heart, to live for ever."

Diana considered for a moment.

"How long do you mean by 'for ever,' Signora?" and she looked earnestly into the Signora's face.

"There is no end to 'for ever,'" answered Signora Neri, a little surprised at Diana's eagerness.

"And God will not take this happiness away—will not let it become sorrow?" went on Diana, still communing with her own thoughts.

"I pray not, *carissima*; so beg I of the Madonna—who knows the sorrowful heart—to pray for me. She who had her memory time of anguish, and can feel what those who lose their friends must suffer. And I say many times my 'Ave Maria' for my lost ones also; for you know, *carissima*, that *we* pray for the dead."

"Yes," said Diana, abstractedly.

"So shall we refine our parted ones, and be with them for ever."

Diana started. Fresh rays of light were breaking round her. She had sat in darkness and ignorance; but the crimson dawn was growing clearer, brighter within—the soul that was struggling, and beating, to find its wings, whose question John Carteret had never fully answered—was beginning to commune with itself, to find its answers for itself.

"I want to know so much—so much," she said, involuntarily.

Then she turned to Signor Neri, who had become absorbed again in his extracts from the "Micrologus."

"*Maestro*," she said, "I shall not sing to-day—I think my voice is going."

"Ah!" said Signor Neri, startled from his music dreams. "That must not be. So lovely a voice must be cherished—one that so faithfully to me translates the intricacies of Cherubino, and the grand modulations of Domenico Scarlatti; and makes me love my Pergolesi more and more."

"You will make me vain, *maestro*," said Diana, smiling.

"No, *madamigella*," said the old man, shaking his head, "that is not with you. The vanity is far off."

"What then?" she asked.

"That is not for me to say," replied the Signor, with a courtly bow. "I have not said yet that my pupil is perfect. We have all our faults, *madamigella*."

CHAPTER XVI.

ORDAINED TO THE CURACY OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

THE services of the Bishop of Crumbleton were not required. John Carteret was offered a curacy in another diocese—one that seemed to promise well, and to which a more liberal stipend than ordinary was attached.

It was at Linthorp-on-the-Sea, a watering-place at which Lady Pechford had been residing for some time, and where she had become acquainted with the incumbent of the fashionable church of the place. Mr. Wardlaw, the incumbent, was in want of a curate; and Lady Pechford, who did not very often think of any one beyond herself, was moved to remember her godson, John Carteret.

Perhaps Lady Pechford might not have thought of John Carteret if it had not been that Lady Pechford's eye was somewhat fastidious; and it rested from Sunday to Sunday, with considerable disapprobation, upon the homely and insignificant presence of Mr. Smithson, the curate. Certainly, Mr. Smithson's appearance was quite out of keeping with the general characteristics of St. Botolph's, which were of an ornate and elaborate description. The church itself was in the most gorgeous style of decoration; the pews were soft-cushioned with velvet; the pulpit gleamed, like the Assyrian cohorts, with purple and gold. The Reverend Mr. Wardlaw was himself an ornamental personage—tall, stately, with silver hair and long silver beard; in fact, there was something flowing and majestic about him altogether, that suggested the idea of a model sovereign pontiff in Protestant vestments.

His voice was excellent in its modulations: so good it was, that it made his sermons sound a great deal better than they really were, and procured for him the reputation of an eloquent preacher.

The beadle of St. Botolph's was, if possible, of more imposing aspect than even the incumbent. His dark blue coat, turned up with scarlet, carried such weight with it, that it almost seemed heresy to believe that the massive buttons that adorned it were simply gilt. His imperturbable face looked over a faultlessly white volume of necktie, and the very poise of his head expressed the qualifications he possessed for his office. He was a man who saw everything without looking; and whose senses, in all emergencies and contingencies, never failed him so long as they were confined within the walls of St. Botolph's.

The organist of St. Botolph's and the choir of St. Botolph's were also persons of some pretension. The organist came to play, and he played well, and with much ornamentation of style. The singers came to sing, and they sang well: it was their part of the service; and, with the rest, they did not appear to have much to do.

The congregation of St. Botolph's carried out the general effect that was obvious in all the church arrangements: it was a well-dressed, well-mannered, highly respectable one. It came to church to hear Mr. Wardlaw preach, and to hear the service; and having heard the service and heard the sermon, it returned home, feeling that it had done its duty. Part of it came again in the evening, and went through the same process, feeling that it had done its duty very thoroughly indeed.

In such a church, with such an incumbent, and such a congregation, Mr. Smithson was possibly a little out of place. There was nothing imposing about him; on the contrary, he had rather a timid air when he entered the pulpit or reading desk, and went through his part of the service with an evident consciousness of his own demerits; or if his usual nervousness gave way to a little excitement, the pronunciation of earlier days, which he had been at considerable pains to overcome, became apparent.

Consequently, Lady Pechford's ear as well as her eye was offended; and though she had no doubts concerning Mr. Smithson's excellence in various ways, yet she felt very sensitively that he was not the man for St.

Botolph's, and that she could not attend there with any comfort whilst he remained.

Perhaps the fishermen preaching the Gospel by the blue lake of Gennesaret, or through the hill country of Judea, may have committed false quantities in their Hebrew, even as Mr. Smithson did in his English. But then, Lady Pechford was not given to drawing parallels.

"Now, Mr. Carteret is just the person for you, my dear Mr. Wardlaw—distinguished-looking, and in all respects the very curate we want at St. Botolph's. He will be another ornament added. An exceedingly handsome young man, reminding me of a St. John—yes, I think it must be a St. John," said Lady Pechford, pausing to consider; "a rapt expression, spiritual, soaring; only St. John had probably dark hair and dark eyes, whereas John Carteret is fair. Do, pray, Mr. Wardlaw, write to him at once—or shall I? It will not, I assure you, be the least trouble."

And Lady Pechford became enthusiastic upon the subject. She was a woman with a certain amount of taste for the artistic. She liked luxuriously furnished rooms, with soft lights, and pictures, and statues, and flowers. She must have well-dressed people around her, and be surrounded with all the elegancies of polished life. Even her charitable impulses—and she was by nature a kind-hearted woman—were regulated by a sense of the picturesque. The cottage that she entered must be covered with roses, the inhabitants interesting and courteous, the children especially clean and well behaved. Consequently, as it was seldom that so many qualifications were to be met with under one roof, so it was seldom that Lady Pechford's charity was bestowed otherwise than second-hand, it being impossible for her to bring herself face to face with dirt, ugliness, and poverty.

Mr. Wardlaw's present curate having been in antagonism to all her artistic impulses, it was with entire sincerity of heart that Lady Pechford congratulated the young man on his appointment to a small living in a remote part of England.

"Where the people are, doubtless," she afterwards remarked to Miss Wardlaw, "in a state of semi-barbarism, and will not mind Mr. Smithson's peculiarities of pronunciation, or possibly not even notice them. I know that there is a current idea that all men in the Church are gentlemen; but, like

many current ideas, it won't bear sifting. And, with your father's general carefulness upon such points, I wonder that he was ever induced to take Mr. Smithson as curate."

"Why, the fact was," returned Miss Wardlaw, "that papa was wanting to get away to the Continent, and no one else happened to offer; so papa was obliged either to take Mr. Smithson or give up our trip. And, naturally, mamma and I voted against that. Of course, we knew that he would never do for a permanence—and having a wife has been a terrible bore to us. Such a very ordinary little woman. I do hope we shall not have another married curate!"

"Curates ought never to marry unless they have private means," said Lady Pechford, decidedly; "or unless they meet with some one with a fortune."

Miss Wardlaw assented.

"Much of the poetry of life is destroyed by poverty," continued Lady Pechford. "High art and small means are incompatible. There is naturally so much of the sordid creeping into economical artifices, that taste must continually suffer."

"I don't imagine that either Mr. or Mrs. Smithson ever thought of art," replied Miss Wardlaw, who supposed Lady Pechford's remarks to apply to the curate and his wife.

"I was not thinking of them. Certainly,

'The graceful in them never had a part,'"

quoted Lady Pechford; "they were simply worthy, and will go on being worthy to the end of their lives. I estimate Mr. Smithson's worthiness, and shall subscribe to the testimonial that is being so unaccountably agitated; at the same time, I prefer worthiness at a distance, there being nothing artistic about it. No—I was not thinking of the Smithsons, but of Mr. Carteret. In him, my ideas will be carried out—voice, manner, appearance. It will be a relief to the eye, to the ear. I shall look forward to my Sundays again. It will be quite apostolic—reminding one of Barnabas. The people might take him for a Jupiter—not but that Mr. Carteret is rather young for one's notions of Jupiter; still, there is something of the majestic stamp about him—a dignity, a spirituality. Every one will be enraptured!"

"Yes?" answered Miss Wardlaw, after the manner of a question.

"I cannot tell you how delighted I am that I happened to think of him," went on Lady Pechford. "I long to see him in a

white surplice; and fortunately he is an Oxford man, so that his hood is lined with scarlet. All men going into the church should go to Oxford, if it were only on that account—scarlet looks so very much better than the white of Cambridge, which is apt to have a dirty effect, especially if the surplice has been particularly well washed. My dear Miss Wardlaw, this charming idea of mine is doing me more good than all Dr. Eccleston's prescriptions."

And influenced by this idea, Lady Pechford wrote a long letter to Mrs. Carteret, setting forth the advantages to be derived from her son's accepting the curacy.

"Do, my dear Charlotte, urge upon him the positive necessity of at once closing with Mr. Wardlaw's offer. Scarcely any work to do—indeed, I believe that is one of the Gothic reasons Mr. Smithson gives for leaving—and a very pleasant set of people to visit; and constant opportunities of forming a good connection—for Linthorp has become quite a favourite resort; and a curate, as you well know, may marry almost any one he pleases. To begin with, there is Mr. Wardlaw's only daughter, with a good property in prospect when her father dies; and, as he married late in life, the chances of his departure are proportionally favourable. Miss Wardlaw is a handsome girl—rides well, dances well, sings well, and talks well. So that, you see, my dear, that even could he do no better, Miss Wardlaw is by no means to be despised. But I shall look after John myself; and you may depend upon my not furthering anything that is not to his advantage."

Mrs. Carteret read the whole of the letter to herself; but, like a sensible woman, only read part of it to her son. And in answering Lady Pechford, she told her that she had reason to believe that John's affections were already engaged; but that difficulties in the way prevented a recognized engagement. She did not thoroughly comprehend the state of affairs, as John did not care to say much upon the subject.

Lady Pechford's countenance fell as she read this paragraph.

"Stupid!" she exclaimed. "Young men are so rash and inconsiderate." Then she brightened up again. "After all," she said, "it may come to nothing; these unrecognized engagements are not often fulfilled. It seems vague and shadowy—some Cory-

don and Phillis affair, most likely—a milkmaid beauty, whose face is her fortune. I know the sort of girl exactly. He will forget her in three months, if not sooner. At any rate, it must be kept quiet, for an engaged curate is as bad as a married one—of no use whatever in society, and of no influence in a congregation. Of course, I shall not let John know that his mother has said anything about it. Charlotte might know me well enough to have spared herself the trouble of cautioning me. It is ridiculous to think of his throwing himself away on a portionless girl—for this half-mythical personage must be without fortune, or there would be no obstacle. Money is the cause of nine-tenths of the difficulties in the world. Ah, well! I ought to be truly thankful that Sir John left me with a handsome jointure!"

Thus ended Lady Pechford's musings. Her negotiations prospered. John Carteret was willing enough to take the curacy; willing to make a start in life; willing to be at work; willing, more than willing, to set his face forward on the journey that touched two lives instead of one. Perhaps his first step in the long pathway was a brighter one, and had more of hope in it, than Diana's, for there was no one to whisper to him doubts concerning her faith. And though he looked seriously at the future, and his heart was full of anxious hopes and fears, nevertheless it was probably lighter than hers.

And so it came to pass that, all things conveniently working together, Mr. Smithson took his departure to the semi-barbaric congregation in the remote part of England, and John Carteret was installed in his stead as curate of St. Botolph's.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

IN our childhood, the name of Shrove Tuesday is impressed upon our memories chiefly by reason of the smoking dish of pancakes which, in most families, it is customary to place on the dinner table that day. But, as we grow older, and our love of gastronomy decreases—or, at all events, is supposed to decrease—under the influence of the "march of intellect," we become aware of the fact that Shrove Tuesday has other associations besides the mere consumption of delicately fried mixtures of eggs, flour, and water.

The title "Shrove" is bestowed upon the Tuesday previous to the first day of Lent,

because it was formerly the custom for Roman Catholics to confess their sins on that day, and to be "shrove," or absolved from them. After confession and absolution, they were allowed to enter into any sports which might be going on; but they were ordered to refrain from meat. And it was, probably, owing to this circumstance that the custom of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday was established.

"In 1445," says a writer on this subject, "Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London, commenced the practice of giving a pancake to the apprentices of the city on this day; and the custom was continued by several of his successors." And, again, another writer observes that "the pancake and Shrove Tuesday are inextricably associated in the popular mind, and in old literature. Before being eaten, there was always a great deal of contention among the eaters, to see which could most adroitly toss them in the pan. . . . In the time of Elizabeth, it was a practice at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow" (the ancient equivalent of the knocker) "upon the school door." And he also states, that "at Westminster School, the following custom is observed to this day. At eleven o'clock a.m., a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver bâton, emerges from the college kitchen, followed by the cook of the school, in his white apron, jacket, and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room door, he announces himself—'The Cook;' and having entered the school-room, he advances to the bar which separates the upper school from the lower one, twirls the pancake in the pan, and then tosses it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, who scramble for the pancake; and he who gets it unbroken, and carries it to the Deanery, demands the honorarium of a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds—though the custom is not mentioned in the Abbey statutes. The cook also receives two guineas for his performance."

In the days of "auld lang syne," Shrove Tuesday was celebrated with varicous games and amusements; some of them, shameful to say, being barbarous and cruel in the extreme, and far more suitable for ignorant savages than for the enlightened inhabitants of Great Britain. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were amongst these sports; and I have read that, in some of the public schools in Scotland, "cock-fights regularly took place

on Fasten's E'en"—as Shrove Tuesday is called by our northern friends—"till the middle of the eighteenth century, the master presiding at the battle, and enjoying the perquisites of all the runaway cocks;" and that, in the year 1796, "cock-fight dues" formed no inconsiderable part of the schoolmaster's income in Applecross, in Ross-shire. And not only were cocks tortured by being made to fight, and by being tied to stakes, and having broomsticks thrown at them, till death put the poor creatures out of their misery, but "hens were also the subjects of popular amusement at this festival. It was customary in Cornwall to take any one which had not laid eggs before Shrove Tuesday, and lay it on a barn floor to be thrashed to death. A man hit at her with a flail; and, if he succeeded in killing her therewith, he got her for his pains!"

Well, well! a great deal is often written, said, and sung, and many sighs are breathed over what people call "good old times," and "good old customs;" but surely something may be urged in favour of the present day, when the cruel pastime of torturing poor defenceless creatures is no longer an established custom, but is very properly regarded as an offence in the eye of the law, and punished accordingly.

But it is only fair to say that *all* the sports with which Shrove Tuesday was honoured in bygone days were not of a barbarous nature. Football was one of the favourite diversions; and I believe this game is still kept up as a celebration of "Fasten's E'en" in Scotland. In some parts of England, the village boys used to provide themselves with bits of broken crockery, glass, and other rubbish; and, with a captain at their head, go round in parties from house to house, singing the following lines:—

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin'!
I be come a-shrovin'!
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of dough-nuts,
All of your own makin'!

A-shrovin', a-shrovin'!
I be come a-shrovin'!
Nice meat in a pie;
My mouth is very dry!
I wish a wuz zoo well-a-wet,
I'd zing the louder for a nut!"

If no attention was paid to these decidedly broad hints, the mutilated remains of the plates, mugs, jugs, and basins were

forthwith thrown, with much energy, against the door of the house wherein dwelt the person or persons who seemed so determined to impress upon the minds of the singers the truth of the old adage which says that "none are so deaf as those who *won't* hear;" but doubtless, as a general rule, "a piece of bread, a piece of cheese," or a mug or two of "mild home-brewed," was bestowed upon the impromptu choir, in recognition of the fact that Shrove-tide, as well as Christmas, "comes but once a year." This practice of singing from house to house went by the name of "Lent Crocking."

Various other customs and sports were formerly in vogue on Shrove Tuesday; but I will not dilate upon them, but bring this paper to a conclusion, fearing that further descriptions would be deemed unnecessary and wearisome by the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,
MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR HERO PAYS A VISIT TO MR. GALLAGHER'S ESTABLISHMENT AT SKY SCRAPER LODGE.

WE left our hero and his friend, Mr. Popham, busily engaged. The search for the gray mare at last proved successful. She was discovered by Mr. Samuel—who had in the mean time remounted Prince—peacefully cropping the herbage in a thicket in a remote corner of a very large field, nearly half a mile from the spot where he had left Mr. Popham.

Mr. Samuel, wisely considering that if he rode up to the skittish gray mounted on his own horse, she might take it as an encouragement to proceed farther on her wild career, dismounted, and tied Prince to a gate at some little distance from the thicket. Thence advancing stealthily behind a hedge-row, he seized the broken rein which was dangling on the ground, and secured Mr. Popham's spirited steed before she had time to reflect upon the state of affairs, or offer any objection to being caught. Having thus strategically compassed his purpose, Mr. Golightly held the gray mare by the bridle until his friend, Mr. Popham, succeeded in reaching the thicket where he stood. Now, however, the two gentlemen found they had their work cut out for them; for it was apparent, the instant Mr. Popham

attempted to put his foot into the stirrup, that mounting the gray mare in Spratt's stable-yard, with the assistance of William and his helpers, and getting on in the open field—where she stood, with fiery eye, panting flank, and distended nostril—amidst all the excitements of the chase, with only Mr. Golightly to hold her head, were two very different things. At length, after considerable trouble, and the display of great patience on all sides—except the gray mare's, who snorted and pawed the ground in a terribly fidgety manner—Mr. Percy Popham succeeded in taking his seat again.

"Bravo, Popham! Now you're all right again," said Mr. Samuel, in an encouraging tone, to his friend, who held his steed in with a very tight rein.

"Yes—thank you—all right now," replied the brave Percy; devoutly hoping in the depths of his manly breast that he might be permitted to continue so.

By this time they had reached the gate to which our hero had fastened his horse. It was the work of a moment for Mr. Samuel to vault nimbly into the saddle.

"Tally-ho! and away!" cried Mr. Samuel; and the two sportsmen proceeded to cross the field—in pursuit of those who, owing to unforeseen accidents, had gone before them—at a very pretty canter; the gray mare bestridden by Mr. Popham laying back her ears, and doing her best to get her head down; while the Prince announced his coming to all whom it might concern in a solo as loud, if not quite so melodious, as anything ever executed on the ophicleide or bassoon.

Their onward career was momentarily interrupted by an obstacle in the shape of some weather-beaten and rotten-looking railings, which constituted one of the jumps in the course, and had, to all appearance, been successfully cleared by everybody else—judging from the facts that the rails were still standing in their primitive integrity, and that there was nobody to be seen on the near side of them.

Having in childhood and youth often beguiled an hour in the perusal of the late Mr. Seymour's clever "Sketches"—which work, by the way, is always known at the Rectory by the name of the "Mad Bull Book," from its celebrated picture of Walter on the Willow Stump, smiling in conscious security on the infuriated animal below: a plate which fascinated our hero at the early age of four—

Mr. Samuel did not forget the advice the chimney sweep on the donkey gave to the gentleman on the horse—namely, never to jump when there was a "reg'lar gate" to ride safely through.

Accordingly, he looked around, with a view to discovering a way into the next field other than taking the rails. His thoughts were accurately divined by a rustic who was at work—or play; it was not easy to say which—on the other side of the hedge.

"You'll ha' to joomp it," remarked this smock-frocked individual, rather viciously, "for there aint no gate."

Our hero, with becoming dignity, thought fit to treat this remark with silent contempt; not choosing to admit that such an idea as that presented by the possible existence of a gate had ever crossed his mind. He boldly took his horse back some five and twenty yards from the fence, and rode him at the railings like a man. This headlong leap resulted in his taking the greater portion of the timber with him—attached to the Prince's hind legs—for some short distance into the next field. This left a very wide opening for Mr. Popham, who was speedily by his side, making, jointly with our hero, a gallant effort to be in at the finish if possible yet.

The finish of the course was a haystack, about four miles from the starting point; and at the very time that Mr. Samuel and his friend were toiling hopelessly in the rear, all the other members of the club were within sight, at least, of the goal, with the exception of Mr. Calipee and Mr. Chutney, who had unfortunately got pounded in a close of Kohl Rabbi they had no business to have got into, and were making meritorious—but, as far as they had proceeded, unsuccessful—efforts to get out again. A few gentlemen had already pulled up their foaming steeds under the hayrick, and among these we may mention Mr. Pokyr—who had been the first to arrive—and Jockey Fitzfoodel, who was second in the race. These bold spirits and expert riders, who led the van, after giving their horses a few minutes' breathing time, set off to "lark" it home; choosing on the homeward journey to perform astounding feats of horsemanship, at a game of cross-country follow-my-leader, in preference to taking the turnpike road as the more eligible way into Cambridge. The

fortunes of our hero and his friend were less favourable. They kept together for the length of a few fields in gallant style, alternately stimulating one another to deeds of valour. Mr. Golightly's horse, however, tiring under the weight of his rider, began to hang out the white flag, and require a little gentle assistance from the whip Mr. Samuel carried; the gray mare, on the other hand, was still, in proper sporting parlance, game as a pebble, and fresh as a daisy, pulling with all her might and main. In this state of affairs, Mr. Popham not only involuntarily obtained the lead, but kept it

also against his will. The shades of the winter evening were fast closing around, and with them—blown from the direction of the Fens—came a thick and heavy fog. The two friends were separated by a field from each other. Mr. Samuel saw Mr. Popham's back as he popped over a hedge in fine style, and a few seconds afterwards rode at it in the same place himself; but here, also, for the second time, horse and rider came to decided grief. When our hero succeeded in getting the Prince out of the ditch into which they had both been precipitated, he discovered, to his alarm, that his horse was



OUR HERO AND HIS FRIEND POPHAM SUDDENLY CONFRONT EACH OTHER.

dead lame, that it was becoming dark in an unaccountable manner, and—a few minutes after—that he was in a field of vast extent, apparently without a gate on any of its four long sides.

“Well,” he ejaculated—at the same time blowing on his fingers to warm them, and leading the Prince after him—“this is really dreadful. Popham!” he shouted, hallooing after his friend; but there was no answering call—not even an echo, in that flat country—to cheer and encourage him to make another effort.

“My word!” he could not help saying to

himself many times, as he led his horse along the hedgerows, treading down the wet grass—“my word! I wish I was safely back. Why doesn't Popham come to look for me?”

In his circuitous wanderings, to add to his discomfiture and make his confusion worse confounded, Mr. Samuel unfortunately lost his reckoning, and forgot on which side he had come into the field; so that when at last he discovered a way out, through which he lugged his horse, he was at a loss to know which way led towards home and Popham.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, turning up the collar of his coat, and sticking his hands in his pockets, "what a dreadful predicament to be in! I wonder which is the way to—anywhere!"

But morn follows the darkest night, and every cloud has its silver lining, the poets say; and so it proved in our hero's case, for after crossing a ploughed field—with what were, in his opinion, the deepest furrows he had ever had to stumble over—he found himself at a gate which led into a lane. Words were insufficient to express his delight, so he was prudently silent.

On and on—for ever, almost, it seemed to Mr. Golightly. Was there in the world a lane that led nowhere? Was there a lane without an end at all? This must be it, if such there were.

"It does not get much darker," said Mr. Samuel to himself; "and I am sure the fog is clearing off a little."

Suddenly, to his great joy—for he could not see many yards ahead—he descried the end of the lane; at the end of the lane an old finger-post, where three ways met; and, curiously enough, close to the finger-post, stood Mr. Popham and the gray mare.



MR. GALLAGHER AND HIS MENAGERIE.

"Popham!" cried our hero, cheering up at the sight of his lost companion—all his expressive features absolutely beaming with delight.

"Oh! Golightly!" groaned his friend. "She's as lame as a cat, and I've had to lead her no end of a way."

"Mine is as lame as a cat, too," said our hero, pointing over his shoulder at the Prince—"and I've had to lead him almost ever since I lost you. How did we manage to miss each other? Where in the world did you get to?"

"Goodness only knows!" sighed Mr. Pop-

ham. "I got into a field, and I thought I should never find my way out."

"How very curious," said Mr. Samuel, moralizing on the coincidence. "Why, I got into a field, and thought I should never be able to get out."

"Query—were we both in the same field?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Samuel. "But what is to be done? Do you know the way?"

"I think so. I think this lane must lead towards Cambridge."

"Come along, then," cried Mr. Samuel, in his cheery way. "Let us lose no more

time. Have you any cherry brandy left?" he added.

"Not a drop—and I have got a cigar; but my box of lights must have fallen out of my pocket."

At last they met a man.

"Is this the way to Cambridge?" they both asked in a breath, the instant they sighted him.

"Way to Ca-ambridge?" said the fellow, with a grin, "no—this is the road to New-market."

"Goodness!" said Mr. Samuel. "Are we—how far are we now, from—"

"You're about half-way between 'em, sir."

"Oh, lawd!" exclaimed Mr. Popham, in a cold perspiration at the prospect before them. "Is there no village near? We can't lead our horses seven miles."

"Straight on—you're close to the village," said the rustic, and bade them good night.

"Close to," seemed a long way off; but at last they reached the village, and made their way to the only public-house the place could boast.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Popham, as they mounted the baker's cart, the only vehicle in the village at their disposal, "we shall get back at last."

They had refreshed themselves with hot brandy and water; seen their horses safely bestowed for the night; and now—three on a seat, counting the driver—were fairly on their way back to Cambridge. In this inglorious way ended Mr. Golightly's first day with the Drag.

It was getting very near the end of the term, when, one fine December morning, as Mr. Golightly was wending his way in a leisurely manner through the narrow defiles of Trinity-street—that opposite the shop of that eminent bibliopole, Mr. Johnson—he came suddenly upon his friend, Mr. Popham.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Samuel, pleasantly.

"Hallo!" was the response of Mr. Percy Popham, who stood on the doorstep of the shop above mentioned, and from that coigne of vantage was carefully scrutinizing with his eyeglass three little dogs and two large ones, held respectively by an old man and a young one, of very disreputable appearance, whom our hero had on former occasions seen Mr. Pokyr speak to as the two Farrans—father and son.

"Require anything in the daug line, sir, this morning?" said the father.

"Sell you a little daug, sir?" said the son.

Both of them turning their attention from Mr. Popham to Mr. Golightly.

"N-no—not to-day," said Mr. Samuel.

"Are you going to buy a dog, Popham?"

"I am, when I see one that takes my fancy, Golightly."

After hearing this announcement, the Messrs. Farran—*père et fils*—became perfectly frantic with delight. The prices of the five curs that formed their well-selected kennel went up cent. per cent., in their own minds, on the first blush of such news. First the old man picked up one of the animals out of the gutter, and thrust it immediately under Mr. Popham's nose. Then the youth seized one of the dogs—an old pointer—in his firm grip, and elevated him in a most playful manner.

"There, my lord, that's the daug for you. He's a beauty, and no mistake. Close to yer, an' all. No magnifying glass *nor* spectacles required to see fleas on him, for we washes all ourn twice a-day. Don't we, old un?"

The "old un," thus apostrophized, displayed his yellow teeth in a comic grin, meant to be eminently propitiatory.

"Wunst a-day we does, there now; and that's the truth, yer honour."

But the laudable exertions of the pair of rogues were destined to be of little avail; for, at that moment, Mr. Jamaica Blaydes strolled up, arm in arm with Mr. Calipee.

"Buying a dog, Golightly?" said the former gentleman, with a smile.

"Popham is," answered our hero.

"Sell you a little daug? A prime little ratter this is," said the younger Farran, putting a black and tan terrier before Mr. Blaydes.

"Take them away, Farran. They won't do for us. Here is old Gallagher, with his cart, and all the stock-in-trade. He is the man for our money."

As Mr. Blaydes made the remark, a yellow cart, drawn by an elderly pony, with the legend, "R. Gallagher, Dog Fancier," emblazoned upon it, came round the corner. The cart in question was full of dogs of all sorts; three dogs ran underneath it, fastened by three chains; in the midst sat Mr. Gallagher himself, holding a tame fox on his knee with one hand, and grasping the reins with the other.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he remarked, touching his hat, and bringing his travelling menagerie to a stand.

"My friend here is in want of a dog, Gallagher."

"Yes, sir. Now, what sort of a daug, sir?" dragging successively half a dozen specimens of different breeds from the bottom of his cart, and speaking in terms of the warmest commendation of them all.

"Stay—we'll come down this afternoon, and look at what you've got, Gallagher," said Mr. Blaydes.

"Certainly, sir. Which gentleman is it, now, as wants one?" asked the dog fancier, meaning to wait upon his customer, if the appointment should, from any unforeseen circumstance, fail to be kept.

Mr. Popham having intimated that he was the intending purchaser, Mr. Gallagher said—

"Thank you, sir; thank you, gentlemen;" and with great alacrity produced from the pocket of his fur waistcoat a somewhat soiled piece of pasteboard. "I leave you this," he said, handing to Mr. Popham the card, on which was inscribed, in plain and ornamental typography—

R. GALLAGHER,

ROYAL RIFLE SALOON,

SKY SCRAPER LODGE,

(OPPOSITE SNOOKES'S BOAT HOUSE), CAMBRIDGE.

Every accommodation for keeping and training gentlemen's DOGS upon reasonable terms. A large quantity of PIGEONS, RABBITS, RATS, &c., always on hand. Orders for public or private matches punctually attended to. Gallagher's Fox Hounds meet daily at the Kennel (sure find). Foxes kept on the Premises.

GALLAGHER'S

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Admission 6d.

The Wonderful Bird, 7 feet high, no tongue, no wings, no tail; also the Golden Eagle, The Wonderful Porcupine, Jackalls, Monkeys, Racoons, and other Foreign Animals, to be seen at R. GALLAGHER'S.

The above are always on Sale.

N.B.—Persons having Pigeons, Rabbits, &c., to dispose of, can always obtain the best price by applying to R. GALLAGHER, as above.

In the afternoon they strolled down to the river-side, to pay a visit to Mr. R. Gallagher, at Sky Scrapper Lodge. They were

accompanied by Mr. Jamaica Blaydes's celebrated bull terrier Jumbo, and by Mr. Calipee's little black and tan. On entering the yard of this menagerie, the proprietor advanced a few yards towards the doorway to meet them. Mr. Gallagher wore a sporting coat of velveteen, with large white mother-of-pearl buttons, on each of which was represented an engraving of a coach and four at its top pace, calling to mind good old times that have long since passed away. Mr. Gallagher's continuations were of Bedford cord, his waistcoat was made of some skin or other—whether it was the dressed hide of some wonderful animal deceased, or whether it was made from the skin of the *Vitulus Britannicus*, or British calf, is a matter of conjecture: certainly it strongly resembled the latter in marks and colour. His neckerchief was of blue kersey, spotted with yellow, of the sort known as "bird's eyes;" and under one arm he carried a short, thick-knobbed stick, which served to preserve order among the various animals of the collection; while tucked under his other arm, a tiny dog nestled comfortably enough.

The entrance of our party within the space enclosed within the four walls of the yard of Sky Scrapper Lodge was the signal for a general yelping and barking from the numerous representatives of the canine species, loose and chained, cribbed and caged, that appeared in overpowering numbers in every nook and corner.

"Lay down!—quiet!" said Gallagher to his kennel. Then, turning with a captivating smile upon Mr. Popham, winking and blinking all the time in a half-awake sort of way, he asked,—

"Is it a large daug, or a leetle daug?—a t'y daug, or suffin' of this yere description?"—pointing to a huge mastiff as he spoke.

Mr. Golightly, while this interrogation was proceeding, amused himself by looking round Mr. Gallagher's establishment. Ranged round the walls were tiers of cages, containing fowls, a few pheasants, three or four ravens, a pair of owls, groups of little dogs too small to take care of themselves among their heavier brethren, tabby cats, a monkey or two, several foxes; and, in a tub set on end, was what, from the perfume and refuse cabbage leaves diffused around, and from a placard on the wall—"Drawing the

Badger, One Shilling"—might be presumed to be Gallagher's famous badger.

Whilst our hero, with his customary quickness of observation, was running his eagle eye over this curious collection, and striving in vain to discover the whereabouts of the "Wonderful Bird, seven feet high, that had neither tongue, wings, nor tail," he became aware that Mr. Popham had communicated to the dog fancier his views upon their immediate business; for he observed Gallagher leading the way into a sort of shed or stable, carrying in his arms a rough-haired terrier, and followed by our hero's three friends. Naturally enough, Mr. Samuel followed them—to the rat-pit, as it turned out.

"Now, sir, let him have a dozen o' these," said the fancier—"and if he don't kill 'em before you've time to tek out your ticker and tell us wot's o'clock, I'll eat him myself—T-h-e-r-e!"

Mr. Popham having consented to the expenditure of six shillings in rats, Gallagher opened the door of a wire cage, and let two or three into the pit. But the terrier, for some reason or other, declined to kill them, which made Gallagher affirm that it was because he had "that instant had his dinner, and gorn and blowed hissself out fit to bust."

On the proposition of Mr. Calipee, who was familiar with the resources of the establishment, they saw the ravens kill rats, and the cat kill rats, and the fox kill rats, and several sorts of terriers destroy the vermin, at a cost of only sixpence per rat.

"By Jove! Gallagher, everything you've got kills. I believe the old pony would rat, too, if you put him in the pit."

"I've no doubt he would, sir. I've trained 'em. I've trained 'em all to it."

Mr. Blaydes's dog, Jumbo, next drew the badger. The process was simpler than may be supposed. The tub having been overturned, and the unfortunate occupant well shaken up to liven him into a fit state of anger, Gallagher presented Jumbo to the badger—putting him a little way into the barrel, and pulling him out again a few times, till the enraged badger flew at him; when there was an angry tussle, a few yelps from the poor dog, and the draw was over: to be repeated as often as was desired, at one shilling per time.

"That old badger's no good, Gallagher. You've had him for years," said Mr. Calipee, who was quite a sportsman.

"Not more than six months—on my honour, I haven't," replied the fancier.

"How often is he drawn?" asked Mr. Popham.

"Well, sir, that depends on the gentlemen's fancies a good deal. Sometimes oftener than others."

"Doesn't cost you much to keep, Gallagher," said Mr. Blaydes.

"Subsists on vegetables, sir."

"Cabbages, apparently."

"Is it not cruel—that is, unkind, I mean?" said Mr. Golightly, somewhat timidly.

"Cruel, sir?" said Gallagher. "Varmin's varmin—that's what varmin is. It's sport—all sport."

"But is it sport for the badger?"

"To be sure, sir. He loves it. No dog can't hurt him. He's as happy in that there tub as ever Dio-génous was—and happier; for he has as much as ever he can eat—that he do. Let your little daug run arter a rabbit, Mr. Calerpee—do him good."

Accordingly, Mr. Calipee assenting, they all sallied forth through the doorway on to the Common, where the rabbit, having had a few yards start allowed it, was chevied by half a dozen dogs—all the party, except our hero, crying "Loo."

After doubling and dodging for the space of three or four minutes, the poor little animal was surrounded by its pursuers; but Mr. Gallagher, whose agility was remarkable, soon arrived at the spot, and, rescuing the rabbit from the dogs, brought it back in his arms.

"Do again another time, eh, Gallagher?" said Mr. Blaydes.

"Cert'nly, sir—a fair run's a fair shillin' worth any day. Have one more, sir?"

But here our hero interposed, saying—

"Come, let us go. The rats I'm in doubt about—the badger may like it; but it is not fair to the poor little rabbit. Do not let us do it again."

"You aint no sportsman, sir, I'm afraid."

Mr. Samuel admitted that he was not.

"Well, sir, you'll hev this yere leetle daug, I s'pose?" said Gallagher to Mr. Popham.

And, after considerable haggling as to price, the rough-haired terrier became the property of Mr. Percy Popham for the moderate consideration of four pounds sterling and the promise of two old pairs of trousers, of which the fancier said he was badly in want; and the terrier was led off in triumph by his new master.

E D I T H.

BY THOMAS ASHE.

PART IV. — ALL WELL.

SEVEN long lingering years, and winter-time, and a summer.
 Will you come to Orton, and look again on the faces
 Of old friends, we loved; since you have followed their fortunes,
 Grieved with them in their grief, and laugh'd with them in their laughter?
 Dare you? Things change so: you must be hardy to hazard
 Memories, true and tender, but for the gaze of a minute.
 These are scarce the loved ones you have known in the old time.
 Think what days, gone over: leaves have faded and fallen,
 Year by year have budded fresh again; and the spirit
 Of a man knows change, as sapling grows in the forest.
 Have you faith these friends have still grown worthier loving?
 "What!" I hear you say, "do you believe, for a moment,
 "If a friend, long absent, come again from his travel,
 "We should meanly fear to clasp his hand as a brother?"
 Come, then: you shall see these friends of old, you remember;
 Changed, as bloom to fruit, which lived before in the blossom.

Evensong is over: the people, wandering homeward,
 Two and three together, have chatted over the sermon.
 Some have turn'd aside, to roam awhile in the meadows,
 For the day grows cooler, and the coolness is pleasant.
 There are bigots, still, who look askance at the custom,
 Though the Lord of old would lead the Twelve through the cornfields.
 Worthy of all honour, Master, Lord, for the greatness
 Of a spirit fearless, and humble only to heaven.
 These, with small misgiving, keep to the guidance of nature.
 Children pluck the flowers that 'scaped the scythe of the mower;
 Search the hedgerows keenly, with an eye to the berries:
 Sauntering lovers, shyly, court the lanes that are quiet:
 They were babes in arms when first we came to the village.
 Yes, it is the sabbath: hush'd is the murmur of labour:
 Toil lifts up its head, and breathes a moment, forgetful.
 It is summer, too, when it is hard to be wretched;
 Which makes sad things gay, and heals the wounds of the winter.
 Now the sun is low; elves of the twilight are making
 All things sweet and gracious, to greet the moon of the harvest.

Come, then: see the orchard. And have you wholly forgotten
 What a group we show'd you, seated here, in the twilight?
 'Tis the self-same seat, well season'd now, with the sunbeams,
 With rude March winds' bluster, with the rain, and the snowflake.
 Now the group is other, and in the room of the elders,
 Bertie, Eddie, Paul, and queen of all, little Ethel.
 Tiny Paul, contented, laughing over his pictures,
 Sits on Ethel's lap, in mischief only a novice;
 But the two are busy with their plans for the morrow.
 Rolf lies at their feet: now he grows tired of the gambols.

Did we say "little Ethel?" She is as tall as her mother.
 Yes, she will be taller. She is no more little Ethel.
 Is it Edith still, as on the morn of the promise,
 Vivid fancy limning, in the silence, a phantom?

It is strangely like her: the eyes, the hair, and the sweetness;
 All the ease of manner, the gracious bearing of Edith;
 All her love of fun; but somewhat more of sedateness.
 Still she stirs the old to fresh surprise, as she passes:
 Rustics doff the hat: and women, surly to others,
 Greet the Rectory Miss with softer word, or a curtsey.
 Landlord's pet:—you hear him, as he stands by the doorstep,
 Letting business pine, to have a word with the doctor.
 "See that girl! God bless me! How she grows to a beauty!
 "I can see her mother for all the world such another.
 "Lord, how fast one ages! and yet how well I recall it!
 "When I think, I shiver, and hear them nailing my coffin.
 "Yes, our rector's wife had just the eyes of her daughter.
 "What! you smile; eh, doctor? You remember the scoundrel?"
 Then the doctor laughs, and off he goes at a gallop.
 See, the youngsters like her. They hug her rather too roughly.
 Which will prove the scholar? It would be hard to discover.
 They are boys,—such romps. How they will harry the meadows!
 Break the farmer's fence, and be the plague of the village!

Leave them now, to find the seat that stands by the window,
 On the close-cut grass. It fronts the lawn and the valley.
 Now the sunbeams redden among the pines on the hilltop.
 Here the four are chatting after labour is over,
 For the parson's sabbath is truly hardest of labour.
 Little leisure brings it to the wife or the daughter,
 Who must go to the school, and sing, and play on the organ.
 Who are those who linger, in the cool of the even?
 Who are these, whose voices with the twilight are soften'd?
 This is Edmund Trevor, and this is Mary, his sister:
 This is Edith, leaning on the arm of her husband.

These, what do they say? 'Twould little please you to listen.
 You would little care to hear the praise of the treble;
 How the landlord nodded through the whole of the sermon;
 Hear how Ethel laugh'd, then blush'd ashamed of her folly,
 At the nursery song of little Paul on a hassock;
 Hear the men discuss some knotty point of the preacher,
 Though his drift was plain, and suited well to the people.
 You would little care to hear the ways of a village,
 Talk of widow Jolliffe, or hymn too slow, or the sexton:—
 Dross love turns to gold, and duty moulds, at his pleasure,
 Into coin that bears the royal sign of the Master.

Mary Trevor ages, but sweet and sunny as ever
 Is the smile that hides the deeper lines in her forehead.
 Now a darker change has fallen over the rector.
 He, grown weak and childish, has as a child to be tended.
 He will preach sometimes, but it is painful to hear him;
 Yet not all a pain: the people tenderly love him.
 He will sit and talk within the door of a cottage,
 Making old folk glad; or speak a word to the children.
 So, they love him still; but as he goes by the houses,
 Watch his feeble steps, and whisper sadly together,
 Thinking all too soon the weight of age is upon him.
 All his mind is changed. Once he was hard to be guided;
 Deeming all should bow to what he held to be better:

Now he will but seldom give advice in a matter.
 "Ask my son: he knows," now he will say: "he will tell you;"
 Moulding all his will to beck and word of his nephew.
 "Rector," did we call him? He is no longer the rector:
 He has laid away the fret and strain of the burden.
 "I, in truth," he said, "have but the name of a rector.
 "Then, why keep the name? The people hold it in honour:
 "They will set more store upon his word in the parish,
 "If he rule for himself, not in the name of another.
 "Let his will be free to scheme and plan for the future.
 "Now his house is small: how will it be, when the children
 "Make the little less, and vex the air with their babble?
 "He shall have this place, for we can need but a corner."
 So the old folk nestle by the side of the younger.
 Still the good man loves to seem at times to be useful;
 Makes believe to teach the little boys of his nephew:
 But the lads, already, know the way to beguile him;
 Leave the books unconn'd, and lure him down to the meadows.

Still, for these, who stand, and in the eyes of the elders
 Look with reverent love, life keeps the bloom of its summer.
 Berthold, he grows stout: he is no longer a dreamer:
 Bright with health, and happy, he has an air that is earnest.
 Faith, by care made clear, and wisdom, moulded in action,
 Hold the room of dreams, and he is strong for the future.
 Kind, yet firm: grave-eyed; yet will his smile, in a moment,
 Light a cottage up, till it is fair as a palace.
 Skillful in his touch to heal the wounds of the parish;
 Sharp his stern rebuke, and to the knavish a terror:
 Yet the worst would shrink to speak dispraise, or revile him.
 Work he does, and plenty: "Trevor's school is a model,"
 Say the parsons round, and come and call, and admire it.
 Books he little studies, but the men and the women:
 For to him who fails to take the world for his study,
 Books are wandering lights, that lead him wide in the marish.
 He is wise and wary in his words, as a teacher;
 Does not preach to the roof, but to the hearts of his people;
 Holds a truth man lives as worth a bundle of dogmas.
 Thus his days go by. Not often burdened with leisure,
 He, withal, finds time to love his boys as a father.
 He would have them men, but he is wiser than many;
 Sets them not to puzzle over words of a lesson;
 Lets them have their will, nor think it crime to be happy,
 As one leaves a colt to gambol free in the paddock.
 "Let them laugh," he says, "and not a cloud or a shadow
 "Yet make dark their days with things before or to follow:
 "Let the branch grow strong;—the fruit in time, and the blossom."
 So they half run wild, and Edith, hardly persuaded,
 Grows at times too cross, and frets, and scolds them a little;
 Then will kiss away the tears that fall in contrition.

You will smile to note the matron bearing of Edith:
 She has all the grace and nameless charm of a mother.
 Her the years leave young, yet softly changed is her beauty.
 Calm and wise, she works: the village proud of its mistress,
 In the rector's wife forgets the child of the rector.
 She has yet a will, and she is able to manage

Not her house alone, but mostly all in the village.
 See!—the weeds of mourning! Who has died! Little Edith.
 In the Spring they laid her mid the flowers by the chancel.
 Three years old! not much! but she was hard to surrender.
 Mary Trevor nursed her, grieving more than the mother:
 Yet the mother's tears fell unobserved in the darkness.
 Twilight falls. Tread softly. Come away from the garden.
 All is well. They fade. We shall not wholly forget them.
 We shall roam in dreams along the lane to the village,
 Oft in dreams regain the peaceful hamlet of Orton.

Grows their image dim, as we recall it, already;
 Like a friend's loved face, we cannot clearly remember?
 Say, how will it be, as years drop down the abysses?

They will still live on, with chance and change of existence.
 Seasons still go by. We love, and dream, and are wedded.
 Then is love a child: he has not grown to the stature
 Of the god: he grows but with the care and the trial.

Sorrow roams the world, lest we should find it too happy:
 Lest the heart should cleave, when it is time to forsake them,—
 Sounding love's depths,—unto the shows that will perish.
 When the old folk pass a little while from the presence
 Of the twain they love, so will it fare with the lovers.
 They knew much already, ere the day, which the village
 Held the crown of joy: much have they learn'd in the issue;
 Shall, through change, through loss, be closer drawn, in the future.

Death? There is no death. It is a dream, a delusion.
 We shall still live on, with growth and change of existence.
 Change! O mystic change! for us the law, which the Maker
 Rides, as steed of light, as once, it seem'd, on the whirlwind!
 Aye, the sun o'erhead, it moves, it changes for ever:
 Aye, the snow-capp'd hill melts as the snow on its summit.
 Loves and lives still change, and creeds and words are as vapour.
 But the spark of God, that burns and trembles within us,
 Shall not wane nor change. Let us endure, and be quiet.
 We shall rest, as one, within the soul of the Father.

THE END.

ONE OF TWO;
 OR,
 A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.
 BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LV.

"Oh, do not think
 Because you are so rich and highly born,
 And so wrapt round with comfort, you can scape
 The penalties of being, more than we.
 You breathe the air, and so do we. The poor
 Have blood and bone, and passion just as you,
 And love their kind as dearly as my lord."

The Bondmaid, act. i., sc. 1.

THE old French sailor, as he walked
 away from the English police office,
 quietly crossed himself in his humbly pious

fashion, and thanked *le bon Dieu* for His good offices. For, although in his hard life Le Père Martin had been assailed by many ugly doubts, and had had to listen to many insinuations from his wife, who was an *esprit fort*—as our attentive readers will, no doubt, remember—he never allowed himself to be conquered, but kept up an invincible and dull belief in Providence; which belief his better half had looked upon in much the same light as her great hero Napoleon had looked upon those stupid English soldiers who did not know when they were beaten.

Upon such an occasion as this, Madame Martin would have asked her husband why

it was that Providence did not interfere *before* he was wrongfully taken up to London, and why Providence subjected him to certain misfortunes merely for the purpose of getting him out of them?

To which sophistications the old Norman fisherman would answer with a deprecatory shake of his head, and an assertion that, after all, *le bon Dieu* knew a great deal better than he did, and that if He chose to try him, he was willing to be tried.

This simple kind of faith, which pretends to know nothing, and relies neither upon logic, nor upon science, nor upon learning, but upon itself, is a very obstinate one to overcome, and is frequently found amongst soldiers and sailors, especially amongst those who are obliged to execute orders of which they only see the result long afterwards, or are exposed, as a seafaring man is, to daily dangers from which he is day by day extricated. In Sterne's picture of Uncle Toby, we find that humourist shows us, with a subtle pathos hardly appreciated, that Toby only finds out how he got his wound, and what dangers he had run, by studying the maps of the fortifications as he lay upon his back, weakened and in pain. So it was with Le Père Martin: he was content to map out the past, and to understand his troubles as he looked back. It need not be said that this childish faith was Père Martin's great source of happiness, and that he knew that well: hence that curious soft smile of his, which puzzled Mr. Brownjohn, and gave him the notion that that old fellow "Mar-ton" was a confounded hypocrite.

Released, just in the nick of time, by the appearance of Mr. Jasper Snape and the bargee, Mr. Martin readily paid his thanks where they were due, and walked off as cool as a cucumber.

"That's a curious old man," said Brownjohn to himself. "He beats all I ever come across. He makes no bones of it; just as if he kept a special Providence to interfere on purpose!"

The old gentleman, in the mean time, had walked off, and was quietly surveying the streets, and about to get himself some dinner at one of the early coffee-houses—where they sold, by the way, a decoction of roast corn, and some most delectable saloop—when some heavy steps moving quickly after him, caused him to turn round. He saw Brownjohn, who held in his hand a tiny parcel of white paper.

"You want me again, Mr. Officer?" said the old Frenchman, turning back, and evidently quite ready to accompany him.

"Bless the man," said the runner to himself, "he must be as fond of the police office as a cat is of her kitchen fender. No, Mr. Martin, we don't want you now;" he said aloud, "only Mr. Horton, who is a *real* gentleman, he is"—Mr. Brownjohn made the not uncommon distinction between a real gentleman and a sham one—"has sent you this to help you on your way."

The little parcel contained two sovereigns, one of which was from the magistrate's private purse; and Mr. Martin received the gift with the same calmness, just as if he had always been looking for it, and was not in the least surprised at the lucky windfall.

He was, however, profuse in his thanks.

"You English are a generous people—with your money. I suppose it is because you get it so easily," he muttered to himself, as he went onwards.

The sentiment would have outraged Mr. Brownjohn, or any Englishman. To be told that one earns his money easily is a slight never to be forgotten.

After dining somewhat substantially upon eggs and bacon, coffee, and bread and butter—it must be remembered that the hardy fisherman had fasted for several hours—M. Martin paid his shot, asked the way to Chesterton House, and departed in the same independent, simple way, causing the tired-out, greasy, and unkempt woman—who had a constant odour of coffee, chicory, brown sugar, and buttered muffins—to look out of her den with a face of wonder as the man departed. She was so seldom seen outside this caravanserai in the London deserts, that directly her head was seen a street boy gave a war-whoop of delight—a *chi-huick*, he called it—which announced that old Mother Potter was to be seen as well as a "furrineer." But having no companions in his excitement, the wanderer returned discomfited, took up his basket of wood, and went on what he called his "harrand."

M. Martin soon found out the way, walking through the broad squares, and sunny, clean, and gravelled streets—for the West-end of London in those days resembled a very clean and well-built provincial town, and was not soiled with blacks and smuts as it now is—as a modern Caractacus might do through a modern Rome. He did not, however, give way to any of those reflex-

tions which the hero of the early history of Britain is said to have indulged in.

When he reached the gate-house of the Chestertons, the proud young porter admitted him without question; being far too much absorbed at the present dishevelled state of the family to say harsh things to any one. Mr. Checketts, too, who had wandered to the lodge gate, merely to have a talk with the porter—being in that miserably dislocated state which a masterless servant so soon drops into, if he be at all active—looked upon the advent of this strange party as something which might bring that “turn-up” which we all look for in the time of trouble.

“Yes, sir,” said the porter, respectfully. “Who might you want to see?”

“The Lord Chesterton. Does he live here?” said the old fisherman, looking round the plain yet stately and well-ordered courtyard.

“Well, he does do that,” returned Mr. Checketts, coming forward, and attracted by the foreign accent and aspect. “And you might want to see him? Wouldn’t anybody else do?”

No; he must see him himself. And Le Père Martin sat down upon the well-polished painted bench outside the door of the little lodge, whereon the porter sunned himself upon warm days.

“He seems a determined sort of fellow—he must be important,” thought Checketts. Then he said, “I’ll see to this, Mr. Thomas; I’ve got nothin’ else to do, worse luck. Come along with me, sir.”

Le Père Martin would rather remain where he was, till “me-lord” sent for him. He would sit there; he liked being in the fresh air better than in great houses. Thereon, questioned by Checketts, he gave his name; and that excellent servant bounded away, perfectly certain that “something had turned up.”

The garrulous old seaman had but time to talk over the weather, and the probability of some few and short storms before the winter set in, when Checketts came bounding back, and most respectfully urged the foreign gentleman at once to see his lordship. Such was the magic of his name!

Upon this the seaman rose and walked towards the house, as if admiring the architecture of the Burlington period—cool and collected, as if master of the situation.

He went up the staircase, his cap in his

hand, considering rather than wondering at the noble proportions of the building, and leisurely stopping on the landing to contemplate one of the full-length portraits, with an almost comical air of satisfaction.

He had spent so long at his dinner, and had walked so leisurely about the town, that it was evening when he stood in the corridor which led to Lord Chesterton’s room. Mr. Checketts bade him wait there for a moment; and, knocking softly at the door, entered.

The Earl and Winnifred had returned from the death-bed of Mrs. Wade, and were sitting together. Events seemed to crowd upon them, and the old nobleman looked weary and jaded. He had rested his worn head upon his hand, as if for reflection; and said nothing—did not even raise his head—when the servant entered.

“Please, my lord, here is the foreign gentleman.”

“Let him come in. Winnifred, my dear,” he said, softly, “I want to see this man *alone*. You would help me if you could—I don’t think you can in this case.”

He dreaded going over the story of his wrongdoings before this innocent young lady, although much of the story was known to her; and she, without divining his intention—nor, indeed, even permitting herself to try to do so—left him at once by another door, and gained the boudoir, filled with those curious volumes of religious literature, to which the reader has been before admitted.

Le Père Martin entered. The old nobleman rose, and politely pointed out to the fisherman the chair which Mr. Checketts had placed for him before softly retiring and closing the door.

“Now, M. Martin,” said his lordship, eagerly, “will you tell me what brings you here? We have never met before.”

“We have never met before,” returned the old Frenchman, coolly, as if in no hurry to begin his story.

He looked round the room, lighted with two wax candles—so well furnished, so comfortable; presenting such a contrast to his French cottage, or to the close cabin or wet and slippery deck of his boat.

The two old men did not present a stronger contrast; and, strange to say, the advantage was on the side of the peasant-born fisherman. He was healthier, more erect, more ruddy, stouter, and fuller of life

than the nobleman, who, to all appearance, had passed a much easier, or what the world would call a happier, life. Something of a comparison passed in the Père Martin's busy brain; much the same thought occupied that of Lord Chesterton. But in addition to this thought came the reflection—"and if I look back!" That was the trouble—in looking back. The Earl felt that the simple fisherman had the advantage. There were few years of life before either of them. Behind one were many struggles and hardships conquered and passed by; before him a trust in *le bon Dieu*, and a wish—half begotten of lassitude—to be at rest. Before Lord Chesterton, regret for a misused past, doubt and dread for the future, and a troublesome entanglement in the present.

"We have never met before, milord," said Martin, "but we are not unknown to each other—you a grand seigneur, and I a poor fisherman; you with your palace, I with my poor boat. *Le bon Dieu* gives us different parts to play in life; and we do not care much when the play is over."

"I know your name well. You were the husband to one who was a nurse of my son's."

"Exactly so—of one of your sons, my lord: that is what I would speak about. My wife, Estelle, who performed all you wanted, lived separately from me, in England. She has been suddenly murdered; and at a moment, too, as I gather—for I have kept my ears open—when her evidence would have been of some importance. They have accused me of the murder, and brought me up to this large city, where I have proved my innocence."

"Why did they accuse you?" asked the Earl, eagerly.

"Because I was last seen at her house, and therefore suspected."

"You know where she lived, then?"

"Certainly. Poor Estelle! she was hard and cruel to me; but she was the mother of my son, who is in France; and when a woman has been one's wife, we don't lose sight of her, somehow, even if she has troubled us. She found that it was necessary, now and then, to help me, to assure my silence."

"Then you visited her recently?" asked the Earl, anxiously.

"Most certainly. I had business with her."

"Of what nature?"

"Well, milord," answered the fisherman, "that is a curious question. It was necessary for a poor man to see the mother of his child, and you ask him—proud as *vous autres* are—why he is there? What would you say if one of us put the same question to you? But that is the way with you great people. We little ones cannot live without your interference. And yet we might do so, surely. I have never troubled your house before; but you have brought misery and desolation upon mine."

The Earl hung his head, and said, plaintively—

"My friend, you are right. My one sin has led me and others into many others. Alas! we cannot do a wrong thing but it is multiplied a thousandfold in various ways."

"It is too true," returned the old fisherman, philosophically; "and no doubt it is for our good. *Le bon Dieu* has made it so. Everything bears fruit and multiplies. Sin has also its seeds, which fly abroad and grow up like the thistles of the fields. But I am not come here to tell you this. I am come here to help you, and to make you help me."

"I will do it willingly, my poor man, to repair the misery I have caused you."

"That was well said," returned the fisherman. "*Le bon Dieu* asks no more. Even a priest will tell you that. Poor Estelle refused me any help for my son, who wishes to marry. You will give me a few hundred francs for the poor young people, whose life will be one of labour."

"A happy life!" said the Earl, parenthetically.

"Not always," returned the fishermen. "But you will do what I said? I see it in your face. You will give him a few francs—a hundred?"

"A thousand, my good man. Is that all? I had hoped—" here the Earl let his head fall upon his hands, sadly. After all, what could this man do for him?

"Thank you—thank you," said Le Père Martin, gratefully. "I felt it would be so. My son is now cared for. If there was any bit of property Estelle left, milord—"

"My lawyer shall look to it. Justice shall be done to you."

"Again, thanks. We dealt formerly with your gentleman, Gustave. He is dead. I had rather deal with you. It is so with the great, in this cruel world. Perhaps 'tis so up in Heaven. I, too, approach *le bon Dieu*"

—here he crossed himself—"more at ease with myself than through others." Then the fisherman rose, and was about to depart. "I will take milord's word," he said, undoubtingly. "I will call to-morrow." He stood at the door, twirling his cap. Then he said, slowly—"You are rich, milord; great, but unhappy. Estelle Martin had a secret from me; but I had one from her. *Now*, it belongs to you. Am I to tell you what it is?"

TABLE TALK.

AT RIPON, SIR HENRY STORKS won his election, but also a rather unusual display of party favours. We read that, on his appearance after the close of the poll, he was assailed with missiles of all sorts, and that "several persons were hit by stones, sticks, *snowballs*, and other articles." Now, February the 16th, in London, was a very mild day; and with so much warmth displayed, both by Whigs and Tories, one would have thought that even at Ripon the temperature was not cold enough for snow to be on the ground, and snowballs to be made. Probably, the *Times* reporter was too much excited at the return of a Government candidate to be very accurate in his description of what took place. This is not unusual at an English election. Here, however, is an instance of English pluck and good temper worthy of record. "Stones the size of a man's fist, with sharp, jagged edges, were continually thrown about;" and "one stone struck Sir H. Storks on the shoulder. He caught it, held it up before the multitude, and then coolly pocketed it." Bravo, Sir Henry! Done like an Englishman!

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a long sentence in cypher beginning AGDM-AHFSTROC, and running to the extent of some eight or nine lines of similar hieroglyphical and unpronounceable words. His reason for doing so is thus stated:—"In a recent number of your magazine, a correspondent sends you a translation of two very suggestive cyphers extracted from a newspaper; and expresses his opinion that human ingenuity can invent no system of cryptography which cannot be deciphered by a like ingenuity." He then proceeds to remark that the specimen he sends "presents more difficulty to the translator than those with which your corre-

spondent furnished you; but he will, doubtless, be equally able to give the solution." We may at once thank our correspondent for forwarding us the cypher, the key to which, very likely, he alone possesses; but let us also combat the assumption apparently existent in his mind, that we keep a gentleman on our staff with nothing else to do but to decipher hieroglyphics. Such is not the case. We gave a key to the two sentences of cyphers which appeared in the *Times* with two objects, first to exhibit the fact that these cyphers, ingeniously contrived, were translatable by a like ingenuity, provided they proceeded on some regular principles. Secondly, that if the scoundrels who alone understood those cyphers, as they thought, did chance to see one of the many copies of papers which quoted, as we had expected, our translation, then the cause of right in the abstract might gain something from such an exposition. Doubtless, the meaning of all such cyphers can, with a great display of patience and ingenuity, be unravelled; but, with all courtesy, we decline to accept the task.

LET ONE MAN in literature strike out into a new path, and achieve success therein, and a dozen others are ready to follow his lead. The little political squib, "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," which we reviewed for the benefit of such of our readers as had not chanced to see the pamphlet, has already been followed by "Dame Europa's Report to the International School Board on the Fight at her School, after having heard Both Sides;" "John Justified: a Reply to the Fight at Dame Europa's School;" "John not so Wrong after All; or, What he said for Himself;" "Who's Afraid? or, all about the Fight in Dame Europa's School;" "Dame Europa's School Fifty Years hence: a Prophetic View thereof;" "Mrs. Britannia's Defence of Johnny's Conduct at Dame Europa's School;" and "Finale to Dame Europa's School: a Peep into Futurity." How closely the jackal treads on the heels of the lion! Such is the magic spell of success! One "Dame Europa," that everybody likes to read, and half a dozen weak imitations follow, which nobody wanted—nobody cares for; and the sole object of whose existence, as sixpenny pamphlets, is to pick up what few crumbs the first "Dame Europa" has left behind. If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery,

the reverend Canon who wrote the first "Dame Europa" occupies a position many will envy.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY has passed, and all the stock of gorgeous anonymous *billets-doux* that has not been sold by the enterprising tradesman is put back until the 14th of February comes round again. The fun of the fair is over; and the postmen, at least, are not sorry for it. The custom of choosing valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry in England as early as the year 1476. John Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, makes mention of it in a poem written by him in praise of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry V.:—

"Seynte Valentine, of custom yeere by yeere,
Men have an usance in this region
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse by grete affection.
Such as ben prike with Cupides mocion,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyre sort doth falle;
But I love oon which excellith alle."

CERTAIN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES, not long ago, brought the honour of the University, as a place of moral discipline, into disrepute in the eyes of the outside public, by their vagaries; and now, with a true "British love of freedom," a debate is announced to take place amongst the "undergrads," as to whether that awful official, the proctor, may not be very well dispensed with. There is nothing very wrong in this, perhaps; as, since the establishment of a strong University police, the proctor's services are not much required. But proctors, and something stronger, are necessary in the case of those gentlemen who, gifted with more money than brains, occasionally obtrude their midnight orgies on the broad daylight, and bring contempt not only on themselves, but on the University to which they belong. The class, however, nowadays, is only spasmodic in its action. In former times it was certainly more flagrant. We cull from an article in one of the leading journals at the close of the last century, some rather severe suggestions and reasons for the then disorganized state of morals at the Universities. "At first there were but two orders of undergraduates:—1. Pensioners or commoners, who paid a regular salary for attentions received, and indiscriminately partook of every liberal indulgence; 2. Servitors, or sizars, who performed all humiliating offices, and thought them-

selves amply rewarded with (sizes) stated allowances of food and a learned education. Then academical discipline was at its height. The heads of houses were unanimously revered; the patrician scholars studied with ardour; the young plebeians were submissive, industrious, contented. Sinécures were unknown. Their buildings were convenient, elegant, spacious, and airy. Their apartments were, for the most part, handsome and commodious, silent, and retired: in every way fitted for study. They had sweet gardens and groves, delightful walks and rural retreats. The irresistible influx of commercial wealth, continually augmented by a thousand streams, has succeeded in sapping the deep foundations of natural integrity. A spirit of expensive rivalry has long been kept up by purse-proud nabobs, merchants, and citizens, against the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Universities may rue the contagion. They were soon irrecoverably infected. In them extraordinary largesses began to purchase immunities. The indolence of the opulent was sure of absolution; and the emulation of literature was gradually superseded by the emulation of reckless extravagance: till a *third* order of pupils appeared—a pert and pampered race, too forward for control, too headstrong for persuasion, and too independent for chastisement—privileged prodigals. These are the gentlemen commoners of Oxford, and the fellow commoners of Cambridge. They are perfectly their own masters, and they take the lead in every disgraceful frolic of juvenile extravagance." This *Saturday* Reviewer of the day, with his rich old Toryism and Johnsonian periods, is decidedly caustic; but his remarks read oddly a century afterwards.

IT IS RATHER MORE than a year since Mr. Bruce's Cab Act came into force. Like other statutes which their authors intended to effect great changes, the new regulations have ended in the smallest of small results. The principal—and, as far as we know, only—results of the act have been to bother the public, confuse the police magistrates, and place one brand-new Hansom cab on the streets of London. For the rest, all remains as it was before. Mr. Arnold has decided that the fare is sixpence for the first and each succeeding mile; but that no payment less than one shilling in all is allowed by law. Mr. D'Eyncourt, on the other hand,

holds that the fare for the first mile is one shilling, and sixpence for each succeeding mile. Having carefully read the act, we are of opinion that, although the clauses are very bungling on the whole, it is clear that Mr. Arnold's decision is in accordance with the meaning Parliament intended to convey. If a cab is taken for a single mile, the driver is entitled to a shilling, because the act says that shall be the lowest fare; but you can ride two miles for the same sum, and must pay one shilling and sixpence for three miles, and so on at the rate of sixpence per mile. After all, cab reform has not benefited the public so much as enthusiastic people were led to expect it would.

THOSE INVALUABLE public servants—the Special Correspondents—have indulged us with occasional glimpses, through the gilded prison bars, of the captive of Wilhelmshöhe. The Emperor would not seem to have much to complain of, considering the fine palace placed at his disposal. It may not be uninteresting at the present moment to look back at the kind of place which the English permanently provided for his uncle at St. Helena. Here is an extract from a letter from that island, dated December 17, 1820:—"Buonaparte's new house is finished, but not yet furnished. It is one story high, and is situated about 200 yards from the old building, and forms three sides of an oblong square. The right wing contains the apartments destined for General Montholon, the surgeon, and the two priests. The centre and part of the left are allotted to Buonaparte and the orderly officer. Those for Buonaparte consist of a library, drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast parlour, bed-chamber, bath, dressing-room, &c. Montholon has four rooms. The whole are neatly fitted up, in such a style as you see in the country house of an English gentleman of £2,000 a-year."

MANY OF US have heard the history of that favourite old Latin song we have sung so often in our Latin Grammar days, when we broke up for the holidays, "Dulce domum"—or, as it may be translated, for the benefit of non-classical readers, "Home, sweet home," the name of a later and a different song; but for those who have not, the story is worth repeating. The "Dulce domum" was written about three hundred years ago, by a Winchester scholar, who, for some misde-

meanour or another, was detained at the college during the holidays, and—according to some accounts—tied to a tree or pillar during the time the other boys were breaking up. The delinquent so took the punishment to heart, that in his grief he composed the song which afterwards became so famous in connection with Winchester School; and afterwards died broken-hearted, before his schoolfellows returned from their holidays. In memory of the incident—and, perhaps, to appease the manes of the victim—the custom was instituted in accordance with which, annually, in the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the masters, scholars, and choristers, attended by a band of music, went in procession round the courts of the college, singing the song; and walked three times round the pillar to which the boy had been confined. The song consisted of six verses, and a chorus, of which the words were—

"Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Dulce, dulce, dulce domum,
Dulce domum resonemus!"

The air was composed by John Reading, in the reign of Charles II.

THE ORIGIN of some of the old-fashioned words is sometimes curious. Take, for instance, such words as "prithe" and "marry," both terms of asseveration. "Prithee" is plainly a corruption of "I pray thee." "Marry" was originally, in Popish times, a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary. So, also, "marrow-bones" for the knees. "I'll bring him down upon his 'marrow-bones'"—that is, "I'll make him bend his knees as he does to the Virgin Mary."

IT IS A COMMON belief that our winters now are not so severe as they were in former days; although the present one has tended somewhat to stay the notion. It must have been, however, a pretty severe Christmas in 1740; for, in the news of the day then, we read that "a race between six horses was run on the river Tees, near Barnard Castle. Three heats, two miles each."

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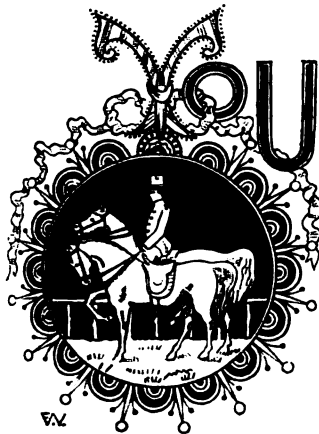
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SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

W I V E S.



MAY, perhaps, think it would be more prudent to end this article at the first-line; and, leaving a dozen or so blank pages, allow the reader to fill them

up according to his own experience or imagination. I am also bound to have a certain amount of consideration for the safety of the Editor, and his immunity from any evil consequences that may arise from the title of this paper. Of course, I don't mean all wives. I have already had some explanations on this subject with Mrs. G., who is exceedingly particular about my writings, and edits them herself before they leave my desk, which she considers satisfactory; and she is not indisposed to join in a laugh at the expense of her sex—Provided, and it is hereby agreed and understood, that no remarks now made, or hereinafter to be made, in that connection, shall be applied or taken to apply to the said Lucy Gadabout; and that all chaff, jokes, jests, fun, sport, mirth, malice, spite, satire, to be obtained, or attempted to be obtained, from the subject, shall have no reference to any acts, deeds, words, or works of the said Lucy Gadabout, during the whole period of her coverture. So, I am all right enough, and tolerably secure—as the ladies don't know my address;

and I suppose, Mr. Editor, the direst threats and tortures would fail to extract it from you. It is *your* safety, Sir, I am concerned about. If you have the astonishing pluck to publish this, let me implore you to arrange for the publication of *ONCE A WEEK* for two years in advance—and flee. The storm will then, probably, have blown over; or they will have become reconciled to the truth of my remarks. If this is impossible, if you have any regard for me—and your own life—pray have bomb-proof shutters put up at No. 19, and never stir out without a shirt of mail, and various weapons handily disposed about your person. I know what some of them are capable of, as I shall presently show.

I confess I have been incited to consider this difficult and delicate subject by reading a letter a few days ago, in one of the papers, on Englishwomen, by a French lady who had lived amongst all sorts and conditions of them for three months; and who, therefore, with that astounding assurance and belief in self of her race—to which, by the way, France may fairly attribute her present misfortunes—pretends to know all about them. But, if anything were wanting to show that her statements were founded on considerable fact, it has been supplied by the immortal British female herself, in the absurd letters she has written to confute them. Ha! ha! The idea of an English wife writing to say that the “sordid cares” of the kitchen were beneath the notice of the intellectual partner of her husband! Oh, my beloved Lucy, how I should like you to propose reading to me, after dinner, a few chapters of Comte, or a delicious discussion on the “Undulatory Theory of Light,” or some other pleasant scientific subject; or a few hundred lines of “Paradise Lost,” or several chapters of Mosheim’s “Ecclesiastical History,” or that enchanting “Proverbial Philosophy.” Fancy having a lady doctor for a wife, whose intellectual contri-

butions to the evening's enjoyment would be the cases she has attended to, or the operations she has performed during the day! How would you like to kiss a hand that only a few hours before may have—Faugh! Or a female member of a school board, with particles of Latin and Greek sticking to her, like burrs to a shooting-jacket?

Wives may be divided into four classes: 1. Those who are useful, but not ornamental; 2. Those who are ornamental, but not useful; 3. Those who are neither ornamental nor useful; 4. Those who are both useful and ornamental. The first is scarce, the second abundant, the third innumerable, the fourth remarkably rare. Let us examine each of them in their turn.

Well, then, the useful but not ornamental wife was born to be a drudge. From her earliest childhood she performed menial offices for her brothers and sisters, and was the Cinderella of the family. While her sisters, who are good-looking, are spoiled, fêted, and have their own way, poor Tristia is always being scolded, bullied, and left behind. It is always—"Tristia, my gloves, my fan; run upstairs; and make haste, you stupid, slow thing." "We are going to the opera to-night; but mamma won't let you go, you are so ugly." "Wouldn't you like to go to the Polkinghorne's ball to-night? What fun to see your hideous shoulders in a low dress!" Papa sometimes ventures to remonstrate, and says it is a shame that poor Tristia never has any amusement; but he never takes any steps to provide her with any himself, and, while he says so, begs her to hold the paper to the fire, and cut it. The only words of kindness she ever receives from her sisters is when they want her to do something for them—as, for example, finishing a piece of embroidery half a dozen yards long, of which the executant has completed half a daisy, and of which she will claim all the credit when completed; or copying songs into the music-book, or touching up a water-colour, or hemming a petticoat. Can't you see what sort of a wife she will develop into when the prince appears? Prince! poor soul! What manner of prince or "princelet"—*pace* Odger—is likely to find her out? No. I know what sort of a man her husband will be. He will be what I call a "nubby" person. His hair will be short, stiff, and carrotty. He will be clothed, as to his

knuckles, with the same material, rather redder. He will be knock-kneed, and one leg will be shorter than the other. His feet will be perfectly flat, and his shoes punt-like in fashion and form. His mouth will be wide, and his teeth false; and anybody less calculated to inspire a *grande passion* it would be impossible to conceive. Yet what can poor Tristia do? She is ordered to marry this Caliban; and she obeys, as she would if she were told to throw herself into the crater of Vesuvius. Her husband is very likely a solicitor, with a large practice, who has about as much idea of love or passion as he has of undercharging for his professional services—services, by the way, you are not likely to obtain from him, unless they are professional. So her wedded does not differ much from her maiden life. A new sense of enjoyment dawns upon her when she has a child to love; but the imp is so confoundedly hideous, that when she sees it she actually shudders, till the Divine maternal love obtains the mastery. Kitchen, sewing machine, socks, patching clothes, sending servants away, and listening to Caliban snoring in his arm-chair after dinner, without a friend, or even companion, to exchange a word with on the topics of the day—that is her life! An excellent wife and mother, all her daily duties parcelled out to her—she turns about here and there, cleaning, polishing, grinding, for all the world like an animated knife machine; and performs these duties with a calm content—indeed, with an amiable pleasure—that makes her a praiseworthy, conscientious, excellent helpmate—only, Heaven save me from such a wife!

No. 2 is certainly preferable to No. 1, inasmuch as her pretty face will attract you for at least three or four days of the honeymoon, after which time you will begin to wish she possessed a little less beauty and a good deal more brains. By the way, why are pretty women, as a general rule, imbecile?

While pausing for a moment to consider this curious fact, I have counted up on my fingers fifty girls of my acquaintance, who all make a sensation on going into a ball-room, but who are purely and simply silly. Let anybody who reads this—at Brighton, for instance—immediately put his hat on, and take a walk down the Marine Parade, and stop every pretty girl he knows, and ask her some question which will require a

glimmer of sense to answer, and see how much of that article he will obtain.

"What lovely hair that Mrs. Platt has!" I once said to a young swell with whom and her I was staying in the same country-house.

"Yes," he answered, with a peculiar, slow drawl he affects, which adds very much to any impertinent observation he makes; "but I have ceased to admire it since I saw it hanging over a chair like a towel, as I passed her bed-room the other morning."

And I, too—since I had sisters—have ceased to admire pretty girls. Well, as I said, after the first three or four days of the honeymoon—or, in this case, *lune de miel*, as an irreverent Frenchman once called it—Bella begins to get rather insipid; and you discover one morning at breakfast that she doesn't know how to make coffee. This arouses terrible suspicions in your breast; and, as you are staying in an hotel where the dinners are tolerable, you timidly approach the subject at that meal, and try to draw her out on the interesting subject of cooks and cooking. You will probably have some such answer as this:—

"My dear Arthur, how should I know anything about it? You don't suppose I was kitchen-maid at home, do you? Of course, we shall have a cook and house-keeper, who will take all the trouble off my hands, and do the books, and pay the bills, and all that."

Or you are travelling in Germany, we'll say, the language of which country you are tolerably deficient in—which does not much signify, as you have a courier. You had always been told that Bella was an accomplished linguist. Indeed, hav'n't you frequently heard her, in the ravishing courting days, trilling forth for your benefit, with a delicious expression in her eyes:—"Hertz, mein hertz," "*D'amor sull' ali rose*"—(rosy wings, by jingo! as the event has proved); "*Pour dot ma femme a cinq sous?*"—(she hadn't even that). And hav'n't you often complimented her on her pure accent?

Then comes the inevitable morning when the washerwoman has to be summoned; and, as you have not got that very useful work, the "Polyglot Washing-Book," you make out your list in your native tongue, and take it to Bella, and request her to put it into the only language the woman understands. You had promised yourself pretty little coquettings over your socks, and charming toyings and coyings

over certain articles of your toilet with which, probably, she had never had any previous acquaintance. You receive a dreadful shock:—

"Where can you imagine I have been taught the German for men's hosiery? Besides, if I had known, do you think I married you to count up your dirty linen? You cannot, I presume, suppose that I added up papa's dirty shirts, and—"

Yes, upon my word! that which is short for Richard.

And how fares it with you, when you have got your pretty doll in her toy-house—that exquisite little bijou in Belgravia—a *chef-d'œuvre* of Gillow, to which all the Jews in Bond-street have contributed some work of art? You are much astonished, on your arrival from your tour, to find Captain the Honourable Easy Faupar ready in your drawing-room to welcome you and Bella.

"I heard you were coming back to-day"—*How?*—"old fellow, so I just dropped in to say how d'ye do? Glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Dash, and back again. The whole brigade has been pining for you."

That's pleasant, isn't it? And if she blushes, as she probably will, what a lucky dog you may consider yourself! From that day, you won't be able to call your house or your wife your own. She will do you the honour of partaking of meals with you, as long as you invite some of her congenial friends. If you are a wise man, you will accompany her to opera, balls, and routs, instead of enjoying the post-prandial cigar and the last novel in your arm-chair, with her working opposite you, as was once your fond and rudely dispelled dream. Or perhaps it is better to let her go her own way, after all—she's not a nice companion; and whist at the club is a pleasant, and sometimes remunerative, distraction; or the opera, viewed from behind the curtain; or dinners at the snug villas of your friends, who are always declaiming against matrimony, and are ever ready to see you—to give you their hearty bachelor welcomes: entertainments in the enjoyment of which you can forget all your cares, all your thousand and one disappointments—even that you are married at all. In happy oblivion of the present, you will talk over the old days with Tom and Harry, who have not been such fools as to get married to a wife of the class which we have put down as orna-

mental but not useful; rightly considering that there are few things in which a man has need for more care than in the choice of his wife.

Now we come to No. 3, those who are neither useful nor ornamental—to which class I feel sure my “sordid” friend above-mentioned belongs. I can see her as she is writing that letter. She lives in one of those dreary streets about Russell-square. Her husband is probably an architect or upholsterer; and her name is Jawsher. She is seated in her “study,” which is the room behind the dining-room, connected by folding doors; her table is placed against the window, which commands a fine view of the cistern, an old water-butt, a piece of black, rotten cord stretched across the little grimy backyard—from which, at some time or another, depended the snowy stockings of Mrs. Cook—in a corner of which is some mould, containing one or two of those curious specimens of London vegetation, something between a cabbage which has seen better days and a decaying wallflower. Mrs. Jawsher has finished breakfast; and is reading, with anger and dismay, the famous letter of the French lady. While thus occupied, let us examine her personal appearance. Although it is past eleven, she is dressed in a greasy, spotted, dirty flannel dressing-gown. Her scanty hair, evidently up to this moment unkempt for the day, is tied up in a wisp at the top of her head, and resembles, in colour and texture, the horse-hair which stuffs those peculiar sofas so grateful to the weary limbs of denizens of sea-side lodgings. As she stretches out one leg, it is possible to behold that her enormous foot is encased in a very dirty red morocco slipper, trodden down at heel, and further enriched by a very fine bunion, like a boss on the trunk of an oak; and over all, in a careless heap, has fallen her ungartered stocking, which, from its colour, looks as if it had kept company for some time in the back yard with the dismal cord. Having perused the letter, she retires into the study to demolish the French lady, with what success we know.

This lady, of course, never attends to any household duties. The rooms are dirty, dingy, and stuffy; there is no supervision over the servants; the housemaid sweepeth where she listeth; the cook passes most of her time on the area steps, holding sweet converse with “Pleeceman X;” while a

“hellish broth,” destined for Jawsher’s dinner, is simmering on the hob, to save her the trouble of cooking anything. The extraordinary thing is, that Jawsher stands it—at least, so his friends say. But they don’t know that near Jawsher’s place of business in the City is a tavern where the juiciest of steaks and most succulent of chops are obtainable. Punctually at a quarter to one every day—except Sunday, which causes him, I fear, to execrate that solemn day—Jawsher sneaks into the little room where the gridiron is, and regales himself on those comestibles, accompanied with a pint of stout or port. Indeed, he is partly the author of his own woes, as he never eats anything at home worth speaking of, and never complains; so his wife does not notice his failing appetite.

How does she spend her day? She writes articles on women’s rights, which she sends to the magazines which advocate them. She has an enormous correspondence with all sorts of grim women like herself. She is a freethinker on everything, and has “views”—peculiar, indeed—on matrimony. She holds that the marriage tie ought to be dissoluble, at the will of either party; and extols the Jewish institution of concubinage. This is the more extraordinary, as though Jawsher, no doubt, would only be too delighted to get rid of his bargain, he would be a bold man indeed who would take it off his hands. She prepares choice morsels from Mill, Comte, Newton, and Faraday, with which to entertain and elevate her husband’s mind of an evening; and kindly calls him an unsympathetic idiot because he prefers his *Daily Telegraph*. Such is one of the specimens of a woman who is neither useful or ornamental, whom I have described from data furnished by herself.

Retire, old hag, and make way for youth, beauty, and all the virtues. Not without a purpose did I reserve No. 4 for the last. As Harlequin and Columbine find themselves in the Cave of Despair immediately before the gorgeous transformation scene discloses itself, as the coldest hour is ever before the dawn, as the injured husband looks forward to divorce with a sigh of relief, so are our paths to be now in pleasant places, and the swamps, and bogs, and the boulders over which we smashed our shins to be left far behind. Let us go and breakfast with Amata, dear reader. There she is, seated behind the urn, her warm brown

hair brushed off her Madonna-like forehead, as fair as a lily, as fresh as a rose. She rises to greet us—her charming little figure draped in simple cotton, white as the driven snow. There is her box, in which she keeps the keys of office. And she is the authoress of that useful little book lying by her side. It is a work of great interest to her husband—it is the dinner book. Every morning at breakfast she composes and writes down what is to be the day's dinner. She is fond of saying sometimes, with her merry laugh, "Let us have the same dinner as we had this day four, three, or two years ago." Her husband, on the anniversary of their marriage, says, "Let us have the same breakfast we had this day—never mind how many years ago;" which is always a successful joke. Part of it is always taken at dinner, in the shape of a bottle of champagne. That is the sewing machine with which she makes all the dresses of Master Frank—that curly-headed, chubby-cheeked rascal who is son and heir, and who is about to be entertained with his favourite meal of cocoa sop. In the drawing-room are a hundred objects of her taste and industry. Woe to the careless housemaid who disregards a particle of dust! There is her Erard—and you should hear her sing; not now, though—it is all business before lunch. Tom's briefs are not so heavy but what he can generally manage to get away from Westminster Hall by three, and take her for a walk. She is adored by all Tom's friends; and they would rather eat a mutton chop at his table than have the grandest spread at the Albion. She will go into the smoking-room afterwards, and chat and laugh with them, to their great happiness. She doesn't like women much, and has but a very few friends amongst her sex. Her great delight is to be invited to dinner in the Temple, where several of Tom's friends dispense a noble hospitality. She loves the Temple, because Tom lived there before he married her; and she and her sister used always to lunch in Tom's chamber on Sundays, after attending the church. She will not have any other dinner there but one—oysters, the beefsteak pudding from the Cheshire Cheese, and one of Mr. Prosser's bloaters. She says the pudding is the most wonderful compound, and she has been trying for years to imitate it, without success. On one occasion, when dining at the chambers of Mr. Biggwig, Q.C., she

found a *hair pin* on the carpet. That staid and solemn old bachelor has never heard the last of it, and rubs his hands and chuckles with enjoyment when she rallies him; though he vows it must have been her own, as it was too clean for the laundress.

"That is what you call a plea of confession and avoidance, Mr. Biggwig, I believe," she says, to the delight of the profession.

When Tom returns home late, tired, or pretending to be, with his day's work, he is not howked about with domestic details. The warm slippers await him in his den—the soft round arms are around his neck—an anecdote of Frank, or a remarkable passage in the life of baby, has to be related. She is reticent about the claret jug—a wedding present—that Dropper, the butler, has smashed. No mention is made of the surfeit of gin which has taken cook helpless and speechless to bed, and necessitated her co-operation with the kitchen maid to prepare the little dinner which presently will restore Tom to cheerfulness and vigour. Although she has been crying her eyes out about bad news from home, no traces of tears are allowed to appear, as she knows Tom's love would soon find them out, and he would grieve that she should be grieved. All these annoyances will be recounted to Tom after dinner, at the exact moment when she has handed him his cup of coffee, and he has lit his pipe, and she sits on a stool at his feet, and, resting her chin on her hands, which are on his knees, looks up into his face with her great brown eyes, and rightly guesses that it is the moment when he could bear a good deal of ill news with equanimity.

A good many of Tom's friends envy him, I can tell you. She is as clever as she is good, and I should not advise any one man or woman to enter into single combat with her. Defeat would be inevitable.

Ladies!—dear ladies, who read this magazine, I fear Mr. Editor will not grant me any more space to describe your virtues. How well I have hit you all off in my fancy sketch of Amata! Confess that Gadabout is a wag, and that you knitted your brows, and vowed vengeance, when you began to read this paper. Do you see that I have been working up to *you*, and that you have all been pleasantly—to use a vulgar expression—sold? Have I been so very wrong? Have I been too severe in my criticism?

If so, I will myself revenge you on myself—my next Social Grievance shall be “Husbands,” by one of them.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BAFFLED.”

CHAPTER XVII.

LINTHORP-ON-THE-SEA.

A LINE of cliffs, standing boldly out against the sea that roared beneath, and dashed its waves so high that one feared sometimes lest a small coast guard station, that was planted midway up the heights, should be overwhelmed. The spectator, looking from an elevated position, would command a wide expanse of sea. To the left, he would see rock jutting out after rock in a long sweep of projections, the white cliff line topped with an emerald verdure; and behind it the wild country stretching out in scantily wooded mounds inland. To the right, a higher cliff, crowned by some ancient ruins, hid from sight the line of coast that, in a still bolder range of heights, ran southward.

Linthorp might be said to be divided into two towns, the upper and the lower; though the two merged into each other so gradually, that it would be difficult to define where the one terminated and the other began. There was a more distinctive difference between the town itself and the quarter where the visitors took up their temporary residence. This portion was decidedly the high part, being built on the summit of a cliff, without regard to the shelter that the architects of the older town had evidently sought for their erections; but wooing the breezes that blew from the ocean, and braving the fierceness of the storm-winds when they burst in fury over the waters.

To this portion of Linthorp the fashionable visitors in a great measure confined themselves. The promenade supplied them with exercise and amusement. The view was fine, and they were spared the fatigue of going up and down the steep streets of the older town. But those who wandered into those narrow alleys—for many of the streets were scarcely more—were well repaid by the quaint bits of stone and mortar they came upon, in the shape of archways, balconies, porches, steps, or in the scraps of garden, or in the foreign look of the houses—all reminding one more of a continental town than of an English seaport.

And if they gained the quay, the illusion was still further carried out by the gaily painted craft lying in the harbour, by the groups of foreign sailors, the prevalence of showy colour, the flowers along the window sills. And when one crossed the bridge, and found the windows close upon the river, with not a strip of land between when the tide was up; and then, again, pursued one's way through narrow streets with shops of glittering jewellery, into the narrow marketplace in all the bustle of a market day, or perchance of a fair being holden, and listened to the scarcely intelligible provincial dialect of the people, the illusion was almost perfect. One scarcely felt as though within the precincts of our island; or, rather, perhaps one felt inclined to indulge in the marvellous, and to believe that some genie had stolen the quaint old town from some far distant country, and had hidden it away among the white cliffs of Albion; and then one began to speculate that that was the cause of the half tumble-down appearance of some of the houses that had slightly given way on the journey, and one began to consider whether the odd-speaking people could quite understand English.

Some such thoughts occurred to John Carteret as he explored the nooks and corners of Linthorp; and he half wondered that, with all her leanings to the picturesque, Lady Pechford had not forsaken the more newly built residences, and found a dwelling place where she might have been living in a kind of romance.

But Lady Pechford's ideas of the artistic had no tincture of the romantic about them—they were simply in connection with taste and refinement; they were of the educated eye rather than of the natural instinct, and were in subjection to her sense of convenience and luxury.

John Carteret, on the contrary, revelled by nature in the picturesque; and so took a lodging in the unfashionable quarter of the town, with a sitting-room looking over the harbour, towards the tall cliff, behind which the sun came up, turning into warmer colour the gray ruins; or where he might watch, at eventide, the lingering rays of the setting sun quiver in many a flush of shifting light upon the rows of houses, rising tier on tier, until they looked, in the clear atmosphere, more like a painted picture than a real scene.

Then, too, he liked to watch the groups

of busy people, and marvel at their lives; for there was to him a mystery in how they lived, and found a fund of happiness in poor, rough living. He liked to watch the little children, old in their carefulness, and rich with a shred of coloured rag, or a roughly made toy-boat. He liked to hear the hum of voices in earnest business rising up. It did not annoy him: there was a life in it that was telling him something. Something real there was in it: the heart of a great land—the under-current that one must study in order to be of use in the world, and to float wisely and steadily with the tide.

He wished that his first curacy had been amongst them;—the wild, rough men who had weathered out fierce storms at sea; the reckless ones, who had no hopes beyond to-day; the bare-footed, pinched, and poverty-stricken ones; the careless, merry-hearted younglings, who had no thought for the grim future of life, or for the grand future beyond it.

As Lady Pechford had said, there was very little work to be done at St. Botolph's, and all his labours were among the better classes of society—for there were no poor at St. Botolph's: it was merely a chapel of ease, and there was no actual necessity for a curate.

But the Reverend Clarendon Wardlaw was a man of good property, and liked taking things easily. He enjoyed the sort of life he led at Linthorp: the constant change of society, the arranging of his church services, and the perfecting of his choir. Moreover, he was a busy man, and believed that he had accomplished great things. His favourite expression was, that he had always been in harness, and intended to die in harness; and neither he nor his congregation would have been surprised had a bishopric been offered to him, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful services.

The Reverend Clarendon Wardlaw was pleased with his new curate, though surprised that he had chosen to live near the quay instead of in the fashionable quarter. It was his only possible ground of dissatisfaction; and he felt that, after all, it was but a slight one.

He endeavoured to dissuade him from his choice, but John Carteret could not be moved either by Mrs. Wardlaw's or Lady Pechford's representations.

"I must economize," he had said to Lady Pechford; "and lodgings are much less expensive in the town."

Lady Pechford could not quite make out whether he was in jest or earnest; but she did not argue the point further, for there was something about John Carteret that told her it would be useless to do so. So she laughed at his whim, as she called it, and said no more.

So John Carteret took possession of his rooms, and from his high window looked down on the busy world of Linthorp below, and felt that his life had begun in earnest; and his eye resting on the ruins opposite, his thoughts went back to the time when the arches and pillars were unbroken, and the groined roofs in all their beauty; when, amongst the men and women who worked there in nobleness and simplicity, there had been one who had laboured, even as he hoped to labour, for the people—who had struck his harp strings, in consonance with his duty-loving Anglo-Saxon nature, to the praise of the Lord of Hosts, and in a call to men to worship Him, for the people—that, through his paraphrase, they might learn the lessons of Holy Writ.

Nothing lost upon the earth. Through the hundreds of years that have intervened, the worker's spirit has been appreciated—his spirit has communed with the hearts of other master-thinkers, and is ever-living. For if once the chain of active thought is set in motion, it finds continual links to carry it on unbroken through illimitable time.

No hand that ever set itself to good has ever wrought in vain. The smallest stone that the weakest has raised from the ground helps to build up the tower of strength that is man's best safeguard on the earth. John Carteret had his part to do. He must put forth his hand to the utmost of its power. If all would do so, the world might be the better for it.

It was a gloomy day; the clouds were heavy, and only the high wind kept off the rain; the waves were rolling up against the sides of the pier, and dashing against the sea-wall—rolling, leaping, or coming in wild sweeps, that suddenly rose up in showers of spray, and thundered over with a slow, booming roar, as though the working of the heaving waters was painful and difficult.

Yet, despite the dullness of the weather, people were all astir in the town. John

Carteret at his window saw the groups hurrying along the quay—men, women, and all, making their way in one direction.

He went downstairs, and out into the street, to see what was the matter.

"They're going to see the vessel that struck on the rocks last night. They say she'll go to pieces with this tide."

John Carteret followed the stream. He did not exactly know why, but a curious impulse seized him to look upon the destruction of the vessel. He found the pier thronged with people, who had flocked from all parts: sailors, and perchance the crew of the fated vessel, had assembled to see the end of it. Boys had clambered up on every available point, and were running along the top of the wall like squirrels, regardless of the fact that one lurch would send them into the seething waters, from which escape would be impossible. Fashionable visitors, too, were there, who had made an effort to come down for the sake of a little excitement.

Lady Pechford, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, stood near one of the embrasures, into which a tall, handsome girl had mounted, in order to obtain a better view of the luckless barque.

"It's quite an excitement for one," said Lady Pechford, as John Carteret came up to her. "There were two of them; they missed their way in the fog last night, and got upon the rocks. One of them has already gone to pieces; you may see the tips of the masts just above the water."

John Carteret looked in the direction to which she pointed; and in the midst of the great leaden billows, he saw the last fragments of the vessel that had so lately sped as a white-winged bird over the waters. Then he looked along the waves to where the other vessel yet beat about, as if striving for life against the breakers.

"She can't last long," said Lady Pechford. And as she spoke, a crack was heard, one of the masts tottered and trembled, and finally fell across the deck.

"Hooray!" shouted the little boys, as though sympathizing with the victors in the strife.

"Horrid little creatures!" said Lady Pechford. "For my part, I feel as if the vessel were alive, and we were watching her death-throes."

"They are carrying out the satirist's apothegm, that it is in our natures to rejoice at

the misfortunes of others," answered John Carteret.

"Look, look!" exclaimed Lady Pechford, as a muddy stream seemed to pour from the deck. "What is it?"

"It's the grain that was stored in the hold," replied a bystander. "She's nearly gone; the other mast can't hold another minute."

There was a hush among the watchers; they strained their eyes, as though they feared the wreck would vanish ere they could see the end.

John Carteret bent forward as eagerly as any one. Wave after wave broke over the dismantled vessel; she turned hither and thither with every fresh shock; her power of resistance was becoming every moment feeblér.

No one spoke, no one moved; each gazed steadily over the gray sea that moaned and roared below, and ever and anon cast up showers of blinding spray.

At last it came. Another crash, and the second mast fell; the vessel filled and sank, and only a spar or two indicated the place where she had gone down.

And again another shrill "Hooray!" arose from the boys, clinging about the pier.

And then the silence was dispelled, and men and women found their voices, and talked and laughed as usual; and the clatter of their footsteps sounded noisily along the stone pavement as they hurried townward.

John Carteret did not speak: there was something jarring and discordant in the life that made itself manifest after the death-like hush.

Yet it was perhaps natural; for life and death are so nigh together, that the ordinary mind scarce realizes the solemnity of either.

"I wish there was a wreck every day," said the young lady near whom Lady Pechford had been standing, as she sprang down from her elevated position. "I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. Ah! Mr. Carteret," she said, perceiving him for the first time, "you are as fond of sight-seeing as the rest of us. Was it not very exciting?"

"More so than I at all expected, Miss Wardlaw. I had no idea one's sympathies could be so awakened for anything inanimate. There was something quite mournful in it."

"Mournful!" repeated Miss Wardlaw. "I cannot say I thought it mournful. There

was no one on board. All the people came off in boats last night. Of course, if any one had been drowning it would have been different. I should have gone home, and have tried not to think about it, as one could do no good."

The latter words of her speech grated on John Carteret, even as the sounds of the people dispersing had done; and yet it was human nature again, in another phase—the driving away aught that disturbs or distresses the mind. To face and grapple with fate or sorrow requires a touch of divinity.

"You will smile, Miss Wardlaw; but I found myself looking upon the poor vessel as a living, sentient being," said John Carteret. "Every effort she made, every blow that struck her, every creak and shiver, reminded me of a human being in distress; or perhaps I was carrying on a sort of allegory that made it so appear to me. I can quite understand how the old Northern poets came to endow the ships of their heroes with living power; how the good vessel that bore St. Oluf to his kingdom worked in unison with her master's will, and how the dragon-ships could smite the monsters that rose up to stay their course. But it appears to me that everything that works in docile harmony with the hand of man has a certain power of life in it—steam, machinery, what you will, anything that carries action with it; and the very fact of calling a ship '*she*' suggests this idea. In some counties, a railway train is invariably spoken of as '*her*' by the country people, as though '*it*' were not applicable to a body moving apparently without a living agency. I think it must be a suggestion of life that underlies their form of speech."

"You must live in a sort of fairy land, Mr. Carteret, with such odd notions," answered Miss Wardlaw. "Are you not afraid of becoming heterodox?"

"Not at all; the nearer one lives to nature, and to the throbs of humanity, the more orthodox one becomes."

Miss Wardlaw did not comprehend his speech, therefore she answered—

"I am afraid you are not quite orthodox, Mr. Carteret."

"What is orthodoxy, Miss Wardlaw?"

"Believing everything that there is no doubt about its being right to believe," she replied, promptly.

John Carteret smiled.

"A very comprehensive definition, Miss Wardlaw, if one could apply it. But how are we to decide upon the everything that is to be included in the list of orthodox things?"

Miss Wardlaw looked up surprised.

"I thought all clergymen knew—that is, that all they read and studied made them understand exactly—what was orthodox and what was not. Even Mr. Smithson was quite orthodox, papa said, only a little vulgar. Mrs. Smithson was, too, for she always agreed with mamma and me."

"Well, then, you must define your views for my edification, and then I shall know whether I am orthodox or not, by their agreement with mine."

Miss Wardlaw was perplexed.

"I don't trouble myself about views," she answered. "I believe what papa believes, and what the Church believes, and what all who are right in their belief believe; and therefore, of course, I am orthodox."

And Miss Wardlaw felt she had answered John Carteret with an incontrovertible argument. Perhaps she had, for he made no reply to it; and they walked along the pier in silence—John Carteret's thoughts wandering away to Di, in her ignorant probings after the true, the wonderful, and the unseen, with her doubts, and her antagonisms, and her odd fancies; and he felt that she was no more ignorant than the girl beside him, tutored as she had been in all the prescribed routine of so-called orthodoxy, without one natural scepticism or thought having been brought to bear on the subject.

Miss Wardlaw had acquired her belief, as she had done her syntax rules, because it was a part of her education—but without inquiry, without understanding—simply as a matter to be gone through, and that did not involve any further progress.

"How the wind blows," said Lady Pechford, as they gained the shelter of the road leading to the upper ground. "What a relief it is to find one's self away from the water. I should not like to be out at sea to-night. I wonder the steamer started for Tarnside."

"Yet there were a great many passengers on board—the deck was crowded," replied Miss Wardlaw.

"People will risk a good deal for pleasure," said John Carteret; "it's the regatta at Tarnside to-morrow."

"Ah, that is the reason! I had quite forgotten the regatta. But I scarcely think

even it would induce me to have ventured," returned Miss Wardlaw.

"Besides, the captain would not have started had he apprehended danger. He would not put out to sea yesterday."

"Nevertheless," said Lady Pechford, "one's fears would be the same; but then, I am a great coward, and have always had a horror of drowning. You will come in to dinner," she added, abruptly turning to John Carteret; "seven is my hour—and the Lovells and Welbys are coming. I can't get through the evenings without society. And you will come too, and bring your music," and she turned to Miss Wardlaw.

"Not to dinner. But I can come in for an hour in the evening."

"Now, you certainly cannot refuse," said Lady Pechford to John Carteret, who had said nothing. "You have always missed hearing Miss Wardlaw sing, and you do not know what a treat it is."

"The temptation is great," replied John Carteret; "but I am not sure that I can avail myself of your invitation."

"Nonsense—what excuse can you possibly have? No one is ill in the congregation, and you must have written your sermon, for this is Friday."

"No, I have not."

"Well, you can write it to-morrow, and I shall expect you."

They had mounted the steps, and reached the upper ground, and were not far from Lady Pechford's door.

"I am afraid I can't promise."

"I will not listen to any excuses."

"But—"

"No—I shall expect you. And now, will you see Miss Wardlaw home?"

"With pleasure."

Lady Pechford looked after Miss Wardlaw and her companion for a moment, before she entered the house.

"Mildred Wardlaw is really a very handsome girl—and she looked particularly well to-day," mused Lady Pechford. "I'm not sure that John could do better, since there's the chance come up of the Clarendon property falling in. The Wardlaws have certainly been very fortunate. I must do what I can, and keep the thing in play until something better turns up. I wish she wouldn't try subjects beyond her range—for any one can see that her forte is not the intellectual—and John Carteret's clever enough to see it. Perhaps it doesn't matter

—for men don't care whether girls have any sense or not. He must think her handsome. It's almost a pity that she's fair—for, as he's light himself, he would be more likely to take a fancy to some one dark. I wonder if the mythic personage is light or dark! I don't much believe in her—at any rate, he's not fretting after her—for he's willing, as far as I can see, to be agreeable to every one. Probably he sees the superiority of the girls here to the rustic beauty—if she is a beauty. And, of course, she can't sing as Miss Wardlaw does—who has had the best instruction—and John Carteret has a good idea of music. Yes, he is sure to admire her singing. Then, she looks even better at night than she does in the day. Thirty thousand pounds certain at her father's death! And he is decidedly beginning to fail. And this Clarendon property will be quite as much—if not, as report says, a great deal more. I must consider before I throw away the chance. I should like John to marry well. What is he to do if he does not meet with a fortune?"

And Lady Pechford went to dress for dinner.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. GOLIGHTLY QUITS ALMA MATER FOR OAKINGHAM RECTORY.

OUR hero was so well pleased with his life at the University, that he found the end of the term approaching with feelings akin to regret. There was left, however, the comforting reflection that, although the Michaelmas term was nearly at an end, the Lent term would follow hard upon its heels. The vacation was heralded by the appearance of Mrs. Cribb daily in a clean apron, while Mr. Sneek persistently wore his Sunday necktie for a week. The cups and saucers were washed, and the crockery generally polished up, and arranged in order in the cupboards of the proprietors. All the jam pots that had been emptied in term time were scrubbed and displayed in the gyp-room. Articles of furniture that had been unvisited by the renovating influence of the domestic duster for weeks, received a few hasty touches. The carpets were swept, and grates touched up with black-lead. New

brushes and brooms made their appearance on the scene; and a much heavier stock of tea, coffee, and groceries in general was laid in than could possibly be consumed by the gentlemen in whose bills an account of the same would appear, in due course, next term.

The activity and zeal of Mr. Sneek, the civility and care of Mrs. Cribb, increased daily; also the propensity of both to enter into conversation on subjects relating to the loss they always sustained while "the gentlemen" were away; the advent of Christmas; high price of commodities; possible effect of severe weather in bringing either themselves or near and dear members of their families to an untimely grave, during the absence of their masters—for whose comfort they were always ready to do anything in the world. The meaning, intent, and purpose of all of which protestations are too manifest to require much explanation at our hands. Their common object was a liberal tip. After a grand farewell dinner of the Mutton Cutlet Club, to which many old Cutlets from many parts of the country came; after several festive evenings at the rooms of various friends; after a number of college meetings on as many different subjects, the morning of the Friday that was to witness our hero's return to Oakingham-cum-Pokeington arrived. Lectures and chapels being over for the term, he indulged himself a little, and did not rise until eleven o'clock. He found both Cribb and Sneek officiously attentive at breakfast.

"Sausages?" was Mr. Samuel's first remark. "Why, George is coming to have some breakfast with me, and I told you to get me some cutlets, *aux tomates*."

"The cutlets, sir—" answered Mrs. Cribb.

"And tomarters"—said Mr. Sneek, continuing the sentence.

"Is in—"

"The fender, sir," said the gyp.

"If you please, sir," said Mrs. Cribb, smiling very blandly, and lifting the cover off the dish, "my sister, sir—she lives a few miles out of Cambridge, at a village, sir—and she always kills a pig, fed on the best of oatmeal, and nothing else, a few weeks before Christmas; and, sir, I have took the liberty—without giving offence, I 'ope, sir—of offerin' you a few sossinges made by her own hands, so I can warrant they don't contain nothing but country pork and bread-crums!"

Our hero could do nothing else but graciously accept Mrs. Cribb's present. Accordingly, he did so; at the same time requesting her to call his cousin George up to breakfast.

"Which," said Mr. Sneek, with a knowing wink, as soon as ever Mr. Samuel's door had closed upon the bedmaker, "which I've often heard Mr. Pokyr say as them sausages every term's worth a guinea a pound to Betsy Cribb. I do believe she gets that for 'em out of the gentlemen—and no mistake!"

"Does she?" said our hero, looking at the bright tin cover which enshrined the precious delicacy.

"I," said Sneek, heaving a great sigh from the very bottom of his capacious chest, "aint—got—no sister now." Here the gyp took out a prodigiously holey yellow and green bandanna, and flourished it about in a heart-rending manner. "I lost mine—two year ago come Whitsuntide. I have not got sausages—nor pork pies—like Cribb; but I do hope I do my duty, and leave it to gentlemen to—"

"Do theirs, I suppose you are going to say, Sneek."

"Beggin' pardon, no, sir—not at all. What I do and meant to say was, I leave it to gentlemen to behave in what way they think proper; but when gentlemen, for instance, is Freshmen, and now, for instance, just at the end of their first terms, they might not know the usual custom, and—"

"Very well—very well. I dare say, if you leave the matter to me, you will have no reason to be dissatisfied."

"That I'm sure on—and more than sure on," continued Sneek; adding, if possible, to the compliment by this further assurance, "for no more liberal master nor Mr. George Golightly did I ever want, and yourn's the same name, sir—so it is."

The gyp's further remarks were stopped by the entrance of Mr. George.

"Well, I suppose you will be ready when we are. The train leaves at three o'clock."

"I must be," said Mr. Samuel. "Oh, good gracious, George!" he exclaimed, putting his hand in the pocket of his coat.

"Well, what now?" asked his cousin, who never sympathized too much with Mr. Samuel in his little troubles.

"Why," said our hero, excitedly, producing from his pocket a letter duly addressed to his father, "they won't know I'm coming.

I wrote this letter last night, and I declare I quite forgot to post it."

"Never mind; post it now. You'll be there before the letter, that's all; and you can tell them it's coming, instead. Do you see?"

"Oh, dear, oh!" said our hero. "And I promised my Fa I would call on Mr. Smith; and, besides that, I've got all sorts of things to do."

Being thus pressed for time, Mr. Samuel hurriedly despatched his meal.

"You've had sausages from Mrs. Cribb, I see," said his cousin. "I have had a pie.

I don't believe her sister makes them at all. I don't even believe she has got a sister!"

"Um!" said our hero, "I think they are all right—come from the country, I mean. There is a horrid little pie and sausage shop in a street near the Market-square. I would not for the world have touched one if I thought—"

"She got them there," said Mr. George. "Well, she does, I firmly believe. Pokyr swears he saw her come out of the shop last night with her basket crammed with things."



A HAND AT CARDS.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Samuel, in undisguised concern.

"Yes," continued his cousin; "and accordingly this morning, when the old girl made a speech and presented him with a pie, Pokyr threw up the window like a man, and chucked the abomination into the middle of the river."

"B—but," said our hero, musingly, "I don't think I could have done that. I should have been afraid of hurting Mrs. Cribb's feelings."

"Pokyr knows a sovereign remedy for wounds of that kind," replied Mr. George.

"Well," said Mr. George, an hour and a half after, when he met Mr. Samuel in Brown-street, "have you called on Mr. Smith, and got all your other things done? because the train won't wait for you, as you know."

"I have," replied our hero. "I was lucky in finding Mr. Smith at home; and, George, I'm sure Fa will be quite delighted. You know how fond he is of science and scientific men."

"I know," said Mr. George, "that he is a contributing member of the Loamshire Archæological Association."

"Well," said Mr. Samuel, "Mr. Smith tells me that the next meeting of the Royal Geological Society will be held at Fuddle-ton, and that visits to all parts of Loamshire will be made. Mr. Smith is coming, and the—the great Dr. Fledgeby—Professor Fledgeby, you know—and, in fact, everybody. And Mr. Smith said, 'As an old friend of your Fa's—'Father's,' he said, of course—I shall ask him to put me up at Oakingham Rectory.' Fa will be delighted, I'm sure."

In the excitement consequent on making this important disclosure, Mr. Samuel had,

without knowing it, come to a full stop at the very door of the cigar shop kept by the Brown-street Venus's mamma. As soon as he became aware of his locality, he felt to a certain extent embarrassed, as he had studiously avoided Miss Bellair since the day when the practical joke had been played on him in her name.

"I'm going in to get a canister of smoking mixture to take down with me. Come in?"

Mr. Samuel, with a greater show of coolness than might have been expected, did so. On entering the shop, they found Mrs.



THE GOLIGHTLY EQUIPAGE.

Bellair quite alone. She at once commenced a long explanatory and apologetic discourse, in which she assured Mr. Samuel that both she and her daughter were wholly innocent of any complicity in the plot by which his friends had hoaxed him; and, in a word, the moral and pith of her remarks appeared, on a moment's consideration, to amount to this—namely, that her matronly feelings had been outraged in such a way by the use to which her errand boy's services and her daughter's name had been put, that nothing but an assurance from our hero that he was satisfied of her innocence, and would give

her his custom again in future, would restore her mental equilibrium.

In the end, Mr. Samuel assured Mrs. Bellair that, in his opinion, she was the repository of all the virtues; and purchased a box of cigars of her accordingly.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Samuel and Mr. George returned to St. Mary's—where they found Sneek had lost no time in what they termed "getting their traps together." Everything having been packed, and their *excels* duly forwarded to the buttery, they were ready to start. Mr. Sneek and Mrs. Cribb received

their tips with a profusion of thanks, expressing their heartfelt regret at the separation that was about to take place between them and such excellent masters. Mr. Pokyr and a friend, who was to accompany them as far as Bletchley, met them at the station; where, having secured a compartment to themselves and their dogs, they soon left Alma Mater behind. They beguiled the tedium of the journey with a game at cards, in which our hero, with his usual luck, came off worst man. Without either accident or delay, they arrived in due course at Fuddleton, where they found the carriage from the Hall in waiting to convey them to Oakingham.

THE MODERN MAMMON.—PART II.

RESPECTABILITY means a certain fixed place in society, wherein you can make a good show. To tell the truth sometimes about yourself, would be to be ruined at once. No one would be so insane as to be so confidential. To be personally candid sometimes, is to give all up. To have a mean income, and to have extreme difficulty to make both ends meet, and to tell the world so, would be simply to qualify yourself for a lunatic asylum. And no one wishes to be compelled to such a pleasant place before his natural time. The expostulation sometimes made use of by mean spirits—"Poverty is no crime"—is a fallacy brimful of ridiculous untruth. Poverty *is* a crime. For it is not in the nature of London things that men should be poor. Men's mistakes consist in the not helping on the acceptable, universal, necessitated delusion to the contrary. Unconscious virtue, or unconscious genius, slouching about London streets—or any other streets—with bursting boots; hat failing in nap—or opalesque through wear, as we may call it; broadcloth short of its justifiable number of buttons, these inconsistent in their uniformity—this is a terrible prospect, from which one cannot recover, except from a safe promenade of Regent-street. Respectable society does not bargain for any of these terrors. That way of personal sartorial dilapidation while walking to the grave is by far too old-fashioned for modern style and fleshly compactness. It may suit any stern philosopher—like Mr. Thomas Carlyle—who is always looking at "plain man," mostly unadorned;

but it will not do for us. No—the admiration of fine things is the solace of modern English old age; it is the daily harbour of quiet, and refuge of the thoughts of middle life; it is the instant mark and measure of delighted excellence of children. In England, the spectacle is presented of an entire people, we will almost boldly say universally living beyond their means, and striving to appear, and most of them appearing, what they are not. Their life becomes a perpetuated falsehood; and the worry and toil is ceaseless, in innumerable instances, in inspiring the idea of fashion and aiming at display—for the English are found to be so very fond of this latter, as to be always made uncomfortable on that account for themselves or for other people.

The mechanics look down on the labourers. The small tradesmen have their special pride over smaller tradesmen. All the classes that keep shops have their leanings and partialities, tending upwards in a certain self-conceited way. The large tradesmen are large in their ideas of doing and of acting. They are ashamed to live where their places of business are. For the tradesman's family to live at the shop cannot be genteel. Therefore, shop is ignored elsewhere. It is spoken of with reserve and diffidence, because the family are ashamed of the means whereby they live. Dress and pretension are pushed to the extreme. The sons of the trading classes disdain the shop; they are would-be gentlemen, and have clubs; they are profuse of writing-paper with crests, and all sorts of heraldic shows. These classes abound in fashionable cant. The sons of rich tradesmen have commissions in the "service;" the daughters go to fashionable schools, they dress expensively, scorn poor admirers, despise their fathers' antecedents, are shocked at the memorials of their early, doubtless honest, time. Such well-brought-up families as these decline to have any knowledge of their grandfathers and grandmothers; or rather, perhaps, there is too much knowledge of them. Those who were content with "streets," as fortune rises with them, move forward—and upwards—into "places," and "gardens," and then aspire to "squares." Carts become carriages by a certain Cinderella-like process. The shop-boy expands with new feathers, if not to his heels like Mercury, at least with epaulettes to his shoulders, like a footman. Footmen are the *ne plus ultra*; and there is

no doubt that their effect is most magnificent and imposing when seen reclining at the side of a portico, or unclosing some stately mahogany doors in answer to the call of a dashing carriage, with distinguished sitters in it, at a Belgravian or Tyburnian mansion, in the season. The progress into the elegant lights of fashion of some of these *parvenus*, urging forward upon the strength of their wealth, and aweing struggling people with their new dignity, is curious. Diet and dinners change; the surroundings are gradually metamorphosed. Vulgar whisky and water, or brandy and water, or port and sherry—port, the burly rubicund lord, and sherry, the mild golden dame of the ordinary English dining-table—are banished, or disappear with the plebeian clouds; and fashionable claret, and fine pale-coloured drinks, and iced champagne assume the prandial throne, and take their place. Ordinary, everyday, honest Britons, whose glance ruled well-stored shops, and presided at the weekly family semi-sylvan board—where ready hands, large and small, could abound and assist—are, with the altered state of affairs, proprietors each of a grand house, at which the first of the family, perhaps, would have sought access at the area gate; but in which, now, in the sunshine—or lamplight—of his gold, the owner gives dinners to lords. We will not say what has become of the family archives of such an important brood, in the shape of the family Bible, with its numerous entries, in plain hand, of the continual children, stretching down the initiatory leaf, and carried up and down the other side. This, we suppose, has been banished to the lumber-room, or given away to some poor relation, at once as a solacement and a reminder that it is the great gift to keep safe—to make much of, but by no means to permit to be seen, because that and the poor relations should be myths.

A visible, comfortable settlement in the world and a satisfaction appear on the countenances of these successful men; to whom next week is better than the present week, and each sun enriches until probability becomes certainty, and certainty fixed success. The man of money expands; his disdain is more explicit. As the successful tradesman advances in years, he grows rounder, and more moonlike and circling. As he becomes wealthier, he talks less, and he nods more. The low and ordinary become

high and extraordinary. The families of the farmyard don new feathers, and exchange the coop for the château. The yellow corn partaken of in the piebald stubble becomes, as their prosperity rises in the change of scene to these barn-door fowls, seed gold and green velvet set about with bronzes for barn gates. The style and the superlative manner of living of the wealthy merchant or the stockbroker, of large business, are imitated by the classes under them—the keynote to whose whole life is show. All the affectations, and the peculiar air of superiority, of the coteries of those choice subdivisions of the West-end are, in the first place, secretly intensely admired, and afterwards imitated—for we all, invariably, either consciously or unconsciously, imitate that which we admire—by ordinary people in Islington, for instance; or elsewhere south and east, in strange, barbarous regions like Hackney, Camberwell, or Clapham. It is this straining after finery that weakens and spoils everything. It is wonderful to reflect how English society has run into sets; how the sections are separate, refusing to mix, barring their doors against each other in that possessing fear that the excluded may not be genteel enough. Men meet constantly in the City, but preserve all their exclusive habits. Each is trying to rise, as he thinks, into a still higher sphere—which higher sphere does not mean honesty, or honour, or intellect, or education, or high thinking, or magnanimous doing. It simply means the impression of more fashion, the mingling with people of a supposed higher grade, or more surrounded with the pleasant sensual things of this vivid world; to whose surrounding realities we are a lie—to our cost, very often—every day. People bear all their titles or tickets about them, the acknowledgment of which all persons enforce. The poor and the humble are very naturally terrified at all this. A duke is a danger, and a member of Parliament disturbs. Impressionable persons are full of anxieties in this continual greatness. There is a grand general imposition going on. Men bear all their class-labels about them, so that social intercourse only takes place in sets. In friendly mingling—that is, by men's invitations to each other's private houses—the world of society remits its members safely to their own spheres, higher or lower—to be known, or not to be known. The iron sway of caste—or rather, in this money-making and money-worship-

ing age, the golden bars of privilege—interpose innumerable rigorous lines. Lost in the complexities of vanity and parade, flesh and blood are not the same flesh and blood; and amidst the ruinous realism of these artificial distinctions, the same God is not the true God—not to speak this latter fact irreverently. In this light, the flash of the banks is the yellow of the Devil's Hades, and the chink of the bank sovereigns is the jingle of the falling scales from the Devil's mighty armour, perpetually shed in his invisible conflict with the wishful rescuing forces of Heaven, though caught up greedily as spoil by the gatherers on earth, who bring their scoops to secure fastest the supposed blessed rain.

"Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther," is the reading from the social landmarks. The peer, in his vast altitudes, is to be gazed at with shaded brows. The bishops are so unapproachable as, duly and truly, only to be fit for the celestial seats themselves. The lady of rank is so refined as to be far beyond touching. Do bankers, with their drawers full of gold, and with their bales of bank notes, ever go to bed like ordinary folk? The classes spy at each other, and pass on; all is pride, in one form or other; all is vanity; all is selfishness; and, as a consequence, all is fretfulness and ignorance. Every business man, in his madness, seems to act as if he knew that he had a snug private hundred years lying by to call upon when he wants them, during which he intends to live to enjoy all the money that he is continually hoarding-up, even, perhaps, to his present almost eightieth business year. "Thou fool! this very night thy soul may be required of thee." Thou art intent, with thine eyes fixed to the earth, scraping together sticks and straws. Oh! couldst thou come back again to see how your memory will be treated, and how your image will be only slightly complimented away by your descendants, whose love, which they inherit from you, is the love of the world!

Good men, and thinking men, have perceived long ago, and deeply deplore, these ruinous tendencies of the present age. There are also articles to warn and to recall to more reason, which appear from time to time, and that point out these mischiefs forcibly, in the newspapers; and there are appeals that reach the public through various literary channels. But all this expostulation

is of no use. It is unheeded; it is thought unnecessary; injunctions are considered impossible to be realized; all is esteemed as talk—doubtless good talk—but nothing more. We all are acquainted with these evil influences which are about us; but society is penetrated with them. That which is mischievous, most injurious to us, has become habitual; and we cannot shake off—or, at least, we think we cannot—that which has become identified with our daily life. The dread of the world is intense. You must not, you cannot, offer yourself in contradiction to public opinion. The fear of the operation of the law of libel against us prevents us telling the true things we know. The deterrents of the police office are in these days dexterously put in force against you by skilful attorneys, who use them against you if you open your mouth too freely, to come out with real things; because truth itself is a libel. You are soon put down if you try to tell unfavourable things—however true—of the prosperous; because in this way, as in every other way, money produces its usual effect. The scales of Justice are golden; and it is the labour of Hercules to contest against wealth, which is well able to drive you out of the field. Even ministers of religion are only listened to in uninterested complacency, because the punishment of sin is supposed to be far off—to concern the day after next, or the next month, or the next year, or never; but never to-morrow. Those armed with the authorities of the Faith, and even telling truth in the name of the True Saviour of mankind, speak somewhat with low breath, and are compelled to weigh the results of their words, because it is dangerous to denounce specially. To tell truth may be to become personal, and to become personal ceases to be respectable. Clergymen are generally safe in bringing the Gospel home only to poor people. There may be risk in telling the rich and powerful to their face what awful effects may result from some of their acts; because they may grow angry, and their anger may have unpleasant consequences: better "turned," in the military phrase, if you must speak, than opposed directly "in front." Your duty, certainly, is a most important thing, but you have also fears in this world.

We believe that the social canker of deceit, selfishness, and of the love of money, has gone so deep as to be irremovable ex-

cept by very deep-searching incision, and by rigorous, repeated cutting away. No mollifying, dulcifying oil will avail to arrest the progress of these lambent, smouldering fires coming from the one ardent, tremendous place of evil. A gossamer cover of glitter and fashion is interposed over a foul lake of sly and evading, or brazen-fronted moral mischief, permeating all our social state. Poverty and rags fill the land; crime and rowdiness, blackguardism and snobbishness intertwine in the broadways, and leer or glare at us from every corner, burlesquing with audacious ribaldry everything good and holy. Men and women, exchanging characters, parade and flaunt in our theatres, and are crowded, with glitter, tinsel, and tawdriness, into scenic representations which are wholly parodies upon brave passages of history or noble myths. "Legs" and "licence" appeal to never-failing instincts in a mixed audience: there is, of course, the response in that passion upon which nature always falls back; and, in this respect, "one touch of nature" certainly does "make the whole world kin." A sort of hard-headed—pictorial in its way—affected, disbelieving banter, aimed at everything and at everybody, and implying infinite superiority in those using it, which has sprung out of the modern self-conceit and critical assumption and classical starch of the Universities, so universal as to have ceased to be colleges, pronounces dicta in a cloud of fine—"words, words, words," as Hamlet epigrammatically says. But all this is admired as wit, and revered as correct judgment, in our literary prints of importance. Journals of very high claims, even the tone of the political publications, are passing wholly, as the true sort of writing, into a kind of Pantheistic "Punch"—if there could ever be such a literary dialect, otherwise jargon. All the great enthusiasms which have raised altars in this world—which has the immortal stars for lights above it—are kicked down, or slyly, gently let down, because inconvenient legacies from the past. Our feelings and ancient reverence are danced over as ridiculous childishness, or explained away as delusion. This hideous, supposed protesting travesty, and mobbish and snobbish rather than Bacchic—this cockney delirium, and vulgar, sensual tramp into imagined independence, under which lie reverence, fear, and respect, prostrate in the dirt—this is the universal modern march into

the "torch-lighted," not the "star-lighted," shadows of life. Where are our public instructors, whether of the college or of the pulpit? or frowning to arrest this grand—grand only in its iniquity—downward march from the grave bench of law? An eclipse is coming over England and English society. The dark shadows are descending upon our blessed church spires, of which the fingertips are only yet in the golden light. Fair words, fine words, will not clear these clouds. Disbelief—active or passive—Deism, Atheism, Pantheism, anythingism—this dead reliance upon the MATERIAL is the inundation to which the Church—incapable amidst its distractions and dissensions—is offering but very feeble barriers. The Church talks—moralists talk; but the other side can talk too—sometimes very excellent, plausible talk—and talk louder. We are all, in truth, by far too comfortable, and too well satisfied. We are occupied with the present, letting slip daily all our Christian duties, or making compromise with them, and permitting any one rather than ourselves to suffer or to be sacrificed, for the sake of the Church, or in behalf of the Christian religion; which, in its strictness, we find very hard to maintain—"all with one accord making excuse." "It will suffice for my time" is the cry. "Whatever may come, whatever risk I confront, I must secure bread for my household; for to pause a moment in this onward march will be to feel the foot of my immediate follower press triumphantly upon my neck, to pass gladly on—and, therefore, I must take my chance." This is the universal feeling, and the general expression, when candidly made.

But there are signs that this state of things cannot endure, and that it must not be permitted to endure.

ONE OF TWO;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LVI.

PERE MARTIN'S STORY: WHEREIN THE TRICKER IS TRICKED.

THE same half-cunning, quiet look of power and of deep meaning—so simple, yet so puzzling—which had attracted the notice of the Bow-street runner, passed over the face of the Père Martin as he spoke the words—"I have a secret, too, *from her.*"

He was, in truth, pleased with it. His nature, which might have been more bold and straightforward had he been born in a different sphere, had in it some of

“That low cunning which in fools supplies—
And amply too—the want of being wise.”

And Père Martin was certainly not above using this to his own advantage.

Do not good men often do so? Are not men, confessedly conscientious and religious, very tenacious of their own gains and their own rights? And especially this tenacity is to be noticed in those born in a subordinate sphere, and who believe that fortune has not treated them too generously. The old fisherman could not probably quote chapter and verse for it, but he was well aware what spoiling the Egyptians meant. And here was an Egyptian, of high rank in life, who had spoiled him pretty considerably, as he thought; and now it was his turn.

Lord Chesterton—dulled and blunted by misfortune and grief—hardly comprehended the words uttered; and it needed the curious, half-unwilling manner, the bashful delay of one about to make a bargain, exhibited by the old seaman, to rouse him.

“You have a story, then?”

“Yes, milord, a curious one.”

“In which your late wife is concerned, as I take it?”

“My late wife,” uttered the old mariner, casting up his eyes, and thinking of her with something like affection. “Yes, she is dead—my poor Estelle.”

“She did not seem to regard you with much affection,” said Lord Chesterton. “She lived apart from you. Had you quarrelled?”

“No. Something came between us, milord—as you well know.”

“I know nothing,” replied the peer. “What should I know? I wanted a nurse for my child—not a very uncommon want—and Gustave, my valet, provided me with one. That is all that I know about it. If you have anything to say—if you have any claim upon me—come in, and sit down.”

Nothing loath, Le Père Martin walked again to his seat, and sat down—smoothing his hair, and listening to what the nobleman had to say.

“It was an unhappy business,” continued the last speaker—“a very unhappy business. I see it all now by the after-

light of experience. That is how we see things in the truest light.”

“You have reason,” returned the old seaman. “I remember a good priest in his sermon, who told us that experience was like the stern-lanterns of a vessel, that threw a light upon the waves she had passed over.”

“Too late, too late,” said the old lord, catching at the simile; “and Heaven knows what lost treasures may lie beneath the waves. But, now, what have you to say? Let me know, and I will give you a draft for that which I have promised you, and for what is due to you.”

M. Martin’s eyes twinkled at this, but he did not hasten to disburden himself. He wished to be prolix, and to speak of his own troubles. He had all his life longed for an opportunity of speaking his mind to the aristocrat who had plagued him.

“I said something came between me and Estelle. It was *you*.”

“/—well, well, have your reproach! But cannot you see, man, that if your wife was willing to be hired as a nurse, Gustave was as free to choose her as any one else?”

“Nevertheless, monseigneur, it was you, and the accursed thirst for gold that poor Estelle had—that all women have. They love gold—do they not? when they will sell their children’s food for it, warm from their own bosom—or themselves!”

The old man spoke so bitterly and fiercely, that Lord Chesterton was silent for a moment. Then he said—

“God help her! she is dead!”

“Dead—and how?” cried Père Martin.

“If she had been true to me, and had remained with me, she would have been alive now, a hardy fisher’s wife—firm as a rock, as I am.”

He rose as he said this, and stood a contrast, indeed, to the bowed and fragile nobleman at his side.

“They are such cowards, they who love gold! They fear the winds, and the sea, and the air, and a free and rough life; and they love luxury and ease. Look at us, milord; which of us is the better man? I don’t boast,” continued the fisherman, as his companion said nothing. “I only wish my poor Estelle could hear this, and see us now. It would have silenced her glib tongue. She would not have believed me; perhaps you might have told her.”

“I would have told her,” said the noble-

man, humbly, "that you who labour for your bread honestly and hardly, spend the better and the happier lives."

"And yet she," ejaculated the ancient mariner, "would never believe me. I am glad that monseigneur thinks so—I am glad that I am proved right, though she is dead, poor thing! She did not know all. She was delighted when she had to nurse the child of a great man—and despised her own husband and her offspring: and you see what has come of it! You rich people will have much to answer for!"

"Enough, enough, sir," cried Lord Chesterton, irritated beyond endurance. "You must settle your business with my servant, if—"

"Not so, monseigneur. What I have to say concerns you. What I have to tell concerns you—and me, alone. It is worth listening to."

Again the old nobleman sat down, a picture of patient despair. Le Père Martin determined to keep him as long on the tenterhooks of expectation as he could, and intimated that he was somewhat thirsty; upon which his lordship rang, and put before him such claret as the seaman had never tasted. Having signified his approbation, the old man of the sea, with cautious gesture and lowered voice, proceeded with his story.

"My poor Estelle, as I said, was led away by a love of money. As I could not get enough for her with my boat and my industries, she determined to help herself in the best way she could; and she met in M. Gustave a *coquin*—*un vilain homme*."

"We know all that," said the old nobleman, with impatience. "She entered readily into his service, and became nurse to my son."

"To one of your sons, monseigneur. And to serve you well, as I take it, and at a good price—though I touched none of the money—she was prepared to do a very wrong and ignoble deed: to change one child for another!"

Lord Chesterton started. "You knew it all!" he cried. "Then you consented; and part of this villainy was yours. Why do you elevate yourself thus above me?"

"Softly, softly, milord. You were the rich tempter. We were the poor people with whom nothing went well. We were so poor that we were not even allowed to see our accomplices in the crime. We never

had the honour of meeting with your lordship. We, poor and humble instruments, were not good enough for that."

"You were to know nothing of it. I had given orders that you should be saved from the guilt of co-operation. The secret was to be confided to your wife alone."

"Man proposes, but *le bon Dieu* disposes," said old Martin, piously, quoting Thomas à Kempis, and believing that he repeated a phrase from Scripture, for he crossed himself. "You see, Estelle was a woman, although no ordinary one; and, in her pride at earning so much money, she told me how she was to earn it. I reasoned with her. I told her that the wife should obey her husband. She said that was a foolish and an old world story, good enough for the priests. She was, you see, quite a philosophical and strong-minded woman—very clever, of course," continued the old seaman, with a pardonable pride. "Such philosophy was good enough for her; for she had never been to sea, nor witnessed the sudden storms and power of God's great world of waters; but I thought differently. She told me one day, as she was nursing your pretty boy-baby—and a beautiful child it was, though of course I loved my own much more—of the proposal made by Gustave, and of the plot entered upon to ensure its success. You must remember it all, my lord?" asked the old man, with a somewhat malicious pleasure, as he saw that the narration was telling upon his lordship's feelings most severely.

In spite of the assurance of his companion that all the mean details of the plot were fully known to him, M. Martin troubled his ears with the same story with which the reader is acquainted. Old men are fond of such repetitions. Every time the Père Martin related his story, he seemed to himself to become the better and the wiser man. He, at least, had tried to put a stop to the roguery: he was no participant criminal. Fool as his wife considered him, *here* he was right. And so, in this good old man's breast, the sunshine of conscious virtue shed a daylight serene and unclouded. And yet all his life had been troubled with poverty and misfortune, while Lord Chesterton had lived in grandeur and luxury. The French peasant felt a little bitter at this. Do not many of the poor do so? Has not that spirit, for years, been increasing amongst them? For how long have too many novelists, and other more serious and weighty writers, been plac-

ing all the happiness in this world in money, rank, and high station?

At last Lord Chesterton spoke—quickly, almost angrily, save that his spirit was too much cowed by misfortune.

“Oh, man, man, do you think that we have no trouble—that our life is all pleasure, because we are rich—or that yours is all trial because it is poor? I tell you that, day after day, I have envied the quiet workers in the fields, and their still slumbers earned by exercise. Speak no more of this. You say you have a secret, and one that your wife knew not of. Do you want money for it? Speak, and if it is worth gold, you shall have its worth, if it ruin me. But do not torture me with this long narration, and this bitter suspense.”

To old Martin's credit, this appeal touched him. He had so long contemplated the feelings and the business of the great ones from his own credulous and simple view, that it was quite a revelation that they could feel as bitterly as he could.

“No, milord,” he said, rising and drawing himself up, “I do not want more gold. You will give my son what you said—it will be enough. I can labour on. The sea is my mine, whence I draw my riches. And now, listen! Estelle and Monsieur Gustave were two cunning ones! They had their plot—I had mine; and in it I was strengthened by some letters that I saw from the lady in Paris *then*—the mother of the poor little foster-child. She was unwilling to aid in the plot. She besought—and even bribed with money—Estelle to help her, and to be honest and true to the other child, your son and heir.

“But, my lord, put yourself in my place. How was I to help the good people, and to deceive the bad ones? Here against me were a woman and a valet—both cunning, both too wise for me, a poor fisherman. I pretended to enter into their plan—not with willingness, thank Heaven for that!—but in a dull, stupid way; as if, while I was protesting against all this, I was still led away by the prospect of comfort and reward—comfort, which the gold you gave could purchase; and reward, which the secret we two held could bring to us. It was a deep-laid plot, as you know. The two children, each resembling the other—as most children do when very young—could scarcely be distinguished. They were to be clothed exactly alike—not a garment, not

a stitch different; in fact, our babe was dressed in clothes procured by Gustave. We were to meet the nurse with the little child in a cabaret, and there the change was to be effected.”

“I know—I know it all—it was a plot of the devil; it was a lie, a foul lie in action; and every lie is a hiltless sword, that cuts the hand of him who uses it. This one has pierced my heart.”

The bitterness of the nobleman's tone touched his companion's heart, and he hastened on with his story.

“Do not despair, my lord; all may be well. I meditated how to frustrate these cunning ones—how to distinguish and to remember the child. There was not a mark upon him—the poor thing was without outward spot. What was I to do? But, suddenly, I had a happy thought! Surely, *le bon Dieu* put it into my head! On the evening before the carrying out of this conspiracy, I fondled Estelle, and agreed that she knew best how to make one's fortune—that she was a wise, clever woman; that women, as a rule, knew the world better than men. And so they do, milord. In the morning, before the child was dressed for the great event, I said I would relieve Estelle of it, and take it out a walk by the sea-shore. It was then that, taking out my knife—though it made my heart beat and bleed to do it—I cut away a little deep, round piece of skin and flesh upon the bone of its left ankle—the outside bone. The child scarcely cried. The cut was deep and sudden. I stanchd the blood with sea-weed, and bathed it with the salt waves; and, when all was well, I filled the deep little wound first with wet gunpowder, and afterwards with white flour. Estelle, scolding me for being so long away, seized the child when I came back, and, scolding me for a fool, dressed it in the clothes she had. She never noticed the tiny wound.”

“And then—what then?” cried his lordship.

“What then? why, as luck would have it—whether through carelessness, or a double change, or a mischance—we had the same babe back with us!”

“Gracious Heaven! Will you swear to this?”

“Not only swear it, but prove it,” said the sailor, stoutly. “My head was sore enough from the blow dealt me in the caba-

ret, but I was content. The two cunning ones were not deep enough for me, a simple fisherman!

"See, Guillaume!" cries madame—my wife. "See! the babe does not know the difference of its nurse! Look how it chuckles and crows! So much for loving their mother! But foster-children, I suppose, are different."

"You have made some blunder, Estelle," said the simple fisherman—*c'était moi, milord*"—rubbing his head.

"Bah!" she replied. "You will never have an ounce of brains to spare. I can see the difference. Besides, look at its little stocking! Do you see that spot of blood? The careless nurse has knocked it somehow; for my babe had not spot nor speck."

"Peste!" I cried—opening my eyes, "it is so!"

"Then, Heaven be praised! my son is indeed my son," cried the nobleman.

And then he fell back in his chair, and put up his mental prayers for the help of Heaven. Was not that child now lying under the accusation of murder?

TABLE TALK.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is one of the greatest speechmakers at the London School Board, except, perhaps, Mr. Lucraft, the working man's representative. But the Professor is, at the same time, a man of genius and learning; therefore, what he has to say is worth listening to, even if we do not at times altogether agree with him. In one of his speeches the other day, he pounded a dictum which has certainly the merit of novelty, but which is, nevertheless, open to much difference of opinion. His theory was, that English and Italian boys have a greater aptitude for learning than the boys of any other nation. Now, if we may be allowed to judge the cleverness of boys by the fruits which they bear as men, this is hardly complimentary, and, we think, hardly just, to a few other nations which lay claim to having produced a fair proof of average intelligence among their sons from time to time. It is a standing joke against the Spaniards, that travellers in the Peninsula are perpetually bored with the praises of Cervantes and his immortal "Don Quixote;" and the reason suggested is, that they have no other great literary name

worth boasting much about. Certain it is, that they are very much behindhand in the supply of great men of letters, as compared with the other nations of Europe. As patriotic Britons, we, of course, readily accept the first place for ourselves. But why the Italians should take the precedence of in-born intelligence over the rest of their Continental neighbours we do not exactly understand. We think the French have produced as many great men of intellect as the Italians, if not more. In the number of mathematicians—whom some people consider as the truest representatives of brain power—they are, undoubtedly, far beyond others. We have beaten them with our own Sir Isaac Newton; but nevertheless, taken all in all, they are the most mathematical nation in Europe. We think, also, in the fields of poetry, the drama, and art, they have shown a fair share of worthy representatives. Again, are we to forget the Germans? The popular idea is, that they are the most studious people in the world; and that every German boy is a doctor in embryo, and a philosopher from his cradle. Professor Huxley is great in comparative history; and astonished us all when, following up Mr. Darwin, in his theory of natural selection, he proved that, after all, we are only something like a great improvement upon our original ancestor, the gorilla. In his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," he treats very learnedly and curiously on the difference of the human skull formation through succeeding ages. Possibly his new theory may depend upon evidence he has acquired by examination as to the relative brain power of the boys of the different nationalities. Anyhow, his notion is likely to arouse an interesting discussion.

OUR ANCESTORS SOLVED the question of short weight among cheating tradesmen in a very practical and salutary fashion, which might well be revived without much harm:—"Was seized, in or about Covent-garden, a large quantity of bread; which, being carried and weighed before Sir Thomas de Veil, and found deficient in weight, was, pursuant to the statute, forfeited to the poor, and accordingly given them."

THE FOLLOWING REBUS, which appeared lately in the *Journal du Havre*, may prove both interesting and amusing to our readers. It is a very perfectly constructed puzzle, of

a very simple sort; and the solution, therefore, is far from difficult:—"Les Athéniens de la Sprée," says the *Journal du Havre*, "(les Berlinois se nomment ainsi) sont enchantés du rébus suivant, qu'on a tiré d'un vieux recueil, et mis d'accord avec la situation supposée de la France:—

Le peuple français est	D. C. D.
Les places fortes sont	O. Q. P.
Six départements vont être	C. D.
Le gouvernement n'est pas	M. E.
Les républicains sont	A. I.
Les diplomates sont	E. B. T.
La dette publique a	O. C.
Le crédit a	B. C.
Les lois sont	L. U. D.
La liberté de la presse est	O. T.
La paix sera chèrement	H. T."

A CORRESPONDENT: You called attention, in a recent number, to the probable origin of the names used by Charles Dickens. Some of these are, it is true, to be found in the Directory; but not, I think, many: at least, I have looked in vain for several. But I have by me an extract from an article in an old "Blackwood," date 1846—was it not the date of the establishment of the *Daily News*?—called "Advice to an Intending Serialist." The article is written in that firm, trenchant style once peculiar to "Blackwood" when it attacked a Liberal: it is savage, personal, and satirical. It contains a parody on the style of Dickens, presenting, in the form of a supposed extract, which it professes to admire hugely, an exaggeration of his worst faults. In the conclusion occurs the following passage. The writer is speaking of the effect likely to be produced by Dickens's novels abroad:—"In minor things, he (the foreigner) will discover, what few authors have taken pains to show, the excessive fondness of our nation for a pure Saxon nomenclature. He will learn that such names as Seymour, and Howard, and Percy—nay, even our old familiars, Jones and Robinson—are altogether proscribed among us, and that a new race has sprung up in their stead, rejoicing in the euphonious appellations of Fox and Wox, Whibble, Toozer, Whopper, Snigglestraw, Guzzlerit, Gingerthorpe, Magswitch, Smangle, Yelkins, Fizgig, Porksnap, Grubsby, Shoutoukin, Hogswash, and Quiltirogus." It is hardly worth while calling attention to a paper which, doubtless, like a wasp, was able to inflict a sting, soon to be laughed at; but one or two of the names have been adopted by the novelist; and it does not

seem improbable that Dickens preserved in his memory some of the names thus kindly provided for him, and used them when the occasion served. As for the names which somehow seem invented exactly to suit his characters—fancy Mr. Tupman being called Howard!—they are not more absurd than hundreds which may be seen over our shops by taking a long ride, say from Victoria to Highgate, on the top of an omnibus. Nor, indeed, are they more absurd than the names made use of by Smollett, Dickens's great predecessor as a humorist.

SOME OLD SONGS are almost historic in their interest; and a book might very well be written on the subject. We all know Henry Carey's arch, quaint London pastoral, "Sally in our Alley." The famous Addison went into ecstasies with this song on its first appearance.

SPEAKING OF ADDISON reminds one immediately of the *Spectator*. We do not think that the following anecdote is generally known:—The motto to No. 154 of the *Spectator* is a well-known quotation from Juvenal, "Nemo repente venit turpissimus," which may be freely translated, "No man gets thoroughly bad at once." In the course of the publication of the number in question, in folio, the paper, as it came, was commonly hung up within the bars of the coffee-houses at Oxford and Cambridge. A wag at the University, who stole in to read this number at a prohibited time, wrote the following translation under the motto:—"It is a long while ere one becomes a senior fellow."

WE FEEL ALMOST INCLINED to apologize for offering a solution of the French riddle given in another column. However, we venture to do so. The following translation seems to give the obvious meaning of the letters:—"D. C. D., décédé; O. Q. P., occupés; C. D., cedés; M. E., aimé; A. I., hais; E. B. T., hétérés; O. C., haussée; B. C., baissée; L. U. D., éludés; O. T., otée; H. T., achetée."

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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THE FRENCH IN HAMBURG.

BY DR. OPPERT.



AT this present time, when every one is anxiously looking for news of the dreadful war which is separating the two most enlightened and civilized nations of the European continent; and when the startling reports of the almost wonderful German victories are intermingled with stories of wanton cruelty and exacting requisitions—which, to the honour of the German victors, are usually mere inventions, or gross misrepresentations of the truth—it may, perhaps, be useful to turn attention back to that time, at the begin-

ning of the present century, when the continent of Europe obeyed the commands of the great Emperor Napoleon, and to show how the "Great Nation" behaved in foreign countries. As an episode of the first French empire, the siege of Hamburg well deserves to be recalled to memory, while we are looking on with pity and admiration at the dreadful siege of Paris.

A month had hardly elapsed after the crushing defeat of Jena (1806), when the good, peaceful citizens of the old Hanse Town were startled by the announcement that his Imperial and Royal Highness, the

Emperor of the French, intended taking possession of the town of Hamburg. In a short decree, Marshal Mortier declared that he would occupy the city; and what else could the poor Senate do but obey, and exhort the burghers to be quiet? On the 19th of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the French entered the gates of the town; and greatly alarmed as the unfortunate citizens were, little did they expect the misery and unhappiness which were in store for them.

Only a few years before, Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul of the French Republic, had declared that the independence of the Hanse Towns was necessary to the interests of France. He thought then that they were coveted by Prussia. After the defeat of that power, he was no longer compelled to dissimulate; and scarcely had the French entered Hamburg than a methodical system of robbery commenced. Two days had not elapsed before the promise to respect private property was disregarded. On the 21st November, a proclamation was issued confiscating all English goods, and a general search for these was commenced in every house. Not only were the warehouses robbed of all those contents which appeared to be of English origin, but every Englishman found by the French garrison in or around Hamburg was declared a prisoner of war. The poor Hamburgers looked on with horror at this spoliation, which not only ruined their commercial prospects, but also exposed them to the wrath of the English Government—who, in consequence of the French edict, began to blockade the Elbe. These proclamations, by which the so-called continental system was introduced into the northern parts of Germany, were the forerunners of yet greater misfortunes; for scarcely had one requisition been paid, than it was followed by another still heavier one. Failures, of comparatively rare occurrence in Hamburg, amounted, during the first seven

weeks of occupation, to about £150,000. The contributions were so heavy, that, after the first loans, the Senate saw itself obliged to issue fresh ones on the 14th October, 1807; 1st February, 1808; 24th May, 1810; and 6th September, 1810, successively. According to trustworthy reports, the confiscations, requisitions, and contributions amounted, up to 1810, to more than 100,000,000 francs.

On the 10th December, 1810, Hamburg, together with the whole north-west of Germany, was—without even the formula of a plebiscite—annexed to the French empire; and, in order that the poor city might esteem yet higher the honour of being declared a “bonne ville,” the French, on the last day of that same year, took under their paternal care all the public banks.

The only power that showed any sympathy with the distressed burghers was England—who, to her honour and credit be it told, respected the property of the Hamburg citizens on the sea as well as in England; for the Steelyard in London, which belonged to the Hanse Towns since the fourteenth century, was not only not confiscated, but taken care of; and when the Hanse Towns were once more free, the Steelyard was restored to them, together with its revenue, which had accrued to a goodly sum during the time of the French occupation.

Meanwhile, the despotism of the invaders knew no bounds. As an illustration of their behaviour, one fact out of many may be mentioned. Some poor peasants had brought a few tobacco leaves into the town; they were found out by the douanier, and brought before the Cour Prévotale. For this crime, added to the circumstance of their being in possession of sticks—which, according to the judgment of the court, they might have used against the custom house officers, though they had not done so—the poor wretches were condemned to death. No one imagined that the sentence would be executed; but, to the horror of every one, the heads of the poor fellows fell under the guillotine at Lüneburg.

At last the first dawn of liberty gleamed, when it became known that the “Grand Army” had suffered defeat in Russia; and already, on the 12th March, 1813, the French officials secretly left Hamburg. Great was the enthusiasm that greeted the Russian General Tettenborn as he entered the city on the 18th of the same month—a day for

ever memorable in its annals—though, alas! the hour of final delivery had not yet come; and Hamburg, the first town that expelled the French in 1813, was the last they left in 1814.

The months of April and May were spent in an unavailing defence; and, after General Tettenborn and the Swedes had left, Hamburg, after submitting to a bombardment of which the traces still exist, was forced to capitulate, and to open her gates on the 31st of May to Marshal Davoust.

Those Hamburgers, however, who preferred liberty to slavery enlisted in the Hanseatic Legion, which afterwards fought many victorious battles. A heavy requisition was the first revival of French government. On the 7th June, a contribution of 48,000,000 francs was imposed as punishment upon the citizens.

It would be too painful to relate all the harassing and heartrending trials Hamburg had to undergo. Napoleon appeared to take a most especial interest in it. Among other orders, he decreed that the Hamburg Bank must accept cheques for 25,000,000 francs. The sums extorted from the town in June, 1813, amounted to 72,000,000 francs.

In the mean time, Davoust sought to render Hamburg as strong as possible; 6,000 workmen were commanded to work at the fortifications; but as that number was not forthcoming, the soldiers were ordered to arrest every one, without regard to age or sex, and to compel them to work at their own prison walls. The damage done to property by these fortifications amounted to £700,000.

On the 15th August, 1813, on the day of the Fête Napoleon, the Governor of Hamburg issued the following order:—

1. That persons should not assemble in the streets.
2. That those who did so should be dispersed by the soldiery; and in case of disobedience, be arrested and shot.
3. That women were liable to the same order, and should be lashed with the cat and imprisoned.
4. That every gathering of four persons would be regarded as an assembly.

Contributions and requisitions knew no end: the town was dragged into utter misery. The manner in which Davoust and his co-

adjutors continued to act towards it has, happily, been rarely equalled. To crown all their rascalities, they actually stole the silver out of the Bank of Hamburg—though this bank was, and is up to this moment, a private institution, and had been formally declared a “*dépôt sacré*” by Napoleon. On the 11th of November they emptied it, taking out the sum of £600,000. Marshal Davoust declared more than once that he would leave nothing to the citizens of Hamburg save their eyes, with which to weep their misery. To show that he was in earnest, he ordered every one to leave the city who could not provide himself with six months’ provisions.

On Christmas eve, 1813, a bitterly cold day, colder far than was experienced last year in Paris, a procession of the most distressing nature issued from the gates of the town. It consisted of tender children, tottering, gray-headed old men, and women; of the decrepit, the poor, the blind, the lame; of unfortunates of every description; and all these were driven by dragoons from out their homes, and expelled to the cold fields, which were one mass of snow and ice.

Here, thinly clad, they passed in the open air, during a heavy snow storm, the whole long, miserable night. It was a memorable Christmas, not easy to be forgotten, and which was destined to bear bitter fruits in later days.

In one of Hamburg’s suburbs, there is shown to this day a place where the bones of 1,138 persons lie buried, who perished helplessly that awful night.

Out of a population of 100,000 souls, 15,000 were expelled that dreadful Christmas time.

Davoust remained in Hamburg until the 25th May, 1814; proving, up to the very last, that he was fit for the position of hangman, assigned to him by his imperial master.

How capable he was of his task, and how faithful to truth, is best shown by the circumstance that, when the Allies were already in Paris, he announced that Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria had become reconciled, and that the Emperor of Russia had been taken prisoner—a stratagem reminding one most curiously of the French despatches of our own day.

The loss in property only, not to mention other sufferings, endured by Hamburg from

the French, is estimated at £11,000,000 sterling.

This is a truthful sketch of the French occupation of a peaceful German town.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BAFFLED.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY PECHFORD AT HOME.

EVERY one liked Lady Pechford, and every one liked visiting her. Everything at her house was in good taste; and the society that she gathered around her was pleasant. She was a woman of infinite tact, and it was to this quality that she was chiefly indebted for her great popularity. She never offended any one; she never forgot any one; and she made every one feel at ease in her company. She was possessed, too, of a certain amount of diplomatic skill, and was constantly successful where a greater character would have failed; for Lady Pechford, though in the main a kind-hearted, well-disposed woman, had nothing great about her. Had she been great, she would not have been so universally popular; and, in fact, her littlenesses were her strong points, winning for her favour with society; and she cared more for society than friendships. It was well to have friends, as a sort of reserve to fall back upon; but society to her was the charm of life, and she delighted in being the centre and leader of a polished circle. Hence, any addition to her little kingdom was very welcome; and in John Carteret she acknowledged an acquisition. He was a distant relative—he was her godson; therefore, she could patronise him, and exact from him a kind of deference; whilst, at the same time, she felt that he reflected credit upon her, and that her influence was in some degree extended through her relations with the handsome curate.

At a quarter to seven, Lady Pechford found herself in her drawing-room—giving the last touches to the flowers, moving a vase here, arranging a curtain there, giving an air of ineffable grace to the whole, such as no hired hand could produce.

Having completed these details according to her satisfaction, she stood for a moment before one of the mirrors, and smiled complacently at the figure it reflected. No French marquise of acknowledged fascination need have disdained competition with

Lady Pechford. She had been a very handsome woman, and the fading look that age naturally produced turned her into an interesting one. Her pale, sober-hued satin flowed round her in soft folds; and her delicate lace head-dress, fastened with gold pins, lay lightly upon her fair, silver-streaked hair. There was, perhaps, a slight elaboration in her dress, but it served to carry out the idea that entered one's mind of the French *noblesse* of a century ago.

She threw herself into one of the great lounging chairs, and gave a gentle sigh. She could scarcely have told why or wherefore she sighed; for her present was really more in accordance with her taste than her past had been, and yet she occasionally indulged in a sentimental reverie over former days. "The old, old days, when cares sat lightly upon us—when we were young," she would say to some of her quondam acquaintances, and then turn away with inward thankfulness that she did not see much of them now.

Her husband had been a jovial sporting baronet, with not an aspiration beyond his hounds and horses; and for fifteen years of wedded life, Lady Pechford had borne him solitary company at a large, dull country house, with the periodical enlivenments of the hunting, fishing, and shooting seasons, when the house was filled with jovial company, in utter antagonism to her ideas of what society ought to be.

Then she had turned her thoughts regretfully to some "charming society" she had mingled in during a short stay in Paris, and she pined for the graceful *salons*, so different from the stiff drawing-room at Driffington House, with its ugly drab curtains, and high-backed chairs, and sofas that it was a martyrdom instead of a luxury to sit upon.

In the dreariness of her life, Lady Pechford had taken to reading; and from the library shelves whereon they had been rusting for many years, found some readable books, and was enchanted by the description contained therein of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, and of the influence the fair Marquise exercised upon the modes and language of the day. She pined after the brilliant crowd of *savans*, of poets, of *grandes dames*, who assembled at the *soirées* of the fascinating Marquise. She envied the "Guirlande" of the fair daughter Julie; and felt that, could she experience such divine homage, her life

would be perfect. And so she wandered through the pictures of French life down to Madame de Staël, at whom she paused as the embodiment of her ideas—"though it was a pity she was not a little handsomer," reflected Lady Pechford; "and probably the First Consul was of the same opinion. Looks are a great advantage to a woman—when she has a fair opportunity of using them."

At which point in her musings, Lady Pechford would stop to pity her own lot, and feel how completely she was wasted in the country.

Thus her life went on, until Sir John met with an accident which terminated in his death. She nursed him carefully through his illness, and remembered him with a tenderness more allied to romance than to any deeper feeling. Perhaps gratitude had its part in it, since Sir John had provided handsomely for her, enabling her to lead a life congenial to the visions she had dreamed in the stiff old family house during her married days.

Occasionally she would look back upon the past, and then she would sigh even as she had done this evening—not regretfully, but sentimentally—as being one of the artistic accompaniments of widowhood.

But Lady Pechford's reverie was interrupted by the arrival of her guests, the Welbys—young people not long married—Dr. Lovell and his two daughters, and a Captain Stanfield and his son.

In vain Lady Pechford looked for the door to open again, and for John Cartret's name to be announced. He did not come, and she was just the least bit annoyed—for she did not care to be thwarted in any of her plans, and her word was usually law in her little realm.

Dinner passed; and the ladies, retiring to the drawing-room, drew their chairs round the brightly blazing fire, preparatory to a little confidential gossip before the gentlemen joined them.

"Fire always draws out the thoughts," said Charlotte Lovell. "Kate and I always have more to say to each other over our fire at night than at any other time during the day. I suppose the flames light up one's memory."

"What a brilliant idea, Charlotte," returned Lady Pechford. "I have often thought that the fire is a book wherein one reads chapter after chapter of the past, pre-

sent, and future. There, that little jet of gas that has spluttered out is sympathizing with me about Mr. Carteret, and telling me never to invite him again."

"Ah, but you will not take the advice!" said Mrs. Welby. "Mr. Carteret is such a delightful person, and so handsome! I made Frederick quite jealous with praising him."

"And his voice and manner are such a contrast to Mr. Smithson's," observed the elder Miss Lovell.

"But I don't always understand his sermons," said Charlotte. "Papa says there's something levelling about them that he is not quite sure of."

"My dear Charlotte," answered Lady Pechford, "your papa is dreaming. Besides, I am sure Mr. Carteret would not do so inharmonious a thing as introduce politics into his sermons. Certainly nothing democratic—he is quite too much of a gentleman for that."

"Oh, I don't see anything in what papa says; but then, I know nothing about politics, and so should not know whether they were in the sermons or not. Papa and Kate are the politicians. Kate reads the *Times* to papa every day, and actually it does not bore her."

"I tried it with Frederick," said Mrs. Welby. "I did not like him to spend so much time over it by himself, and so I said we would read it together. But I soon gave it up—I had no idea how tiresome it was; and I can't imagine why people want to go into Parliament, if they have to sit and listen to such stupid speeches as Frederick and I used to read. I found it worse than sitting without talking—for, of course, when one is silent one can go on thinking; and now I generally plan my ball dresses whilst Frederick is wading through his papers."

"Did you like Mildred Wardlaw's dress at the ball?" asked Charlotte Lovell.

"No—it was too fanciful. But Mildred thinks she may wear anything."

"Captain Stanfield thinks Mildred is the handsomest girl he ever saw," returned Charlotte. "I think he wouldn't be sorry if Charles would fall in love with her."

"Or she with Charles, perhaps," suggested Lady Pechford, a little sarcastically.

"Charles will never fall in love with any one," answered Charlotte; "he's too much taken up with his batteries, and his rifle bores, and his plans, and all that sort of

thing. I wonder he ever goes out, for he never cares to talk to ladies."

"He's very shy," said Miss Lovell, "and has not been used to ladies' society. He has been left to his father's care ever since he was five years old, and all his interest lies in the army and navy."

"Which will not make him very popular in the drawing-room," said Mrs. Welby. "For my part, I think no one ought to speak of anything scientific or clever in a drawing-room. What do you think, Lady Pechford—it's too heavy, is it not?"

Mrs. Welby was a pretty little woman who was very much admired at Linthorp, who babbled away, in a pleasant ringing voice, a great amount of fashionable nothings, her quick black eyes giving them a point which they certainly did not of themselves possess. It was quite a study to watch her face in its constant changes; indeed, her eyes might be said to speak rather than her tongue, and her smiles to clothe with eloquence the baldness of her language.

Lady Pechford regarded her as a pretty ornament, but invariably retired from her company with the comment, "What a silly little woman!"

Nevertheless, the silly little woman enacted her part in the drama; for all people cannot play *grandes rôles*, and her prettiness was attractive enough to carry off her defects. Her husband was a decidedly clever young man, likely to rise in the political world; and there was some rumour of his standing for Linthorp at the next election. And a man who can get into Parliament may some day get into the Ministry; and may even, at a still farther off day, become Prime Minister.

So reasoned Lady Pechford, and it gave a deeper interest to her ideas of the graceful influence of woman in state affairs. She had no advanced views for women; she simply argued for their natural and social influence, for their power of remodelling, of benefiting through refinement and education. She talked her modicum of politics with Mr. Welby, but required no vote herself to help to carry them into execution. Madame de Staël produced an effect, without a vote, greater than all the women's votes in England would achieve. It was a grand thing to have made one's self, in a measure, dangerous to the great Napoleon. What woman in England was equal to a parallel of the case now? And she called to mind the names of the female politicians of the day, and found she

might write "*Mene, mene,*" against them, in comparison with her idol.

No, Lady Pechford regarded the political emancipation of women as a delusion. She objected to their outstepping their true dominions. "Let them refine, remodel men," she said; "but don't let them become men themselves."

Lady Pechford strove to bring together at her *réunions* the elements necessary for the perfection of society—and not without some result, since she succeeded in keeping up a series of pleasant evenings, and in having her invitations not only accepted, but sought for. Consequently, John Carteret's non-appearance annoyed her. She was not accustomed to having her invitations slighted; and Miss Wardlaw's arrival only increased her annoyance, as Captain Stanfield would have an opportunity of being a move a-head of her with respect to his son. And there was no doubt that, in point of worldly matters, Charles Stanfield would be a much better match for Miss Wardlaw than John Carteret.

Perhaps, however, it goaded Lady Pechford on; a spirit of emulation sprang up; there was a race, a contest before her; and the greater Captain Stanfield's admiration of Mildred, the greater became Lady Pechford's desire to secure her for her godson. She must exercise her diplomacy; and, despite John Carteret's indifference to her commands, she was willing to do not a little, but a great deal of manœuvring for his sake.

Miss Wardlaw looked handsomer than ever this evening—her fair hair rippling back from her forehead over a sort of cushion; and her dress, with its frills and ruffles—after the manner of an antique picture—reminding one of a court lady that Watteau would have been charmed to paint.

Lady Pechford had amicably engaged Captain Stanfield in conversation; Charles Stanfield was absorbed in some abstruse discussion with Dr. Lovell; Mr. Welby was looking over prints with Kate and Charlotte Lovell—so that Mrs. Welby was the only disengaged person for Miss Wardlaw to converse with, and the two soon became engrossed in discussing an amateur concert that was to be given in aid of the choir of St. Botolph's.

"I should like to sing in one of the quartets, if Frederick will let me," said Mrs. Welby. "I should have voice enough for

that—the room is not very large. And it must be so nice to sing in public. Is Mr. Carteret going to sing?"

"I am afraid not. We asked him, but he does not seem to like the idea."

"What nonsense. What is the difference between preaching in public and singing in public, I wonder?"

"Mr. Carteret seems to think it is very great."

"Have you heard him sing?"

"No."

"Then, doubtless," said Mrs. Welby, "his voice is only a reputation, and he can't really sing. Lady Pechford said she had asked him here to-night; but I suppose now he is not coming, or we could have made him try his voice."

"No, I don't think he will come," returned Miss Wardlaw. But, as she spoke, the door opened, and Mr. Carteret was announced.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Pechford, advancing to meet him, "I did not think you would be so hard-hearted as to disappoint me altogether. Or perhaps I am indebted to Miss Wardlaw for seconding my appeal."

"I cannot flatter myself that Miss Wardlaw would have taken that trouble," returned John Carteret. "I do not think the subject was mentioned after we left you."

"Well, then, I must turn to the belief that music has been the loadstone; and I intend that you shall acknowledge its power to-night. But, first, I want you to talk over this concert with Mrs. Welby. No, Captain Stanfield, you are to stay with me, and finish your account of the Polar Seas," continued Lady Pechford, as the captain was moving off in the direction of his son. "I am so interested in all you have been telling me of the long night, and the aurora borealis, and the whales—it makes one feel as if one would like to be a white bear, sitting amid fields of everlasting ice."

And so Captain Stanfield, who had been uneasily watching his son's apathy to aught but Dr. Lovell's description of his last experiment, was compelled to remain where he was, and go over minutely the details of a voyage of which he had casually spoken.

Lady Pechford watched triumphantly the success of her manœuvre; and, watching, did not lose sight of dangers. If Charles Stanfield would only wake up, he would by no means be a harmless rival. There was

power in his firm eyebrows and deep-set eyes, if he ever happened to move them in any other direction than guns and fortifications. There might be the making of a second Vauban in him, if all that was said was true; and men of that class make rapid strides in the world. If he were to wake up, or if Mildred Wardlaw were to wake up, John Carteret would have no easy adversary to deal with. Charles Stanfield, despite his plainness, had something about him that would win attention.

"But, at present," said Lady Pechford to herself, "all is safe. Metaphorically speaking, a cannon ball might go off, and he wouldn't hear it."

And Lady Pechford devoted herself to Captain Stanfield—who, for the first time in his life, rebelled against having so good a listener.

But all things must come to an end; and so the account of the Polar Seas was at length unavoidably finished, and Lady Pechford had no excuse for prolonging it.

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND,

TO

THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PART I.

A WORK under the title of "The Poets Laureate of England" is announced as forthcoming from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It may not, therefore, be out of place to make a few anticipatory notes on some of the poets laureate of the past who are less generally known. The post of poet laureate has probably risen into more estimation during these latter days than in any time since its institution. The poet laureate of the present is one of the powers of the land. His patron is not, as of old, some Mæcenas of the titled nobility, but the wide, impartial public. In these days, the laureate, when appointed to the post of Royal bard, is supposed to be the best, or at least the most popular, poet for the time being; and—critics notwithstanding—the majority of his countrymen recognize and appreciate him as such. We know, in the case of Tennyson, how an announcement of a new poem from his pen puts the whole of the poetically inclined community on the *qui vive*. Other living poets may have their admirers. Metaphysical Browning may mystify his readers to their

hearts' content; erotic, pantheistic Swinburne may startle society out of all propriety with his reckless song; and other nine days' wonders of smaller growth may make a noise for the time being; but the laureate is the favourite, after all. He is king, crowned *ipso facto* among his brother bards, and to him the general public lend the willing ear of admiration. He is the representative for the hour of the poetic taste of the nation. His style sets the fashion. Imitations of its virtues and defects, rendered almost to perfection—especially as regards the defects of affectation or what not—throng thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. No sooner has a new song gone forth from the laureate singer, than a hundred smaller minstrels tune their impatient harps to ape the melody of the master. Hence we find that the majority of the poems of the present day—excepting the productions of such men as Browning and Swinburne, who have styles and resources of language absolutely their own—have the inevitable flavour of Tennyson.

The respect paid, however, to the position of the laureateship and the men who may chance to hold it, may be easily explained. The recent wearers of the laurel have been men worthy of the honour, both as regards poetical genius and personal character; and although, even in later times, several eminent poets have declined the honour, yet it is generally looked upon as a sort of official recognition of distinctive genius.

When the office of poet laureate was first instituted is open to much doubt; but the roll of Court poets may be said to really commence with Edmund Spenser, of "Faërie Queene" celebrity. Sir Philip Sydney was Spenser's best friend; and to him, indeed, he owed the first step of his progress in life. The story of Spenser's first introduction to Sir Philip is differently told. Some suppose that the friendship was commenced by the poet presenting Sydney with the ninth canto of the "Faërie Queene," others by his dedication of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" but the first idea carries with it a good story that may be worth repeating.

When Spenser had begun to write his "Faërie Queene," he made it his business to call at Leicester House, Sydney's residence; and, by way of getting an introduction to the great man, sent in the ninth

canto of the first book of the poem. The poet's manœuvre answered his best expectations. After Sir Philip had read some stanzas, he called his steward, and ordered him to give the person who brought the verses fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stanza, he ordered the money to be doubled. The steward thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a bounty; but, upon reading one stanza more, Sir Philip raised his gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read farther, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate.

The story must be taken for what it is worth; but one thing is certain, that the poet frequently visited Sydney at his seat at Penshurst, in Kent, and was made in all respects a personal friend. He introduced him to the famous Earl of Leicester, and afterwards presented him to Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her poet laureate. The appointment carried with it a pension of £50 a-year, which Spenser enjoyed until his death. The original grant of the pension was discovered some years ago, in the Chapel of the Rolls. The title of poet laureate was not, however, expressly applied either to him or his two immediate successors.

A good story has been told by some of Spenser's earlier biographers, which, if true—which is open to much doubt—does not show the great Lord Burleigh in a very amiable light. The Virgin Queen, it would seem, on the presentation of some poems to her by Spenser, ordered him a gratuity of £100. Blunt old Burleigh—whose estimation of poets, or "ballad makers," as he called them, did not amount to an enthusiasm—objected, exclaiming, "What, all this for a song?" The Queen replied, "Then give him what is reason." Time went on, but Spenser heard no more of the expected Royal bounty. He therefore—with that true eye to business which even poets, notwithstanding a popular delusion to the contrary, often have—took upon himself to present a petition to her Majesty, which he thus worded:—

"I was promised, on a time,
To have reason for a rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

And, as the tale goes, the petition was successful; for the poet was immediately paid.

Taken all in all, Spenser was lucky, for a poet. In the first place, his pension of £50 was no inconsiderable sum in those days. Through the interest of Leicester and Sydney, he obtained a grant of 3,028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. He took up his residence there, with his wife and family; and was visited, in his charming retreat, by Sir Walter Raleigh—a second Sydney in his love for poetry. The rebellion of Tyrone, however, scattered his household gods, and Spenser and his family were obliged to fly, leaving in their haste everything behind them; and, what was the most lamentable part of the story, an infant child was burnt with the house by the revengeful rebels.

This broke Spenser's heart, and he died almost directly after his return to England, in the January of 1599, in the forty-sixth year of his age. An inn, or lodging-house, in King-street, Westminster, is set down, on evidence which seems pretty conclusive, as the place of his death. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near those of Chaucer; and the funeral expenses were defrayed by the Earl of Essex. It has been said that he died in great poverty; but there is no real foundation for this statement. He enjoyed his pension to the day of his death, and he had too many friends at Court to let him want.

The next poet laureate was Samuel Daniel, who, whatever may have been popular opinion concerning his poetical genius at that time, certainly is very little remembered now. He was the son of a music master, and was born, near Taunton, in 1562. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Here he studied three years, but came away without taking a degree. After this, we find him studying history and poetry under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke's family; then acting as tutor to Lady Ann Clifford; and afterwards holding the post of gentleman-extraordinary in King James's reign. He was a great favourite with the Queen Consort, who took much delight in his conversation and writings; and he was, subsequently, one of the grooms of the Privy Chamber. This he ultimately retired from, and rented a small house and garden in Old-street, St. Luke's. Here he wrote most of his dramatic pieces, and enjoyed the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlow, and Chapman, as well as of many per-

sons of rank. Towards the end of his life, he retired to a farm which he had, at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died, in the year 1619. As his works are scarcely ever read now, it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. His best are, however, "The Civil Wars," and "The Queen's Arcadia," a pastoral tragi-comedy.

Daniel is much praised by his contemporaries; and, coming down to later times, we find Coleridge—in two letters to Charles Lamb, the second written five hours after the first—growing quite eloquent in his admiration of "my sober-minded Daniel." Here is one of his opinions:—"Thousands, even of educated men, would become more sensible, fitter to be members of parliament, or ministers, by reading Daniel; and even those few who, *quoad intellectum*, only gain refreshment of notions already their own, must become better Englishmen."

Rare Ben Jonson is the next on the laureate list. The story of Jonson's life is as full of incident as that of Daniel is uneventful. The son of a minister, who had suffered much persecution during the reign of Mary, he was born in Westminster, in the spring of 1574. In due time, Ben was placed at Westminster School, under the eminent Camden. Jonson seems to have retained a respectful memory of his old master, whom in later years he addressed as—

"Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in art, all that I know."

He was sent to Cambridge; but the exhibition he was presented with was too small for his proper maintenance, and his parents were unable to help him. His father-in-law—for his own father had died a month before Ben was born—took him into his own business—namely, that of a master bricklayer.

This, as may be readily imagined, did not suit the future poet and dramatist long. A few months after, he volunteered into the army then employed in Flanders. Jonson brought little from Flanders but the reputation of a brave man, a smattering of Dutch, and an empty purse. For the better replenishment of the latter, and as a means of livelihood, he now took to the stage. But his career as an actor was of short duration. Whether he would ever have succeeded or not in that line, an untoward accident prevented him from proving: he quarrelled with another actor, was called

out, and killed his adversary. Duelling at that time was not considered in the same honourable light that it was in later days. He was thrown into prison for murder, and, as he says himself, "brought near to the gallows." Some powerful influence—whence obtained is not recorded—procured his release.

He now gave up acting, and made play-writing his permanent occupation. In this he was encouraged by Shakspeare, who even acted in one of his plays. In 1596 appeared the first of his known comedies—"Every Man in his Humour." With this drama the name of Ben Jonson is chiefly associated in the minds of posterity. Each succeeding year saw a new play from his pen, until the reign of James I., when he was employed in the masques and entertainments at Court.

Ben's position at Court was now an enviable one; but that evil genius of imprudence which is so often found to embitter the career of great poets led him once more to commit himself. He joined Chapman and Marston in writing the comedy of "Eastward Hoe." This so grossly libelled the Scotch nation, that the authors were quickly placed in durance vile; and, but for an immediate and abject apology, would have lost their noses and ears in the pillory. Jonson, throughout his erratic career, seems to have had a happy mode of extricating himself from his difficulties, for he managed by his address to restate himself in the favour of King James, whom he had so grievously offended in his weakest point, and for the remainder of that reign he continued in high favour as a kind of superintendent of the Court revels. Ben Jonson may be said to be the first poet laureate, as officially recognized by that name. In 1617 the King appointed him to the post, with a salary of a hundred marks; but he never seems to have been much better off, for all his good fortune. In addition to his salary as poet laureate, he had a pension from the City—the City at that time keeping a laureate of its own. Yet he was always in pecuniary difficulties.

On the death of James, he soon found that he had lost a good friend. He was attacked with the palsy, had saved nothing, and starvation seemed to stare him in the face. During his illness he produced the comedy of the "New Inn." The play was hooted off the stage, thanks to a cabal

of his enemies—of whom, by the bye, he had too many. The affecting epilogue, in which the “maker, sick and sad,” appeals for consideration to the audience, moved the sympathy of Charles I., who immediately sent him £100, and raised his salary as laureate from marks to the same number of pounds, with the addition of a butt of Canary—Jonson’s favourite wine—yearly from the Royal cellars. He died in August, 1637, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A subscription was raised for a monument to his memory; but the Civil War breaking out about the same time prevented the completion of the scheme, and the money was returned to the subscribers. A plain stone only was placed over his remains, with the inscription, “O Rare Ben Jonson!” Jonson’s works are too numerous to mention here; but of his genius there can be no difference of opinion. Like most great authors, he wrote much that was excellent, and much that was of inferior merit; but, take him for all in all, he is perhaps second to no English dramatist—Shakspeare only excepted.

On the death of Ben Jonson, the laureateship was conferred on Sir William Davenant; who, although not to be compared with his predecessor in the office, is yet shown by his works to have been a man of no mean ability. Davenant’s father was an innkeeper at Oxford, where the future poet was born in 1605. But a curious story is on record, that Davenant was a natural son of no less a person than Shakspeare himself. What truth there is in the notion has never been satisfactorily settled; although it is most likely to be nothing more than a myth. Davenant himself, however, over his bottle, was fond of encouraging the idea. Be that as it may, Davenant—like other poets, before and since—“lisped in numbers;” for we find him, when only ten years old, writing an ode in remembrance of Master William Shakspeare; and it certainly betrays much poetic genius for one so young. He commenced life as a page in the service of the Duchess of Richmond, a woman of great influence and fashion in that day; and afterwards resided in the family of the famous Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. This nobleman was murdered in 1628; and Davenant, having lost his friend and patron, began to write for the stage; his first dramatic piece being “Albovine, King of the

Lombards,” which was very successful on the stage. It gained him the patronage and the society of most of the persons of distinction and wits of the day. Between the years 1629 and 1637, his time was spent at Court and in the gay world; and within that space he produced no fewer than nine dramatic pieces—tragedies, comedies, or masques. In the latter he was assisted by Inigo Jones and Henry Lawes; so that the scenery and decorations, as well as the music, must have contributed much towards the popularity which Davenant enjoyed at the time. In 1637, the year of Ben Jonson’s death, the vacant poet laureateship was conferred on Davenant, at the salary of £100.

Davenant had, however, an opponent in the poet and historian, Thomas May. May, in disgust at the preference shown to the young dramatist, threw off his allegiance to the King and his party, and attached himself to the Parliament and the Puritans, whom he had hitherto opposed. The King found, however, a no less zealous servant in William Davenant. In any secret political business or Court intrigue, Davenant was ever ready at the King’s service. In May, 1641, he was accused, with several others, of being an accomplice in the design of bringing the army to London for the King’s use. Davenant attempted to make his escape, was captured, made several futile attempts afterwards in the same direction, and ultimately succeeded in getting away safe to France. During his stay there, he met with an accident which may be worth noticing, and which certainly did not add to his personal attractions. The nature of the misfortune may be understood by Sir John Suckling’s verses on the subject. In his “Session of the Poets,” published in 1643, he says:—

“Will Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance
That he got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped that the handsomeness of ’s muse
Would any deformity about him excuse.”

And the particular deformity is thus indicated:—

“Surely, the company would have been content
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one laureate without a nose.”

This was the more unfortunate, as Davenant had previously possessed a handsome face, and was not unlike Shakspeare in the cast of his features.

The defect was a great source of small

wit to the *beaux esprits* of the time; but Davenant seems to have taken their personalities with tolerable good humour, and could enjoy a joke at his own expense. A story is told that one day a beggar woman followed him, praying fervently all the way that his eyesight might be preserved. Davenant asked the woman the reason of such an odd prayer on her part. "Because, sir, if your sight should grow weak, you have no place whereon to hang your spectacles," was the beggar woman's reply. Davenant, as the tale goes, so far from being offended with the woman's insolent wit, rewarded her with a handsome donation.

Davenant was faithful to the King through all his troubles, and determined to return to England to fight in the Royal cause. He afterwards served in the Earl of Newcastle's army. For his conduct at the siege of Gloucester, he was knighted by the King. With the ruin of Charles came the ruin of his best and most faithful adherents; and Sir William Davenant was no exception in the general catastrophe. In 1650, when the Parliament had triumphed over all opposition, he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and was sent to the Tower. How he was saved, his biographers do not agree. But the most interesting explanation—amongst the other numerous reasons alleged—is, that Milton interposed. There would seem to be some probability in the story, from the fact that, after the Restoration, he certainly repaid Milton a debt of gratitude, by protecting him from the resentment of the Court. It has been tersely said, "A life was owing to Milton, and it was nobly paid."

On the restoration of Charles II., Davenant received the patent of a playhouse, under the title of the Duke's Company, which first performed at the theatre in Portugal-row, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and afterwards at that in Dorset-gardens. He acted his former plays, and such new ones as he wrote after this period. Davenant maintained the management of the Duke's Company until his death, which happened in 1668. Like many other dramatic *entrepreneurs*, Sir William seems to have gained more popularity than money; for he died insolvent. His dramatic works are fifteen in number, but they have been long excluded from the stage; and their representation would be an impossibility at the present day.

Davenant was, however, so intimately mixed up with the drama, that a memoir of his life really resolves itself into a history of the stage during his lifetime. To Davenant, in fact, must be given the credit of being the first to really promote scenic effects as an assistance to the eye and imagination of the audience. In short, what in our own times Charles Kean was, in his enthusiasm for putting a play upon the stage in as gorgeous and attractive a form as possible, Davenant was in his day. And, indeed, he may be said, without exaggeration, to be the first great reformer in this branch of the art theatrical.

We must not dismiss Davenant without reference to the part which he took with Dryden the poet in altering Shakspeare's "Tempest." In those days it was a common thing to remould Shakspeare; thus taking the same liberty with his plays which he had taken with those of his predecessors. For the time being Davenant drove Shakspeare out of the field altogether, until the growing sense of a later time awoke to the grandeur and sublimity of the master.

Sir William Davenant was buried in Westminster Abbey, near his old opponent, May. Curiously enough, the inscription on his tomb was in imitation of that on the monument of his predecessor in the laureateship—"O rare Sir William Davenant!"

We have noticed Davenant more particularly as a dramatist alone. As such, he was successful in his own day at least. As a poet, his claim is less valid.

ONE OF TWO ;

OR,

A LEFT-HANDED BRIDE.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHAT WAS FOUND AT GARDEN-COURT.

MRS. GOUGER sat by her own little fire in the basement of one of those Inns of Court which, by the grace of providence and the forbearance of a long-suffering world, have been permitted for many hundred years to nurse successive generations of barristers.

The prospect opened up by this reflection—with the fact, rendered patent from statistics, that there are at least four or five generations in each century of members of the long robe who rise to eminence, flourish, and then die—is so vast and so portentous,

that I leave it in all its ghastly bareness to the reader's imagination. No man can do full justice to it. We have heard of deep and reflective persons who could not walk through an Inn of Court without a creeping of the flesh—not occasioned by the visible and tangible presence of anything which might have been supposed to attack them, but from saddened reflections on the wickedness of human nature. But these people had been—either in themselves, or in their parents or relations—clients who had lost their suits. Such humorous creatures, saddened and yet not unapt to indulge in a pensive smile, remark that the pun to be made on a Chancery suit and a suit of clothes is painfully subtle and searching; that if you lose one you generally lose the other, too; and the highest wisdom was not ill employed when it advised the client whose coat was attached to give up his cloak also—*i. e.*, to leave the whole of his suit in the lawyers' hands, and to flee naked to the wilderness. But we must not trouble the reader with such sick fancies.

The gloom, melancholy, and dirt—the generally unkempt and dishevelled appearance to be observed in all chambers of the Inns of Court—deepens as it goes lower down, and is very deep indeed at the basement story. Some young musical or literary fellow with a wife may live in the smaller Inns at the top rooms, and make them natty and clean; but, as a rule—from the “swell” chambers of the man who does not practise, but who ate his dinners and put on the gown and wig merely for position, to the busy first floor, occupied by the great Blatherwick, K.C., who has the ear of the court, and can terrify an ordinary jury in ten minutes—all the rooms were, at the time we write, wanting in cleanliness, and might be called “fluffy.” It might also have been noticed that the laundresses either never cleaned the windows, or that the occupants of the chambers chose to keep them dirty and blackened—“loving,” said those who had lost suits, “darkness rather than light, because their *deeds* are evil.”

Mrs. Gouger was the lady who attended to Mr. Edgar Wade's chambers, and whom the good-natured Mr. Scorem was so willing to help. She was quite ready to let any one help her—being, as she said, but a “poor creetur,” and never making an effort to be otherwise. The gloom which had settled all over Garden-court, and which was put

down by Mrs. Gouger to that “beastly rivier, and its confounded fogs, drat 'em,” became thicker and thicker that morning, and covered in its kindly cloak so many of the shortcomings of London, that men as they walked to business, and groped their way east of Temple Bar, were quite sociable with each other; and not only patronized the boys with links, but laughed at their drolleries. These young fellows—lowering their torches, and beating them against lamp-posts or their own feet, so as to produce a sudden flare—would dance forward, and dance round such of the passers-by as they could catch; and if unsuccessful in being hired, would playfully drop a few aspersions of melted tar on their clothes, and disappear like will-o'-the-wisps in the darkness.

In Mrs. Gouger's apartments, which were never very light, an Egyptian darkness had set in—relieved, indeed, and set off by the ruddy glow of her morning fire, supplied and kept bright by sundry cribbings of coal from the chambers of the gentlemen above. The laundress was a thin, spare woman, with one eye; and the clerks and other occupants of the chambers who were privileged to know her, had a legend that she had lost this eye by the American practice of “gouging,” so that she ought rather to have borne a passive than an active name. The “poor creetur” sat enjoying her breakfast, rather late in the foggy morning on which Old Daylight was called to the police court, and little dreaming of the after-events of the day—for a more peaceful existence than hers could hardly be imagined. It was only in the early mornings and late evenings that she was at all busy—coming out, like an owl, between the lights, and doing what she had to do in a subdued and dazy manner, as if she could not be induced to make an effort.

The morning, which had been fine and open, suddenly grew dark—even on the north side of Oxford-street; but, towards the “confounded river”—to quote Mrs. Gouger—the London atmosphere made up its mind suddenly, as it sometimes will do, to produce one of those unparalleled London fogs, the like of which is not to be witnessed anywhere else, and of which the natives are, not unreasonably, proud.

As soon as Mr. Scorem had announced himself as the clerk of the barrister, Edgar Wade, Mr. Forster, whose worst fears were

confirmed, led the Inspector aside, and took a sudden resolution. All hope of his *protégé's* innocence had melted away as quickly as the fog had arisen, and before Old Daylight there was only one path—that of his duty.

"When was this foil-blade found?" he asked of Scorem.

"Only two days ago. I could not make out what it had been used for, nor how it came there," continued the clerk. But it was evident he was haunted with a presentiment and a suspicion.

"Mr. Wade lives at my house," said the old Bow-street runner; "and he has not been home last night. We have one here, too, who is supposed to be connected with him upon this very matter."

The matter alluded to was the death of Estelle Martin, the narration of which had roused Mr. Scorem's suspicions.

"Do you know anything of him? He's called César Negretti."

Mr. Scorem was familiar with the name. He had been sent by Mr. Wade to make some inquiries, and with some letters which he did not care to trust to the twopenny post.

Again Old Daylight turned aside to consult with the Inspector; and the result was that he, with Mr. Scorem, hurried off to the Temple to find whether Edgar Wade had passed the night there, and if there were other evidence.

Through the darkening fog which lay heavy upon Covent-garden and the Strand, and seemed to have settled in a fond partiality on Soho and Newgate Market; through the courts which ran from the "Acre," as Scorem called it, into Covent-garden, and which were as dark as Erebus, Mr. Tom Forster and the nimble clerk, followed at a short distance by the reporter, hurried. It was of no use to take a hackney coach, as these denizens of London were too well used to the intricacies of the great city not to know that, by many short cuts and devious turnings cleverly taken advantage of, they could more readily reach the Temple than by coach.

Down Bow-street into the Strand, through Temple Bar and Middle Temple-lane, half-strangled by the fog, the owner of the Hessian boots hurried with his merry men; and passing through an atmosphere which, looking towards the river, resembled the deep yellow glass one sometimes sees in the con-

servatory doors of humble suburban residences, they soon tripped down the circular stone steps which lead to Garden-court, and stood before the barrister's door.

"Hold! stay a minute," said Forster, recovering his breath; "let us see what we are to do. Let us behave like gentlemen. You go up, Mr. Scorem, and see if he be there; if so, let us know by tapping at your window, as you arrange your desk."

"I!—no. I won't betray him that way. He was my master, and a good one—although—"

"Never mind; he must come out this way, and a few minutes do not matter. Thank Heaven for this fog—he will be spared any humiliation."

"Yes, it *is* a good job, is it not?—that's something to be thankful for!" said Scorem. "Well, it is no use waiting down here. I will go up, and you can follow."

So Scorem, with a quickened pulsation, walked upstairs, carefully and sedately; even arranging his hair, and pulling down his waistcoat, to look a little fresh and natty.

But he did not leave his companions for long. Mr. Forster, leaning against the door-sides, upon which the name of Mr. Edgar Wade flourished with many others, was thinking how that would have to be painted out, and another would take its place; and Mr. Slammers had hardly time to adjust his respiration, and wipe his hot brow, when Scorem bounded downstairs again, and stood before them. He looked very white indeed.

"What is it?" asked the old man, catching the infection of fear. "Is he there?"

"I don't know," returned the clerk, almost angrily. "How should I know? The oak's sported, as they say at college—fast locked."

"Well, then, what's your fear?"

"Well, if he is not there, he's been—that's all. I left both doors shut, but the inner one's open. I can see through the letter-slip into the room."

"Can you see any one?"

"No!—that's where it is," said Scorem, trembling. "There's a form—"

"Dash it, man!" cried Slammers, "I see what it is! He's been home during the night here, and poisoned himself, perhaps! I know the sort of thing. Here—where are the keys of that outer door?—some one has them!"

Then it was that, dashing down into the

basement, Scorem fled, shouting, "Mrs. Gouger! Mrs. Gouger! Where are your keys, woman?"

In his energy, he forgot his politeness.

"Drat it," said Mrs. Gouger, who had dozed after her breakfast, and in the midst of the fog—"drat it! don't miscall a poor creetur? You are energetical, *you* are."

"Keys!" said Scorem, breathlessly—looking wildly, as if he could wring them from the laundress; and feeling every moment in which she fumbled for the master-key as if it were an age.

Happily, she found it; and, urged by curiosity, followed the clerk to the first floor.

The two companions of Scorem were there before him. The door was opened, and the three crept in silently, through the fog—silently into the room; where, sure enough, even in the darkness they could notice that a darker form was there, and that a gloomier presence added to the gloom. How and by what means the eye of Scorem had managed to rake the apartment, or whether it was only his imagination that had drawn the picture, it was never known; but there, surely enough, was a form seated in the barrister's chair, and leaning forward over the worn black leather covered desk upon which he had so often written.

"He is worn out," said old Tom Forster, with a slow, despairing voice—"and is asleep."

"Asleep!" exclaimed Barnett Slammers. "Here, I know something about these cases—having seen enough, God knows! Has he been dead long?—that's the question."

He pushed Tom Forster aside, and put his arm under the arm of the recumbent figure, to feel the heart of the barrister—which was once so proud, so ambitious, so eager in its love of the world.

But the reporter did not ascertain if the heart were cold or warm, or whether it yet beat or was still, or merely fluttered as it died; but, taking away his hand as if something had stung him, cried—

"What's this? Is it ink? Here, bring a light—a light!"

Scorem ran into another office, and came back with the double candlestick and flaring tallow candles used by gentlemen of the law; and, as Slammers held up his hand, they saw that it was dabbled in dark blood.

"There is no hope," said the reporter,

calmly. "That blood is as cold as ice—that's why I thought it was ink. Here, give me the light this way."

Old Forster trembled too much to do or say much; but he looked on at the actors in the strange scene, murmuring to himself, "He is not dead! he can't be dead!" Then, again, he said, "It is well so, if he were guilty; but surely he was free from that."

They raised the tall, handsome form. The face, pale as marble, looked more hard and clever than even in life. The hair, damp and dank, clustered in heavy curls upon the forehead; the brow was damp with the dew of death; the eyes closed, as if in sleep; the mouth half open, and partly full of blood, which had flowed over the desk and table, and lay in a heavy pool on the floor.

"Dead! Dead as Queen Anne!" said the reporter. "You must send for a doctor before you have him removed. And then—"

"Take him home, poor boy—and lay him by the poor lady who so loved him. He *lives*—good God, that I should say it!—he lived with me."

"You see how it is. He has been wandering out in the cold without his cravat. Look here!" Slammers pointed to the bare neck, some part of it stained with blood. "And there is no wound anywhere. In his dread and agony, he has burst a blood-vessel: happy in that, that it has saved him from worse fate!"

"There may yet be a chance," said Old Daylight, the tears gathering in his eyes, as he placed his hands within the dead man's bosom, to feel if there were but a spark of life. But there was none. "Why, what is this?"

He detached, as he said it, from the neck of Edgar Wade a black riband, wetted with his blood, to which was attached a locket, on which was engraved the word, "Natalie."

"She was his ruin," said the old man.

"And what's this?" asked Mr. Slammers, picking up a packet of papers from the desk, and reading the inscription by the candle—"To Mr. Tom Forster, for him and the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterton."

"Give them to me," cried Old Daylight.

The doctor came—calm, cool as an iceberg: a man of business; pale, ready to direct.

"The table; take away papers; lay it out so. Dead for hours—rupture of one of the large vessels—heavy congestion—deep emotion, agitation, worry. Strip it. No wound

—healthy condition—fine chest, for so sedentary a man—no marks on body. Hey! curious—on the left ankle, a little deep blue spot, about the size of a pea: looks as if it were a tattoo mark. Mrs. Gouger, you say, is your name? You had better clean this up. You are in charge of the chambers? Yes—a clean sheet or two: let it be there still. Close the shutters—yes. Proper officers: won't like it in an Inn of Court. Take necessary steps to have it removed, after it has been viewed. All right. I'm of no use here now."

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN WHICH THE READER FINDS OUT WHO WAS THE "ONE OF TWO."

WITH many varying moods upon his handsome face, with eloquence in his quick and fervid tongue, with expression in every graceful action and position into which his body fell—now standing like an antique statue of an orator pleading for the right, now as an imploring and a guilty creature—now as a Faun, listening and terrified—now with hope, and anon with a bitter anguish and despair, César Negretti pleaded before the magistrate, and made a clean breast of it.

"He knew Madame Martin. Yes; he had known her for some time. Was aware of her connection with the Chesterton family. Had visited her house with a letter from milord. Was employed as servant to Lord Wimpole. Had been guilty, or was supposed to have been guilty, of speculation there—at Chesterton House. Nothing had been proved against him. Was guilty of indiscretion only. Something found in his possession: Mr. Brownjohn knew all about it. Would say no more upon that, having an important revelation to make.

"Who was he? Was the son, he believed—in fact, knew—of M. Gustave, the confidential valet to his lordship. His father had him educated, and he was taken and placed as a clerk to a merchant in Malta. Knew many people there. Lived like a gentleman. Had seen his father when he travelled abroad with my lord. Also knew Le Père Martin, who more than once came to the island in his boat to trade. Martin had brought him money from his father.

"Had quarrelled with his employer, the merchant. Loved pleasure, and was idle, as most young men in their land were. Loved the warm climate, and the blue

sea; so different from the cold seas of the North.

"When his father died, he (Negretti) had the property left to him transmitted by his lordship, with a letter and a packet of papers, which had, of course, been untouched by his honourable lordship.

"Had lived then as a gentleman, in Spain, in Italy, and in Paris; until his money, in two years, had melted away. Had gambled—perhaps not more than other young gentlemen fond of pleasure and of seeing the world."

During the few words he said concerning this time, Negretti stood up boldly, as if he recalled it with something akin to pleasure and pride. Then he gave a touching account of his poverty, and his many trials in Paris. When he had money, he had not dared to embark in trade, although he had many good offers. "All on the island," he said, "are rogues and cheats." It was peculiar to this creature to asperse everybody, and to represent himself as a harmless person, afraid of every one else, and a prey to all surrounding him. Mr. Horton listened with suppressed disgust, and with some admiration too, to the various interjectionary slanders upon humanity that the eloquent young fellow threw out.

"Well, but come to the point," said the magistrate.

"He would do so, learned sir; but it was necessary to understand his position. Alone and almost starving, he remembered his father's letters; and one evening sat in his miserable lodging to look them over. Amongst others, he found one or two very important to my lord."

Armed with these, he made his way over to England, and found out Lord Chesterton. But although César did not directly say so, it would seem that he had no need to use these letters. He was received with kindness, pitied, and given a place of confidence—in fact, was made valet to Lord Wimpole at once.

The letters then seemed to have disappeared for some time. César was installed in his place; and soon, with his usual tact and skill, made himself master of his situation. During the time he was there—as Mr. Horton divined from one or two questions which, in his eagerness to exculpate himself and to serve justice, Negretti answered with a forward carelessness—he had employed himself in piecing together the

story which the letters disclosed, and which he but half knew.

To a man of his dissimulation and subtle intellect, all was very easy: he learned enough to make his knowledge dangerous. He visited Madame Martin more than once, on his own account; and, although he had learnt little from her, that little was enough.

The Widow Martin, as she called herself, did not like the foreign valet; and it was certain that he did not like her. She was not generous, he said, and very cunning; whence Mr. Horton, rightly or wrongly, presumed that he had failed to make his market there. He was well treated, and liberally paid, at Chesterton House; but the service was irksome. And his fatal itch for gambling, in order to retrieve the money he had lost, kept him poor and in want.

The rogues and cunning ones at Malta were bad enough, as he well knew; but of all rogues he had found, none were equal to those—of every nation, and of Jewish or Christian faith—who were to be found near the Haymarket, and “there—*la bas!*” Here César—like injured innocence—pointed definitely enough towards Soho.

“His ill-luck prevailed. Nobody ever was so unlucky as he was. He was the very sport of fortune. One day, when he had lost all the money that had been paid him, and for which he had worked and toiled so hardly, he was tempted to borrow something belonging to his lordship to raise money on—that was all, upon his honour—upon his soul!”

“That will do,” said Mr. Horton—“go on with your story.”

It would seem, then, that the letters were tried upon Lord Wimpole—or a threat, or hint at something the valet knew concerning the family; and that—most indignantly—all César Negretti’s proffered information was rejected; and that the attempt was sufficient to bar his return to the house.

That rejection was the cause of all the subsequent evil and trouble. César tried various occupations and methods of earning a living—as a teacher of languages, even as a waiter at that Hotel for Strangers where the reader first met him; but his usual ill-luck pursued him everywhere.

Then it was that the mysterious bundle of letters was again resorted to; and this time on another person was their effect tried

—on Mr. Edgar Wade, whose paternity César then first made known to him.

It is useless to follow this man in his narrative. The letters were submitted to the barrister; the plausible story was made out; and Edgar Wade was caught in the springe set by the clever Maltese.

“And then, monseigneur,” said Negretti, piteously, “then, when I had shown him all, this Monsieur Wade—a man *aigre*, strong, clever, full of vengeance—took his purpose daily in his hand. He would have me find out Madame Martin’s secret. She had letters, of course. They must be looked to. What were they? ‘We must,’ he said, ‘look well to our proofs—I am the heir of Lord Chesterton!’

“What would you? I was weak in the hands of that lawyer. I saw that if I did not what he wished, that I should perish. He was wise, able, strong, and very determined.”

The face of the Maltese changed to a marble paleness, as he leaned forward to tell his story. This was the point in which all were most interested; and it was about this period of his confession that Old Daylight—a subdued and broken man—walked into court, with some papers in his hand.

“It was upon me that the duty of finding out all these papers was thrust. Oh, sir, I feared that man, and I went forward to act for him. I went, then, to Madame Martin’s, on the evening of the 29th of September. It was quite dark.”

“Were you by yourself?”

“Yes, quite so—that is, I entered the house and left it by myself.”

“The man is going to tell the truth,” thought the magistrate.

“Monseigneur”—here the Maltese was very plaintive—“I entered the house, having tapped gently at the door, and it was opened by madame. She was about to burn those letters in a fire she had made for cooking, for she expected Mr. Edgar Wade; and I was imploring her earnestly to spare them, when she was suddenly struck down from behind with a deadly weapon—part of a foil or stiletto; the letters were snatched away; and, when I looked up, penetrated with horror, I saw my master—the clever man, the barrister—Edgar Wade! Oh, pity me, sir! Look at me, poor, helpless, possibly foolish; but *not* guilty!”

Here the young fellow dropped into such an abject form of supplication, at once so

beautiful and touching, that even Brownjohn nearly pitied him.

Old Daylight, bending forward to the magistrate, whispered something; and Mr. Horton asked a question.

"I am curious to know," he said, "very curious to know, whether the poor woman uttered a cry or not?"

César was puzzled; he was a man who fancied that in every question he saw a snare.

"Your honour, sir," he said, piteously, "I was so horrified that I could hardly say."

Mr. Horton looked blank at this; and Negretti quickly corrected himself.

"Yes, I well remember. She fell silently, without one sound—killed at once, as skilfully as if a brigand's hand had struck her."

"She was quite silent, then?"

"*Si, signor*—yes, sir, upon my oath."

"Yer lie!" shrieked Patsy, springing up suddenly, and beginning to pour out a torrent of words which it was of no use trying to stop.

When the testimony of this young gentleman was reduced to writing, after Patsy had been properly sworn, it came to this—that he, Patsy, suspecting something wrong, and grievously hating the Italian for his ill-usage and abuse, had followed him carefully on the evening in question; had seen him dress himself like a gentleman going to a party, with light gloves; saw him leap the garden fence—tap at the shutters—enter the door; and in about ten minutes he, Patsy, drawing near, had heard a piercing scream. Not until five or ten minutes afterwards did he hear—wondering and fearful in his waiting—the horse of Edgar Wade; who, riding up, fastened his bridle to the post of a deserted cattle-shed, and entered the house by the gate and the open door. After some time—short enough—Negretti ran out, white and terrified. Patsy had drawn aside under the shadow of a small outhouse, and saw the Italian pocket some white articles, as if of silver, and then, looking carefully round, fly across the fields. Trembling and alarmed, Patsy waited; and then, closing the door carefully after him, the gentleman came forth, and looking on either side, unfastened his horse, and leading him for some time on the side of the road, so that his footfalls should not be heard, at last he mounted, and galloped away. Patsy himself got back

somehow to Soho before the Italian, who knew not that he had been watched.

With a shriek, an imprecation, hearty and deep—and then a prayer, yet more deep and hearty—César stood up, a model of incorrupt virtue, and called Heaven to witness that all this story was one net of lies.

"Wait, man—be still, will you not? This gentleman has something to say."

Old Forster rose, never lifting his eyes—without the slightest approach to his former secure certainty—with sadness in his tone, and almost despair in his manner.

"The words of the last witness were entirely corroborated by the last paper—the confession, he might call it, of Edgar Wade, Esq., barrister-at-law." And Old Daylight read the passages which bore on the adventures of that night:—

"I had come with a determination to take from this woman, Martin, all evidences of my birth. I disbelieved the vows of Madame Wade. I fully believed that I was wronged. By wrong and force I was prepared to do myself right; but I was indeed punished. I had to meet Negretti—the man who had first roused my suspicions—at nine o'clock, before the house. When I came there, I found him already rifling the body of the woman whom he had murdered. He turned suddenly on me, as I stood stupefied and appalled, and placed the very weapon by which the woman had been slain in my hands.

"Maddened by the sight, I hid this about me. It will be found beneath the carpet of this room, if search be made. I found I was the victim of this man. He swore that it was for me that he had committed this crime; he implored me to save him, and to let him go. He told me that there were important letters all over the house, in secret places, and that alone could we be safe by carrying out the proofs of my identity; and that, in the struggle to obtain these proofs, he had slain her. That we stood equally guilty in the eyes of the law—that the murderer was *one of two*.

"That he had met me by appointment *here*. Of this appointment, the letter was in his house at home. What was I to do? Caught in my own net; poor, without aid: to persist in my course was my only chance of gaining riches, of preserving life. The law listens to the suitor whose hand is

armed with the sword of gold. I let the wretched man flee away, and set myself—with the dead woman in the house—to search for proofs of my cause.

"I found too many: I found letters from Madame Wade begging this woman to forego the plot; thanking her that, in her opinion—for so she had been led to believe, and for *that* she had rewarded the woman Martin—the plot was frustrated, and the child of the Countess had not been wronged."

It was enough. César—shrieking, protesting, calling Heaven to be witness of his innocence—was borne away.

A year or so had passed. The Earl of Chesterton "sank to the grave in unperceived decay," resigned and penitent.

The actors in this story pass away from the stage. Mr. Scorem, a prosperous student at law, some time afterwards to be known as a successful and hard-working barrister, of Pump-court, Temple.

And Philip Chesterton, what of him?

The honours others had so struggled for, he did not care to wear.

In that great country which—whatever may have been the struggles of its young life—has had a past more free and innocent from gross wrong and bloodshed than many others, and from which those who believe in the future of humanity hope and expect so much, an English gentleman and his wife, owning a vaster territory than any English duke, administered their property for the good of others—for the poor and oppressed; for emigrants from other lands, chiefly their own—surrounded by many of the personages of this story. To strengthen the weak-hearted, and to raise the fallen, has been the aim of their lives, and this aim has been attained.

If youth passed away quickly and happily in doing good, and in keeping society simple and pure—manhood succeeded, honoured, strengthened, and upheld.

"My little lady," said Philip to his wife, praising her for some good deed, "what should I have been without you?"

"Oh, Philip! oh, my knight!—my true and strong and pure, good man—what cannot woman do for one she loves, when he is noble and exalted—noble, though he lays down his title; honoured, not from rank and position, but for his own good deeds, and for

the simple way in which he follows the sure sweet impulses given to his heart by Heaven itself?"

THE END.

STRANGE SEED.

IT is not upon the periodically recurring question of "spontaneous generation," which is just now agitating the scientific world, that the following remarks are penned; neither is it, as might be inferred from the title, intended to enumerate, or even refer to, the numberless "strange seeds" with which a botanist is familiar. Our aim is rather to bring together and compare a few of the mythical origins which have, from very ancient times, been assigned to certain plants—origins which would be passed by as not coming within the province of the man of science or the botanist, but which may afford to the general reader and the student of folk-lore a few interesting particulars.

A very slight acquaintance with the classics will suffice to enable us to recall to our memories instances of a "transmutation of species" far beyond the wildest dream of the most advanced thinker on such matters. Thus, when a damsel was fleeing from the pursuit of a too ardent lover, the gods took pity upon her, and forthwith transformed her into a tree—as in the case of Daphne and others. Some plants were created for the favourites of the gods: such as the violet, which Jove designed as pasturage for the fair Io, when the jealousy of Juno had caused her metamorphosis into a cow. The Narcissus sprang up after the melancholy death of him whom its name recalls; while Venus, inconsolable for the death of her Adonis, finds a memory of him in the plant which grew from his blood.

Blood, indeed, is, and always has been, intimately connected with the mythical origins of plants; and figures thus in the traditions of Christianity, as well as in those of pre-Christian forms of belief. Such a connection was probably present to the mind of Tertullian when he penned his famous sentence: "The *blood* of the martyrs is the *seed* of the Church;" and tradition goes back to the very commencement of the Christian era, and points to the red rose as having assumed that colour from a drop of the Saviour's blood which fell upon it on Calvary. The scarlet anemone, we are told, is still

called in Palestine "the blood-drops of Christ;" and the same cause accounts for the dark markings on the leaves of the arum and purple orchis. That the robin owes his red breast to his pious endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of his Creator is a belief well known and widely spread—accounting, it may be, for the popular objection to shooting one of these birds. It is sufficiently curious, and an evidence of the general diffusion of similar traditions among all races of men, to know the Burmese consider the "Indian shot" plant (*Canna indica*)—which has, of late years, been so frequent in our gardens—as peculiarly sacred to Buddha. He at one time cut his foot by striking it against a rock; and from the blood then shed, this plant is fabled to have sprung. Its shining scarlet seeds are used in the manufacture of rosaries, and are much revered by the Buddhists on account of this origin.

The plants which have similar legends—varying more or less in detail, but always agreeing in the main point of their springing up from the blood of the slain or wounded—are very numerous. Thus, in Norway, the root of the St. John's wort, with its reddish markings, was called "Baldur's blood;" but the Christianising of the people led to a substitution of St. John the Baptist for the sun-god, whom he may be said to have replaced in the popular mind, and the herb is now called "St. John's blood." St. Leonard fought with a mighty dragon for three days, in the Sussex forest which bears his name; and from the blood which he shed in the encounter sprang up the lilies of the valley, which still abound in some parts of the wood. The dwarf elder is very generally known in England as the "Danes'-blood," from its having appeared after the battles, from the blood of the slaughtered Danes. Thus Camden, in his "Britannia," says:—"The dwarf elder, that grows hereabout" [on the Bartlow hills] "in great plenty, and bears the berries, they" [the country people] "call by no other name but Danes'-blood, from the multitude of Danes that were slain there." At Warwick, where it grows, the tradition is, that it commemorates the battle fought when the town was taken by Cnut; while in one of its Worcestershire localities it points out the spot where the first blood shed in a more recent contest took place—that between the Royalists and their opponents. In Wiltshire, according to Aubrey,

the Danes'-blood grew at Slaughtonford in plenty, where "there was heretofore a great fight with the Danes, which made the inhabitants give it that name." The Welsh superstition is, that this plant will only grow where blood has been spilt in battle or murder; and its Welsh name signifies "plant of the blood of man." On the site of the burial of the Danes at Bartlow, in Cambridge-shire, the pasque-flower was formerly very abundant, and was there called Danes'-blood; as was also a small purple-blossomed bell-flower. Still, the dwarf elder is the plant to which the name properly applies. Possibly, the reason why others are so called in the eastern counties may be found in the fact that it was there that the ravages of the Danes were most extensive, and their memory was thus more deeply impressed upon the then inhabitants, and handed down to posterity in connection with the flowers mentioned.

The rose has many fabulous origins. Some state it to have sprung from the blood of Venus. The Mohammedans say that the sweat of their prophet was the source from which it grew; while "the Ghebers believe that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, upon which the child sweetly reposed." The Christian legend on the same subject is given by Sir John Maundeville. It is to the effect that a fair maiden of Bethlehem was slandered, and condemned to be burnt; but when the fire began to burn around her, she prayed to our Lord that, as she was not guilty of that sin, He would help her, and make her innocence manifest to men. Then was the fire quenched, and the burning brands became red rose-trees full of roses, while those that were not kindled became white rose-trees full of roses. "And these weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and red, that ever any man saughe." Roses have always figured largely in Christian tradition: from the time when they were found in the tomb of the Blessed Virgin until the institution of the rosary by St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century—the beads on the rosaries now in use having been symbolized by red and white roses. Of their connection with the "Wars of the Roses" it is unnecessary to speak; but it may be mentioned that at Towton, in Yorkshire, where one of the most disastrous battles of that time was fought, there are

groups of rose-bushes in the "bloody meadow," which are said to mark the graves of the slain; and local tradition states that these roses will only grow in that field, and that it is impossible to make them grow if removed thence. It is stated, however, that a gardener at Tadcaster has had one growing in his garden for four or five years; so that the latter part of this tradition is scarcely "founded on fact."

Another "strange seed" which we may place on our list consists of the tears shed by certain individuals. Of the plants to which these gave rise we may name the elecampane—which, according to Pliny, sprang from the tears of Helen, and preserves her memory in its scientific title, *Inula Helenium*. Pliny also tells us that it had wondrous powers of preserving the beauty of the fair sex—a hint this for the successors of Madame Rachel!—and it is supposed by some to have been used by the Greek heroine to enhance her charms. Later writers, however, while enumerating very fully the less romantic, if more useful, qualities of the elecampane, do not refer to its virtue as a cosmetic; and perhaps—"to what base uses may we return!"—its very name is unknown to most of my readers, unless they remember an old-fashioned sweetmeat called "alicompane," into the composition of which this largely entered. Authorities, however, are not agreed as to the origin of the plant; for, although that above given is the most generally received tradition, "some say it was so called because Hellen first found it available against the bitings and stings of venomous beasts; others, that shee had her hands full of this herbe, when Paris carried her away; and others thinke that it tooke the name from the island Helena, where the best was found to grow." From one of its old synonyms, that of "Juno's tears," we may suppose that a lachrymal origin has been attributed to the vervain. The glistening drops which tip the red hairs of the sundew-leaves are called in Sweden "Our Lady's tears."

The large "milk thistle," as it is often called, with its green leaves beautifully marbled with white—which often occurs in gardens and on waste ground—is also known as Our Lady's thistle; and the white markings are said to have been caused by a drop of the Virgin's milk, which fell upon the original plant, then entirely green, and produced the effect with which we are familiar.

Here, again, one is at once reminded of the Greek tradition which attributes the "milky way" to a drop of the milk of Juno.

Many instances of the springing of trees from the graves of certain persons are on record; and some of them, with the traditions attached, are well known. In Osian we find a reference to this, when, speaking of two departed lovers, buried—like "Villikins and his Dinah"—"in one grave," the poet says:—"Here rests their dust! These lonely yews sprang from their tomb, and shade them from the storm."

A curious legend is told at Tewin, in Hertfordshire, concerning some sycamore trees which grew, from self-sown seeds, about the tomb of a Lady Anne Grimston, who was, quite unjustly, said to have been an unbeliever. She is reported to have said that, if the sacred Scriptures were true, seven ash-trees would grow from her tomb; and the existence of the sycamores is looked upon as an evidence of the truth of the Bible, although they can scarcely be considered as fulfilling literally the conditions stated by the deceased lady. Of course, in instances like this, it is easy to perceive that the cause was originated by the effect.

Perhaps the strangest seed of all, however, is fern-seed—that mysterious charm, much sought of old, as well as in comparatively recent times, by those that would "walk invisible." As the ceremonies connected with the gathering of this wondrous treasure have often been recorded, we need not here enter further upon them.

TABLE TALK.

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING collection of pictures, consisting chiefly of historical portraits, is now on view at Mr. Cundall's Gallery, No. 168, New Bond-street. The whole of the pictures exhibited have been collected by Mr. Charles B. Braham, whose property they are; and they do great credit to his taste, zeal, and assiduity as a connoisseur. We call attention to them chiefly for the purpose of mentioning three or four of the portraits of famous personages which are comprised in the collection. These are—Tom Moore and the Earl of Derby, by Sir David Wilkie; a portrait of Washington, President of the United States, painted by Keale; Jack Wilkes, Boswell, David Garrick, and honest Dick Steele;

Angelica Kauffmann, R.A.; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by Hudson; and many other valuable and interesting portraits.

A CORRESPONDENT: In connection with the Cambridge mathematical tripos, I send you the following parody of Campbell's "Last Man:"—

THE LAST MAN.

All Triposes shall *end* in gloom;
 The day far spent will be,
 Before that mortal shall assume
 His Bachelor's degree.
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 Which gave my spirit legs to leap
 To January from June:
 I saw the Last Man, greatly sold,
 Whose hands the Vice shall then enfold:
 To wit, the Wooden Spoon.

His Hood was on; his head was bare;
 His face with grind was wan;
 The senior Ops and Wranglers were
 Around that lowly man.
 Some were attired in black; the bands
 Still tidied were with careful hands;
 In salt-and-pepper some.
 The undergraduate gowns were fled,
 Which Gyps were lifting with the Bed-
 Makers, where all was Thumb!

Yet, Freshman-like that Johnian stood,
 And heaved a plaintive sigh;
 Or shook the creases from his Hood,
 When any Don brushed by;
 Mutt'ring beneath his breath, "'Tis Dunn!*
His days are told, my race is run;
 A mercy! I can go!
 For I these thousand days—three years
 Have been thus tied by plucky fears,
 I shall no longer know.

"What though beneath thee man may floor
 His 'Pump,' with pride and skill;
 Get up his Telescopes—nay, more,
 His Rainbow, if he will.
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 O Dunn! 'tis crowned all to-day,
 The toil that now is past;
 Though triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Have only placed me in the gang
 Of Junior Ops at *last!*"

* A well-known Coach who pulls shady men through.

THE *Saturday*, IN ITS own courteous way, has pointed out what the "specials" ought to tell us, but do not; and what they do tell us, but ought not. This little gem from the *Times* correspondent is, however, unique. It having "transpired"—as no doubt he would say—that the treaty of peace was about to be signed, this gentleman appears to have loitered about the house in which "Count Bismarck and his

secretaries are wont to work." The mantle of the old "Window peepers" seems to have descended on "Our own," who—though standing stretching his neck in the street, in what strikes us as rather an undignified way—saw "two heads" above the window blind. He says:—"There were only the tops of two heads to be seen above the railings—two heads: one bald, the other covered with gray hair—both belonging to tall men. I cannot say who owned them; but at that moment M. Favre and the Chancellor were engaged in the final and animated debate which preceded the signature." Really, sir, what a pity it was that there was no hole in the window frames—no aperture to which you could have applied that curious ear! Where were the sentries, though? And did they ever hear what Colonel Hardy did to Mr. Paul Pry under somewhat similar circumstances? Seriously, though, does the English public demand such risks and sacrifices from "Our own correspondent"? We think not. News is news; and eavesdropping, after all, at Versailles or in Printing House-square, is an unsavoury thing.

THE POINT OF THE following anecdote might apply as well to the new German Emperor as it undoubtedly did to his ancestor. Dr. Baylis was an English physician of great repute in the middle of the last century. His skill obtained for him the post of physician to the then King of Prussia. On his first introduction, the King is said to have observed to the doctor, that to have acquired so much experience, he must necessarily have killed a great many people. To which the doctor replied, "Pas tant que votre Majesté"—"Not so many as your Majesty."

SIR ROBERT PORRETT COLLIER has gained for himself the distinction of having his name handed down to future ages as the framer of the shortest bill ever known—the new Juries Act Amendment Bill. The act in question simply repeals one section of the Juries Act of 1870.

WE HOPE THAT none of our readers are familiar with the precise terms in which an English tailor intimates that his little account must be settled:—"To account rendered, £— —s. —d. N.B. *Your early attention will greatly oblige.*" This is, we

believe, the common form: matter of fact, and pointed enough. Contrast with this the Oriental grandiloquence of a native Indian tailor's letter on the same topic to an officer in a regiment of the Bengal Native Infantry, and see how much we have yet to learn.

"To Lieut. —, —th Regt. N.I., Berrampore.

"KIND SIR—I humbly most respectfully beg solicit the favor of your that I beg to inform you that your promised is past to pay the amount and intrest is more increased the whole amont 300 Rs Three hundred Rupees. Will you do so good enough highly on me if you kindly remit me a draft on the Loodianah Treasury shall feel much oblige your by doing so, because I have much desire for the money in these days therefore I have take the liberty to trouble in your honor with these lines if you kindly remittance, extremely oblige in these days. I have purchased 4 Bunglows, and now too much require the money; if you do in such a time kind and favor for remit to money, much oblige in this time you do on me help, thousand obliges on me; and beside of this took place a marriage of my brother's, is now extremely desire for money, extremely oblige your.—I remain, sir, your most obdt. Servt.

"NIHAL, Tailor.

"Loodianah, 3d Octr."

THE NAMES of certain great characters are so well known to fame, that often little or nothing else is known about them. Homer is in danger of having been born in seven different places at once. Shakspeare's early history is equally unauthoritative. Nobody really knows who old Parr was—some sceptical people believing that after all he was only some old humbug, who pretended to be a great deal older than he really was. And who was Mrs. Partington? The old lady's maltreatment of the English language is proverbial. It may not be uninteresting, then, to know something of the old lady herself. The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living in Sidmouth in Devonshire. Her cottage was on the beach; and the incident on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sydney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lords' rejection of the Reform Bill.—"The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly

of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you, that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works; and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.

EVERYBODY HAS HEARD of Old Moore's Almanack, and its famous weather prophecies. In fact, in some parts of the country, the farmers have as much faith in their "Old Moore" as they have in the Church and Constitution. But few, we imagine, know who "Old Moore" really was. Francis Moore was not a real personage, but a pseudonym adopted by the author—a Mr. Henry Andrews, who was born near Grant-ham, in Lincolnshire, in 1744, and died in 1820. Andrews was astronomical calculator to the Board of Longitude, and for years corresponded with the eminent mathematicians of the day; so that we may suppose that "Old Moore's" predictions of fair or foul weather were originally based upon something more than mere guess-work; and calculated, to a certain extent, in the same manner as the data upon which the late Admiral Fitzroy was accustomed to put forth his storm signals.

ONE OF TWO is concluded in this number. MR. GOLIGHTLY, chapter 17, with two Illustrations by Phiz, will appear in our next.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 168.

March 18, 1871.

Price 2d.

M. THIERS.



AFTER more than thirty years' absence from office, M. Thiers is again Prime Minister of France. In her agony of defeat and ruin, France has looked around her for a statesman of character and principle to take the helm of public affairs, and do his best to retrieve the calamitous errors of the past; and the veteran politician of seventy-four is the only man she can find. True men and good men, even of the fine old Roman type, who would sacrifice their lives to their convictions, she can boast of with pride. But M. Thiers is the man for the moment. The recent negotiations with Count Bismarck have proved too painfully that firm convictions of equity must give way, in times of necessity, to compromises. And M. Thiers, perhaps, was the only man among the statesmen of France who could have arranged the stipulations of peace so successfully—if such a word, under the conditions, can be used—as has been done. Politicians are proverbially time-serving, and M. Thiers is probably the most time-serving politician that ever lived. Whichever way

the power of circumstance pointed, it has always been the manner of M. Thiers to bend to the breeze. If anything was to be gained by policy, by *finesse*, by tact, by caution, by eloquence, and persuasion, M. Thiers was the man to gain it. And for this reason, if for no other, the universal voice of the French people has appealed to the man who, through the whole of his political career, has ever taken his cue from the passionate impulse of the events of the moment.

Opinion is pretty unanimous on the character of M. Thiers as a statesman. Clever, eloquent, equal to any immediate emergency, he has never had a principle. The partizan, apologist, and exponent of whatever party was uppermost in the scale, he has had no regard for the past, and no care for the future. And this, perhaps, is more a characteristic of the man's nature than any wilful treachery or tergiversation. M. Thiers is essentially a Frenchman. And thus it is that—fickle, ever open to the impulse of the moment—he is suited to the genius of his countrymen; and with all his faults, they love him still. Whatever events may ensue from his new lease of power, events alone can determine. But certain it is that he is, at the present moment, the ruler of the destinies of France. Returned by constituencies all over the country, he has chosen to represent his native town; and the man who has been always the fiercest advocate for war is now called upon to rescue his country from the effects of the policy which he has so continually and pertinaciously vindicated. A brief sketch, therefore, of the career of him on whom the whole of Europe is now looking with curious suspense may not be out of place at the present moment.

M. Thiers was born at Marseilles, in the April of 1797. His father—of whom, perhaps, the less said the better—belonged to the ranks of the bourgeoisie at the com-

menacement of the first French Revolution, and enjoyed some good municipal office. He had embraced the aristocratic party; but the active operations of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror warned him to escape from the country, and by this means alone he saved his head. He seems to have been a man of superior intellectual powers, but he had none of the qualities of a good father of a family. It is unnecessary to go into details; but the result was that his wife, who came from a respectable Provence family, was soon separated from her not too faithful spouse; and, relying upon her resources—which were very limited—devoted herself to the one and only offspring of their union—young Louis Adolphe—the future statesman and historian. By some influence, she obtained for her boy a free admission to the *lycée*, or public school, of Marseilles. Here Adolphe remained till the year 1815. Like many other men who have made a mark in their maturity, Thiers does not seem to have been any great student as a boy. He showed great aptitude, but he had not sufficient application; and few at the time looked upon him as more likely to display extraordinary abilities than any other of his fellow-students. If he showed a greater *penchant* for one branch of study more than another, it was for mathematics; and this quality of his intellect evinced itself with good effect in his after-career as a financier. It was intended to enter him at the celebrated Polytechnic School; but the fall of the empire, and the prospect of military glory being at a minimum after the surfeit of war and its results with which Napoleon had visited the French people, placed the fulfilment of this idea out of the question.

Even thus early, he displayed his predilections for politics; for we are told that, in the month of March, 1815, he signed an address, burning with royalism, which the pupils of the Marseilles College had sent to the Duc d'Angoulême; and in the following July took his place, musket in hand, among the National Guards and Marseilles volunteers, who had marched against the *corps d'armée* of the unfortunate Marshal Brune. In November, 1815, Thiers was sent to Aix, to study law under M. Arnaud. Here he formed the acquaintance of several men, who were afterwards destined to make their mark in French history; and, most notably, of MM. Mignet, A. Crémieux, and Alf.

Rabbe. The friendship which he then formed with Mignet—afterwards, like himself, the historian of the Revolution—has never altered; and that most dangerous incentive to want of harmony—literary rivalry—has made no difference in the amicable relations of the two friends.

Thiers does not seem to have taken kindly to the study of the law. Literature, politics, and the fine arts were more suited to his brilliant abilities than the dry study of legal forms and jurisprudence. He gained little glory as a probationary student of law; but, as a student of literature, he attained his first celebrity in a town where letters have always been cultivated and honoured.

In 1821, Thiers obtained a brilliant success at the Academy of Aix. The prize subject for the year was a eulogy of Vauvenarges. Vauvenarges was a young writer and philosopher, born at Aix in the year 1715, whose great abilities and early death, at the age of thirty-two, Voltaire has lamented with many tender regrets; and they have since been made the theme of generous eloquence by such men as Guizot, Villemain, Saint Beuve, and Prévost Paradol. Thiers treated the subject from two different points of view—in fact, wrote two essays—and to one of them was adjudged the prize. Several other prizes he gained also; but, although they did not make the winner much the richer pecuniarily, yet they laid the foundation of his future reputation.

In due time, M. Thiers was called to the bar. His detractors say that he met with very indifferent success; but it is more than likely that his own preference for letters, which deterred him from persevering as an advocate, had more to do with his want of success than any want of the qualifications necessary for a successful advocate. Or the reason may be looked for elsewhere. It is well known that many men who have made a great reputation at the bar, often fail lamentably as parliamentary speakers; and it is possible, on the reverse principle, that M. Thiers was more fitted by nature for the senate than the court of law.

The town of Aix was too limited a field for the ambition of the young advocate; and, in the year 1821, he set out for Paris. The story of this part of Thiers' life is told in different ways. According to one account, he started for the capital in company with his friend Mignet. On their arrival in Paris, they were received with the greatest kind-

ness and consideration by the celebrated deputy, Manuel, to whom they had been warmly recommended. Manuel introduced Thiers to Etienne, the chief editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and obtained for Mignet a post on the *Courier Français*, both of which papers were the leading organs of the opposition at that time. Other accounts do not allow Thiers' progress to have been so gratefully uninterrupted. According to these, Mignet had preceded Thiers to the capital by about a year; and Thiers made his way thither alone, and that in a manner far from pleasant or satisfactory to himself. His adventures on the road, at least, were certainly more romantic than agreeable. Some say that he fell among thieves, and was robbed of all that he had; others, that he got connected with a company of strolling players, and thus worked his way to the scene of his future glories. He arrived, however, at last in Paris, and immediately made the best of his way to the house of his friend Rabbe, where he presented himself in a most deplorable state. His old fellow-student at Aix took pity upon him, and helped him out of his difficulties—in the first place, by an immediate subsidy of money, and afterwards by finding him occupation as a caterer for news to one of the Parisian journals. If this story be true—and it is vouched for by friends and enemies alike—the conduct of Thiers afterwards does little credit to his heart, or his principles of gratitude; for when Thiers succeeded to power, Rabbe was one of the first whom he prosecuted. An account, by one of his friends, of the sort of quarters with which he was forced to content himself for some time after his arrival in Paris is worth repeating, if only to give another illustration of what great results may be attained from small beginnings. He says:—

"I clambered up the innumerable steps of the dismal staircase of a lodging house, situated at the bottom of the dark and dirty Passage Montesquieu, in one of the most crowded parts of Paris. It was with a lively feeling of interest that I opened, on the fourth story, the smoky door of a little room which is worth describing; its whole furniture being an humble chest of drawers, a bedstead of walnut tree with white linen curtains, two chairs, and a little black table with rickety legs."

According to the same story, it was not until some time after, and after severe struggles and great perseverance, that he gained

a footing in literary circles, and was able to obtain an introduction to Manuel. Another biographer, on the other hand, gives a totally different colour to M. Thiers' first *début* in Paris. He says:—

"Moreover, M. Thiers was never forced to submit to any of those painful trials which so many men of genius have been compelled to undergo. He had never known the cruel attacks of want, the harsh humiliation of poverty, or the bitter heartburnings of unrecognized talent. Trained in his infancy under the care of a fond mother, he was at school and college a favourite with his teachers, and beloved by his companions. His academical career was marked with brilliant success; and when called to the bar, he was greeted with the kindest wishes and the most flattering encouragements. Scarcely had he placed his foot in the capital—whither so many have come only to endure afterwards cruel disappointments—than he was attached to the staff of a journal which had at the time an immense influence over public opinion. Introduced into the *salon* of Lafitte, he was immediately remarked as no ordinary man, even among the many distinguished characters for which it was famous. On terms of friendship with Manuel, Béranger, Benjamin Constant, Casimir Périer, and others, he was already an important personage."

This is a very halcyon picture of the success of M. Thiers' early career, but we think it must be taken *cum grano salis*. His life in the capital at the outset was undoubtedly like that of most other young men of small means but great abilities, who have to fight their way with their pens—neither too luxurious nor too extravagant. Be all this as it may, however, one thing is certain, that Thiers did ultimately gain, by the influence of Manuel, a post on the *Constitutionnel*. This once obtained, Thiers' fortune was already made. His articles in that journal were marked by beauty, strength, and logical precision; and also by a pure, lively, and dramatic style, which soon distinguished him from most of his contemporaries. The position which he soon attained in political and literary circles was an enviable one. He was presented to Talleyrand; and the astute statesman seems to have found in the powers of conversation, the quickness of perception, and the refinement of wit of young Thiers, gifts after his own heart. It may almost be questioned whether M. Thiers has

not made the famous master of the art of dissimulation his model, to a certain extent. His taste and judgment, too, in matters of art, brought the painters flocking round him, thankful for his advice, and glad of his approval. To the social advantages which M. Thiers enjoyed at this time is due his first work, a review of the *Salon* of 1821, which originally appeared in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, and which is replete with spirited criticism on art, and subjects of a kindred nature. M. Thiers was now firmly established as one of the best writers of the day, whether on political or general topics. Almost daily his pen was at work for the *Constitutionnel*. But the idea now struck him that something of a more permanent character than newspaper articles, however clever, was necessary for lasting fame. He determined, therefore, to collect materials for history; and he took the French Revolution for his subject. It was to his taste; and as literature alone was his occupation, he had time for an elaboration of the necessary details. With the illustrious survivors of the Grande Armée he talked of war, and listened to their experiences. The Baron Louis explained to him the financial operations of the Directory and Consulate, and the veteran Talleyrand lent him the aid of his keen judgment in the proper understanding of foreign affairs.

In 1823, the first volume of the "Histoire de la Revolution Française" appeared. An incident in connection with its publication is worth mentioning. The rising young journalist was not so well known to the booksellers; and before Lecomte and Durey would take his manuscript in hand, he was obliged to couple his name on the title-page with one Felix Bodin, a well-known literary hack of the time. When the third volume was issued, the real author had already made a name, and the recommendation of M. Bodin's name was no longer required, and it appeared simply as by Adolphe Thiers. The book was a success, and soon became a text-book on the subject of which it treated. Nay, the sensation which it made in the capital was extraordinary. The boldness and freedom of its ideas, in the very teeth of the ruling powers of the day, made it a work of party value. In it, M. Thiers constituted himself a defender of the principles which animated the first revolution. Men like Mirabeau and Danton, whose names and acts were hated by the

Restoration, he especially defended; and even the excesses of the Reign of Terror were extenuated by him as far as possible. Its effect was to stir up the vainglory of the whole French people to the uttermost pitch, and to attach all the youth of the nation to the old revolutionary doctrines.

Time, however, has placed its proper value upon M. Thiers' first and greatest sustained literary work. As a history for the student, it is almost worthless. Its inaccuracies are so glaring; its philosophy, based upon that of his friend Mignet, so absurd; and its partizan spirit so decided, that it can now only be looked upon as a brilliant literary performance; and its only merit is in the author's vigorous and graphic style, his art of dramatically grouping his facts, and his stirring descriptions of exciting events, which almost seem to take the reader back to the scene of action at the very time when they were enacted.

M. Thiers' next idea was to write a Universal History, or *Histoire Générale*; and for this purpose he made preparations for a tour round the world. But an unforeseen event prevented the execution of the idea. At this time—1829—Charles X. had just appointed Prince Polignac the head of a new administration, giving Counts Labourdonnaie and Bourmont portfolios in the same cabinet. Names more odious or unpopular to all constitutional Frenchmen could not have been mentioned. The worst and most arbitrary principles of the old monarchy seemed represented in them, and the whole country was in arms. The five celebrated *ordonnances* of the 25th of July—which, amongst other high-handed measures, suspended the liberty of the press, and dissolved the newly elected Chambers—justified the worst fears of the people. M. Thiers, in conjunction with MM. Mignet and Carrel, had meanwhile established the *National*, to oppose the new order of things; and it was about this time that M. Thiers laid down his celebrated maxim—"The king reigns, but does not rule." The famous protest against the new decrees, originated by M. Thiers, and signed by nearly all the editors in Paris at the offices of the *National*, the signal for insurrection which it gave, the three days' bloody struggle, and the victory of the people, are matters of recent history. Charles X. was obliged to fly to England; and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, ascended the throne—MM. Thiers

and Mignet having posted a proclamation throughout Paris, recommending the transfer of the crown to Charles's kinsman. It is said that, since 1825, Thiers had been in league with the Duke of Orleans, and used every resource to pave the way for his elevation to the throne; but as Louis Philippe's share in the conspiracy has not been proved, the statement must be taken for what it is worth.

In the month of October, 1830, M. Thiers was elected deputy for Aix; and, in the following month, was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Finance, in the government of Lafitte, the eminent banker. Thus, in the course of a few months, the mere journalist took his place among the statesmen of France. His eloquence in the Chambers, and the ability for finance which he displayed in his official character, soon increased his reputation. But now the inconsistency—to call it by no harsher name—which has ever marked his career developed itself. Out of office, he was the red-hot firebrand of radicalism. Immediately he tasted of the sweets of power, he was gentle as a sucking dove. His opinions underwent a magical change; and the monarchic and aristocratic ideas of the Conservative party were charmingly coincident with his own opinions. The Lafitte ministry did not last long; and in March, 1831, Casimir Périer, one of the ablest of the Conservative leaders, took the reins of government. And M. Thiers was the constant defender of his policy. The next year, Casimir Périer died suddenly of the cholera, which was then raging in Paris; and a new ministry was formed under Marshal Soult. M. Thiers was appointed Minister of the Interior, and M. Guizot was Minister of Instruction in the same cabinet. From this point may be dated the rivalry which ensued between these two remarkable men—men as opposite as the poles in principles and general character.

M. Thiers' tenure of office was soon signalized by an important incident—his arrest of the Duchess of Berry. In the previous year, an insurrection had broken out among the manufacturing population at Lyons, which lasted for three days; but the agitation thus excited promised to spread through the whole kingdom, and the Legitimists—under the influence of the Duchess of Berry, a woman as eccentric as she was adventurous—endeavoured to raise a civil war in La

Vendée. The attempt was crushed, after a bloody struggle; and the duchess, seeing that all was lost, took refuge at Nantes, where she hid herself away for some months in the house of a family devotedly attached to her cause. Treachery revealed the secret of her hiding-place to the government; and on the 6th of November, 1832, the unfortunate woman was arrested, after being confined for several hours in a narrow recess in a chimney, until the heat became insupportable. She was placed under strong guard in the citadel of Blaye, on the Gironde. Her arrest caused great excitement. The ministry had determined that she should not be put upon her trial; and M. Thiers, in consequence, refused to give up the papers seized upon her. A fierce discussion ensued, on what many considered as an utterly unconstitutional proceeding; but M. Thiers was inexorable. The difficulty was solved, however, in an unexpected manner. An event occurred which necessitated the confession that the duchess had contracted a secret marriage with an Italian nobleman. She was liberated, and allowed to retire to Palermo. The disclosure did no good to the Legitimist cause, and saved the reigning dynasty from any further apprehension. M. Thiers's popularity, however, was damaged, and he resigned his portfolio of the interior for that of commerce and public works; but he did not remain long in his new office. These were stormy times. In April, 1834, a second insurrection of the working men broke out at Lyons, and was again put down. These attempts of the republican party were the ebullitions of that ultra-radicalism nurtured by secret societies, which has made itself conspicuous in more recent days in such men as Orsini, Bernard, and others.

The next year occurred the first of a series of diabolical attempts to assassinate the king. On the 28th of July, as Louis Philippe passed along the Boulevard du Temple, on his way to a grand review, a terrific explosion took place, and a shower of musket balls from a window of one of the houses scattered death and destruction all around. The king was not hurt, but two generals and twelve other persons were killed on the spot, besides upwards of forty seriously injured. The author of this wholesale massacre—which had, however, failed in its chief object, the murder of the king—was a Corsican named Fieschi, who had constructed an infernal machine consisting of twenty-four

musket barrels—much on the principle, we should imagine, of the later invention of yesterday, the mitrailleuse. Fieschi was guillotined; but the late insurrectionary movements and this new outrage had alarmed the government.

M. Thiers was the first to propose the most arbitrary and restrictive measures; and the famous "laws of September," of which he was the author, were passed in the excitement of the moment. These new laws threw down at one blow all the advantages of July, 1830. The liberty of the press and the right of jury were reduced almost to a nullity.

In 1836, the Duke of Broglie was made prime minister. His cabinet, however, was defeated in the Chamber on the question of the budget; and in the following February, M. Thiers was President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. But his lease of power was short lived. That warlike sentiment, of which M. Thiers has always been the chief exponent, and which in its climax has brought France to-day to the point of utter ruin, embroiled M. Thiers with the king in a conflict of personal opinion.

A civil war in the mean time having broken out in Spain, M. Thiers was eager for intervention. The king was as warmly opposed to it. M. Thiers would not give way. After little more than six months, he was succeeded by Count Molé. There were now four great political parties in the Chamber: the Right, led by M. Berryer, the great advocate; the Left, by M. Odillon Barrot; the Left Centre, under M. Thiers; and the Right Centre, under M. Guizot. In 1838, a general election followed. Count Molé was still at the head of affairs, but his ministry was by no means strong; and M. Thiers was watching his opportunity for the recovery of the power which he had lost.

The unsatisfactory state of parties, and the want of union among them, advanced his views. His scheme was to form a coalition between his own party and the Right Centre, under M. Guizot. The plan succeeded; and in 1839, the ministry were defeated.

The two leaders of the opposition parties were now called upon to form a government; but difficulties arose between Thiers and Guizot as to the distribution of the places. Thiers was obstinate and arrogant;

Guizot was equally peremptory and exacting; and while they were quarrelling, the extreme republicans broke out into insurrection in the capital on the 12th of May. This settled the point. While the two were arranging their jealousies, there had been no government. On that very day, Marshal Soult again took the helm. The other members of the government were chosen from the ranks of the victorious coalition; but neither MM. Thiers nor Guizot were included. It could not be expected that this state of affairs would last long. On the question of the Duke de Nemours' marriage settlement, the ministry were defeated; and on March 1, 1840, M. Thiers was again prime minister of France, while M. Guizot took the post of ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The foreign policy of the new government was again the cause of its downfall.

The rebellion of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, against the Sultan, his hatred of this country, and consequent sympathy of the French government with his cause, gave rise to the famous Quadruple Treaty, and brought this country and France to the verge of war. The first idea was now promulgated that Paris should be fortified with a complete enceinte of forts. The popular excitement for war had reached a climax. M. Thiers was, at the same time, very unpopular; and Louis Philippe—who saw that his own throne was at stake, and knew the value of peace—discharged his too active minister; and a new government was formed, nominally under Marshal Soult, but really under M. Guizot, who was named Minister for Foreign Affairs. M. Thiers' hope of further office for the present was now a poor one, and he devoted himself to his "History of the Consulate and Empire." This work, though abounding in much vivid description, will not compare with his "History of the French Revolution" in fervour and brilliancy.

M. Thiers found time, however, for political intrigue. In office, he had been the vigorous upholder of monarchy, and everything connected with it. Now, again, he was its chief opponent. He contested the prerogatives of the king; was a rabid reformer; and supported, if he did not originate, the famous political banquets which ended in the downfall of Louis Philippe, in 1848.

In the same year occurred the revolution.

Louis Philippe was on his last legs. On the 23rd of February, M. Guizot resigned; and the king, after offering the formation of the ministry to Count Molé, who declined the task, summoned M. Thiers to the head of affairs. But it was too late. On the 24th, the military and people had united, and were marching upon the Tuileries. The king fled, and the republic was proclaimed. M. Thiers, with his usual facility for accommodating himself to the temper of the hour, now rapturously embraced the republic; but, his convenient enthusiasm notwithstanding, he did not get again into office. When the late Emperor Napoleon attained the Presidency, M. Thiers was looked up to by many as one of his ministers elect; but the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, and the arrest of M. Thiers, as one among the sixteen, on that memorable morning, effectually dissipated the notion.

From that time to the present, M. Thiers' life has been uneventful. Banished to Switzerland, he was permitted by the Emperor to return to Paris. Now, in his old age, he is once more called upon to rule the destinies of France. But M. Thiers is neither a Cavour nor a Ricasoli. Whether his genius is suited to the grave necessities of the French people in the present hour, is a question very much to be doubted. Time alone can prove. The following description of the *personnel* of this distinguished man may be quoted as interesting to general readers:—

“As to physical appearance, it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolphe Thiers. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien; and, truly—to use the unsavoury description of Cormenin (Timon)—looks like one of those provincial barbers who, with brush and razors in hand, go from door to door offering their *savonette*. His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy; his aspect, sinister, deceitful, and tricky; a sardonic smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth; and, at first view, you are disposed to distrust so ill-favoured a looking little dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But, hear the persuasive little pigmy—hear him fairly out; and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remarks, preserved anecdotes, ingenious reflections—all conveyed in such clear, concise, and incomparable language—that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insin-

cerity, and dishonesty. You listen; and, as Rousseau said in one of his most eloquent letters, ‘In listening, you are undone.’”

LETTERS FROM EAST PRUSSIA.

PART I.

WHERE shall I begin, dear reader, in my description of the country in which I now find myself? All I have experienced is so strange and new, that I do not know what to talk of first—the house, the country, or the people. A beginning I must, however, make. So imagine yourself suddenly transported, in the fashion of the “Arabian Nights,” by the hair of your head, and set down before a large, straggling building, in French château style—high red roof, white front, and the main building rising considerably higher than the long, two-storied wings on each side.

We enter through finely carved, though now worm-eaten, wood doors, and see before us a broad flight of stairs. Let us make, first, a tour of the ground floor.

Open the door on the left, and we are among a busy set of spinners and weavers; women from the adjacent village, weaving, in good old German style, more for the future than for the well-stocked present—making house linen for the *trousseau* of the little eight-years-old countess; for marry, of course, she will, as soon as she comes to the marriageable age.

Passing through, we come to large suites of shut-up rooms, mouldering in splendid decay: relics of bygone ages and fashions. They are now unused. The furniture is magnificent, but comfortless—crimson and silver chairs, tapestried walls, large carved fireplaces, old costly china on rickety gold-legged tables, curious embroidered hangings, painted ceilings, and silver toilette services; but, with all that, very rough woodwork, inconceivably narrow bed-room accommodation, not a notion of comfort as we understand it nowadays.

What pleases me most is the tapestry, worked years ago by the then reigning countess. The ground is coarse netting, cut into squares. On it are portrayed classical, Scriptural, and mediæval scenes—the heads, legs, and arms of the figures painted on cardboard and then stuck on; the dresses, landscapes, and buildings darned on with coloured silks. The whole is put together without much regard to connection of ideas.

Moses, Psyche, Adam, a flirtation between a well-dressed knight and lady, Abraham and Venus, jostle each other in the most friendly manner. It must have been the work of many years, and altogether displays great dexterity of hand and power of invention, combined with considerable knowledge of perspective! The fair workers, poor things, have unconsciously stitched a sad record of the monotony and dullness of their lives in those old times. Fancy sitting down to do the first squares!

The rest of this wing is taken up by the kitchens and offices; but they contain nothing of particular interest; so we will go back to the entrance, and ascend the broad wooden staircase. Here we are again in the nineteenth century. We first pass through a billiard-room, and thence make our way to a suite of three drawing-rooms, library, boudoir, and the apartments of the count and countess. Some of these are tapestried, and all are lined with family portraits, which also crowd every available inch of space on staircase and hall walls. There is no end to them—bishops, warriors, and statesmen, family groups, quaint ladies *à la bergère*, gentlemen gorgeously attired in silks and satins, and tiny children—a goodly race, and no lack of them, distributed over I do not know how many centuries; for the schloss has been in possession of the same family for 900 years. Three times it has been burnt by maurauding Turks and Tartars—the last time only two centuries ago, when the wife and children of one of the younger barons were carried off as slaves, and never heard of more. The poor mother was killed on the road, it is said, because she could not walk fast enough. The schloss, you see, has its share of traditional horrors. I only wonder there is no ghost! Think of this long descent, and you will understand the sovereign contempt with which the present baroness speaks of our English nobility.

We think of a German count as a needy, out-at-elbow creature, giving lessons at a cheap watering place; but if you want to see genuine aristocratic pride, come to these corners of Germany.

But to proceed with our tour. All the floors are polished, some of them curiously inlaid. The dining-room is charming—two sides of the walls are lined with some wonderful old tapestry, representing the treacheries of Delilah and the putting out

of Samson's eyes: which latter subject the designer has treated with such lively zest, that I congratulate myself, as I sit at dinner, on being short-sighted. Then come two large windows, in which stand baskets of flowers and ferns, opposite some beautiful portraits of a more modern date; and then the inevitable three doors which belong by right to every German room. Under the tapestry stand handsome carved oak sideboards; and in the corners rise two tall stands, laden with glass and china, and reaching almost to the ceiling.

How infinitely superior in substance and colour a room lined, floored, and furnished with polished dark wood like this is to a modern papered, gilded, and damasked apartment. In the middle, on a square of carpet, is the table, round which we sit at dinner on high backed *prie-Dieu* chairs of cane and carved wood, which tower above our heads, and seem to shut us in quite tight.

Next we come to an immense suite of bed-rooms—one entire wing being kept for visitors. All are nice, some handsome, neatly furnished with a small bed enveloped in curtains, a horsehair or leathern sofa, three or four chairs, and an elaborate washing stand, draped like a toilette table with a muslin petticoat, and not unfrequently hung with curtains; as if washing one's face—all that is to be accomplished among the muslin folds—were a deep and awful mystery! How thankful I am that I have brought my travelling bath. A table, with the inevitable water bottle and two tumblers, complete the fit out, which is the same in all the rooms. Of course, there is a big dinner stove in one corner, and a spittoon in another. Some rooms are happy enough to possess a movable looking-glass, in which one can see one's self without superhuman exertions. Others, like mine, possess a magnificent mirror, two feet long and three inches broad—cracked, perhaps, like mine, right across in three or four places, surrounded by a handsome gilt frame, which unfortunately has no reflecting power. Mine is, furthermore, fixed high on the wall opposite the window, as a specimen of German unpractical habits, and behind the sofa and table; so, as you may imagine, my vanity is hard put to it. About dinner time I get desperate; and, by standing on the sofa and dodging the cracks, manage to get a glimpse. My room is called the Blue Room, which blue consists of a bright blue wash on the plaster of the wall, which comes off

on my dress in the most unpleasant manner. Of course, I have my usual summer quarrel with German beds. My *dévet* is insufferably smothery, and always finds its way on to the floor after five minutes; then there remains a small quilted chintz cover, the exact size of the narrow bed, and on to which is sewn the sheet, so as to form one compact piece. I have to lie just in the middle, and a little restlessness sends the whole affair flying to the ground. Pleasant on a chilly night! My tiny room has, of course, three doors; one, where you would never look for it, at the ceiling! I delight in this entrance. From the upper hall you pass up a broad flight of oak stairs, dark and dusty, with six unfortunate little countesses peering down from the walls, blinking at you with bead-like eyes and unpleasantly red cheeks, in defiant self-satisfaction. You then find yourself in a garret under the high middle roof, with ladders leading to the top.

At noonday, it is a Chinese puzzle to find out my door. Groping along in a distant corner, you feel cautiously for a step; then, almost under your feet, is a door handle; open it, and there is my room, at the bottom of a flight of steps, looking so bright in its blue and painted wood and sunshine, after the darkness and cobwebs of the garret. What do you think of there not being a single bell in the whole immense house? When you want anything, you must go in search of a servant somewhere downstairs. I have had to chase my maid—under the protection of goloshes, waterproof, and umbrella—down to the milking stalls by the lake, because she was the only person who could tell me where my boots were. In fact, the Arcadian simplicity of this aristocratic mansion is surprising and refreshing, after the sophistications of the West-end. Even the men-servants only make an official appearance in livery and white gloves at dinner; for the rest of the day, they descend, and are as other mortals. I have seen bare-legged servants, with little else on than a short kirtle and blouse, come in and stand in the corners of the dining-room at prayer time, even in the presence of their high-born lady.

But, now, look out of window. In front of the house is a rough lawn, dappled with the light shade of ash trees, and on it is a picturesque flock of gobbling white turkeys; beyond that a riding ring; the trim green

paddocks—for this is a great horse-breeding country—stretch to the lake, which lies gray in the background, bordered by two hills. To the right stretches the village, in one long street of neat cottages, cared for and trimmed up as a sort of appendage to the schloss. To the left are farmyards, kennels, stables, kitchen gardens, retainers' cottages, and greenhouses; behind lie the pleasure garden and park. These last are not trim, like English lawns—the climate, with its fierce alternations of heat and cold, forbidding the deep, even growth of turf; moreover, the Germans have not that strong aversion to long grass which we have. It is the same with the men's hair: they rather admire a long crop.

But the park is full of magnificent trees, which, when I arrived in May, were still winter-bound, looking as if a leaf would be a laughing impossibility. In the beginning of June they began to show a light, transparent veil of feathery green, over a brilliant carpet of moss, wood-sorrel, and splendid forget-me-nots: the latter most lovely and profuse, owing to the swampy nature of the ground near the lake.

Here walks the stately red-legged stork; and in the brown, transparent waters of the pond hard by are thousands of thoughtless frogs, who keep up a most outrageous croaking and bim-booming, unmindful of their deadly foe. It is quite laughable, the state of excitement they work themselves into. Where the prodigious amount of frogs comes from, I am at a loss to conceive; but East Prussia and frogs are two inseparable ideas in my mind. Later, the ground is carpeted with wild strawberry blossoms, and the dragon fly hovers over a sea of waving grasses, forget-me-nots, veronica, and ragged-robins, which, beautiful as they are, are sadly out of keeping in a nobleman's park.

This little oasis of civilization is hemmed in on two sides by the lake; and on all sides by oak woods—half park, half forest. Here, on the skirts of the wood, where the grass is green and fresh, you see the goose girl with her noisy troop, the assembled geese of the whole village, which she leads out every morning, and for every individual of which she is responsible. Here, too, the shepherd boy brings his flock to graze; and, farther in, beneath the trees, you hear the bells and see the dusky forms of the herd of black cattle, who come home every evening in regular order, tossing their large, wide

horns in the air. Then come miles and miles of open, rolling grass downs: in the hollows, swampy and red with grasses; on the knolls, dotted with farmyards and blossoming into grain; and broken here and there by a small village, a peasant's house, or by the winding, gleaming lake, and girt in the blue distance with dark forest. A wild, desolate country, waiting still for its development—if ever it is to come—and thinly peopled by a sullen, beggarly, half Polish race, sunk in dirt and poverty.

Of course, everything is supplied from the estate: the bread is baked, the beer brewed, and forest and lake made to supplement the too frequently failing supplies of meat. Do not imagine, however, we are utterly without the boundaries of civilization. We are not beyond the reach of weekly packages and daily newspapers, and even telegrams from Berlin—the “metropolis of intelligence”—so strangely do extremes meet in this young-old country.

Our cooking is French; and on Sundays the children dress for dinner with more than usual alacrity, for they know what is coming. Such ices!—a cream-ice hen, with a water-ice brood of chickens and eggs round her; white cream stags, with pink water insides; and vanilla swans, reposing amid fruits and flowers. Forgive this material digression; but, as I am on this subject, what do you think of dressing tongue with a sweet sauce of almonds and currants, and of smothering the breast of deer in successive layers of bread-crumbs, raisins, and pounded sugar, and pouring over all a cherry sauce? This is a German dish, and not at all to my taste.

But to return. The country is by no means without a certain wild charm. It has striking effects of broad light and shade, such as I have seen in the country round Yarmouth; and then there is the lake, which would in itself be more enjoyable were it not for the immense and venomous gnats, which hang in thick clouds on its banks, and almost make the park impassable in parts. The country would be like an eyeless face without it. It runs up into the oak wood, scooping little sandy hollows between the firm tree roots, and splashing its mimic waves high up the bank; it cuts into the plain where you least expect it, and surprises you with a gleam of light or a band of gloomy blue. Here an island, and there a tongue of land runs far and sharp forward,

held together by its heavy trees, which dip their boughs in the water. Many an evening I have gone down to the shore, in spite of gnats, to watch the play of light at sunset. Then the broad mirror melts into every tint of mother-of-pearl; the sky, a flush of pale crimson; the distant shore, green-blue; the soft willows near glowing with pink and vivid green, the fields with yellow flowering crops; while, on the top of some neighbouring barn, a stork, keeping watch on one leg over his family in the nest, stands out dark neutral against the glowing sky.

How well, too, can I remember a ride to the Waldberg one cloudy afternoon. On one side of us, heavy, blue, rolling clouds, lowering over the light green woods, and wild, wide grass plains, which often make me think of Tennyson's little poem of the “Dying Swan;” on the other, pure opal sky, flecked with little openings of pale blue—little white clouds, little suspicions of sunshine. We rode up to a wall of dark fir, mingled with oak and beechwood, which rose straight up from the downs in a sharp, compact mass, and suddenly plunged in by a small, door-like entrance, finding ourselves in a luxuriant tangle of underwood, dark firs, and ferns, with very little sky to be seen, and a narrow, steep path before us. I felt strangely like Sintram, and should scarcely have been surprised at meeting the Man in White, or seeing the Kobold grinning from behind a tree. In this most romantic forest, which stretches for miles and miles, is a small romantic hill, with a flat top, round which meander paths leading to a well-trodden little plot of ground, arranged in a truly German fashion, with a table and bench for drinking coffee; and that, of course, is what I was taken to see.

This forest differs entirely from the park-like woods round the schloss, where the trees rise gradually out of the smooth green grass; and the wild confusion and tangle inside strike one the more from the wall-like front it presents to the grass plain, and the suddenness with which one finds one's self in another world. We dismounted, and had a hunt after lilies of the valley; and then rode home again over the great, sweeping, monotonous downs—sometimes grass, sometimes corn, unbroken by hedges; the lake gleaming on both sides before us, here purple, there silvery bright; and the dark mysterious wood fringing all

the right, with its wall-like sides and impenetrable foliage.

Hither we all came again, on St. John's Day, to see the Jägers dance. It is the only merry-making they ever have. The hunters, and the people who work in the woods, assembled with their children, and danced in the little round space. To the music of a band of four men—who presided hard by a barrel of beer—men, women, and children, old and young, all danced. It was curious and painful to see the dead, stupid look of the people, even in their pleasure. The poverty of their life was written in their faces—something so dull, even brutish. I saw some old women hopping about most fantastically, with grave, imperturbable faces. The men all smoking, of course. One man had a long porcelain pipe, which he held with one hand over his elderly partner's shoulder, while she held him with both hands, and turned him round. All our maid-servants were there in gallant array, but kept themselves coquettishly and aristocratically retired behind the bushes; whence they emerged, one by one, to favour some fortunate young man. While we were in the middle of the Polonaise, the festivities were cut short by a most violent thunderstorm. We all hurried down into the wood, under shelter; and there in the streaming rain, with dazzling, bright, rose-coloured lightning playing round us, and thunder cracking over our heads, and making the horses almost unmanageable, saw all the servants pack into their carts, filled with bundles of straw, and then set off ourselves. I felt very sorry for the poor people, whom we saw slinking home—the women with their gowns turned over their heads, and rather an unusual display of legs, in their anxiety to take care of their things.

Another charming nook I must tell you of. Deep in the heart of the wood, we once came suddenly on a peaceful green pasture, dotted with shepherds and their sheep. Not a sound was heard, except a faint tinkling as the sheep turned their heads to look at us, or an occasional bleat from some timid young thing. We sat down on a fallen tree, and one of the party pulled out a volume of Uhland's poems, which suited well the sombre quiet of the scene.

The country is more suitable for riding than for driving; as you would think, if you could see our roads. When I first arrived, I looked at the great avenue which leads to

the schloss, wondering if that black slough were meant to be traversed by other feet than those of the barefooted goose girl and her web-footed flock. Yet the roads are better wet than dry: then they are like a frozen ploughed field. Never shall I forget my drive hither from the nearest post road. Now my head bumped against the roof of the carriage, which shook from side to side, as if it were going over; now we came to a dead standstill in a hole, and were at last pulled out with a jerk which shook the teeth in one's head. At last, from very weariness, I would have sought a horizontal position on the floor, had there been anything to hold on by; as it was, the bumps from the wooden sides might have been serious.

This, of course, was a sort of across-country drive; but, as a proof of the soberness of my statements, the roads for about a mile round the schloss, as soon as they are dry, are harrowed with heavy harrows, four lashed together, with four horses to each set! This gets them into something like driving order. Then comes another down-pour of rain, and the whole thing begins over again.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECOUNTS AN INSTANCE OF CHARITY
ILL-BESTOWED.

OUR hero's reception by the various members of his family was of the most enthusiastic description. When his uncle's carriage drew up at the door of the Rectory, Mr. Samuel found his father already on the steps, waiting to receive and embrace his son. The welcome he was destined to meet with at the hands of his mamma, and his aunts Harriet and Dorothea, was no less hearty. In a word, his family were delighted to see him at home again; and Mr. Samuel himself was equally happy and pleased to be there. The amount of news they had to tell him was only exceeded by the importance of that which he had to impart to them. He amused his family with descriptions of the various ways in which he had spent his time since he left them; passing from grave to gay, and back again, in a manner at once vivacious and impressive.

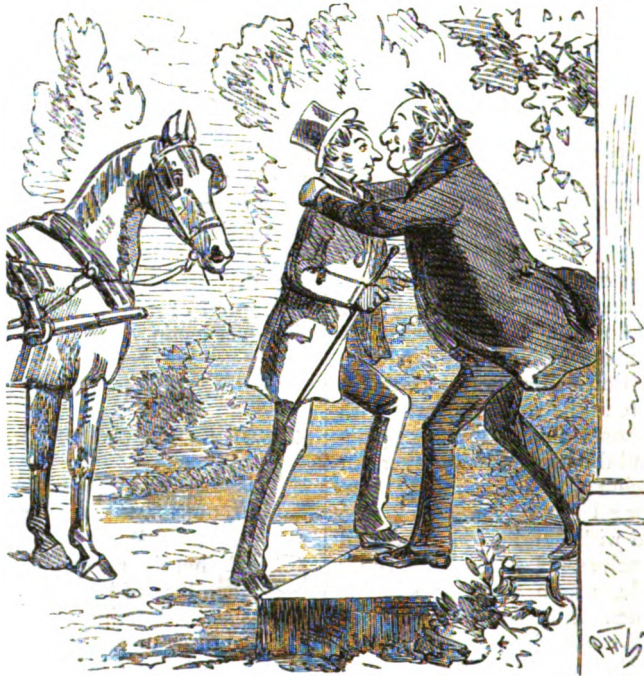
On the other hand, when all the news of the country-side had been communicated to our hero by his aunts and his mamma, the worthy Rector began to dilate upon the topic just then most talked about in that part of the world—the approaching visit of the great Geological Association to Fuddleton and the neighbourhood. The subject having been thus introduced by his father, reminded our hero of his visit to Mr. Smith, and the announcement made by that scientific gentleman that he intended to avail himself of the hospitality of his friend, the Reverend Mr. Golightly, during the two

days' excursion of the Association to Loamshire.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Golightly, who was a Loamshire lady, "I have lived in the country all my life, and I never knew there was anything particular in sand for people to come and see."

"Some of the strata and fossil formations are of a most remarkable character, and well worthy of a visit," said Mr. Morgan, the curate.

"My dear," said the Rector, who by this time had placed himself in his favourite position and attitude on the hearth-rug, "it



THE WELCOME HOME.

must always be left to associations, consisting of men of science, to determine what such associations think worthy of their important deliberations."

"Certainly, brother," said both the maiden ladies.

"I could almost have wished," continued their brother, "that their pursuits had been of an archæological rather than a geological nature; for, certainly, no church for ten miles round is better worth the attention of the curious and learned than our own interesting church of Oakingham-cum-Pokeington."

"Certainly, dear," said all three ladies, in chorus.

"The painted glass in the eastern window is most remarkable," continued the Rector—"that must be admitted. The brasses are in more perfect preservation than any I ever saw."

"And Rackett, the sexton, takes beautiful copies of them with cobbler's heelball," said Miss Harriet, interrupting her brother.

"The tombs of our own family are not altogether to be overlooked, I trust," remarked Miss Dorothea, with some show of asperity, tempered by a just pride, not un-

becoming in a distant connexion of the great Tredsofte family.

"You say so with justice, Dorothea," said the Rector. "But passing over all these minor points, in my opinion the piscina is the glory of Oakingham Church. It has long been a theory of mine—which I am prepared to maintain at all hazards—that that piscina is the finest and most perfect in the county."

"The sedilia are finely chiselled, and in wonderfully good preservation," said Mr. Morgan.

"They are, they are!" cried the Rector,

with animation; "but, when all's said and done, commend me to the piscina."

However, as geological science has to deal rather with the material itself than with the carving and tooling thereof; and, further, thinks nothing of carrying back its speculations over a period of five thousand years or more, the antiquity of only a few centuries more or less, claimed by the Reverend Mr. Golightly for the stone curiosities of his church, would inevitably seem little in its eyes.

"Well," said he, at the conclusion of a discourse of some considerable length on



MR. SAMUEL'S RECEPTION BY HIS MAMMA AND AUNTS.

the wonders of Oakingham parish generally—including, of course, his parishioner, Mrs. Oakby, who has on two occasions received the sum of one sovereign from her Most Gracious Majesty—"Well, I shall be only too happy to entertain my old friend Mr. Smith, and any friend of his who may accompany him."

"Professor Fledgeby is coming with the Association," said our hero.

"Is he really?" said the Rector. "The illustrious and venerable author of 'The Elephant's True Place in Nature,' 'Talks on Tusks'—and—and—"

"Mornings with the Mammoth and the Mastodon," said Mr. Morgan, "if I am not mistaken."

"They will be more trouble than half a dozen ordinary visitors, Samuel, my dear," said Mrs. Golightly, in a tone of mild remonstrance. "Tuffley will have to take all the best silver out of the cases, and clean it; and I'm sure the centre candelabrum is a day's work in itself, if it is done properly."

"But there is something in the honour of entertaining such guests," remarked Miss Dorothea, who was ambitious in her notions.

"Precisely my own view, Dorothea," said

the Rector; "and I shall beg of Mr. Smith to persuade the great Dr. Fledgeby to come."

The pending visit of the Royal Geological Association was an event calculated to set all Fuddleton in a commotion such as the oldest inhabitant of the town had never witnessed before. The mayor and corporation had several meetings among themselves, and two dinners at the expense of the Reverend Canon Playfair, Vicar of All Saints, Fuddleton—first, on the occasion of their graciously taking into consideration the propriety of permitting the Royal Geological Association to hold sittings in the Town Hall; and, secondly, on the occasion of their giving consent to the same. An order in council was made, on the proposition of Mr. Councillor Dasher, that the mayor's robe of state be trimmed with a border of real sable fur, in place of the imitation ditto now upon it; a new pair of plush inexpressibles for the town-crier were voted *nem. con.*; and the leading local brass-founder, Mr. Alderman Noysey, proposed a new bell for the same useful functionary of the corporation; but this expense was considered unnecessary, as the present bellman's voice was louder than any bell, and equal to all occasions. Nor was the county behindhand. The magistrates met in solemn form, as at quarter-sessions. Letters were sent by the lord-lieutenant of the county, the two members for North Loamshire, and the bishop of the diocese, expressing, with more or less perspicuity, their great and unspeakable regret that they were not able to be present on the auspicious occasion. Nobody thought the lord-lieutenant would come to welcome the Association, for his letter arrived twenty minutes after Sir Tattleton Pratt, who had already informed his brother J.P.s that Lord Shovelle had told him—when the hounds met the other day at Fendre Abbey—that "he had hunted the county for many years without seeing anything peculiar in the geological formation, except that in some parts it wasn't so sandy as in others; and he wondered what they wanted to come to Fuddleton for." His lordship added, also, that "if he went to their confabs he must ask them out to Fendre; and though, as everybody knew, he liked company, and saw as much as any man in the county, they weren't his sort, and he should not have anything to do with 'em—that was flat. Besides, it's Playfair that has asked 'em to come, and he's a Whig!" So, when his lordship's letter

was read, stating he had got another fit of gout, it was not believed.

As for the bishop, he had only been asked out of compliment; for, being nearly blind, quite deaf, in his ninety-fourth year, and bedridden about nine months out of the twelve, he did not go out into society much. But the county members were subjected, in their absence, to much criticism of an angry kind; and old Squire Wombwell—who was very deaf, and came in late, with an imperfect knowledge of the business before the meeting—was so impressed by the heated debate going on, that he thought it was election time; and, solemnly rising from his seat, proposed the reading of the Riot Act—with him a panacea for the healing of all dissensions, civil or military. The result of the meeting was that the Shire Hall was placed at the disposal of the Association, and a resolution come to by the county to act in concert with the town authorities in giving the scientific gentlemen a fitting reception; though the chairman interposed an obstacle in the way of a united procession to the railway station, by saying he would never, so long as his name was Sir Tulse Hille, Bart., consent to walk behind any mayor of Fuddleton—past, present, or to come. The difficulty was got over by an arrangement in the nature of a compromise: Sir Tulse Hille was to ride in his own coach and pair, while the mayor and corporation—who had not got any coaches—preceded him on foot.

The eventful day arrived. Flags of an inexpensive but gaudy character floated from several houses and shops. The Union Jack was displayed at the Town Hall, and the Royal standard on the roof of the Shire Hall. Red baize and laurels in plenty decorated the platform of the railway station. The wind was very high; and, at a quarter to ten, the triumphal arch in the High-street, with the inscription, in yellow paper rosettes, "Welcome to the R. G. A.," on it, was blown down. Time did not admit of its re-erection on a firmer basis, as the "special" with the distinguished visitors was expected at eleven. At half-past ten, the Union Jack was blown away; and a few minutes afterwards the flagstaff followed, carrying with it a portion of the stucco balustrade. Providentially, no one was near at the time, so that was all the mischief done. Precisely at a quarter to eleven by All Saints' clock, a heavy rain began to fall.

The only cheering feeling in the breasts of the corporation, as they marched down to the station, was that it was too heavy to last. The procession was most imposing—or rather, it would have been so, had the day been fine. It was marshalled in the following order:—Ragged boys and girls of Fuddleton, forming a very irregular vanguard; six county policemen, with staves sheathed; six town ditto, staves ditto; the chief constable of the county police, mounted on his horse, well known with the Loamshire hounds, and unquiet with music; the mayor of Fuddleton, Mr. Timothy Figgins, J.P.; the worshipful the mayor's mace-bearer, holding an umbrella over his worship's head; the town council, carrying their own umbrellas; Sir Tulse Hille, Bart., in his carriage, drawn by two gray horses; other carriages, intended for the conveyance of members of the Royal Geological Association's Loamshire excursion party; the town-crier, and other corporation servants; six policemen; townspeople of Fuddleton who had nothing better to occupy their time. In the station yard was placed a guard of honour of the First Fuddleton Volunteer Rifles, with their regimental band, at present sheltering themselves from the rain under the commodious goods shed.

The last detachment of the august procession had hardly taken up a position on the platform, when the "special" containing the excursion party of the *savans* entered the station.

The men of science were evidently taken by surprise at the magnificent reception which awaited them. Loud cheers greeted them as the train drew up at the platform. The town-clerk advanced, and read a neat address, in which they were assured by that functionary that their visit to Fuddleton was an honour that would never be forgotten in the annals of that ancient and loyal borough. This speech having been acknowledged in fitting terms by the members of the Association, they took their seats in the carriages provided for their accommodation, and were at once driven to the Town Hall; the band appropriately playing "The Roast Beef of Old England" as they left the station yard. Arrived at the Town Hall, they found a cold collation spread out in the council chamber for the refreshment of the animal part of their nature; and although the advancement of science was the sole object of their visit, it is to be observed that they did

full justice to the liberal breakfast provided by the corporation. This ceremony over, the party split of its own accord into two sections—one of which went to the Shire Hall, the other remaining at the Town Hall; at both of which places short papers were read, for the edification of the party, by local magnates in the scientific world.

By the time that the papers had been read, and as much light thrown upon the geological wonders of the neighbourhood as could conveniently be done in half an hour, the rain had ceased; and the two sections were ready to set out upon their explorations. It was at this moment that our friend, the Rector of Oakingham, had the felicity of renewing his acquaintance with the learned and ingenious Mr. Smith; and, at the same time, of making a friend of the distinguished author of the "Elephant's True Place in Nature," Professor Fledgeby. Mr. Smith was in appearance no more unusual than his name; but the Professor was more remarkable, being a fossil old gentleman, in threadbare snuff-coloured clothes, with a low-crowned hat of antique fashion. His face was the colour of parchment, and over his eyes he wore a huge green shade. Like the other members of the excursion party, he carried in his hand his geological hammer, which he had previously used to such good purpose in ascertaining the elephant's place in nature.

After an interchange of compliments on both sides, the Rector gave his friends a cordial invitation to make Oakingham Rectory their home during their two days' stay in Loamshire; which was willingly accepted. The programme for the day was an excursion to the fossil formation at Frampton Magna, thence to the coprolites being worked by a limited liability company at Whelpton-on-the-Hill; next, dinner at Oakingham Rectory; and lastly, a grand *finale* in the shape of a *conversazione* in the Shire Hall at Fuddleton—at which the rank and fashion, wit, learning, and beauty of Loamshire were to be abundantly represented.

The visit to Frampton Magna passed off without any incident worthy of remark—except that the Professor missed his footing, and fell into a gravel pit, from which he was happily extricated without much damage, but with a good deal of mud sticking to his coat, which did not improve his appearance, if dress is to be taken as a rough test of respectability. He had likewise so far im-

proved the occasion as to fill all his pockets with fossils and specimens of different kinds, which, for the most part, fell out in the course of his tumble, and took some little time for his friends to collect again, and restore to him. At the coprolite diggings at Whelpton, however, his friends lost him altogether for a while—whether with something of the perversity of genius, or from that absence of mind which not unfrequently accompanies absorbing study, it is not easy to say; but, for some reason or other, the Professor had succeeded in detaching himself from the main body of excursionists, and was quietly pursuing some investigations of his own by the side of the road which leads from Whelpton-on-the-Hill to Oakingham. Here, as luck would have it, the Misses Dorothea and Harriet Golithly found him seated on a huge stone, and pecking away diligently at a heap of smaller stones, placed there at the expense of the parish, for the purpose of mending the way.

"I really wonder where the Association has got to, Harriet," said Miss Dorothea, giving her pony a cut with the whip.

"Samuel said they would be here about half-past three," said Miss Harriet, pulling out her watch; "and it is that time now."

"Is it?" said her sister. "Really, it is quite provoking, when one feels such an interest in their doings, to be unable to find them. It reminds me of Samuel's directions to find the hounds, which we have often driven miles after without ever seeing once."

"I don't see anything of them," said Miss Harriet, turning round to the footman, who sat behind the two ladies. "Which is the coprolite place, Smith? You come from Whelpton, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. These is the diggin's, ma'am—leastways, this is where they wash 'em, ma'am."

"Servants never know anything," said Miss Dorothea, tartly.

"He knows this is the coprolite place, sister," said Miss Harriet, apologetically.

"It can't be. Where is the Association?"

To this question there seemed to be no answer.

"I wonder," said the younger lady, in a mild and propitiatory tone, as she caught sight of Professor Fledgeby—"I wonder if that old man has seen anything of them," she continued, pointing at the unconscious *savant* with her umbrella.

"Perhaps he has. But, really, the people

about here are so stupid, they never seem to me to be able to see the length of their noses. Ahem!" said the elder spinster, raising her voice. "Ahem!"

But as the Professor was deaf, the interjection was lost upon him.

"Hie!" said Smith, from behind.

The old gentleman heard this, and looked up vacantly from his stone heap; then pulled his green shade farther over his eyes, and went quietly on with his pecking.

"Did any one 'ever see such ignorant stupidity and ill-manners?" said Miss Dorothea. "You see what it is for the parish to be without a resident clergyman: the people are like heathens."

"Quite awful," chimed her sister.

"He is a Whelpton man, is he not, Smith?"

"He's out o' the Union, I think, ma'am. The Union men break the stones on the roads."

Hereupon Miss Dorothea drove up close to the Professor—who had so much of the scarecrow about him that the pony was frightened at him, and fidgeted about in an uneasy way.

"Get down, and hold the pony's head a minute, Smith. Have you seen any gentlemen about here, my good man?"

"I'm rather deaf—I beg your pardon," said the geologist, putting his hand to his ear.

"Have you been here all day?" said the lady, in a louder voice.

"Not very long," replied the Professor.

"Have you seen any gentlemen about here?"

"The Association, you mean?"

"There!" said Miss Harriet, with enthusiasm. "You see, he is more intelligent than you thought. He evidently has heard of the visit of the Association."

"Yes—where are they?"

"They are in a field over there, I believe," said the man of science, pointing over the hedge.

A short conversation followed, in which the unfavourable impression Dr. Fledgeby had at first made on Miss Dorothea Golithly's mind was entirely removed. He stood close to the little four-wheel as Miss Dorothea reined up her pony to follow his directions concerning the whereabouts of the Association.

"Really, he is very intelligent and civil, Harriet," said the elder sister, fumbling in

the pocket of her gown. "I've a great mind, if I've got one—yes, I have. There, my man."

And the carriage drove on, leaving Dr. Fledgeby staring vacantly at a new shilling that lay shining in his astonished palm. Probably the first instance on record of a University Professor, and the senior fellow of St. Mary's, receiving out-door relief in such a fashion.

The Doctor was aghast—the sheer dishonesty of receiving a shilling under such false pretences!—but he could not run after the vehicle, being too old and shaky even to walk well. Luckily, he had a keen sense of humour, which stood him in good stead; so he laughed a dry, geological laugh, and pocketed the coin. He resumed his labours at the stone-heap.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed the Reverend Samuel Golightly and Mr. Smith, respectfully bursting through the hedge.

"Yes," said the author of "Mornings with the Mammoth," when he perceived his friends. He related the incident.

The Rector and Mr. Smith laughed at the joke until they held their sides; and the Professor joined them in their fun.

"Capital! I beg a thousand pardons, though, for the utter want of common penetration displayed by my neighbours. It reflects the highest credit on your philosophical principles, Dr. Fledgeby, to be able to take as a joke what a meaner and less enlightened mind might have construed into an insult."

"Oh, the Professor does not mind," said Mr. Smith.

"What am I to do with the shilling, though?" asked the geologist.

"I once found a fourpenny-piece," said the Rector, "and that I placed in the poor-box. That certainly was different—ah—somewhat."

"Restore it to the owner, Professor," said Mr. Smith.

"You'll never find— Stay, though," added the reverend gentleman, with his finger on his forehead, "I think—yes, I feel sure, I know who it was. There are two ignorant, affected—well, I won't be uncharitable—old women who live at Whelpton Hall, and I believe—yes, I may say I'm sure—it was Miss Sally or Miss Betty Harris; so as you, Professor Fledgeby, will never see either of them again, you must put the shilling in my poor-box when you honour me by looking

over my church. But here is the carriage," said the Rector, pulling out his watch, "and we shall not do more than be in time for dinner; so, if I may presume to request so distinguished a man of science to lay aside the hammer for the knife—ah—and fork," continued Mr. Golightly, "and to suspend his benevolent studies for the good of humanity for the present—permit me to assist you in getting into the carriage, my dear Dr. Fledgeby."

In the drawing-room at the Rectory, a few minutes before dinner was announced, Dr. Fledgeby made his appearance—quite an altered man—in his black suit and white neckerchief.

"Dr. Fledgeby," said the Rector, in his blandest tones, "may I present to you Mrs. Samuel Golightly? Dorothea, my dear, I have the honour to present you to one of the most distinguished men of science in Europe. Dr. Fledgeby—Miss Dorothea Golightly, my elder sister."

The old geologist bowed pleasantly, and a smile twinkled in his eyes as he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, evidently feeling for something he had there.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XIX.

DRAWING-ROOM TACTICS.

"WILL you sing for us now?"
"With pleasure. What shall it be?" And Miss Wardlaw glanced from Lady Pechford to John Carteret.

The former answered her.

"Whatever you choose—there is not the least doubt but that we shall be satisfied."

Miss Wardlaw rose, and went to the piano.

"Can I find your music for you?" asked John Carteret.

"Thank you, it is here."

John Carteret opened the portfolio, and taking out a piece of Mendelssohn's, placed it before her.

"I am not sure that I can manage it," she said. "I was practising it to sing with the proper accompaniments at the concert. It will not sound very effective without."

"Oh, do try it," exclaimed Charlotte Lovell; "we shall be delighted. I have heard so much about it; and I have been wishing so much to hear it. Do try. Imagine yourself at a rehearsal."

Miss Wardlaw still hesitated.

"I can only sing parts of it. You will see the difficulties, Mr. Carteret," and she turned towards him.

John Carteret had not noticed the title of the piece; he had merely seen that it was one of Mendelssohn's; but now that he was appealed to, he looked at it more attentively; and, as he looked, a sudden light came into his face. It was the hymn, "Hear my prayer, O God," and he had often heard Diana sing it, accompanied by Signor Neri, who had arranged it for her in such a manner that the omission of the choral effects was scarcely perceptible. It was one of Di's favourites; and, in the last verse, she always seemed to pour forth her very soul.

"O for the wings of a dove,
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest."

It seemed to come like an angelic inspiration, after the agony of the prayer, and the despair of the soul, through ignorance, trouble, and persecution—the soft liquid notes rising almost to ecstasy, as though even now she were in Heaven, and had found the rest that she had first thought of in Dr. Crawford's sermon on that eventful Sunday that had changed the current of her life.

"Pray, do sing it, Miss Wardlaw," he said—so earnestly, that Lady Pechford's heart gave an exultant beat. John Carteret was not so insensible, so frigid, as she had been inclined to think him.

Miss Wardlaw was evidently pleased with the appeal.

"I am afraid I shall not do justice to it," she replied, as she seated herself.

She sang through the first verse, and then she stopped.

"I must leave out the next verses, and go on to the last," she said; and striking a few chords to connect the passages, she burst forth into the lovely concluding movement—with which, perhaps, she was better acquainted than with the other parts.

Miss Wardlaw had a very fine voice, and it had been cultivated carefully. John Carteret—enthusiast as he was in music—appreciated it thoroughly; and, leaning against one of the pillars that divided the drawing-room from an anteroom half filled with exotics, whose luscious scent produced a lethargic sensation, he listened as one in a dream.

And in the dream, he conjured up the

little clinging figure he had parted from in the poorly furnished "Paradiso," with the great eyes gleaming upon him, and the quivering lips fashioning their protest against his want of faith. She had been vividly in his thoughts that afternoon as he watched the wrecked vessel go to pieces, broken by the great surging waves: the forsaken vessel, with no hand to guide her, no sail to bear her away into safe waters. She had failed to enter the haven; and, like a perishing soul, lay tossing and tossing until the final blow should strike her down, and hide her for ever from the light.

Why had he drawn the parallel? He scarcely knew why; and yet, with every fresh surge of the sea, he had heard her voice cry out to him for help. Hers had been the first soul that had turned to him in its perplexity. How many more would cry to him for guidance during the years that he might labour on the earth? How should he answer them? What could he do for them? Might they not, even in his sight, go down in darkness, like the sinking vessel?

After he had left Miss Wardlaw, he had wandered to the water's edge; and, in the wail of the waves beating upon the shore, had heard, in lower mutterings, the cry again repeated for help!—for light!

He could not settle himself to think over his sermon—his thoughts were in too great a tumult. What had he to give to those who cried for help: had he done right in taking such grave work as he had done upon himself? And, restless and unsatisfied, he had gone home to his solitary lodging, and there had watched the night shadows deepen, and the stars look out over the ancient ruins. He had found himself wondering whether the spirits of the monks wandered a-nigh the place where they had tabernacled in the flesh, and saw the progress that had been made during the hundreds of years wherein their bodies had lain mouldering in the grave. Did it seem as long to them? How was time measured in eternity? Did, in that other sphere, the spirits of the just marvel at the changes that had come upon the earth? Or was earth's history no longer a problem, whose crooked lines could not be made straight? Did they not rather, from their vantage ground, behold that all was order, though to mortal eyes it seemed confusion: that everything converged to one great centre point, that mortal blindness could not reach? Even the war-thunders that shud-

dered through Europe—the war-notes that rose in louder shrieks, that wailed in deeper moans, than had ever been heard before—were perchance to them but the trumpet of the angel whose blast must be sounded throughout the earth ere the harvest can be gathered in—but one turn of the world-machinery that must work on, without a clog upon its wheels, to accomplish the purpose of a wise and inscrutable Creator.

Then he turned his thoughts selfward, and he asked himself, what was he? An atom, a worm—insignificant—of no account in the myriadfold wonders of creation. So preached the preachers, as John Carteret had heard them a hundred times; and hearing, his soul rebelled, and rose—even as it rose now—higher and higher over the storm within him, and answered—“Not insignificant, but of much account—as one endued with immortality—as one whose life-thread was woven into the world’s history as clearly as the thread that traced the conqueror’s path. Up—to thy greatest, noblest! There is no soul that is insignificant before the Lord of Hosts.”

John Carteret had seated himself for work, but work came not nigh him; and, as men are oft times influenced to act by contraries, so to-night—in spite of the serious thoughts that were coursing through his brain—a sudden impulse to go to Lady Pechford’s seized him.

It was yet early, and he would hear the music that Lady Pechford had promised him; and in all hours of unrest, John Carteret yearned after music as one of God’s best gifts to man.

Now, as he stood and listened to the melody that rolled along, chiming with the uprisen memories within him, he seemed to see the dove fly upon golden wings, and her feathers like silver, far away unto the unknown eternal, where shadowy palm trees waved their branches over the rivers of Havilah.

So absorbed was he in thought, that the last notes had died away ere he aroused from his reverie.

“Just as I expected,” said Lady Pechford, in a low voice; “you are enchanted.”

“I am,” returned John Carteret, in the same tone. “I could listen to that hymn for ever.”

Lady Pechford looked round at the enemy. Charles Stanfield had taken advantage of the lull in the music to resume

his conversation with Dr. Lovell. She smiled.

“Charles,” said Captain Stanfield, *sotto voce*, “you are incorrigible. You surely might leave science behind you when you enter a drawing-room. Do go and say something civil to Miss Wardlaw, for the trouble she has taken to entertain us.”

Thus urged, Charles Stanfield advanced towards the piano. But John Carteret was already there.

“You cannot imagine how much pleasure you have given me,” he was saying.

“Have I? I am glad to hear it. One does not often find any one who really cares for Mendelssohn.”

And Miss Wardlaw’s face beamed contentedly.

“I shall look forward to hearing it with the orchestral accompaniments. It will be a great treat. I have only heard it with the piano.”

“Then you know it?”

“Yes. I have heard it many times.”

“Do your sisters sing?” asked Miss Wardlaw, with sudden interest.

“One of them did, but she is married now, and has given up music for household cares.”

“Ah, most ladies do that.”

“It is a pity. I hope you will never follow their example,” said John Carteret.

Miss Wardlaw made no answer; but a slight flush came into her face. John Carteret, still looking over the music, did not perceive it. But Captain Stanfield, more watchful, interpreted it according to his own preconceived ideas.

“Girls’ heads are always turned when there is a good-looking curate in the way,” soliloquized the captain. “Now, that girl does not for a moment take into consideration that this Mr. Carteret, about whom all Linthorp is going mad, has nothing but his curacy to depend upon. And what an insensible blockhead Charles is! I believe I am more likely to fall in love—even at my age—than he is. I ought to have made a curate of him, if I wanted him to do anything satisfactory in that line.”

Charles Stanfield was still on his way to the piano, when his eye was suddenly caught by some photographs of Luxembourg lying on the table. He stopped; and Lady Pechford, ever on the watch, cut off his further advance.

“These, of course, will interest you, Mr.

Stanfield—the strongest place in Europe, after Gibraltar. I wonder into whose hands it will fall in the end. One will have to learn geography over again, I suppose; and old atlases will be of no value, as far as boundary lines are concerned. Ah, that is the Bock—the casemates and embrasures are wonderful. Not seen Luxembourg!” she ejaculated. “Oh, Mr. Stanfield, you must see it: you would revel in it; though I can’t say much for the hotels.”

And then Lady Pechford proceeded to descant at length upon the gigantic railway viaducts, the Alzette winding through the valley, the Petrusbach, and the picturesque aspect of the whole town and the fortifications.

“And I never saw stained glass of richer colour than in the Church of St. Nicolas. But I suppose you don’t care for stained glass—only for fortifications. You *should* see Luxembourg.”

But though Charles Stanfield had not seen it, he knew more about it than Lady Pechford, whose casual eye had but taken in artistic effects, whilst to him each buttress, and point, and projection had its significance. She saw, as it were, the fair outer shell; he, the soul of strength that was encrusted there.

“We must find a young lady for your son who understands trigonometry and conic sections, Captain Stanfield,” said Lady Pechford—after having, with skilful generalship, brought up Dr. Lovell before Luxembourg, as though he had been an *arrière-garde* waiting for the moment of coalition with the advanced troops. “I do not know where I shall find any one in Linthorp with whom he will care to converse. The young ladies here only sing and play, and do crochet; and I suppose he will want a Mrs. Somerville or a Mrs. Marcet, at the very least. Are you trying to find one for him?”

“No, I am not, Lady Pechford,” replied Captain Stanfield. “I shall leave Charles to look out for himself, though I doubt if he will ever do so.”

The captain spoke a little sharply, for he was at the moment thoroughly annoyed at his son’s indifference to the attractions of Miss Wardlaw.

“Well,” continued Lady Pechford, in a gentle, confidential tone that was peculiarly irritating to Captain Stanfield, “you have, perhaps, more to be thankful for than you are aware of. Young men who are given

to flirting and thinking they are in love, are constantly doing something foolish. I do not think that Mr. Stanfield would ever flirt with any one. Do you think he would? Of course, one can never tell what young men may or may not do; still, I think he might be trusted.”

“I think he might,” returned the captain, with considerable decision; “though I am not sure that I could say the same for Mr. Carteret”—and he glanced towards the piano, near which stood John Carteret in animated discussion with Miss Wardlaw, Mrs. Welby, and the Lovells.

“That is treason, Captain Stanfield. Mr. Carteret is a relative of mine and an especial favourite, and I can quite answer for him.”

Captain Stanfield shook his head.

“Don’t answer for any one, Lady Pechford. It is kindness thrown away to stand as guarantee for one’s friends.”

“Men are so hard-hearted, and so suspicious, and so jealous, I may say, of one another,” answered Lady Pechford. “Now, I would trust Mr. Carteret anywhere, and under any circumstances. Yes,” she continued, glancing at the group that had called forth Captain Stanfield’s remark, “he is very cautious—his attentions are so equally divided, that no one could, for a moment, exclusively appropriate them. Besides, there is safety in a multitude.”

“There is safety in nothing, when a girl so handsome as Miss Wardlaw is concerned,” muttered the captain.

“Then you really admire her, Captain Stanfield?”

“Admire! Certainly I do. If I were a young man, and going to sea, as in the old days, I should petition to have her image carved at the prow of my ship. It would carry me over the waters with double speed.”

“And you would call your vessel *La Belle Mildred*! How romantic. I did not think you had been so romantic, Captain Stanfield. But, then, that would be quite a different thing to flirting; it would be something deeper, something almost amounting to being very much in love indeed. Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Carteret should happen to be possessed of precisely the same amount of admiration; and that—he being young, and just starting in life—this admiration should take the deeper form with him! You would not call it flirting then, should you? You would call it something quite right and natural?”

Captain Stanfield was a little nonplussed at the case being thus turned against him.

"If Mr. Carteret is in love—" he began.

"Oh, hush, Captain Stanfield," said Lady Pechford, fearful lest their conversation should be overheard. "I have never said anything of the kind. I merely suggest that, if such a thing should, in due course of time, occur, there would be nothing at all wrong or unnatural about it—would there?"

And she looked up with an air of serious inquiry, as though the question were one involving some consideration.

"No, there wouldn't be anything wrong in it," answered the captain, obliged to give a reluctant consent to the proposition; "and, moreover, it seems to me very likely to occur."

"I am glad your opinion agrees with mine," said Lady Pechford. "I am sure that no one, knowing Mr. Carteret, would for a moment connect his name with anything in the least approaching wrong-doing. He is a most excellent young man, and so clever. I should not be surprised if he understood all about sieges and fortifications, for he seems to be able to talk about everything. And then his sermons, are they not charming? He is so popular, Miss Wardlaw told me that she liked listening to his sermons even better than to her father's; and that, you know, is great praise, for we all agree that Mr. Wardlaw is an eloquent preacher. It was quite a pleasing little tribute to Mr. Carteret, was it not?"

"Very much so, indeed," answered Captain Stanfield, sarcastically, inwardly chafing at finding himself obliged to give assent to all Lady Pechford's propositions.

"I have not told Mr. Carteret, for I was afraid of making him vain. Young men are so easily flattered, are they not? Still, there are exceptions; and I think, perhaps, Mr. Carteret and your son might be classed among them."

"Charles certainly might," said Captain Stanfield, almost indignantly. "Charles is the most indifferent, callous fellow I ever saw. Charles is a fool."

"Oh dear, no! Captain Stanfield. I cannot allow that. Consider what a splendid examination he passed at Cambridge. No young man could have done that, if what you say is true. And, then, he is so intelligent: he was quite pleased with my account of Luxembourg. You must go there with him."

"Not at present, certainly."

"Ah, of course—one must wait till the war is over. One would not be safe anywhere abroad now—that is, one would not feel comfortable. Something might take place at any moment—something of a sanguinary nature, I mean. No, one must content one's self with photographs of the continental towns for the present, as I see Mr. Stanfield and Dr. Lovell are still doing. Excellent man, Dr. Lovell. I must go and speak to him. I have neglected everybody for you to-night."

And Lady Pechford glided away, leaving Captain Stanfield impressed, as she had intended him to be, with the idea that there was something more serious than a mere flirtation between John Carteret and Miss Wardlaw. Therefore the gallant captain gave himself up to moody meditations, which were in no way relieved by the occasional observations he took of the animated group at the other side of the room.

"What a noble, straightforward man your father is," said Lady Pechford to Charles Stanfield. "There is always something so open and honest about seafaring men—such a delightful simplicity of heart. They don't see half the littlenesses that we meet with on shore, that tend to narrow and warp our minds. I have quite enjoyed my chat with him."

Charles Stanfield raised his dark blue eyes to Lady Pechford, and a pleased smile played over his features.

"Few people can truly appreciate my father," he said.

"If Mildred Wardlaw would only praise the father a little, she would soon fall in love with the son," thought Lady Pechford, startled by the fascination that shone out of the depths of the expressive eyes. "I am not sure that I shall ever be able to call him plain again—except for diplomacy's sake," she added. "You are leaving Linthorp, I hear," she said, aloud.

"Yes—my father never cares to stay long in one place, and I am idle for a time before setting to work in earnest; so we are wandering about together."

"A very charming arrangement," said Lady Pechford, much relieved. "I suppose, however, that the sea coast offers greater inducements than other places."

"Usually; but we are going into the country when we leave Linthorp—to quite an out-of-the-world place, I believe; peace-

ful in primitive simplicity. We are going to visit a friend of my father's—Dr. Crawford, of Broadmead."

Lady Pechford started involuntarily. Broadmead was where John Carteret had been staying, and where, in all probability, the rustic beauty who had touched his heart was living.

"Dr. Crawford!" she exclaimed, recovering herself—"he is an old acquaintance of mine. You must tell him all about me. He will be quite interested. He was curate at Driffington when I was a bride."

And Lady Pechford sighed, as was her wont, in reverting to by-gones. She would have liked to ask how long they were going to stay at Broadmead, and whether they knew any one else there; but she was far too well bred to ask any questions.

No; it must all be left to chance. Such very unlooked-for and untoward events were so constantly occurring, that trying to control them was useless. Perhaps Dr. Crawford might never mention John Carteret's name—as why should he? And, as to the love affair, it was most probable that Dr. Crawford knew nothing of it; as, from the way in which Mrs. Carteret had spoken, there seemed a sort of clandestine air about it. Nevertheless, Lady Pechford's heart misgave her a little; but, like a wise general, she faced the danger in all its bearings; so that, if possible, she might counteract any *contretemps* that might arise.

"Then I may come to the rehearsal," were the parting words that John Carteret said to Miss Wardlaw.

"You don't deserve it, as you will not sing yourself. Nevertheless—" and she paused.

"I may come," said John Carteret, finishing the sentence.

"At four o'clock, on Monday afternoon."

Lady Pechford smiled triumphantly. All was apparently working well, and she would cast all fear of Broadmead away from her. The chances of danger were, after all, exceedingly small.

"Charles," said Captain Stanfield, as they sauntered along the parade to the hotel, "that Miss Wardlaw is the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

"Is she?" returned his son, carelessly.

"She is!" said the captain, energetically. Then, after a moment's silence, he suddenly burst forth, to the great astonishment of his son—"Charles!—hem!—hum! Charles!—hum! Are you in love, sir?"

"I? No. What can have put such an idea into your head?"

"I supposed you would have told me, as there have never been any secrets between us, Charles," replied the captain, half-apologetically. "I am very glad to hear it—that is to say, I am very sorry."

At which contradictory assertion, Charles Stanfield wondered much, but said nothing. Of what could his father be thinking?

TABLE TALK.

SUCCESSFUL poets, nowadays, get what are called fancy prices for their productions. Mr. Tennyson can always command his price, even for an inferior article; and some people are expressing their surprise that Mr. Browning should get £100 for his new poem, "Hervé Riel," which recently appeared in one of the magazines of the day. Some notes on the remuneration received by celebrated authors dead and gone may not be uninteresting. We all know what Milton got for his "Paradise Lost"—namely, £5, with £5 for the second edition, and £8 afterwards. Dryden, for his famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," received 250 guineas in all—a pretty fair comparison, we think, even with modern times; while Pope, for his poem bearing the same name, and intended, although unsuccessfully, to rival Dryden's masterpiece, got only £15. Oliver Goldsmith, for his "Vicar of Wakefield," received £60. Gay, the author of the "Beggars' Opera," made £1,000 by his poems; while Lord Byron—perhaps the most successful poet that ever lived—made £15,000 by his works. For his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Sir Walter Scott received from Constable £600, and for his "Marmion" £1,050. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" realized £1,050, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" 1,600 guineas. Crabbe received for his poems £3,000 from Murray. The "Irish Melodies" gave Moore £500 a-year. Certainly, in these latter days, really good poets have not had much reason to grumble; and perhaps, although the present is far from a poetical era, and our supply of first-rate poets is at the lowest ebb, passable poetry—even of the ordinary magazine sort—is better paid for than ever it was before.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

HUSBANDS.



BEG leave to state that this paper is the result of a private agreement between the ladies and myself; and that the men, although principally concerned, had better not read it. It would, possibly, only irritate them. I don't know that I have anything particularly flattering to say about them; but, if I have, you, my dear ladies, can select the agreeable passages, and read them out—after dinner, I think, will be the best time, pro-

vided Molly the cook has not upset the pepper-box into the soup.

A good deal has been written and said about husbands, from St. Paul down to the club cynic who sneers at poor Tom Coney, casting a wistful glance at the coffee-room, as he leaves at half-past six to enjoy his cold mutton and pickles at home. But all people agree that, if they have any cause of complaint, they have only themselves to thank for it. You don't see women rushing at men, imploring their hearts. They don't write sheets of idiotic poetry about brows and snows, and graces and faces, and eyes and sighs. They don't, wasting in despair, die because a man is fair. They don't wear an enormous locket dangling from a chain, with a great lump of the hair on one side, and a portrait of the beloved object on the other. They don't pertinaciously stick a whole evening by the adored one's side; and are much more concerned in the state

of his finances than his health. They are not always sending fans, gloves, parasols, or the male equivalents—which would be, I suppose, cigar cases, fuzee boxes, and walking-sticks. No, no, ladies. I am bound to confess, as your champion, that you are superior to these weaknesses; and that, if you permit yourselves to be loved, you do so on perfectly sensible and stable grounds, which are generally highly approved of by your respected papas and mammas.

I hope it is understood that I am not addressing those poor, mean-spirited, senseless creatures, who *pretend* to be fond of their husbands, and try to make them comfortable. What woman of good breeding and proper feeling wouldn't be ready to faint with shame and vexation, if her husband, when asked to join a club, were to answer, in her presence, "My home is my club!"—the very answer Tom Spooner gave to little Jack Sittup only the other day, when the latter asked him if he would like to have his name put down at the Fly-by-nights.

In an old French book of manners I was reading the other day, of the year 1675, it was expressly laid down by an eminent authority, that to show any affection for your wife before company, or to speak of her in her absence in terms of endearment, was to show an utter want of knowledge of the *bienséances*. Who would dare to call the sun false, or affirm that they didn't know what good manners were in the times of the Grand Monarque? There is nothing that has contributed so much to domestic happiness as the judicious use of clubs; which is the reason, as we all know, that sensible women encourage them. What greater convenience can there be than that which enables a witty and sprightly wife to send a sleepy, senseless lout of a husband out of the house after dinner, and ensure his absence while she entertains her own familiar and congenial friends? Depend upon it, those ladies who, according to the gospel of

the *Saturday Review*, are cultivating alcoholic tastes—I have myself frequently seen persons, with the appearance of ladies' maids, come out of public-houses in the neighbourhood of our fashionable squares, with a gin bottle neatly tucked under their arms—are wives who have no such means of getting rid of their husbands, and are driven to the pernicious habit for comfort and consolation. I never could understand—unless, of course, connubial bliss was very different in those days to what it is now—why jolly Dick Steele should have taken such trouble to lie and apologize to “dear, dear Prue” for not coming home, when he was going to dine at a tavern with his boon companions. He must have appeared to have been very unfit for the “business which expressly concerns your obedient husband,” when he returned home. But we know what Prue rhymes with; and perhaps he was afraid of her. Nowadays, I fancy, a wife can scarcely receive a more agreeable intimation than a telegram which says:—“Send my things to the club. I dine out to-night;” and no husband would think it necessary to add any flimsy excuses.

We can't classify the husbands with the neatness we did the wives. There are too many kinds of them. There are those who are good, bad, and indifferent—meek, clever, and stupid—amiable, sulky, and cross—liberal, stingy, and mean—ugly, handsome, and cads; and so on through the dictionary of epithets. They all deserve more or less badly of their wives. The idle won't make use of the talents Providence has entrusted them with, to provide the necessary luxuries; the diligent only work for their own aggrandisement and profit, and are the first to cry out against the milliners' and jewellers' bills. How revolting it must be to the refined and elegant mind of a well-born lady, who in a moment of weakness has thrown herself away on a barrister, let us say, who is working his soul out in a degrading profession and ridiculous costume for money—liable to be hired, like a cabman, for a fee—when he refuses five and thirty guineas for a dress, to enable her to go to Lady Hatton's ball, where that odious Lucy Gadabout will be all in a blaze with diamonds, and that new dress she has had over from Wörth, “which she so kindly showed me the other day.”

There can be no doubt that, if a woman grows dissatisfied, it is the fault of the hus-

band. There is a certain moral and physical condition which women attain who are not happy at home. They become moody, discontented, and sullen. If you ask them the reason, the answer always is, “Oh, that man!” When pressed for further explanations—for it is with the greatest difficulty you can get a woman of delicate susceptibilities to impart her wrongs—“that man,” of course, turns out to be the heartless brute who has worked her misery—her own husband. And, what is so provoking is, he can't be brought to see it. He smiles at her across the table with the assurance and impertinence of an Irish Low Church curate. An invitation to Champagne is a studied insult—he knows she never drinks it. If he proposes to ride with her in the park, it is because he has heard her order the carriage. A trip to Paris would be all the most exacting wife could desire; but have not all the children been ordered to the seaside, and it is impossible to go? You would have thought him the most tender, affectionate, thoughtful of husbands. Of course you would. The hypocrite knows what he has to expect from society, if he does not appear to be all this. But see him in his domestic privacy, when he returns, gloomy and cross, from his day's business or pleasure. Instead of amusing her with the news or gossip of the day, he pleads fatigue, and retires to his smoking-room by himself—whence, presently, his sonorous nose announces to the whole household that he is asleep. Is *he* the companion for a woman of cultivated mind and business habits? Whose concern is it to overlook the weekly bills, and see that they are sent in correct by the tradesmen? What pleasanter occupation for a quiet evening? True, the cheques are always forthcoming when asked for; but any idiot can sign his name to a document, especially if it shows on the face of it that he is throwing away his money. He actually paid her milliner's bill last year without looking at the items; merely remarking that he thought the total was rather high, and that she ought to be a good advertisement for Madame Fichue. He doesn't understand her. There is not that sympathy or confidence there ought to be between husband and wife. He is a fool, and she was a greater for marrying him. Why did she? Papa was very much involved, as every one knows, and he offered to relieve him of his embarrassments.

He did not certainly propose to do so till after she had accepted him; but was she the less sold for all that? Of course, he would not have come forward if she had refused him. Then he takes absurd prejudices against this man and the other; whereas, when Mrs. Lovemore comes to dinner, he has neither eyes nor words for any one else; and, for aught she knows, may at that very moment be running after her all over the town.

Who can help pitying and sympathizing with an admirable woman of this kind, whose path lies in such rough places? What might she not have been in a different, perhaps in a more humble, sphere? Let us imagine her in a charming little cottage *ornée* in the country, ten miles from any place. No horrid neighbours to drop in to lunch. No clubs for Edwin to take refuge in. He is all her own. Their amusements are simple, but refined. In the summer, there are her roses and bees. How delightful to watch the vivifying effect of the liquid manure with which Edwin so tenderly nourishes the former; and what fun it would be to laugh at his awkwardness in taking the honey, and pouring balm and oil on the wounds occasioned by the latter. See him, lighting his pipe after breakfast, and sallying forth, with spud in hand, to war on the offensive dandelions on the lawn. "There are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners." And then there would be the feeding of the cocks and hens, and the fattening of the pigs, and all the sweet smells and sounds of the farmyard; and books and music to wear away the evening, till it is time to go to bed, and dream of a renewal of the same pleasures to-morrow. The winter, perhaps, would be a little long; but, then, they would be looking forward to the summer; or, perhaps, a month in town at Christmas, to see the pantomimes, would make the return to Arcadia so sweet. But this fancy picture, with such a companion, suggests so many tender thoughts, that, if she could read them, Lucy would almost have a right to be jealous.

Alas, that I should dispel this dream of *imagined bliss!* A dream! No. Truth is great, and shall prevail. That cottage was a reality; a real man did suffer inconveniences from his bees; such a pearl was contained in such a casket. In that casket—or rather, in a bed of that casket—have I frequently laid my weary limbs, lulled to

sleep by the perfume of the honeysuckle that crept through my window, and the note of Philomel from a neighbouring poplar, deploring her lost offspring, whom the ruthless rustic had stolen unfledged from the nest, while she, weeping through the night, and perched on a bough, renewed her pitiable story, and made the welkin resound far and near with her sorrowful lamentations. There never was a happier couple than Tom Titmouse and his wife—never a prettier little place than Dovetale Lodge. Surrounded by woods and hills, streams flowing through the valley, a lake full of fish in the grounds, the wood-pigeon cooing to his mate in the trees close to the house, the peaceful smiling landscape seen from the windows—all combined to make it a perfect little paradise of love, till the serpent entered there. I can imagine the howls of rage and despair, the execrations that will be heaped on my innocent head, when I confess that *I* was the serpent. I was the most guilty cause, with the most guiltless intentions, of their domestic happiness being destroyed. Traitor, wretch that I was—nay, wretch that I am—when I think of that dear little woman; and remorse is gnawing at my vitals. Why did I ever go there? or, if I did go, why at that time of year? Was it not enough that I should feed luxuriously every day, and drink more luxuriously every night, without imperilling his peace of mind? If Mrs. Titmouse had been my deadliest enemy, if she had worn cotton in her ears—which is tantamount to my saying that I abhorred and detested her—I could not have done her a deeper injury. Young men, beware! Curb those fierce ardours of youth—restrain the too fiery impulses of your headstrong age. Listen to my painful confessions; and how I left nothing but ashes on that domestic hearth, where, before I penetrated, the fire of love and happiness burned with a pure and lively flame.

It was the month of April. The trees were bursting into leaf, the birds were singing, the sun was warm, the sky was blue; and we were sitting in a summer-house by the lake, reading the papers which had just arrived from London. In an evil moment, Satan prompted me to read out the following advertisement:—

"Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.—On the day of the race, the steamer engaged by the O.U.B.C. will leave London Bridge

for Putney at nine o'clock a.m., calling at all intermediate piers. Tickets," &c.

Tom and I hadn't seen a race since we left Oxford; and, besides, there were some peculiar features of interest about this one which would make it desirable to be seen. Mrs. Titmouse couldn't leave home at present, as she was shortly expecting the arrival of a distinguished stranger, on one of whose robes of state she was at that moment actively employed. Oh! that my tongue had refused its functions, when the evil spirit put it into my mind to say—

"Why shouldn't we run up and see it, Tom?"

(Observe the diabolical suggestion of "running up," thereby suggesting a speedy "running back" again.)

"Yes, why don't you, Tom?" said poor unconscious Mrs. Titmouse—but it is right that I should heap coals of fire on my own head by recalling these unhappy circumstances. "I dare say, Mr. Gadabout can give you a bed in the Temple."

"Of course I can; and there you are, close to the river, and no necessity for getting up in the middle of the night."

As Mrs. T.'s sister was staying with her, Tom's scruples about leaving his wife alone were speedily overcome. The race was on Saturday—to-day was Wednesday. We'd "run up" to-morrow, and be back again on Monday.

If I had the genius of a Tupper, I should here indulge in some beautiful and original remarks on the stale subject of the instability of human affairs—of the difficulty of foreseeing events, and other well-worn platitudes. Return on Monday! He didn't return. *I never returned at all*, till— But let us start from the beginning.

I was rather astonished at the size of his portmanteau—which, for an absence of so few days, seemed excessive. He, however, said it was his only one, and that he liked travelling with all his comforts, even for a short time. I was not quite satisfied with his conduct in the train; for a man who has not been married a year to be rubbing his hands, and chuckling to himself behind his newspaper, when he thought nobody was looking, was, to say the least of it, reprehensible—as he was leaving his wife for the first time since their marriage, and under such interesting circumstances, that the most hardened monthly nurse would hardly have credited these signs of joy.

I had invited Bob Lackington and Rowdyson to meet him at dinner at the Talma. At that time, the club was celebrated for its Madeira and dry Champagne. (Lackington drank it all himself, subsequently, to the great disgust of the old members, and then took his name off.) After the second glass of Champagne and third of Madeira, Titmouse threw off the mask boldly, and announced his intention of seeing life. Lackington and Rowdyson encouraged him openly. There was to be a *bal masqué* that evening at the — Theatre, and a supper afterwards, given by the proprietor, who was a friend of Rowdyson. Long before dessert time, we had persuaded the wretched fellow not only to go, but to go in costume. We took him to Nathan's, and selected, as suitable to his rank and beauty, the equipment of a Pomeranian cavalier—so, at least, was the dress described by the eloquent shopman. He went, and —!

Thackeray used to say that he dared not tell mothers what the private lives of their sons really were. What if I were to tell wives what their husbands do behind their backs? Down comes the curtain, and you must imagine it all for yourselves, ladies! Perhaps that is better than a regular *dénouement*, which may be false—or, at all events, not sufficiently true—to nature. Tom remained in town six weeks, and did not return home till three days after baby's birth; and then only because his sister-in-law had written a very strong letter of remonstrance. We three were terrified at the mischief we had perpetrated. The infatuated and misguided youth insisted on giving up his pretty country place, and living in London. Mrs. T. was heartbroken at first, but soon began to relish the pleasures of fashionable life. She ultimately had a reputation for being fast. I see her now sometimes. She has a much finer colour on her cheeks than she had in the country, which proves that London air and dissipation are healthy; and as for her hair, not only has it grown enormously, but from a rich brown, that it used to be, it has changed to the elegant straw colour of Sauterne. But I have never spoken to her since that day in the summer house—*she has cut me dead ever since!* The most perfect indifference exists between the two; and poor Tom assumes something between a hang-dog and woe-begone expression of features whenever I meet him at the Talma, and slinks off uneasily.

There are not many model husbands in the world, I am afraid. Such an one should be represented, like Justice, with a bandage round his eyes, to blind him to his wife's faults. In one hand should be held a fat cheque-book, devoted to her service; in the other his will, in which everything has been left to her absolutely. Dangling at his button-hole, like a medal, will be a round piece of ivory, with the legend inscribed upon it, "R.I.O. Season 1871. Box 202"—on the grand tier, of course. A jewel case will peep from one pocket, a Murray's guide book from the other. Neat pumps will adorn his feet, allegorical of his always being ready to dance attendance upon her. He will be kilted, so as to convince the world that he allows her to wear the you-know-what-I-mean. A perpetual smile will adorn his mouth: care, however, must be taken that he does, not show his teeth. Place him in front of 380, Belgrave-square, with a lot of Cupids flying about the chimneys, and then you have an idea for a picture which no Royal Academician need be ashamed of. It is pleasant to think that there are such examples: men who don't lie in bed to breakfast—who don't stop in the house all day, when not wanted—who don't snarl and yarl, because their tea is too hot or too cold—who remember to keep an equal mind under arduous circumstances—as when Molly has forgotten the fried parsley, or drawn the trail of a woodcock; who don't joke the housemaid, who has been lighting the fire with a valuable manuscript, or whisked off the table your favourite bit of Dresden! But why go on enumerating his virtues? Such a one would be a credit to any woman—the honour and glory of her life, the proud possessor of her heart. Such a one I wish *you*, my beloved ladies; such a one is your most obedient.

LETTERS FROM EAST PRUSSIA.

PART II.

I WILL now give a few particulars about the inhabitants of the schloss. The count is very seldom here: the countess is the reigning sovereign. She is, I think, the most beautiful woman I ever saw: of North German type, fair hair, slightly marked cheek-bones, delicate, sharp-cut features, bright blue eyes, and a complexion which I thought, till now, only existed in three-volume novels. Accomplished, fascinating,

and well acquainted with Court life, she prefers this retirement, where she reigns like a Queen, and is a mother to her people. Although the life is much more simple than that of an English lady of equal rank, yet she is the high-born lady every inch. Everybody kisses her hand; her children also, who then present their foreheads to be kissed. When a couple are married on the estate, the bride comes to her for her marriage dress, hymn book, and marriage present. The old-established rights of a peasant on his lord for relief or support assume, at times, considerable dimensions among the lazy, half-civilized population. I do not think the countess would brook much independence of thought among her people, so accustomed is she to care for them, body and soul; and, in all matters, she is an aristocrat to the backbone; but then, think of her being able to work a carpet with the shields of ninety-six families who have married into the family, not one of which lacks its due sixteen quarterings! In contemplation of that fact, and of our own frailties, let us be lenient. She is kindness and affability itself to her dependants. Pleasant it is to hear her greet the passers-by with, "Good evening, my son!" "Good evening, my daughter!" or to hear her tell her postillion to "drive faster, my dear son!" All her servants, however old, are her "children;" or, "my good old Schmidt;" or, "my dear old daughter." In fact, we are here not yet well out of the middle ages; and, I believe, there is a lurking feeling among the nobility of this province that their dependants belong to them in a manner not very different to that in which the serfs were bound to their lords. I have even heard the sentiment boldly outspoken, "Well, after all, our people are serfs in a way."

The system has undeniably its picturesque side, and brings a feeling of attachment and obligation to the people on the part of their lords which is of real good; but that it is woefully and painfully out of place in the nineteenth century is a question on which two opinions could only exist in East Prussia.

The children are lively and intelligent, with considerable promise of beauty; for the rest, much like other little mortals of their age. They lisp French very prettily, and are beginning English. English, indeed, is the family private language, and is spoken quite fluently by all the grown-up members. Boys and girls are taught the "elements

of a sound education" by a tutor—of course, a theological student, who will disappear as soon as he has finished his final examination for orders, to be replaced by another. The present specimen is a mild young man, with blue spectacles and a horror of draughts. He is by no means stupid, a little sentimental, and very fond of reading out Heine's and Goethe's love songs; and, as candidates for orders are allowed in Germany to preach before ordination, he holds service every Sunday in a large room downstairs, and there gives us a sermon, in which, with the best will in the world, I lose my way hopelessly after the first five minutes—longer I cannot attend to the flow of emphatic exhortations, denunciations, invocations, and perorations of the enthusiastic young man. The fact is, the prayers in the German service are so dreadfully meagre, that they are obliged to lay all the stress on the sermon—which is, consequently, much more emotional and highly wrought than we like in England. All sermons in Germany are, moreover, learned by heart and recited, which gives them a much more declamatory style. I begin to think of our beautiful service with an affection I never felt for it in England. Herr B. himself owns to the poorness of the service, and says the people only come to church to hear the sermon, and that they have lost all catholicity of feeling. He groans over it dreadfully, and even goes so far as to say that they learn a great deal from Rome. This yearning after Catholic unity, as embodied in the Church of Rome, I have met with very frequently—and no wonder, for religious Germany is a sand heap, without a principle of cohesion.

Christians they may be, and can get so far as to be staunch and valiant Lutherans; but a Church they will never found, for they have no central rallying point, no outward and visible symbols or forms, dear to the national heart—nor ever will have. Protestants they are in a much wider sense than we. We confine the sense of the word, when we think about it, to protesting against the errors of Rome. The German protests against any one, friend or foe, who would offer to use the slightest control over his conscience, or who would venture to prescribe him an article of faith. Of course, I am here speaking of the laity; and yet the same principle is freely at work among the clergy.

From the old Lutheran side, again, the at-

tempt is made to bind them in a very rigid orthodoxy, cold and repulsive as anything in Protestant Germany: hence the war to the knife between Lutherans and Unionists. If I lived long in Germany, I believe I should become High Church, and in my old age might even be converted to Ritualism, out of longing for a little—even mistaken—warmth and enthusiasm.

However, peace to the German Church and her shortcomings. I must return to my quiet East Prussian village, and give you an account of the service, which I think will interest you. As there is no church nearer than about seven miles off, the dependants and villagers come trooping in for the service. According to the old Lutheran custom, the women sit together on the left, the men on the right. We, as the "Herr Schafsten," are exalted to a side row of chairs in front, and have carpet and footstools under our feet. In front is the table, with two burning candles, a crucifix, and two nosebags. It seems quite wrong and inexplicable to English ideas that one should sit for singing, stand for hearing the Bible read, and sit again for praying; but such is the custom here. It may be partly habit; but I, for one, cannot pray sitting comfortably in my chair, facing a number of people. I think there is a propriety in the act of kneeling which helps to bring one's mind into the right tune; also there is an instinctive wish, with Hezekiah, to hide the face to pray. However, the Germans think otherwise. They are accustomed to it, and have a horror of all fuss and ceremony in church service. If you remark upon this to them, they reply, "We stand for prayer." But, in reality, they do nothing of the kind: in nine churches out of ten they sit quite comfortably through the greater part of the prayers.

We begin, of course, by singing part of an immense hymn—a monster, perhaps, of fifteen eight-line verses—which is sung very slowly, with all the lung that people quietly seated in their chairs can give it.

These hymns are the proudest possession of the German Church, and are, practically, far more learned and used than the Bible; being doctrines for the young—I do not know what immense number are not required to be learnt by a child before confirmation—consolation for the old, and form the chief part of the Church service, in which the Bible plays a very subordinate part, being limited to the Epistle and Gospel

for the day, which are almost invariably the same as ours.

Then comes a short liturgy; and it is odd here to hear the blind organist running up the chord with his voice, in order to give the people—who chant the "Amen" without accompaniment—the notes for their parts. Sometimes they go very far wrong; but, on the whole, sing with an astonishing amount of ear and taste, which one would look for in vain among a congregation of English peasants.

We finish the great hymn, and then comes the sermon. You have no idea how the sermon has swallowed up all the rest of the service in Germany. The marriage service is a sermon; a christening is a sermon; a burial is a sermon. It is their one idea. So I, who very often cannot follow the sermon, and do not care for it when I do, came to the end of my Sunday with rather uncomfortable feelings. But the dear German women come out of church with clasped hands. "What a heavenly discourse!" "What a wonderfully beautiful sermon!" There is no inducement to go to the regular church at the next village; for the clergyman there is an utterly uneducated man, cringing and repulsive, of worse than doubtful morality, and with the manners and exterior of a clown.

You must not think all German clergymen are in this style. East Prussia is the wildest and most neglected province in this educated realm, of which it has not been very long a part, and the choice of a minister very often depends entirely on the peasants. The church is a fair specimen for the country—a small, circular, whitewashed building, the round roof ending in a bell-tower, and without a vestige of decoration, inside or out, except a few mock bas-relief rosettes, painted between the windows. The clergyman appears, as if by magic, in a little box in the wall, where he preaches; and he bows humbly to his gracious patrons, who sit in another large box in the wall, opposite to him; while the humble congregation sit below, on semicircular benches. After the sermon, some ten minutes or so are taken up with the grateful enumeration of small gifts to the church—*i.e.*, the clergyman—of one, three, or six pence, &c., each followed by a special prayer—by name—for the donor; who sits, meanwhile, complacently conscious of having done a pious act. It is a singular, and not very praiseworthy or

edifying custom; and calculated to foster a cheap religious vanity. It is quite peculiar to this province, and a relic of heathen times and altar offerings. This is the less surprising when we consider that East Prussia remained in primitive heathenism till the twelfth century, and made frequent relapses during the thirteenth. The mythology was not Teutonic, but native to the tribe, which seems to have been some slavish migration.

I have shown how I spend my days here pretty well in the foregoing descriptions—which, I hope, have given you respectful ideas of our civilization. Can one begin the day more pleasantly, in the intense heat of an East Prussian summer, than by an early ride through the cool woods, or by a swim in the lake, followed by the discussion of our breakfast of milk and delicious little fresh baked cakes, on the edge of the wood, with the cows sniffing and browsing round us? In the morning, everybody goes pretty much his own way: the children vanish for lessons; the gentlemen visitors, if it is autumn, for duck shooting; and we sit in our bedrooms, or out of doors, and employ ourselves as we like. Everybody takes the first breakfast—and even second one, at eleven—separately, how and where he likes; and you are not called upon to appear before dinner, at four; neither, however, must you expect to see more of your fellow-creatures than they like. If tired of your room, there are the park, farmyard, the foals, hounds, doves, and a roving pack of anybody's dogs, who set upon you for play, or scraps of biscuit, directly you show your nose out of doors, pretty much as in an English country-house.

The country is not a favourable one for sketchers, as you may suppose; besides, sketchers are looked upon as a sort of lunatics. There are, however, some pretty points in the scenery. If driven on by the gnats, you can play on the small organ, if you like, or betake yourself to the cool and studious quiet of the library—a most charming little room, lined all round with books, and opening, by one large window, on to an immense chestnut tree. The library contains a very fair selection of English and French light literature, and of the German classics. How often have I planted myself in the window—half in the chestnut tree, half out—with a busy colony of flies and bees around keeping up a ceaseless murmur of delight over the heavy, rich

waxen flowers—stately altar candles for the spring's glad festival of rejoicing and thanksgiving. I know nothing more delightful than to be perched thus, half-way up a tree, to look down on leaves and flowers, and blue shadows and blossom-sprinkled ground—forward, through endless branches and changes of green gloom and golden light—upwards, to more transparent, glowing green, and towering white flowers pointing to the blue sky. It is the nearest approach to fairy-land that I know—

“Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.”

What an enhancement of the pleasure, to accompany the bee's music with Goëthe's delicious prose, where “thoughts embrace, and the words kiss each other.”

At dinner we all assemble—children, teachers, and company. Much less wine is drunk here than in England, and the gentlemen retire at once with the ladies to the drawing-room. There, ceremonious greetings take place. The married ladies have their hands kissed, the unmarried are bowed to, and everybody wishes everybody “*Bien vous fasse!*”—“May it do you good!” Then coffee is handed round; and, after a short time, we disperse in groups here and there—a book and a shady retreat being mostly my choice.

Walks or drives are not often taken in the open country, as you may suppose—owing partly to the bareness of the country, and partly to the badness of the roads. But some charming drives have been made in the woods round the lake.

In the evening, we meet round a regular English tea table—unless you prefer, as I often do, going down to the lake to see the sunset; and, on the way, turning into the fragrant cowsheds, and having a drink of warm milk. The children, meanwhile, enjoy their evening soup—that is, bread and milk, or stewed fruit diluted with water, or thin custard, or watery chocolate: all of which compounds, and many more—rice and sago puddings, for instance—are called soups in Germany, and are ladled out of a tureen, and eaten out of a soup plate.

You must not think that we revel in gay company: it is only the autumn which brings a few noble sportsmen down here. All the summer we were enlivened by but one visitor—a young lieutenant, on his way to his station. He was the very model of

that choice specimen of humanity, the Prussian officer. Assured and gallant in manner, perfect in bowing and hand-kissing, so deferent to the high-born ladies that he hardly spoke above a whisper; and yet not a twist of his hair, nor a button of his coat, that was not alive with the consciousness of adorning an officer in that *élite of élites*—the Prussian army. The absorption of the individual in the official was so complete, that it almost assumed the character of touching humility. What can surpass the modesty of a man who tells you, by every gesture and accent, that the respectful admiration which you give him as a matter of course, he takes, not as a tribute to his personal or mental attractions, but to his brilliant clothes and sword! However, we were glad to see him, clothes and all, in the dearth of civilized faces.

Last week, we were so desperate in our buried-alive condition, that we resolved on hazarding ourselves once more among the noisy precincts of men—being intent upon buttons and tapes, and a host of feminine et ceteras, the want of which had lately made our lives a burden to us. So having, with some difficulty, obtained leave for the children to come, accompanied by their governess, we set off for the small provincial town ten miles off, along the lake. It was a great event, as it was considered quite *infra dig.* to set foot in the town—the countess being supplied with everything direct from Berlin. Consequently, the children had never been there; and there was much hesitation before we were allowed to let ourselves down so low.

The French governess was as delighted as a child, having nothing less in view than the choosing of a new dress. We also came back the possessors of a most wonderful pair of shoes, for which we had to go through a tiny closet—where were four half-dressed men working—into a close, dirty room—bed-room, sitting-room, and shop, all in one. It was really amusing to see the way in which the people stared at us, as if we were a wild beast show; the delighted smiles and bows of the shopkeepers; the gaping crowd which honoured our arrival and departure from the little inn; and the aristocracy of the town—Mrs. Councillor, Mrs. Apothecary, Mrs. Inspector, Mrs. Judge—you know women take their husbands' titles in Germany—more genteelly peeping from behind their muslin window

blinds. We felt ourselves of great importance; and our expedition was a thing to be talked about for a week or ten days.

So here you have the outlines, as far as I can give them, of our life here. You see, that of family life, according to English ideas, there is little; and of the pleasant, merry life of a full English house, also little. Still, it is a very pleasant place for a summer visit, through the kindness of the hostess and the complete novelty of the scene; but I should object, above all things, to living here. First of all, think of being rained and snowed up for I don't know how many months of the winter, beyond the reach almost of a human being—only too happy when you can get out for a skate on the lake, or a drive in a sledge over the frozen snow; and, after that, weeks and weeks of still more impassable slush and bottomless mud.

But even that, to my mind, is a trifle against the depressing influence of the population. I could not bear to live here and never see a decent civilized face out of the house. The middle class is wholly wanting. Society there can be said to be none; for the inhabitants of the land consist of a few scattered noble proprietors, a few farmers, and then the peasants. For "gentry," there is no word even; and I spent an hour lately in a vain attempt to make the matter clear.

I find that the people are half Poles—which means lazy, dirty, and drunkards. "If they can beg, they will not work," is the character I hear of them. And, truly, that explains a great deal. No wonder they are miserable and degraded! I can answer for their dirt. They are generally clothed in four or five layers of greasy, dark garments; which, one can see, have grown to the wearer like his skin. Their skins are of the colour and consistency of leather; their heads, when seen, past describing. In the winter, they are seldom sober, being employed then in the fisheries on the lake. These fisheries are very valuable—the fish being sent straight, by sleighing communication, to Warsaw and Russia. The winter is the chief season, when the peasants make large holes in the ice, and drag nets underneath, sometimes getting as much as ten tons of a small fish called "stink" at a time. This is much loved by the Polish Jews, whose chief dish it is. The fishing, however, is very hard work,

and the people in the winter almost live upon brandy. Yesterday, we saw some peasants who had come to beg in the servants' halls. Sometimes there are as many as twenty together. Before I knew what they were about, they had seized hold of my sleeve, and were kissing it in the most abject manner, half crouching on their knees. I longed to shake them off, and could not get rid of a painful feeling for some time. As we drove to church on Sunday, we met some peasant boys who actually went down on their knees as the carriage went by! When they are before their liege lady, they crouch and tremble like scared animals—not from fear, for she is very good to them, but simply from reverence and abject submission. In bad years, the distress reaches a terrible pitch, and entails an enormous expense on the landowners; and, on the whole, I should think it must require all the hereditary feeling of pride in, and attachment to, the family possession to make life endurable to the proprietors. A stray visitor, however, who is not upheld by such elevating considerations, is apt to become rather depressed, and to long, with pleasurable anticipation, for his return, some few hundred miles westward, to a more advanced and congenial state of society.

MORITURUS!

A SPRING LAMENT.

THE sweet, wild pansies bloom upon the meadows,

The happy sunshine flits in lights and shadows,
The song birds, in this sweet spring-tide of flowers,
Wake hope and joyance in the morning hours.

The late hill-snows are melting to the river,
Into the Ocean of the Past for ever;
The Spring grows warm, and I but linger here,
A fluttering leaflet in the fresh, green year.

Yet still the sweet, old beauty sets one yearning—
Almost I feel the lusty life returning;
And fain would sing, swan-like, ere yet I die,
One last, low note of lingering melody.

The bright birds round my casement-pane beguiling
The hours in grateful indolence—the smiling
Bursts of sunshine, as they come and go,
Warm my chill heart with an ecstatic glow.

Oh! to be up, and staff in hand a-roaming
My heathy hills from morning-tide till gloaming!
Oh! for another stroll in this sweet Spring,
That mocks me thus with its glad welcoming!

Must it be so—that this young hour of dreaming,
That this sweet snatch of Paradise meseeming,
A living hope in every transient breath,
Must melt into the shadow-land of death?

I leave my sunshine and my golden meadows—
I feel the darkness of the coming shadows;
The good, sweet company I loved of yore
Fades fastly from me now, for evermore.

And this is life, and this a poet's yearning.
Is it, ye gifted, worth such passionate earning?
Still, the great heart, the noble voice shall give
A watchword to the younger ones that live.

Bloom, my sweet meadows!—Ring, my loved Spring
voices!

Oh, blessed earth! wherein one heart rejoices;
The passing soul, in thy glad welcoming,
Sees but the dawning of the Eternal Spring!

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR HERO PURSUES SCIENCE.

"I THINK I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," said Dr. Fledgeby, bowing graciously to Miss Dorothea Golightly, and still fumbling mysteriously in his waistcoat pocket.

The Rector nodded significantly behind the Professor's back, intending by the action to convey his belief that his sister and Dr. Fledgeby had met at Bath or Cheltenham, very likely.

"No; I think," replied Miss Dorothea—who was firmly persuaded, from what she had heard her brother say of him, that the Professor was one of the greatest personages in the world—"that if I may venture to correct Dr. Fledgeby's recollection upon such a point—I think I never had the honour of being presented to him before; and I am sure I am delighted."

"My sister adores genius, Dr. Fledgeby," said Mrs. Golightly. "We are all delighted to receive you at Oakingham."

"Delighted," echoed the Rector, and our hero, and Mr. Morgan, and Miss Harriet, circling round the Doctor and Aunt Dorothea.

"I have met Miss Golightly before," said the geologist, with his finger and thumb still in his pocket.

"I really venture to presume," began Aunt Dorothea.

There was considerable curiosity manifested among the little group of listeners to know where Dr. Fledgeby could possibly have met Miss Dorothea. It was visibly increased when the great man of science added—

"And Miss Harriet, too."

At this remark, Aunt Harriet uttered a faint exclamation of surprise.

There was evidently something amusing to be told, for the Professor was all smiles. This was catching, and communicated itself to the Rector, and everybody else—Mr. Smith, the Professor's friend, included. The faces of all wore an expression of pleased and expectant curiosity. Everybody laughed in a well-bred way; and they all, by an almost involuntary movement, edged themselves a little closer to the two central figures.

"We must apologize—indeed, we can hardly express our regret sufficiently for the circumstance, Dr. Fledgeby," said Miss Dorothea, who could not make it out at all, but was all the while most innocently unembarrassed; "but we, I am sorry to say, cannot either of us call to mind when we had the distinguished honour of making the acquaintance of the eminent Dr. Fledgeby."

"Not very long ago, Miss Golightly," said the old gentleman, with an arch look at Aunt Dorothea.

"Not long ago!" said both sisters, in a cogitative tone.

"We have not been to Bath this year," said Miss Harriet.

"It was not at Bath," said the Doctor; "and our interview was very short. Now do you recollect?"

"Prodigious memory for faces, the Professor has," said the Reverend Mr. Golightly to his curate, in an undertone. "I always thought Dorothea's was very good."

"Prodigious!" said Mr. Morgan, in a whisper.

"Could it possibly have been at Cheltenham, dear?" suggested Mrs. Golightly, blandly.

"It was at Whelpton," said the geologist.

"Whelpton!" cried everybody.

"At Whelpton, Dr. Fledgeby—to-day!" said Miss Dorothea. "Why, unfortunately, we were too late to see anybody."

"You saw me, Miss Golightly," returned the Professor, holding up the shilling. "Don't you recollect, you gave me this?"

"Oh, Dorothea!—what could have possessed you?" groaned the Rector, looking very grave.

"Whatever for?" asked Mrs. Golightly of the company generally.

Miss Dorothea had never felt so confused and ashamed before in her life; while poor

Miss Harriet fairly hid herself behind her brother's shoulders.

When she had had time to recover herself slightly, she joined her brother in offering the most profuse apologies for her terrible mistake.

"Pray take back the shilling, madam," said the Professor, in the most good-tempered manner possible. "When you give it away again, bestow it on a more worthy and deserving object; and—and think no more about this matter," added the old gentleman, who now pitied the poor spinster so much, that he wished he had suffered the shilling to remain in his pocket until the opportunity had occurred for him to drop it quietly into the Rector's poor-box.

"Oh, dear, Dorothea!" groaned her brother; "if it had been Harriet, now—but you! Oh, dear, you ought to have known better!"

"Dinner is served, ma'am," said Tuffley, the butler, at this moment opportunely throwing open the door of the drawing-room, and thrusting in his portly person.

But poor Miss Dorothea was snuffed out for the evening, and a damper thrown upon the spirits of the company which they did not get over until the dinner was nearly at an end; although Dr. Fledgeby did all he could to restore their equanimity by the most affable and gracious behaviour he could assume. The Rector's dry Clicquot, however, together with the thoroughly good dinner which it accompanied, and the choice old Château Margaux that followed the dinner, and the curious Port, worked wonders; and, by the time the carriage drove up to the door to take them over to the county *conversazione* at Fuddleton, everybody, with the solitary exception of poor Miss Dorothea, had entirely recovered from the shock her ill-timed and ill-judged benefaction had caused them.

When at last they arrived at the Shire Hall, at Fuddleton, they found a brilliant company already assembled. Everybody of scientific and antiquarian tastes, every hunter after *bric-à-brac*, every collector of objects of art and *vertu*, had contributed something to the general fund of amusement. The hall, lighted with numerous wax candles, was crowded with personages of the first importance in Loamshire; and, altogether, the *réunion* may be described as a complete success. Cases of preserved butterflies, cabinets of minerals,

pictures, antique armour and articles of wearing apparel, astoundingly powerful microscopes and electrical batteries, and apparatus on a most magnificent scale, were brought together to promote the enjoyment and happiness of the general company—who, for the most part, knew nothing at all about them, and cared less; but admired them very much. Our distinguished acquaintance, Dr. Fledgeby, who was decidedly the lion of the evening, suffered himself to be marched about by his friends, and introduced to everybody worthy of his recognition as "the distinguished author of 'Mornings with the Mammoth and the Mastodon';" by which proceeding much *kudos* was reflected upon the shining bald pate of the Reverend Samuel Golightly, the hospitable entertainer of the great man. The mayor, aldermen, and town councillors of Fuddleton, who had had it all their own way in the morning at the Town Hall breakfast, were now most appropriately ignored and snubbed by the county people, who were on their own ground, and made the most of their undoubted advantage.

Adolphus Golightly, of Oakingham Hall, Esq., with his daughters, Arabella and Georgina, and their brother George, were among the last arrivals on the scene. Our hero at once made his way to the side of his cousin Arabella, by whom he was introduced to her dear friend and former school-fellow, Miss Thomasine Jekyll, only daughter of Thomas Jekyll, of Jekyll Place, Esq., who was on a visit at the Hall. With these ladies on either side of him, Mr. Samuel followed in the wake of the Squire, who was behaving with the greatest gallantry imaginable to old Lady Tattleton Pratt, and listening with courteous ear to her not too good-natured remarks concerning such of her acquaintance as she recognized—and she knew pretty well all the county.

"Figgings," said the Lady Mayoress to her spouse, "Figgings, we're nowhere here."

She had sat, by virtue of her own rank, next to Lady Tattleton Pratt at the breakfast in the morning, and now her ladyship passed her by with only the slightest possible inclination of her head of hair.

"Why not, Mariar?" asked his worship, angrily—for he was equally as cognizant as his wife of the unpleasant fact.

"If I was you, Mr. Figgings," continued the lady, without deigning to reply to the question, "I'd assert myself. Though you

don't happen to have your gownd on, you're Mayor of Fuddleton, I suppose."

"Where shall I begin, my dear?" asked Mr. Timothy Figgings. A happy thought struck him. "Will you take anything, dear? Here, attendant—he's one of the sheriff's javelin men at the assizes, Mariar—waiter, coffee for Mrs. Alderman Figgings."

"*Caffee nore*, Figgings, *sans late*—for I never can take cream at night, and sleep after it."

"Do you hear, sir? *Caffee nore*," thundered his worship, in his most approved committing tone.

Our friend the Rector, in his triumphal progress with the author of the "Elephant's True Place in Nature," suddenly came face to face with the worshipful pair.

"Mr. Alderman—a—a—Mayor of Fuddleton—Dr. Fledgeby," said Mr. Golightly, politely, thinking it his duty to make these distinguished persons known to each other.

Their civic and scientific eminences bowed to each other.

"Mrs. Figgings, my wife—Dr. Fledgeling," said his worship, pointing with extended hand to his lady, who was busy with her cup and saucer.



THE SQUIRE AND LADY TATTLETON PRATT.

"You have done us a great honour by visiting Fuddleton," said the Mayor.

"I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves, sir," said the Mayoress.

The geologist assumed Mr. and Mrs. Figgings that the excursion party had been amply repaid for the trouble they had taken by the curious natural phenomena they had witnessed.

"We shall find my son Samuel somewhere about," said the Rector, as they walked on. "I've been looking for him all the while. He is at Cambridge now, Dr. Fledgeby."

"He could not be at a better place," observed the *savant*.

"He is a very observant, a very intellectual, and most studious young man; and—and—I'm proud of him," said his worthy father.

"You have every reason to be," responded Dr. Fledgeby. "Such traits of character lead to distinction. We may predicate eminence—predicate eminence for him, my dear sir."

"I hope we may, my dear doctor," replied the Rector, willingly endorsing the remark of the man of science. "He is so observant, and so curious, that I am sure we

shall discover him somewhere engrossed in the study of some of the many wonderful things displayed before us to-night; or—”

“In the pursuit of science, I hope,” said the doctor, who loved to see about him young recruits.

At this instant they came upon our hero, seated comfortably on an ottoman, and occupied not so much in the pursuit of science as in a most charming conversation with Miss Thomasine Jekyll.

“I hope, my boy—and Dr. Fledgeby hopes—you are availing yourself of the advantages around you,” said the Rector.

“I am, my dear father,” said Mr. Samuel, blushing slightly, and continuing his conversation with the lovely and accomplished lady at his side.

“Really, I enjoy it almost as much as the county ball,” said Miss Jekyll.

“More—I do,” said our hero, glancing at his fair friend with enraptured eyes.

“Are you fond of dancing?” she inquired.

“Not very—that is, not always. I am rather a clumsy partner, I believe.”

“Oh, Mr. Golightly, I can't think that. You Cambridge men all know how to dance,



OUR HERO DISCOVERED IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

I'm sure. Now, tell me, is Cambridge a very, very wicked place?”

“Oh, not at all,” sighed our hero.

“I know you have some fine—larks, I think you call them,” said the lady, timidly. “I have heard my cousin Tom say so. I don't know what it means, you know.”

“Of course not. It means fun, Miss Jekyll. And I—I wish you'd come with Arabella and Georgy. I don't know whether they will come this next May; but if they don't, Uncle 'Dolph has promised they shall come the May after that; and that is not so very far off, you know.”

Miss Jekyll protested she should like it above all things.

“You have dances there?”

“Yes; and there are the A. D. C., and the boats, and—and—all sorts of things; though I have not seen them myself, yet.”

“It must be charming,” said Miss Jekyll; “a perfect paradise of novelty and surprises for those who have never seen all the old colleges and things.”

“It is,” replied our hero, with enthusiasm lighting his brow.

“I'm sure, you are very comfortable and luxurious even, in your bachelor rooms. It

makes me envy you, when I hear my cousin Tom talk about it. Men have everything worth having in the world. I always used to wish I was a boy."

"And do you now?" asked Mr. Samuel.

"Well, not quite so much, I think. But we must not talk any longer—here comes Arabella."

"You two are forgetting the time altogether, I think," said Miss Arabella. "We have been looking everywhere for you."

"We have been here all the time," said our hero.

When the time for the return to Oakingham came, Mr. Samuel contrived to secure a seat in his uncle's carriage, suggesting to the worthy Squire that he might prefer the company of his brother, the parson, and the two men of science; whilst it must be confessed his nephew vastly preferred the society of his cousins, and their fair and fascinating visitor.

On his safe arrival at the Rectory, our hero confessed that he could not recollect when he had spent a more pleasant evening. He went to bed; and, in his dreams, science, shillings, and Miss Thomasine Jekyll were mingled in a strange, but not altogether unmeaning, jumble.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XX.

PROPHETIC.

THE storm that had visited Linthorp was felt with even greater force at Broadmead. Through the dreary day, the rain had beaten against the windows; and the wind had swayed the great branches of the almost leafless trees, until they seemed like sylvan arms, outstretched in helpless struggle with the enemy. The oaks were mighty in their years of sturdy growth; but stronger came the raging wind, whose dwelling-place man knows not—rushing along upon the wings of death—so it seemed to Diana—shrieking and wailing with a voice that spoke to her of sorrow and decay. "O wind, O wind!—whence comest thou, and whither goest thou, and what hast thou to tell to men?"

For, from her earliest years, Diana had invested the wind with an ideal being, with a twofold nature—one that swept by in wrath and destruction; one that came lovingly, and kissed the flowers, and brought

sweet whisperings of a far-off country that spoke of peace and happiness and ever-glorious youth.

To-night, as she lingered over the fire in her sitting-room, she knew that it came to her in wrath. The beams in the old ceiling creaked, and the trees beneath her window cracked, as though some demon's axe were splitting them asunder.

Diana shivered. She had a strong tendency towards a belief in the supernatural. She held fanciful theories, that were partly the result of a somewhat morbid childhood, and partly of her imaginative nature. She had lived in an atmosphere of ideal bounds and idealisms of all kinds; possibly the remnants of old legends she had heard in eastern lands, whose brighter picture colouring had died out, and left but a shadowy outline. Everything with her was a living power—the wind most of all, since it had a voice whose intonations she had often tried to interpret.

Perhaps there could be heard in it the voices of lost spirits, wailing to those upon the earth, and warning those they loved to flee from the wrath to come. To-night, amid the fiercer gusts of wild, fierce passion, she seemed to hear a note that sounded clear above all others—though it was lower, deeper, and scarce so despairing in its tone.

And a strange fancy came over her that John Carteret was sending her a message on the storm. Why should it not be that, through the medium of nature, soul should communicate with soul? He might be thinking of her, as she was of him; and so the wind had caught up his soul-utterances, and had borne them to her. Were not all so linked together in this great universe, that it was impossible to say where the chain ended, or what force there was without the range of mortal comprehension that bound the whole with other laws than those we call rational?

She had drawn her easy-chair close up to the fireplace, and, wrapping a great cloak around her, she sat, half-shuddering as the fresh gusts struck against the casement, making it rattle as though some unseen power were trying to force the windows from their frames. Closer she drew to the fire, and placed her hands over her ears to prevent hearing the blast, that sounded to her like unnatural bursts of laughter, as of demons triumphing over the struggling souls of men. Wilder it grew, until she almost

felt the breath of unseen revellers on her cheek—cold, piercing. And then the undertone that she had heard before wailed out—

“Lost! lost!”

She shuddered. Everything was growing so strangely real around her. The shadows that flickered in the firelight assumed fantastic shapes, stretching out long, skinny arms, and beckoning to her with misty fingers. The tapping of the rain against the window-panes no longer seemed accounted for by natural causes, but rather was the hand of some weird banshee praying for admission. Then came the creaking, sighing of the waving trees, the clatter of some loosened tile upon the roof, the sudden flash of lightning, and the heavy rolling crash of the thunder—all chiming into the spirit-chorus of the storm, that grew wilder and wilder; and still above it, for ever, sounding in sad, clear tones, Diana heard—

“Lost! lost!”

So real it became at last, that Diana, as though wailing out for help, cried out—

“John! John!”

For an awful fear had seized her. She had heard of those in their death-struggle having the power of communicating with those they loved, through some inexplicable psychological link. Dolly had told her many a story of how a message had mysteriously come, or even the loved one had appeared, at the very time of death. And Diana had listened, and had believed; for it suited her nature to believe in the ineffable connection of the soul element throughout creation—the breath of God breathed forth through all, and uniting all.

It was longer than usual since Diana had heard from John Carteret, and she had been anxiously pondering over the cause, and framing theories as to why he had not written; and now a sudden dread came over her. Surely, if he had been in health, he would not have left her so long without a word of help or comfort. There must be some great reason to prevent his writing to her. Perhaps he was dying—was even dead—and the message had come to prepare her for the tidings.

“John! John!”

And still the storm-voice seemed to answer—

“Lost! lost!”

Louder, again, her cry arose, ringing clear over the raging elements—

“John!”

And at that instant came a mighty crash—louder, it seemed to Diana, than even the rattling thunder—so close, that it seemed as though the roof were breaking in above her. The room rocked, and a great cloud of smoke puffed out from the fireplace.

For a moment she was as one paralyzed. Then, gathering the cloak around her, she sprang up, and fled downstairs along the passages: she could not be alone any longer.

Jasper had been sitting up late, reading in the library, as was his custom; and the remainder of the household, though they had retired to rest, were not in bed—the storm was too furious for them to sleep through. So the maids had congregated in one of the rooms, and the men were sitting listening in the servants' hall, not knowing what might happen.

As Diana sped along the still lighted passages, intending to go to Prime, who slept in the next room to her mistress, Jasper—who, at the crash, had started from his studies—met her.

He was half startled as he caught sight of her—she looked so like a spirit, with her eyes distended with horror, and her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders.

“Di!” he exclaimed.

“Oh, Jasper, is it you?”—for she had not, in her terror, perceived him. “I am so frightened,” and she crouched up to him. “What is it? Did you hear it?” she asked.

“Poor child, how you are trembling. Of course I heard it. I was going to see what it was.”

“Then it was something earthly,” said Diana, abstractedly.

“Earthly!—certainly, Di. You are dreaming!”

“It is the storm,” she said, shivering; “it is very awful. What a night it must be at sea!”

Instinctively her thoughts turned to the sea, as though they must be near to where John Carteret was.

She was clinging to Jasper's arm—for it seemed as though she could not be alone.

“Let me go with you, Jasper. It was near my room. I thought the roof was coming in. I can go—only—only—everything is turning round—Jasper—”

The hold upon his arm relaxed; and, if he had not caught her, she would have fallen. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her towards his mother's room. She seemed no weight, she was so slight and

fragile. Poor Di!—she had grown thinner; and there was a sharpened look in her white, still face, as the light of one of the lamps fell upon it. His heart smote him; and he bent his head, and gently touched her forehead with his lips.

“Poor little Di!”

The touch slightly roused her.

“John!” she faintly murmured.

A frown came over Jasper Seaton’s brow, and his heart grew hard again. The word had steeled him against any compassion for her, and silenced any compunction on his part. All pity centred in himself. He carried her rapidly along the long gallery.

“Mother!” he said, “Di is almost frightened to death: she has fainted.”

Prime opened the door—her mistress had not dared to be left—and she and Prime were listening in mortal terror to the storm. They had heard the noise above, but were too much alarmed to stir.

Jasper laid Diana on the sofa.

“What was it, Jasper?” asked Mrs. Seaton, her teeth chattering.

“Fright, I suppose,” answered Jasper, thinking only of Diana. “Poor child! Here, Prime, have you no salts? She’s coming a little to herself.”

Diana opened her eyes.

“It will go off now,” she said, and her eyes glanced inquiringly round the room, as if she could not quite understand how she had come there.

Just then a loud shriek was heard; and, in another instant, one of the maids rushed frantically into the room.

“The chimney has fallen in, in Miss Diana’s bed-room. She’s killed!—she’s killed!” and Hester’s voice was lost in her choking sobs.

At that moment she perceived Diana, who had half risen, looking more like a ghost than a human being; the cloak falling away from her, and her white dressing-gown flowing round her. The girl believed she had seen her apparition; and, hiding her face, she gave another shriek.

Prime—roused from her fears by the matter-of-fact solution of the alarm, and by her knowledge of Diana’s safety—went up to the girl, and, seizing her arm a little roughly, said—

“Be quiet with your nonsense. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? Don’t you see that Miss Diana’s all right, and she hadn’t gone to bed at all?”

Whereat Hester—who was Dolly’s sister, and consequently given to superstitious beliefs, even as Dolly had been—cautiously looked up again, and seeing that Diana had not vanished—as she would have done had she been a ghost—became satisfied, and began to cry hysterically.

Prime pushed her out of the room; and Dolly, recovering herself, returned to tell the other servants—who were huddled together in mute horror outside the door of Diana’s apartments—that Miss Ellis was safe in the mistress’s room.

“The Lord be praised!” ejaculated the cook.

“Amen!” responded Thomas, who had been butler in the family for some years, and had seceded from the parish church to the Methodist chapel.

Mrs. Seaton would have given him notice; but Jasper, being lax in his orthodoxy, pleaded Thomas’s many virtues in extenuation.

“As long as it makes no difference in his discharging his duties, why need you mind, mother? And you will never miss him at church, as you can’t see where the servants sit.”

Therefore, Mrs. Seaton was induced to become tolerant. If Jasper wished it, the matter was settled. So Thomas’s religious liberty was not interfered with, and Diana looked upon him rather as a sort of hero, and felt that she should like to do the same, as long as Dr. Crawford was rector. She had seen the title of Bunyan’s book, though she had not read it, and was under the impression that he must have had some such person as Thomas in his mind when he wrote his “Heavenly Footman.”

The “Amen!” seemed to rouse the servants from the stupor of fear into which they had been cast, and a simultaneous sobbing ensued. Diana was a favourite with them all—perhaps they scarcely realized how great a one, until death, having passed so near her, had shown them the place she had in their hearts.

“It’s right enough for to-night, sir,” said Thomas to Jasper. “The old chimney’s been a little rickety this long time, but no one would have thought of danger. It’s been a narrow escape, according to human speaking; but there’s been a mysterious and merciful Providence at work, sir.”

Jasper Seaton was not disposed to indulge in meditations of the kind; but a chill ran

through him as he thought of the escape Diana had had.

"She shall never sleep up here again," he said to himself.

Hester was already preparing one of the rooms downstairs for Diana.

"It won't do to leave Miss Ellis to-night, Hester," said Jasper, pausing at the door.

"No, sir."

He knocked at his mother's door.

As he came in, Diana was saying—

"I think I shall have Hester to sleep in the room with me. I know it's very foolish, but the storm has made me feel quite ill."

"Prime, you had better see about the room, and about Hester," said Mrs. Seaton.

"It is all done," answered Jasper; "and you may all sleep peacefully now, for the storm is blowing over. Good night, mother—good night, Di."

"Good night," replied Diana, wearily.

"Jasper thinks of everything for you, Diana," observed Mrs. Seaton, as her son left the room.

"He is very good to me. I think he must be the best guardian any one ever had."

Prime had moved to the other end of the room, and Mrs. Seaton hesitated for a moment whether she should speak the words that were on her lips; but she deemed it wiser to leave them unspoken. So she answered coldly, in a low tone—

"Do you, indeed! I fancied that you did not appreciate him."

A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION HALL IN CHINA.

IN these days of universal competitive examinations, it may interest many of our readers to know something of the mode in which they are carried on in the country which—more than a thousand years ago—originated them. Since literature is cultivated in every part of the Chinese empire, and the same examinations are held in every province, there must be an examination hall in every provincial capital, and all these halls are constructed on precisely the same plan.

The great final examination for graduates of the first degree takes place every third year, and is held in the eighth month. It

is divided into three sessions: the first being on the 9th, the second on the 12th, and the third on the 15th day of the month. The candidates—as we learn from Dr. Keer, who, about four years ago, read a paper on "The Great Examination Hall at Canton," to which we are indebted for the materials of this article—are required to present themselves on the previous day, in order to register their names, receive their blank thesis paper, and have their cells—shortly to be described—assigned to them. They have one night to arrange their rooms and brace their minds for the coming struggle. At daylight, a printed copy of the texts which have been selected by the Imperial Commissioners is placed in the hands of each candidate; and instantly nearly ten thousand brains are at work, and as many pens "commit to paper the learned, eloquent, and poetic thoughts which spring into existence from the magic influence of the words of Confucius and Mencius." Some have finished their task before dusk, others work throughout the night, and some continue their labours till the following noon. Each competitor, as soon as he has finished his papers, hands them in to the officer appointed to receive them, and returns from the hall to his lodgings.

On the first day—the 9th—the texts are taken from the Four Books, and three essays and one piece of poetry are demanded. Each essay is to contain about 700 words, and the poem to consist of sixteen lines of five words each.

On the second day—the 12th—the texts are taken from the Five Classics, and five essays are required.

On the third day—the 15th—general subjects, ancient history, &c., are given for texts, and five essays are required, none of which must exceed 300 words.

Each cell is simply a minute private room, five feet nine inches in length, and three feet eight inches in breadth, with grooves in the side walls which admit planks that serve for a bed at night, and a seat and table by day. They are placed in ranges, side by side, and each range is covered by a roof that slants towards the north, and is six feet high at the lower edge. A passage three feet eight inches wide extends along the whole length of every range, and thus all the cells in each range communicate with each other. The candidates are allowed nothing but pens, ink, and paper; and the

entrance of each range is sealed up while they are engaged at their work.

The following are translations of some of the texts given at a late triennial examination at Canton:—

1. "If the will be set on virtue, there will be no practice of wickedness."

2. "It is only the individual possessed of the most entire sincerity that can exist under Heaven, who can adjust the great invariable relations of mankind."

3. "There are ministers who seek the tranquillity of the State, and find their pleasure in securing that tranquillity."

The great hall at Canton has a length (N. and S.) of 1,330 feet, and a width (E. and W.) of 583½ feet, and hence it covers an area of 689,250 square feet, or about 16 acres. It is surrounded by a high wall; and two gates, near the south ends of the east and west walls, open into the enclosure which admits to the main entrance.

The examination hall consists essentially of (1) the ranges of cells for the candidates, already described; and (2) the apartments for the officers who superintend the examination.

The visitor, after entering the main door, and passing through the Gate of Equity and the Dragon Gate, finds himself in the great central avenue which divides the enclosed space into two nearly equal parts. This avenue is provided with a stone walk in the centre, and with similar lateral walks by the trees; and on each side of it are the ranges of cells, each range being marked by a character, in colossal proportions, taken from the Thousand Character classic. On the east side there are 75 ranges, divided into 4,767 cells; while on the west side there are 68 ranges, divided into 3,886 cells. Towards the northern end of the central avenue is the observatory, or look-out, a building two stories high, which commands a view of all the ranges of cells; and a little farther on there is an inscription placed over the central walk: "The opening heavens circulate literature."

The apartments occupied by the officers who superintend the examination take up about one-third of the whole area. This section of the building is devoted to the outer part, which is occupied by officers who superintend the routine of business, copying, &c.; and the inner part, which is devoted to the Imperial Commissioners and

their assistants, whose duty it is to examine and report on the essays.

The Hall of Perfect Honesty lies at the end of the avenue, and is open on its south side towards it. The essays are here delivered to seven officers—Show-kiuen-kwan—who, on receiving them, give a ticket in return, which allows the holder to go out at the Dragon Gate. The essays are roughly inspected here; and if there is much blotting, or if certain definite rules in writing are violated, the writer's name is posted, in blue ink, at the outside entrance, and his presence is not again required.

To the back of the Hall of Perfect Honesty, and connected with it by a covered passage, is the Hall of Restraint, lying in the northernmost part of the enclosure. Here the essays are received by three officers, whose business it is to seal up the outside page of each essay, on which are written the name, age, residence, ancestors, &c., of the candidate. A list of the names is kept; and the essays are then passed on to another officer, under whose direction they are all copied in red ink by a staff of more than a thousand clerks, who occupy rooms, specially fitted for the purpose, on the right of the Hall of Perfect Honesty.

On the right hand side of the Hall of Restraint are the apartments of the Kien-lin, or chief superintendent of the examination—an office which is always held by the Governor of the province.

Passing onwards beyond this hall, the visitor reaches the Hall of Auspicious Stars, where the essays pass the final examination, on which the hopes of the candidates are based. On the right and left of this hall are the apartments for the reception of the two Imperial Commissioners, who are sent from Peking for the purpose of conducting the triennial examinations, with the aid of ten assistant examiners.

The whole process is a glorious application of what is known as red-tapism in this country.

1. The essays are copied in red ink.
2. They are then sent to readers, who compare each copy with the original.
3. The originals are then returned to the Governor.
4. The copies in red ink are then delivered to the receiver for the inner chamber.
5. That officer takes them to the Hall of Auspicious Stars, when they are divided amongst the ten assistant examiners.

6. These examiners select a certain number of the best essays, which they submit to the inspection of the Imperial Commissioners.

7. Lastly, the Commissioners examine these selected essays, and give the final verdict as to which possess superior merit.

The Commissioners and examiners are required to do their work in each other's presence, under the inspection of a monitor. They are not allowed to hold intercourse with any other persons, nor are they allowed to take essays to their private rooms at night. Indeed, every possible care seems to be taken to secure fair and honest decisions.

In addition to the principal halls and rooms already described, there are numerous apartments for the accommodation of a large police force; for the commissariat department, who are required to provide supplies for all the officers and their attendants; for the copyists and printers, and the police, for about twenty days, during which none of these parties are allowed to leave the gates.

The candidates for the triennial examination include men of learning of all ages, who have already received the first degree, and are known as literary graduates.

The examination of the essays continues until the 8th or 9th of the ninth month; and on the 10th, the names of the successful candidates are announced at the entrance of the Governor's yamun. Messengers are in waiting to carry the news by express to all parts of the province. A feast is given by the Governor to the new graduates; after which they go in state dress to visit the tombs of their ancestors, and to make calls on visitors and friends.

In conclusion, a catalogue—a goodly sized octavo volume—is published, containing the name, title, rank, and office of all the superintending officials, and a list of the new graduates, with the age, residence, and former standing of each. It also contains all the texts given, and a selection of the best essays and poems; and the chief Imperial Commissioner prepares a preface, while the second Imperial Commissioner writes a postscript.

TABLE TALK.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne naturally brings up the question of precedents. The marriages of English prin-

cesses to husbands not royal have hitherto been to foreigners of royal descent, or else contracted without the leave of the Sovereign. And there seem to have been only three exceptions to the rule. The first is the marriage of Eleanor, the youngest daughter of King John, to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. The latter was, however, a man of great power and influence. He was the first subject in the realm, and his father had been the Regent of England. Henry, in his letter to his proctors at Rome, apologetically explains the policy of breaking the charmed rule. Pembroke, the Earl Marshal, was in possession of two of the royal castles; and already had, in the event of the non-compliance of the King, two brides in view—one the daughter of Robert the Bruce, the other the daughter of the Duke of Brabant. He had obtained an apostolic mandate, addressed to the Bishops of Canterbury and Salisbury, that they should either absolve him from his obligation to marry the King's sister, or else see the contract fulfilled; and plainly intimated that one of the two courses should be taken forthwith, as he refused to wait any longer for a wife. Henry, growing alarmed at the chance of the powerful earl making an alliance which might afterwards prove dangerous to himself, was only too glad to consent to make Pembroke his brother-in-law. On the death of her husband, Princess Eleanor married Simon de Montfort; but they were married in secret. Simon, too, was a Frenchman, and only English through his grandmother, the co-heiress of the earldom of Leicester. The other exceptions both occur in the reign of Edward I., two of whose daughters were married to husbands not of royal blood. One, Joanna of Acre, so called from the place of her birth—having been born during Edward's unfortunate campaign in the Holy Land—was married, in her eighteenth year, to the premier peer of England, Gilbert the Red, Earl of Gloucester. The ceremony took place, with great pomp, at the monastery of the Knights of St. John, Clerkenwell. Gilbert de Clare was, however, the most powerful man in the kingdom, next to the King; and with the semi-royal honour of Gloucester combined the earldom of Hertford and the Irish principality of Strongbow. Unlike Henry III., who made no conditions of any restrictive kind with his intended relation, the wise Edward compelled Gilbert to surrender into his hands the whole of his

vast possessions; and the King took formal possession of them. They were then re-granted to the earl and his new wife and their heirs, with the reversion to the Crown, and the exclusion of the Clare family. After the death of Gilbert, Joanna stole a match with one of his retainers, Ralph Morthermer—according to some accounts, her late husband's groom; but, in reality, his squire. In 1306, Joanna was forgiven by her father, on account of the valour displayed by her second husband in the Scottish wars. The third marriage was that of Joanna's sister, Elizabeth, in 1302, to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and High Constable of England. Edward imposed the same conditions on this suitor as on Earl Gilbert, and Humphrey de Bohun resigned to the King his nine castles and forty-nine manors, and his hereditary office of Constable; and the same were re-granted to him, but with a proviso of a reversion to the Crown, to the exclusion of his own kindred.

THE FACT of the Royal marriage taking place in Lent has struck with pious horror the "unco guid" of the Ritualist party. I have, however, met with a MS. in the Lansdowne Collection, in which the ancient idea as to the fit and proper seasons for contracting matrimonial alliances is curiously exhibited. "Marriage comes in on the thirteenth day of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday; at which time it comes in again, and goes not out until Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday, from whence it is unforbidden until Advent Sunday; but then it goes out, and comes not in until the thirteenth of January next following."

A CORRESPONDENT: In an article upon "Shrove Tuesday," which appears in ONCE A WEEK for Feb. 25, the author says he "believes" the game of football is still kept up on Fasten's E'en in Scotland. It may interest him to know that the game has been played on that day in this ancient border town (Alnwick) from time immemorial; and there is still a good deal of state and ceremony attending it. Shortly after noon, the committee appointed to superintend the game—which is played by the inhabitants of the two parishes into which the town is divided, St. Michael's and St. Paul's, the one against

the other—repair to the fine old castle, where they are regaled with some good old ale, to fortify them against the labours of the afternoon. Then, precisely at the hour appointed, a procession is formed, headed by the Duke of Northumberland's piper, in proper costume, followed by the constable of the castle; and then the committee, bearing the balls under their arms. In this manner they issue from the ancient barbican of the castle, the piper giving forth the warlike strains of "Chevy Chase"—his instrument is the Northumberland small pipes, very different to the Highland bagpipes—and being joined by the waiting crowd outside, proceed to the north demesne—or "pasture," as it is usually called by the natives—a large park-like field of above one hundred acres, lying to the north of the castle, where the game is played. Immediately to the north of this field, and not half a mile from the castle, is the spot where Malcolm, King of Scotland, was killed, while laying siege to the stronghold of the Percys. I may also add that pancakes, with rashers of bacon, is the almost universal dinner on that day. At Morpeth, although there is no regular football, the pancakes are religiously indulged in. Here, at Morpeth, the custom is observed—and has been from time immemorial—of ringing one of the town bells at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; the ringing of which bell is always called the "pancake bell."

THE SEVENTEENTH OF THIS MONTH is a red letter day among our brethren of the Sister Isle; for is it not dedicated to St. Patrick, the apostle and patron saint of Ireland? St. Patrick, unlike our English St. George—whose image, by the bye, has just been revived upon the latest coinage of our sovereigns—seems to have had an entity more defined and less mythical. If his history is correctly given, St. Patrick was born at the close of the fourth century, at Kilpatrick, between Dumbarton and Glasgow. So that, after all, the saint whom Irishmen so venerate was a Scot. When he was sixteen years of age, he was carried away, with many of his father's vassals, into slavery; and, according to all accounts, was forced to tend cattle for six months on the mountains. Afterwards, he managed to escape from his bondage, and visited France and Italy. Having reached Rome, he received a mission from Pope Celestine to propagate

the doctrines of Christianity in Ireland. Like our own St. Augustine, he seems to have been one of those good and earnest men who, by their simple, primitive Christianity, did honour to a Church which was as yet uncontaminated by the intrigues and lust for personal power which crept into it in later days. He bent himself earnestly to his mission; travelling through the remotest and wildest districts of a country which, rude as it is in some parts even now, was then but a fastness of savages. The reverence entertained for him at the present day among the peasantry of Ireland, and the miracles which he is devoutly believed to have worked, are evidences more or less trustworthy of the importance of the work he achieved. It is alleged that, "after the death of St. Patrick, there was no night for twelve days." Several spots and objects are dedicated to his memory. Amongst others, is a rock having the appearance of a chair, in which he is believed to have sat. The most celebrated, however, and one which it is the custom to visit on St. Patrick's Day, is Croagh Patrick—a hill situated in the south of Westport, in the county of Mayo. On this spot, St. Patrick is said to have performed his famous feat of throwing all venomous serpents, and other animals of an equally unpleasant kind, into the sea. So that now, if report speaks truly, the traveller may seek in vain for serpents or frogs in the Green Isle of Erin; and if any one took the trouble to import a few by way of experiment, such is still the power of the charm that they would not live. The origin of the "green, immortal Shamrock," as Ireland's cherished emblem, is too well known to bear repeating; for did not St. Patrick, by the ready illustration of the trefoil, convince his early converts of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity?

THE DIAMOND MANIA at the Cape bade fair to rival in excitement the first days of the Californian and Australian diggings. We do not hear, as yet, of any extraordinarily fine diamond being discovered, although some unauthenticated stories have been going the round of the papers to that effect. At any rate, we have not been startled by the arrival from the Cape of another Regent, Sancy, or Koh-i-noor diamond. The famous Koh-i-noor—originally 186 carats in weight—now weighs, after cutting, 102½. The Regent of France, the finest diamond

in existence, both as regards shape and water, weighs 136½. The Sancy weighs 54 carats. It will require a fine diamond to eclipse them.

THE HISTORY of the Sancy diamond, like that of most other celebrated gems, is curious. It derives its name from a former possessor, one Nicholas Harlai, Seigneur of Sancy. Being anxious to raise money upon it for the aid of his prince, Henry IV., the gem was entrusted to the care of a faithful servant. The man was attacked by robbers, and murdered. His master recovered the body, and, confident in his servant's fidelity, opened the stomach, where he found, as he expected, the lost treasure. He then proceeded with his original intention, and pawned it to the Jews; but he was never able to reclaim it. In 1649, it was the property of Henrietta Maria, Dowager Queen of England, from whom it passed to the Duke of York. After his abdication, James II. sold it to the Grande Monarque, Louis XIV., for £25,000. During the fatal days of September, 1792, the Garde Meuble was robbed of the Crown jewels, and the Sancy diamond disappeared with the rest. It turned up again in 1838, when the Princess Paul Demidoff bought it from an agent of the Bourbons for £75,000. In 1866, it was for sale in London. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known Parsee, bought it for £20,000. And now, curiously enough, the Sancy diamond has returned to its native country.

THE FEARFUL LOSSES of human life incurred on both sides, in the conflict which has just been concluded on the Continent, calls to reflection the number of men who have been sacrificed to the demon of destruction in the wars which have been waged from 1815 to 1864. In these wars, 2,762,000 men have fallen; of whom 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 614,000 from other quarters of the globe; which gives an average of 43,800 per annum. These figures do not include those who have died from disease during the different campaigns. The Crimean War cost 508,600 men, thus divided: Russians, 256,000; Turks, 98,800; French, 107,000; English, 45,000; and Italians, 2,600. In the Caucasus, between 1829 and 1860, 330,000 men lost their lives. The Indian Revolt reckons its 196,000 lives. The Russo-Turkish War, from 1820 to 1829,

193,000. The Polish Insurrection in 1831, 190,000 men. The French campaigns in Africa, 146,000. The Hungarian Insurrection, 142,000. The Italian War, 129,870; of whom 96,874 died in the field or from their wounds, and 33,000 from various diseases. The total number of lives lost in Europe, during the wars from 1792 to 1815, amounted to 5,530,000; which gives for the 23 years an average of 240,434 deaths per year. The Civil War in America has left equally appalling results. From the last census of the State of New York we get a slight idea of what the whole Union—North and South—must have lost in men. In 1860, the population of New York was 3,880,727; in 1865, it was 3,831,777. That great and prosperous state had lost, during the war, 48,950 persons.

IT IS A COMMON THING to speak of the Irish from certain parts of the sister island as of Milesian race. What the origin of this Milesian race is, seems but little known even by those who have paid most attention to the history of Ireland. It is thought, however, to have immigrated from Spain; and this theory is somewhat confirmed by the etymology of the names of some Irish towns, where the letters *gh*—as in Drogheda, Aghada—have very much the pronunciation of the Spanish *j* in Badajoz, Aranjuez. The expression and cast of features, too, of the peasants in the south-west of Ireland have a strong family resemblance to those of the Spanish peasants.

THE WORD "CABAL" is commonly supposed to be formed from the initial letters of the names of Charles II.'s ministers—Clifford, Ashley, Burlington, Arlington, and Lauderdale. This, however, is an error. "Hudibras" was written ten years before the famous "Cabal" of 1672; and we find the word used by Butler in two different senses. In Part I., Canto I., it occurs as follows:—

"For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic talisman and cabal."

And in Part IV., in its common acceptation:—

"Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls."

The word "cabal," or "cabala," may be said to be originally derived from the Hebrew, meaning a hidden science of divine mysteries, which the Rabbis affirmed was revealed

and delivered—together with the law—unto Moses; and from him handed down, through successive generations, to posterity. The Gentle sceptics, however, treated this assumption on the part of the Jewish priests as a mere pretence; thence the word came to be used in a different and less reverential sense. The word is used in an epigram by Sir John Harrington, whose knighting on the field of battle by the Earl of Essex gave such offence to Queen Elizabeth, who preferred to keep the conferring of honours to herself:—

"I am no cabalist, to judge by number;
Yet that this church is so with pilles filled,
It seems to me to be the lesser wonder,
That Sarum's church is every house pilled."

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER has hit upon the following ingenious scheme for selling his books:—"Divide the cost of the book into sixpences, and cast lots for the shareholder whose property it is to become. The tickets as they are drawn entitle the holders, beginning at the lowest number, to a fortnight's reading; and afterwards, another fortnight in the same order, should that be desired, when the book becomes the property of him drawing the highest number, or it might be added to the school or teacher's library. In certain localities this system, so far as it is followed, enables many to keep read up in current literature which they might otherwise never see, and at very little expense, with the fairest chance of possessing the books in their own right." This is a lottery in one of its most innocent forms. The committee, however, should ascertain that all the shareholders read with clean hands, or the drawer of the highest number is likely to get as much dirt as ink with his luck!

THE FAMOUS BISHOP BURNET, like many authors of later days, was very partial to tobacco, and always smoked while he was writing. In order to combine the two operations with due comfort to himself, he would bore a hole through the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed, with philosophical calmness.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK

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THE ETHICS OF SCULPTURE.

PART I.



THE increasing recognition which sculpture is at last receiving in this country is a cheering fact for those sympathizers with high art who were ready to despair of ever seeing it accepted among us as anything better than a vehicle for portraiture, and the incongruous adornment

of mortuary compositions. The day may be still remote when sculpture will attain to the proud position of a School in this country, and when it will have an acknowledged rank and style of its own. At present, it is destitute of type and character; but there is a serious intention and a purity of feeling in some modern productions, which augur well for the art; and it seems only necessary that the divergent conceptions of our sculptors should radiate from a common centre of feeling and conviction, for English sculpture to achieve a high and an enduring eminence.

It may not be out of place at this time to consider the elements of this grand art, and to insist upon those essential and fundamental truths, without the observance of which no work in sculpture can be created or judged.

It must be confessed that Sculpture is the least fascinating of the fine arts; not,

indeed, from any innate deficiencies of its own—for the very essence of the art is that it is based upon those eternal principles of harmony which pervade all nature, are the foundations of all art, and the soul of all beauty—but it is comparatively unattractive, from the absence in it of those sensuous properties which give the other creative arts such a charm; unattractive to the general observer, from the calm, cold language in which it addresses him, and from the fact that the subjects with which sculpture deals are usually of an unfamiliar, exalted, or idealistic character; and unattractive because the quality in which it exists—namely, Form, pure Form—is one requiring a specially trained eye and a knowledge of the laws and limitations of the art to realize it; yet, if the true province of art is, as the great artists of all periods considered it, the portrayal of ennobling themes, there is no art so fraught with this glorious power as sculpture.

In treating of sculpture here, however, it is not our purpose to exalt it to the disparagement of the sister arts, or to claim for it the foremost place; for though this position is, in the abstract, usually accorded to it, and though we have the great authority of Buonarrotti—who practised all alike—in support of this view, we take it that the arts are in essence but one: they all derive their power from one source—the creative faculty of the human mind; and are but various ways of interpreting one great original—Nature, and one universal quality—Beauty.

The foundation of all art among the ancients was, more or less, religion; and sculpture was altogether employed in this mystic service. Far back in the earliest historic period this fact may be traced. Amongst the Egyptians and Chaldeans sculpture first took a definite form, and, evolved from an instinct, became an art. Instinct lighted the way. From the rude and shapeless block of wood or stone, be-

fore which barbaric man first prostrated himself, emerged some grotesque image embodying his brute idea of power; and in course of time this took fair proportions approximating to nature, and was the foundation upon which the severe art of the Greeks was based. But nature in art was as yet only crudely suggested. The Egyptians, forefathers of art, were sensible of the grandeur of mere mass and hugeness; and were, therefore, content with mass, and usually made their effigies colossal. Deficient in the subtleties of the art, which a future generation was to bring to such marvellous perfection, their works were yet great by the mere force of monotony and vastness. A kind of *vis inertia*, both moral and physical, existed in them, while their very unnaturalness made them terrible; and in those stupendous travesties upon nature, the credulous devotees of their religion saw all-powerful gods. Thus it was that religion gave birth to sculpture, and sculpture was identified with religion.

This was the sound basis upon which the acute Greeks built up their immortal art. Their poets conjured up celestial abstractions, investing them with the noblest attributes; their sculptors seized the grand symbols, moulded them into palpable form, and stamped upon them the eternal mark of truth. Taught by their philosophy to believe in the fascinating, though false, dogma of a necessary connection between the beautiful and good, and gifted with an aptitude for reasoning upon first principles, they argued that beauty was but another name for perfection; and beauty at once became their creed. Endowed, moreover, with an instinctive sense of grace and harmony, which their religion, their schools, their customs served to cultivate, they reduced that fickle sense to fixed laws; and upon those laws of nature—eternal, immutable—they constructed their works—works which two thousand years, with all their revolutions of races, manners, polity, and religion, have failed to lower from their high eminence as perfect types of human beauty. For this reason, the Greeks must ever be the arbiters of form; and any art which ignores their laws, their motives, their aspirations, is a degenerate art, doomed to contempt and decay.

But though form was glorified almost as a religious cult in the Greek schools, it was not the be-all and end-all of their art. Pro-

found in their knowledge of the human heart as they were of the human figure, they saw that sculpture might be very properly employed as a vehicle of instruction and example. Having raised statues to their tutelary gods, whose severe beauty appealed to the intelligence of men and struck awe into their hearts, they next made their heroes of the senate, the arena, and the field immortal by the hands of their sculptors; and thus roused the youth of Rome and Greece to noble deeds of valour or self-devotion, and kindled in their hearts a love of wisdom, virtue, or patriotism. They went yet farther. To make virtue attractive, they adopted the negative means of portraying animal instincts; and, inventing cloven-footed satyrs, or a dissolute Silenus, they made vice hideous, and a libel upon the diviner instincts of humanity. Here was the true application of this noble art of sculpture. Veritable sermons in stones riveted the attention; and, through the eye, the fervid heart was stirred. Their text was as noble as their treatment was pure and simple. A fine purpose entered into all their works; they invested them with a deep, and yet withal so palpable, a meaning, that they were at once recognized as types; and as such stand alone to this day, unsurpassed by any school. Under Pericles, when the art was at its best, the Athenians designated Phidias—who only handled lofty themes—the “Sculptor of the Gods,” and regarded the man himself as scarcely inferior to the deities he portrayed; apparently foreseeing that his name would survive to remotest time, long after their whole celestial synod had died out, a discarded fable.

Under such conditions, sculpture was, of course, a great power in the hands of rulers. Employed, as we have seen, as a means by which their youth were taught, and their minds penetrated with the power of gods and men, the art gained immense impulse from the moral duties it had to perform. The artist's hand was inspired by his theme, and obeyed the dictates of a deep conviction. The sculptor was a philosopher, a student of science, as well as an artist. His soul was in his craft—the moral edification of millions was his aim. Conceive, therefore, the intense devotion with which those giants in art realized in stone the divinities in whom they believed; and with what adoration, what tenderness, they gave a form

to the goddesses of their faith! What wonder, then, that their countrymen would make long pilgrimages to gaze entranced upon their works, as was notably the case with the Minerva of the Parthenon? What wonder that the art of that epoch was great, seeing how great were its motives and how grand its results? Those motives ceased when the pantheistical faith from which they sprang died out before the light of Truth. And then, too, died that enthusiasm for the art which made it a living glory.

Nevertheless, though the sculptor's conception is no longer stirred by religious fervour, nor his hand inspired by the moral grandeur of his theme, no one would waste regrets upon this necessary result of a pure and divine creed. The art of a country is always more or less the reflex of its religion and its ruling tastes. In Greek art is embodied their pagan philosophy; and in their gods and demigods is expressed their worship of material beauty. By the same law, the revived art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries portrays the Christian faith. A gulf isolates the heathen period in art, as in religious belief. It is, therefore, confessedly unnatural to attempt to graft modern art upon a defunct faith, grand though it was in many respects. Yet, if it were possible to fuse the two powers—Christian faith and Pagan sense of beauty—the Greeks would be surpassed. This, however, appears to be unattainable. Still, there is no reason why modern art should not conform to Greek art in the essential quality of pure and high purpose, allied to idealized treatment. When these leading principles are steadily kept in view, the art of any period cannot but be great, since its motives are great; for it can never be too much insisted on that purism in conception and idealism in treatment are the life and soul of sculpture. In defiance of the axioms upon this subject recently propounded by Professor Ruskin, at Oxford, we hold to the conviction that realism is not high art. The eloquent Professor insists that the Greeks were realists; while, on the contrary, the loftiest idealism appears infused into every work. Look at the Apollo. Does any one suppose that there ever trod on earth a man like that? Look at the Venus de Medici. Do we recognize the exact counterpart of nature in that transcendent figure? On the contrary, we feel that the form, being perfect, is divine, not human. It awakens no emotion

like the sympathy for our kind. It fascinates, but arouses no thrill of fellow-feeling. It is too pure, too perfect: in a word, preter-human and unreal. The fable of Pygmalion, romantic as it is, is a doubtful compliment to his artistic powers; for if the creation of his hands kindled his passion, it must have been far too human, too realistic—ethically considered—and woefully deficient in the spiritualized beauty which exists in all great sculpture. Pygmalion evidently produced the counterpart of a woman, and not a divinity—not an embodiment of the highest ideal, as Praxiteles or Scopas would have done.

The end of art, and more especially of sculpture, being the portrayal of *perfected* nature, and nature being, from countless causes, imperfect, though the original germs of perfection are everywhere, it follows that realism—which is but another word for copyism—is not high art. "Imitation," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is the means, and not the end, of art. The sculptor," he continues, "employs the representation of a thing as the means to a great end—that of always advancing towards faultless form and perfect beauty." This axiom is unassailable, and in direct antagonism to the doctrine of the precise or realistic school, of which the Oxford Professor is the high priest.

The epicurean copyist would sympathize with the feeling conveyed in Byron's well-known couplet—

"I have seen finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of your stone ideal."

But the passionate humour of the poet would find no echo in the breast of the student of Greek art, to whom beauty in sculpture is an epitome of harmonious parts, never to be achieved by a slavish copy of nature. Copyism is mechanical art. If, as Reynolds elsewhere says, a work of art is valuable in proportion to the mental labour employed in its production, then the mere servile copyist must take very low rank; and the best that can be said of him is that he is clever. Art to him is a thing of measurement: so much work, so much result. He can gauge his labours to a nicety, and to this true art never descends. Nor, on the other hand, can the most laborious copyism ever be elevated to the domain of high art; for it should be remembered that every work of art is a new application of fixed principles, a re-adaptation of old elements,

a new fusion of old but precious metals in the alembic of genius. In contemplating the works of the modern precise school, we can, at all events, thoroughly appreciate the amazing intelligence displayed in Greek art, which lives for ever, though by no means a transcript of life; and seems to present, with magnificent audacity, a type of beauty for nature to emulate.

The absence of colour in sculpture accounts, in a great measure, for the want of sympathy with which it is commonly viewed. It is, indeed, often objected that, in beholding the finest statue, the eye is apt to revolt against the monotonous white of the stone. Now, it is certain that, in intelligently viewing a figure or a fragment, a process of reasoning unconsciously goes on, by which the eye—or, rather, the mind through the eye—quickly reconciles itself to the absence of those qualities, or those parts, which distinguish nature—accepting without question the perfect form, so far as it goes, for the perfect whole; readily supplying the absent colours or the lost parts; filling up and making complete the grand ideal which genius has, as by a stroke, conjured up. It is this faculty of supposing a whole where only a part exists which enables us to view with delight the many mutilated fragments which are preserved to us. Indeed, so necessary is it in art to leave something for imagination to exercise itself upon and supply, that were you to take a torso, which for its beauty already satisfies the beholder, and were you to supply the deficient parts, you would at once rob it of its noblest charm. The Milo Venus, one of the grandest remains of the Greek art, stands in the Louvre; and a modern sculptor has carved the deficient foot. The renovation mars the beauty of the fragment: it was best as it was. So, too, as regards colour. Infuse into a statue a tint which is not natural to the stone, and a sense of depreciation in its worth will be the result. For colour in sculpture is a device to give it a nearer resemblance to life; and, in submitting it to this operation, you invariably lower it from its high pinnacle as nature spiritualized. Gibson, pure and classical as he was, had a fondness for this perilous innovation; but he met with little encouragement from high authorities in art. Paint a statue, and you disenchant it. Give it the familiar hues of life, and you expel it from the realms of the ideal. Take the Venus de Medici. Divinely beautiful and

chaste, it inspires a feeling of kindred purity in the most debased mind. But colour the flesh, stain the hair, impinge the eyes, pencil the veins, flush the cheeks, and the transcendent figure is at once humanized. It is of earth, earthy. Its normal characteristic, its one essential quality of pure ideality, is destroyed; and the glowing hues of flesh and blood, and the voluptuous contours of a woman, have supplanted the soul-subduing properties of a goddess. We have, it is true, the authority of the Greeks for the use of colour in sculpture, and the admirers of Gibson's experiment make the most of this fact; but the Greeks only employed it under peculiar circumstances—as in the frieze of the Parthenon, which was placed in shadow, thus necessitating the contrast of colour to show up the work. In some of their colossal statues, it appears to have been employed; but the practice was by no means general. It may have been an experiment, and was probably soon abandoned. It is certain they were very sparing of colour, for even in their frescoes they used the most delicate pigments. With their keen sensibility, they must have felt the folly of disguising so pure a material as marble, and staining so spotless a substance. Give the form, and imagination will supply the colour—the form, the living, motive feeling; for the mind is swift to do this when its innate sense of beauty is satisfied.

Again, it is sometimes remarked, by those who have never inquired into the natural restrictions of this art, that it is so calm, so passionless. Now this is precisely the characteristic which marks the noblest works of antiquity, and one which all great sculptors keep in view. Sculpture is *not* the vehicle for the delineation of transitory sentiments; and passions are transitory. Still, while a baser passion, eternized in marble, is a libel upon this art, a noble passion, nobly treated, is exalted to sublimity. In the Apollo Belvidere, we see anger portrayed; but it is the proud, serene, contemptuous anger of a god. Here is the most perfect example existing of passion depicted, yet under control. In the dilated nostrils, the curled lip, the large, open eye, we see the magnificent wrath of a divinity. In the Niobe group, we see how a worthy passion may be treated. Here is given the keenest and purest of human instincts—maternal anguish and mortal fear of danger. Yet there is no ex-

travagance, no trick of effect, no contortion. The agony appears to be in the soul. Again, in the Dying Gladiator, a modern sculptor would probably have made much of *expression*, intensifying the suffering, and infusing mortal anguish into every part. But, see how the Greek treated it. The noble athlete is a hero to the last. His pangs are subdued—he crushes them down. His proud heart never falters, though the life-drops ebb away; and, in the fine words of Byron—

"His manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony."

In the Laocoon group we find, probably, the most intense suffering depicted in any work in sculpture. A Greek poet has said of this composition, that if any one found the smallest fragment of it—a finger or a toe, for instance—it would be immediately identified, for so deep and uniform an anguish pervades every part. But this fine group belongs to a period subsequent to that of the best art, and is generally considered unworthy of the Greeks as represented under Pericles.

The same ethical law which subdues passion controls motion, and insists upon complete and definite action. Extreme action is generally indicative of feeble art. Repose is the most fitting condition for sculpture. The Greeks, whom we must consult on this as on every other point, loved repose. Phidias, save in his friezes, always observed this law; Michael Angelo, the Phidias of Christian art, usually did the same. But neither the old Greeks nor the great Florentine were slaves to this preference: they gave action—sometimes violent action—but it was always given at that moment of commencement or completion when a pause occurs. The action was never *in transitu*. The Fighting Gladiator has delivered the terrible blow; Apollo has sped the shaft; Discobolus is about to hurl the quoit. In the Toro Farnese, the bull is arrested. Here were the full limits of action tolerable in sculpture—strangely outraged by the floating Auroras, vapoury vespers, and contorted nymphs of the French school, in which physical laws, and even the primal law of gravitation, are recklessly set at naught. Indeed, in one notable example, exhibited in our last International Exhibition—"The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy"—we find this pernicious lawlessness in art altogether distanced, and a floating vision, an

unsubstantial dream, an airy nothing, in fact, is sculptured in massy stone. What technical skill or ingenuity of handicraft can compensate for such sinning against the fundamental laws as this? The eye revolts against so palpable an anomaly as a dreamer and a dream rendered in one group. It is a paradox; and sculpture is not the subject for paradoxes. Besides, the law of gravitation, which is as paramount in sculpture as in architecture, is grossly violated in this work. However beautifully, in a technical sense, a work may be executed, we never forget that stone is very ponderous; and unless its great weight is palpably supported, and secure from falling, the eye is pained, as it would be in a column out of the perpendicular. We view such works as *tours de force*. They are sensational; and this is enough to exclude them from the domain of high art.

To the untutored, motion and action are more attractive than repose; for the reason that apprehension is quickened, the sympathies acted upon, and a love of the marvellous gratified. But to pander to this predilection is to degrade a glorious inheritance of art, and to be false to every elemental principle.

These prohibitions against complicated action do not, of course, apply to *relievi*, which, partaking of the character of pictures, having background and perspective, share the privileges of pictures. Indeed, there is no absolute limit to action in this department of art; and in the beautiful works of our own great Flaxman, and in those of Thorwaldsen and others—not to forget Ghisberti—we see how justly motion can be given; while, in the antique vases, and the wonderful frieze of the Parthenon, we find to what extent is permitted in relief that action which is restricted in the round.

The consideration of motion leads to the consideration of expression; and in this, as in every other question of art, we must go to the fountain head, and contemplate the works of antiquity. Modern sculpture aims essentially at what we call "expression"—that is, animation of feature under emotion; and of this art, Michael Angelo, the one great antithesis of Greek art, is indisputably the master. Endowed with an instinctive knowledge of all that could be learnt in art, and imbued with the pre-eminent excellence of the Greeks, he could yet think for himself, and from the depths of his own vast genius call forth such creations as seemed

to set at naught the laws which the Greeks laid down. His proud, energetic mind could brook no slavish repetitions of known types: he seemed impatient of arbitrary rules of art.

Probably his mastery of the art of painting gave a pictorial freedom to some of his works in sculpture. He could dare to set aside received traditions, and astonish the world with types of his own—inventing a style which succeeding generations have identified with his name. None ever admired Greek art more than this wonderful man; but it seemed too placid, too simple, too severe, for his abounding creative power. In him we find expression carried to its farthest point. He exceeds human emotion, and transcends human passion. In his splendid licence, he could do what a lesser artist dared not have attempted—he could disregard proportion; and would boldly lengthen a limb, diminish a head, or amplify a muscle, to make his subject more imposing. Yet he, too—the painter of intensest action—loved repose in sculpture. His “Moses” is his noblest conception. It is also his most audacious challenge to the whole phalanx of the ancients. It stands alone. There is nothing in it approaching to Roman, or Greek, or Egyptian, or Etruscan art. Who but such a marvellous genius as he would have dared to disregard all the traditional methods of treatment, and set up an original of his own, altogether at variance with what we understand as “classical”? A splendid achievement, truly! And the world would forgive far greater sins against nature than he committed, to see such a mighty creator rise up again.

“MY WIFE.”

WHAT is my wife like? Stay and hear.
 Her eyes are soft, and dark, and brown;
 Limpid and lustrous, and as clear
 As stars from Heaven shining down
 On this dull world. And for her size—
 She's not so tall but she must raise
 Her lips to mine, and I can gaze
 Right downwards in those loving eyes.
 Her hair is like a veil of light,
 All crisply, golden, soft, and fair;
 And falling round her shoulders white
 In waving masses, rich and rare.
 Her hands! what artist e'er could paint?
 So dainty-tipped, so small and thin;
 Soft-palmed, and sweet with perfumes faint,
 And white as wax the satin skin.
 And then her foot is slender, small,
 And arching like a serpent's crest:

The semblance likes me not at all,
 So choose the simile you best
 Admire. But gaze not over-bold:
 My wife is but a modest girl,
 As true as steel and pure as gold,
 Though fair as Ocean's fairest pearl.
 And can you guess her greatest charm?—
 A rare one, too; but be it known,
 In heart, and soul, and mind, my wife
 Is mine—all mine, and mine alone.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BAFFLED.”

CHAPTER XXI.

FOREBODINGS.

“NOT appreciate him!” were the first words that Diana spoke when she awoke in the morning. “Do I seem ungrateful to him also? I wonder if he thinks so.”

She pushed back the heavy crimson curtains, and looked out, scarcely knowing where she was—for Hester had not drawn up the blinds, and there was a certain dimness in the room, notwithstanding the day was somewhat advanced; for Diana, thoroughly exhausted, had slept to a late hour.

By degrees, she recognized that she was in the room that used to be occupied by Madame de Mouline, when she stayed at Broadmead. It had been her room as a girl, and—together with a small boudoir close to it—had always been kept for her. “Anne's rooms,” Jasper and Mrs. Seaton called them.

With her recognition of the room, the reasons for finding herself there gradually recurred to her. One by one, each incident of the previous night uprose to memory: her musings in her “*Paradiso*,” as she had fondly named it; then the awful crash. Perhaps she had been nearer the true *Paradiso*, which souls strive to win, than she had ever been before. Perhaps, had she been taken from the earth last night, she might now be walking in those gardens of strange delight—or— How if it were not open to her? The spirit of the storm had shrieked, “Lost! lost!” What should she do? She had no one to guide her. Jasper, with all his kindness, was no better than herself. The impulse that she had received from John Carteret might all be lost. He could not think much of her, or he would have written to her after her last long letter. She would write to him again; or— No, Mrs. Seaton's insinuations might be true; and John Carteret might, when he saw more

of the world, grow tired of one so ignorant and uninstructed as herself.

When should she see him again? If she could only see him, she could ask so much—she should know so much. He could not disguise any change of feeling from her, if they met each other face to face, as he could do in writing. Then she should know how to act; and if there were the slightest shadow of a change, she would release him from his engagement—she would not allow him to hold it on her account. She could go on loving him quietly, and only him, until the day of her death. She thought that she could make herself content in time with that alone, if she were quite sure that his happiness were secured. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if it had happened otherwise last night. She was a waif that belonged to no one. She was dependent on the kindness, the charity of others; and her heart grew a little bitter, although she felt that that kindness had not been niggardly given—certainly not as far as Jasper was concerned.

"And his mother thinks I do not appreciate him."

Presently Hester came to see if Diana was awake, and whether she would take any breakfast.

"It was an awful night, Miss Ellis, and there's no end of mischief done in the village. The Highton oak has fallen, and a horse is crushed beneath it; the weathercock's down from the church spire, and—"

"No one killed, I hope?" interrupted Diana, with a shudder.

"No, miss—not that I've heard of."

"Well, bring me some breakfast. What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Half-past eleven! How I have slept!"—and Diana fell into a reverie.

Hester brought up the tray, and on the tray was a letter that made her heart give a leap. She was glad that Hester had turned away to settle the curtains, for she felt the glad colour rising in her face. Then came a great throb of thankfulness; then a sort of half-pain, and a fear of opening the letter—for perhaps Mrs. Seaton's insinuations might be true. Mrs. Seaton knew more of the world than she did! And Jasper's doubts!—for she knew that, in spite of his goodness to her, and his palliations of his mother's speeches, he doubted John Carteret. Perhaps it was that very doubting that made him so thoughtfully kind to her—so careful not to

say anything now that might annoy her; whereas formerly he used to tease her all the time.

Hester seemed to be an interminable time in her arrangements; but at last she went, and Diana opened her letter.

At the first words, she gave a sigh of relief. There was nothing to fear. John Carteret was thinking of her always.

"Every sigh of the wind, every wave of the sea, speaks to me of my darling—almost brings me messages from her. Even the storm that is blowing up makes me remember much that we have spoken of together, and draws my soul nearer to hers."

Diana clasped her hands. Then, through the storm, he would be thinking of her—perhaps praying for her; for, in danger, and amid the convulsive throes of nature, the hearts of men open, and are prone to draw nigh unto the throne of mercy. Perhaps his prayer had saved her life. And she closed her eyes, and leaned back upon the pillow. She was in elysium. The kiss of an angel was on her lips, and heavenly wings bore her soul aloft into a region of joy and peace, past understanding.

She did not seek to analyze it. She knew it would not last—that it was but a transient emotion. She only knew that she was nearer to John Carteret in that ecstatic moment, and that for a brief space she had left the earth below, and had entered upon immortality.

* * * * *

The luncheon bell rang just as Diana finished her toilet. She descended to the dining-room, and found Jasper there alone. Mrs. Seaton was suffering from a nervous headache, and was not able to sit up.

As she entered, Jasper came forward to meet her. The glad colour had not quite faded from her face, and Jasper was astonished to see how much better she looked than she had done for some days.

"The storm has done you good, Di," he said.

She gave a pleased smile, but made no reply.

Jasper's brows contracted, for the cause of the happiness that showed itself so transparently flashed upon him.

"I hope you had good news, Di?" And he turned his head away to hide the annoyance that he felt his face might betray.

He need not have feared, for Diana was

too much absorbed in her joy to be very observant.

"Is Mr. Carteret coming to Broadmead soon?" he added, making a strong effort to disguise his feelings.

"No; he can't get away. Not that there is so much to do; but it is work that takes up every day, so that he cannot leave."

"I thought he had only Sunday work—no parish work during the week to look after. I should have thought he might have arranged to spare a day or two."

"It would scarcely be worth while for so short a visit."

"Wouldn't it?" answered Jasper, attempting to smile. "I thought people very much in love looked upon every moment as an eternity."

"Linthorp is a long way off, and John is poor. He can't afford to spend all his money in travelling—and I am quite satisfied," said Diana, a little sharply; for it seemed to her as if John Carteret was in some way attacked.

Jasper laughed.

"Now, Di, don't get angry. I don't want to depreciate Mr. Carteret's good intentions for a moment. Of course, he understands his own affairs better than I do; and he may have hundreds of excellent reasons that keep him at Linthorp."

"I am quite sure that his reasons are all good," said Diana.

"I never questioned them."

"You don't believe in John. I know that, Jasper."

"That is not quite true, Di. I own that he puzzles me; but I am willing to believe that it is only my own stupidity that is at fault."

His stupidity! No—Jasper was not stupid; he was keen and penetrating—Diana knew that well enough; and it gave a chill to her joy. It somehow made John Carteret's letter seem less satisfactory. There were no facts in it. He said very little about what he was doing, and about the people there. She wondered what sort of people there were at Linthorp. He had only spoken of Lady Pechford; and Lady Pechford was an elderly woman, and also his relative. So there would, probably, be nothing very interesting about her. Perhaps John Carteret had been a little reticent.

Yet, after all, surely his letter might satisfy her. Why was she beginning to doubt?

If she were only better, cleverer, very beautiful, she thought that she should be quite satisfied. But she knew that she was not worthy of John Carteret; and, perhaps, when he went amongst other people, he might find it out.

Jasper was narrowly watching her. He saw that the seed he had scattered was taking root, and there was no telling what fruit it might not bring forth.

"You are eating nothing, Di," he said, after a long silence.

"I am not hungry. It is not long since I breakfasted."

"Well, if you cannot eat, you can, perhaps, take an interest in the devastations of last night. Will you come with me, and see the chimney ruins?"

"Did it quite fall down?"

"Quite. It smashed right through the roof, and fell straight upon your bed, breaking it down; in fact, when we got into the room, the bed was entirely hidden by the mass of rubbish."

Diana's face turned paler.

"And I might have been sleeping there!" she said, in a low tone. "Suppose I had been killed in the night, Jasper!"

And she looked up at him with a scared, earnest gaze.

And again the thrill that Jasper had felt the night before shot through him. What if she had been taken? What would life be to him now, without her? No; he could not lose her, either to Death or to another human being. He could not give her up.

"We could not spare you, Di!" he answered, in as low a tone as hers.

"I am afraid of death!" said Diana, still with the same look upon her face. "I could not die yet."

They went up the wide staircase, and on the first landing she was stopped by some servants, carrying down some of the treasures of her *Paradiso*.

"You won't be able to be up there again for some time," said Jasper. "I have ordered the things to be removed."

"Ah, yes; they can go into the old nursery. It's far enough for me to practise there, without disturbing any one."

Jasper said nothing, and they mounted up to the two rooms in the north wing.

The workmen were clearing away the *débris*; and Diana, at the sight of the weight of bricks and mortar, turned a little giddy again as the thought arose how slender had

been the chance that had saved her from death.

"The chance!" She cast the thought of chance away from her even as it rose. No chance—so would John Carteret have told her—but the settled, deliberate outstretching of the hand that guided her footsteps; that, having given her a distinct part, held her as necessary to, and inseparable from, the whole of creation—her existence being a link without which the world's history, as read by angels, would be imperfect.

"My poor *Paradiso!*" exclaimed Diana, as, turning away from the ruins, she entered her dismantled sitting-room; "how desolate it looks! It is quite sad to be turned out of it in this way."

"Paradise Lost!" said Jasper, jestingly.

But Diana felt an uncomfortable feeling. The "Lost, lost!" of the storm recurred to her painfully. Could it be a foreboding of the loss of her Eden upon the earth! She wished that Jasper had not spoken the words.

"But Paradise can be regained," she replied, trying to answer Jasper in the same tone.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps. But it does not always answer. One cannot always regain Paradise to much effect. Milton tried it, and his 'Paradise Lost' was the greater success."

"But that is quite a different matter; that was only a poem, only—"

"Only, Di!—only, to Milton? Where are your poetic susceptibilities?"

"You know what I mean, Jasper. Besides, my *Paradiso* is only a room, and it is easy enough to make a room look exactly the same as it always did—and, in fact, be precisely the same room that it always was."

"I rather deny your last assertion, Di. I don't think the room will be ever just the same to you as it was before. Other thoughts will be connected with it now."

Diana thought for a moment.

"Perhaps so," she answered; "and yet it would be *Paradiso* still."

"After the thunder-cloud has rolled over it? I think not."

And then, changing his tone, he asked—

"Do you think that what is lost can ever be replaced?"

"Nothing is lost in this case," she returned, not understanding him.

"Not yet," he said, as if communing

with himself. "Not yet; and what is the use of foreboding? 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

She followed him in silence, as he turned away from the two rooms.

"It was foolish," he said, "to open the north wing: on that side the storm burst in. If I had been at home, that would not have happened."

His face grew darker, and the old passionate look, that Diana had not seen lately, came over it.

She touched his arm gently.

"Jasper," she said, "I do not know what it is that annoys you. Did you not wish me to have those rooms?"

But he, without replying, still moved on; and, when they again reached the first landing, Jasper turned into the gallery to the right. Hester was advancing from the other end.

"Is it in tolerable order?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

They stopped at the door of the boudoir that had belonged to Anne de Mouline.

Diana stepped in. She gave a cry of surprise; for, as if by magic, all her better belongings were arranged as though they had been there for years. Everything, excepting the old piano.

"It is too shabby," said Jasper. "You must have a cottage piano, to suit the room."

"But, Jasper, it will be for such a short time. I need not practise at all whilst I am here."

"Di," said Jasper, "I hope you will not go up again. I hope you will keep these rooms always: it was one of poor Anne's last wishes that they should be yours."

"And you never told me, Jasper!"

"No; I did not like to spoil your fancies. Your heart was so set upon the two rooms upstairs, that I could not bear that you should be disappointed. But the storm seems to have stepped in to befriend me, and to give me an opportunity of asking you if you will, for Anne's sake, take these rooms for your own?"

"For Anne's sake, and for yours too, Jasper," said Diana, warmly. "Indeed, I do appreciate all your kindness."

And she spoke so earnestly, that Jasper answered—

"Who said that you did not?"

"Your mother."

"Nonsense, Di! You know that my

mother is given to foolish fancies. But there is no especial kindness on my part in asking you to carry out one of Anne's dying wishes."

"You should have told me about it before, Jasper," said Diana. "I would have fulfilled any desire of Madame de Mouline's as scrupulously as you would do yourself."

A sudden spasm shot through Jasper's heart; but only for a moment. Some time, but not now, he might execute Anne's other request. Not now! Anne surely would not wish him to peril his chance of happiness in life—to lose his only chance of success. If her request were complied with, he knew Diana's impetuous temper too well to doubt what the knowledge of being mistress of four hundred a-year would result in. She should have it some time. He did not intend to be dishonest. He was withholding it for her good—so he argued with himself—for her good, and his own. Yes, for his own—he did not deny it; and, for his own sake, he would hold to his determination.

In the meantime, he had obeyed one of Anne's injunctions; and he soothed his conscience by sparing no pains or expense over Diana's rooms. There should be nothing wanting in them that he could procure.

"They are too beautiful—that is their only fault," she said. "You know, Jasper"—and she hesitated a little—"that I was trying to do without luxuries, because—because some time I shall have to be poor. And now you will spoil me again."

Jasper shook his head.

"You must never be poor, Di. You need not be, if—"

But Diana stopped him.

"You do not know John Carteret as well as I do."

And so Diana took possession of her new rooms, and loved them for Anne de Mouline's sake. They seemed to revive the old lessons that she had scarcely understood when she had learned them, being more intent upon watching the sweet, delicate face of her teacher. Now they came with fresh meaning, and she felt that she was making another step in her onward path.

Still she regretted her old *Paradiso*, and the associations connected with it; and would sometimes sigh, as Eve might have sighed after the lost Eden.

And yet the future became ever more and more beautiful as she advanced. Hope waved a magic banner before her, crying—"On! on!" Her soul was illumined with vivid flashes of light—even as, through the winter night, the northern skies glow with the brilliant streamers of the Aurora, which, gathering in their crimson trails the countless stars, lend a new glory to the shining heavens.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. SAMUEL ADOLPHUS GOLIGHTLY MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE WHOPPER.

SINCE we last had the pleasure of meeting our hero, the Lent and May terms have glided happily by; the hot suns of the long vacation have passed over his head, and we renew our acquaintance with him at the beginning of his second October term. No longer a Freshman proper, but in all the budding dignity of a Junior Soph, Mr. Samuel is quite looked up to as an old hand by various Freshmen of the year below him. He has improved his opportunities of acquiring a sound elementary knowledge of many manly sports and pastimes. His whist, though by no means good, shows a considerable advance on what it was when first he quitted Oakingham. At billiards, such is his improvement, he now rarely gives a miss; and he has acquired a knowledge of the theory and practice of pool, under the express tuition of Mr. Pokyr. This game he finds at present exciting but expensive, as his lives go very fast before the sure aim of such proficient as the Captain T. F. O'Higgins and Mr. Pokyr. But whilst as a sportsman generally our hero has made rapid strides, his scholarlike attainments have been rather on the decline. On a fine October morning, a few days after his arrival at St. Mary's, Mr. Sneek, meeting our hero on the staircase, intimated to him that his tutor wished to have a private interview with him. Naturally, on hearing this news, Mr. Samuel was thrown into a state of considerable trepidation, in wondering what he was about to be "hauled" up for.

"He's had," observed Mr. Sneek, pointing in the direction of the tutor's rooms, "a good many on 'em up this mornin'. Mr. Popham was one."

"What is it for, Sneek?" said Mr. Samuel.

"That I do *not* know, sir. But," he added, after a moment's reflection, "it must be for somethink."

"Dear—oh, dear!" said our hero, who had been out to a quiet little supper the night before. "My cap was changed for this disreputable thing by somebody. I must borrow George's or Pokyr's."

"They're both on 'em out, sir," said Mr. Sneek. "That cap 'll do, sir. Pull it off directly you go in, sir."

So, straightening the battered board to the best of his ability, Mr. Samuel proceeded at once to the august presence of his tutor.

"Oh, Mr. Golightly," said the Rev. Mr. Bloke, shaking hands with his pupil, "I wanted to see you. You don't do very well at the lectures, the lecturers tell me."

"No, sir," said Mr. Samuel, with much candour.

"Well, you know, you will have your examination here directly."

At the mere mention of this unpleasant fact, our hero grew more uncomfortable; and, forgetting that the cap he held was very slenderly attached to the tassel, swung it about nervously, and without in the least knowing what he was at.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"And don't you think you had better have a private tutor, or you will be—"

"Plucked," said Mr. Golightly, smiling painfully, and swinging his cap about by the tassel more excitedly than before.

"Well, plucked was not the word I was going to make use of, Mr. Golightly, but it was what I meant. You know, it is a serious thing."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Samuel, now making his cap into a machine for illustrating the properties of the centrifugal force, and causing it to describe a complete circle in its revolutions round the tassel, which was feebly secured to the rotten cloth by a pin.

"And therefore, I think, everything considered, you had better have a private tutor at once. Now, you can go either to Mr. Major, or to some gentleman in the college. There are Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson—all very successful in getting their men through. Which should you prefer, do you think?"

In a moment of fatal hesitation, Mr. Samuel's cap parted from the tassel, and, unhappily, caught the Reverend Mr. Bloke a blow full under the left eye. Our hero's

alarm at such a catastrophe may be more easily imagined than described.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the tutor, gasping, and holding the place where the sharp corner of the board had struck his soft and fleshy cheek, whilst our hero picked up the offending missile, and poured forth a profusion of apologies. "I'll see you again, Mr. Golightly—I'm afraid I must bathe it at once;" and with this mild reproof, the reverend gentleman disappeared into his bed-room.

"What do you think I have done?" said our hero, bursting into his friend Popham's rooms, and relating his misadventure in a breath.

Mr. Popham cheered him as much as he could; and some other gentlemen dropping in, conversation turned on the subject of "coaches." Mr. Bloke had left Mr. Popham, like our hero, to choose between Messrs. Major, Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Gentlemen at Cambridge who are described, in academical parlance, as those "*qui honores non ambiunt*," are more commonly known as *Poll* men, for they are many. Mr. Major, from his coaching exclusively for the "*Poll*" degree, had acquired the *sobriquet* of *Poll* Major, by which name he was always known. Having made this necessary explanation, we will now chronicle the conversation which took place on this important subject.

"I strongly recommend you to go to Robinson," said one of Mr. Popham's friends, who himself was a "pup" of Mr. Robinson's. "He's a regular brick. You can do just as you like: smoke your pipe over your papers at his rooms—in fact, Robinson's a brick."

"Do his men all pass?" asked our hero.

"Very nearly all," replied Mr. Robinson's "pup," with emphasis.

"He's not half such a man as the Whopper."

The "Whopper" was a favourite *alias* of Mr. Poll Major's.

"I'll back the Whopper against any of them—and I've coached with three or four. They've different ways of putting it into you; but old Poll is always clear—there's no doubt about him."

"How do you mean?" said Mr. Popham, much interested in the merits of the rival preceptors, who were all devoutly believed by their supporters to be in possession of a Royal road to passing.

"Well, I mean this, you know," said the

Whopper's "coachee"—a heavy, stolid-looking young man from the shires. "Look here—you're doing your classical subject. You come across some darned thing or another you can't make out. What's the good of a dictionary? Turn the word up—what then? Buttmann says it may mean this, and Dindorff says it is supposed to mean that, and Spitzner the other thing; but," said he, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, "give me the Whopper. *He tells you what it is!*"

The value of such an instructor could not be gainsaid; and, accordingly, both our hero

and Mr. Popham determined to throw up Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and enlist themselves under the standard of Poll Major.

"His tips are worth any money," said the gentleman who had just favoured the company with his views on disputed classical points. "I haven't got through myself, certainly; but that's my fault, not Poll's. His tips in arithmetic are something splendid. I can do anything now at it, and regularly stump the examiners. At my last Little Go, I had this:—'What ideas does the figure 7 convey to your mind?' Well,



OUR HERO'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH POLL MAJOR.

I stumped the beggars. The Whopper gave us the same question two days before. There, now!" said his enthusiastic "pup," "what do you think of that? But," he continued, with a melancholy pull at the pewter of beer by his side, "that infernal Paley always floors me."

"I wish Paley had never written his confounded 'Evidences,'" said another.

"Ah!" sighed the first speaker, "if that had not been done, somebody else would have written something worse for examiners to make you get up. I used to wish Euclid had never been born; but it's no good

wishing such things—or you might wish there were no examinations at all."

"I hate Paley as I hate the doose," observed the young gentleman who had advocated the claims of Mr. Robinson as a coach. "I can't recollect the stuff at all. I always mix the chapters up with one another. I took the book in, but I'll be dashed if I could tell where the answers were; and so I got plucked in it, after getting through in everything else."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Poll Major's admirer, "you should go to the Whopper. Needn't bother over long chapters, or

analyses that are worse than the chapters themselves. Poll's got a system of his own for Paley: reduces a chapter of thirty pages to half a dozen lines. You can't forget, if you try."

"How?" asked Mr. Samuel, with great interest.

"Why, here you are—here's the chapter all about miracles. You can answer all the questions out of this. The examiners always set some out of it. This is what I call compression," said he, triumphantly—

" "Posterior ages—distant climes;
Transient rumours—naked rhymes;

Particular—otiose assent,
Affirmance of allowed event.
False perception—some succeed,
Some are doubtful—thousands feed."

Now," he continued, "I contend, if a fellow can't remember that, he's a fool. Fifty different questions can be answered with that verse."

"Astounding!" said our hero.

"Take another chapter," said the former speaker. "Don't they always ask, 'In what does the Christian differ from all other religions?' Well, here you are—whole chapter in a nutshell. Take you a week to



MR. MAJOR BRIDGING OVER EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

get up a quarter of it—here you have it in a second:—

'No invisible world, no duties austere,
No impassioned devotion, no forwardness here;
No fashions depraved, no sophistical views,
No narrow mind this, like intolerant Jew's;
This religion, and that from the hands apostolical,
Has no views political or ecclesiastical.'

"Well, now," said the speaker, having glibly recited the Whopper's rhymes, "what more can you have?"

"How very clever!" said Mr. Samuel. "Popham and I have worked for days at that very chapter."

"Ah! and the beauty of it is, all the chapters are just as easy. You can't forget the verses if you try. But the doose of it is, you may put the wrong ones to the questions, and you forget what it's all about. But a *memoria technica's* a fine thing."

That evening our hero—having previously waited upon the Reverend Mr. Bloke, and made fresh apologies for the wound he had inflicted in the morning, and also announced his decision in favour of Mr. Major—made his way to the Whopper's house. A great brick house, standing back a few yards from the street, with a great front door, and a bold

brass knocker to it, was the abode of the renowned Poll coach. The door stood a little ajar, and our hero could see into the hall as he stood waiting for the appearance of a servant in answer to his knock. A strong odour of tobacco came through the opening as he stood there. As no one appeared, Mr. Samuel knocked again.

"Who's that knocking at the door?" demanded a basso profundo from within.

Now, as our hero was a perfect stranger, it seemed useless to reply "I," and equally improbable that the name of Golightly would be known.

Before he had time to act, however, the voice continued—

"You've all been told not to knock, times without number;" and, simultaneously with this remark, a trim servant-maid came, and ushered our hero into the presence of Mr. Poll Major.

When Mr. Golightly had stated his business to Mr. Major, he looked about him.

The Whopper was a tall man, a stout man, and a very jovial-looking man, and was seated in his arm-chair by his fireside, smoking his pipe, and drinking beer out of a flagon. Our hero had expected something more like his old tutor, Mr. Morgan, than this Bacchanalian personage before him.

The Whopper spoke in a mighty voice—

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure, but I did not know you were a stranger; and we've hundreds of fellows coming in and out, and if they did not let 'emself in, we should have nothing else to do. Always walk straight in, and look about in the rooms till you find me. I'll set you to work."

The Whopper now passed the beer to our hero, and told him to sit down. Mr. Samuel, having taken a pull at the flagon, sat down opposite the great man.

"Now," said Poll Major, smiling, "what don't you know, Mr. Golightly?"

Our hero did his best to tell his coach what he knew, and left him to infer what he did not know.

"I hope you will get me through, sir," said Mr. Samuel.

"Ah, there's the mistake that's made! You must get yourself through. I shall do the same for all of you. I think you will be all right."

Mr. Samuel asked why Mr. Poll Major came to this conclusion.

"Well, sir," said the Whopper, smiling, "they say"—puff—"that the Little Go"—

puff, puff—"is an inane attempt to fathom the"—puff—"depths of human ignorance. It may be. Now, there are two sorts of ignorance. There's simple ignorance—that's where a man doesn't know anything in the world, and knows he doesn't know anything. That's curable. Then there's compound ignorance—that's when a man doesn't know anything, and doesn't know that he doesn't know anything. You follow me?"

"Perfectly," responded our hero.

"Well, Mr. Golightly, I'm in hopes your case belongs to the former category."

"I hope so, sir."

"Well—now begin at once, is my motto. So take this paper on Latin Accidence, and sit down in the next room, and see what you can make of it. By the time you haven't done it, a lot of men will have come; and we shall begin the Cicero and Paley for the Little Go."

In accordance with Mr. Major's instructions, our hero went into the room indicated, took his seat at the extreme end of the long table—covered with baize once green, but now black with years of ink-spots—and tried his hand at the Accidence paper.

In half an hour, numbers of gentlemen came trooping in, and the room was filled to overflowing. Mr. Major, planting himself against the wall, with one foot on a chair, and holding before him a folio volume of Cicero, commenced his disquisition. Having put the history of the period before his pupils in terms as brief as the Paley verses before enumerated, he proceeded to construe a chapter. This done, he said—

"Now, gentlemen—look at your books, there. Attention! Come, Mr. Green, you can talk presently. Now, we will pick out a few of what I call the hard words."

An instance illustrative of Mr. Major's theory of compound ignorance soon occurred.

"Parts of *edo*, Mr. Green."

"*Edidi-editum!*" in breathless haste.

"You know the meaning of *edo* here?"

"Yes—to eat, of course."

"No—that's precisely what it isn't."

The next gentleman to Mr. Green having made a successful shot at *edo*, the Whopper proceeded.

"What part of the verb is *gerendum*, Mr. Noodel?"

Mr. Noodel's gaze became riveted on his book, but he said nothing.

"Is it a gerund or a supine?"

"Supine."

"No."

"Gerund, then."

"Which? There are three—*di*, *do*, and *dum*. Now, which is this?"

"Gerund in *di*."

"What! gerendum?"

"In *do*, then," replied the pupil.

"No."

"Well, then, in *dum*."

"Ah! now you're right. You must be careful, old fellow, or you'll never do for the examiners."

Matters proceeded pleasantly enough, enlivened by such episodes, to the end of the chapter. The Paley was then begun; and here, as it is not generally taught in public schools, the shots were much more wildly speculative than at the Cicero. The Whopper took up his post on the hearth-rug, and dictated the verse, to which he had reduced all that was likely to be required of the chapter in hand. Some of his illustrations were very original, and his proofs unique, of their kind. He connected his pupils with Apostolic times by stretching his legs wide apart, observing, as he did so—

"Now, here we are in the nineteenth century—right leg; left leg, first century, A.D. Well; now, then, you perceive the connection between 'em."

And then Mr. Major stepped off the space of eighteen centuries, twelve inches at a time, giving a succinct history of the same as he went along. His system was rapid, if not thorough. The Whopper was the very prince of crammers, and earned £2,000 a-year at it. Mr. Samuel found his lectures quite as amusing as they were edifying.

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND,

TO
THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
PART II.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was succeeded in the laureateship by John Dryden. Almost every schoolboy knows by heart the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," or "Alexander's Feast," as it is sometimes called; and every scholar recognizes in Dryden the first real translator of Virgil. In these brief notes upon our poets laureate, it is impossible to do more than touch lightly upon the leading

incidents in their lives; and John Dryden holds such an important place, not only amongst poets laureate, but among the poets of this country, that his biography is worthy of a separate study in itself. Dryden was a Northamptonshire man, and was born at Aldwinkle, in 1631. He was educated under Dr. Busby, at Westminster School, whence he went to Cambridge. He does not seem to have shown any great signs of genius as a boy; and a poem even which he wrote the year before leaving the University gives little promise of that perfection which he was afterwards destined to display. On the death of his father, in 1654, he came to London, and acted as secretary to Sir Gilbert Pickering. This Sir Gilbert was a relation of Dryden's, and a man of some note in that day. He was a rigid Puritan, and one of Cromwell's council. He was rich, unprincipled, and his temper was none of the most amiable; for he was generally known by the name of Fiery Pickering. On the death of Cromwell, Dryden wrote some "heroic stanzas" to the memory of the Protector; but his Puritan ideas were of short duration, for at the Restoration he greeted Charles II. with a poem, entitled "Astroæ Redux," and from that time forward became a thorough Royalist. But his recantation put him sadly to the shift in the beginning. His rich relations were mortally offended, and would render him no assistance whatever. The consequence was that he worked in want and obscurity, until he found a patron in Sir Robert Howard—a poet, a man of influence, and a staunch Royalist. Dryden's own account of his condition at this time is amusing:—"At first I struggled with a great deal of persecution, took up with a lodging which had a window no bigger than a pocket looking-glass, dined at a threepenny ordinary—enough to starve a vacation tailor—kept little company, went clad in homely druggit, and drank wine as seldom as a Rechabite or the Grand Seigneur's confessor."

In 1661, he produced his first play, "The Duke of Guise," and the year after, "The Wild Gallant," which was the first that was performed, and was a failure. In 1668 appeared his "Annus Mirabilis; or, the Year of Wonders"—a poem intended to celebrate the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. This gained him the favour of the Crown. Davenant died in this year, and Dryden was immediately appointed poet laureate and

historiographer Royall, with a salary of £200 a-year. He now turned his attention earnestly to the stage, and wrote many pieces, most of which were very popular at the time, but are hardly fit for the present day. The fame and fortune which he attained made him many enemies. Amongst them was Rochester—a man whose enmity was as dangerous as his friendship. This infamous character had formerly been one of Dryden's greatest admirers; but the reasons for the change in his sentiments, and the story of the persistent malignity with which he afterwards persecuted Dryden, are too much mixed up with the times for narration in our present space. He attacked him through every channel his station and influence could command; and at last even stooped to the act of hiring some ruffians, who sprang upon him one night in Rose-street, Covent-garden, as he was returning home from Will's Coffee-house. This Will's Coffee-house is worthy of a few passing words. It was situated in Bow-street, and was the great resort of the men of fashion of the day. Its first popularity was entirely due to Dryden, and the young beaux and wits—who seldom presumed to sit at the principal table—thought it a great honour to obtain a pinch of snuff from Dryden's box.

In 1681, Dryden commenced his career of political satire; and, at the express desire of Charles, composed his famous poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," which he followed up by the "Medal," and a "Satire on Seditious." On the accession of James II., Dryden, who seems to have been an excellent time-server, turned Papist. This, at the abdication of the King, lost him his laureateship, and the honour was conferred on Thomas Shadwell—a man whom Dryden hated. To make the insult greater, Shadwell was presented to King William by the Earl of Dorset—not as the best poet, but as the most honest man among the candidates—and was inducted into the two offices held by Dryden, with a salary of £300 a year.

Dryden took what revenge he could by writing a satire, called "MacFlecknoe," against his supplanter, whom he bitterly and severely attacks. In it he says:—

"Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Dryden was now obliged to write for the stage again. All his sources of regular income were gone; and during the ten con-

cluding years of his life, when he wrote for bread, he produced some of the finest pieces in our language. The "Ode on St. Cecilia," which Pope vainly tried to emulate, was written in the very decline of life; and his translation of Virgil appeared in 1697. Dryden was then sixty-six years old, and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" was written in the following year. Of this magnificent poem, Dryden himself seems to have known the value. A Templar, happening to sit next him at Will's Coffee House, congratulated him on having produced the finest ode in any language. "You are right, young gentleman," replied the poet; "a nobler ode never *was* produced, nor ever *will*." And the poet's prediction has gone far to be verified.

After a long life, harassed in body and mind, continually distressed by the expenses of his family, and a victim to the overwork which his necessities forced upon him, he expired on the 1st of May, 1700. As is often the case with men of genius, those who might have helped Dryden more liberally in his lifetime hastened immediately on his death to do him honour. A public funeral was organized for his remains by subscription. His body lay in state for ten days at the College of Physicians; and, when it was removed for interment to Westminster Abbey, the procession consisted of a hearse drawn by six horses, and an attendance of nearly fifty carriages of the nobility, preceded by a band of music.

As we have already seen, Thomas Shadwell supplanted "glorious John" in the possession of the laureate crown. But to speak of the two in the same breath is a heresy to the memory of the latter. Shadwell may be said to be more famous from having been the object of Dryden's satire, than from anything really valuable which he has written himself.

He was born in Norfolk, in 1640, of an ancient Staffordshire family; was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and afterwards went to study law at the Inner Temple. But law does not seem to have been much to his taste, for he quitted law and London together, and travelled abroad. Returning to England, he betook himself to the common resource of literary men in those days—viz., writing for the stage. But Shadwell seems to have been a better talker than writer, and amongst the reigning wits of the day he was very popular; but he was

much too hasty a writer. Shadwell—who was a large, round, unwieldy man—set up as a second Ben Jonson. In eating and drinking he was certainly a very fair rival to his master, but very far short of him in respect of genius. Shadwell's personal appearance is satirized by Dryden in "MacFlecknoe" very cleverly. He gives a portrait of him on his way home from a treason-tavern—

"Round as a globe, and liquored every chink;
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link."

But Shadwell, although not so great as Dryden, wrote some very good comedies. He did not escape the bitter mockery of Pope in his "Dunciad." His great defect seems to have been his precipitation. Rochester, bad as he was, was nevertheless a man of keen penetration and good judgment; and he says he had unquestionable genius, but his artistic skill was below mediocrity. And he adds—"If Shadwell had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." Shadwell was a great favourite with Otway—which accounts, perhaps, for Dryden's contempt for Otway, which was certainly altogether undeserved.

Shadwell died in 1692, in consequence of too large a dose of opium, which he is said to have been in the habit of taking. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Nicholas Brady, one of the translators of the Psalms; and perhaps his eulogy of him gives Shadwell's character as near as possible. He says:—

"He was a man of great honesty and integrity, and had a real love of truth and sincerity; an inviolable fidelity, and strictness to his word; an unalterable friendship whensoever he professed it; and (however the world may be mistaken in him) a much deeper sense of religion than many others have who pretend to it more openly."

So that, taken all in all, we may suppose that Thomas Shadwell—although not a great poet—was a good man.

The next laureate has even less interest for general readers than Shadwell. Nahum Tate may be regarded as a poet whose fame—whatever he may have had—died out with himself. Tate was born in 1652, in Dublin, where he was educated. On Shadwell's death, he was made poet laureate, and he held the post until the reign of George I., whose first birthday ode he wrote. His writings are mostly dramatic; and he, like

others before him, thought himself capable of improving upon Shakspeare; for among nine plays which he wrote is "Lear, King of England, and his three Daughters," which was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1687. Whatever crumb of immortality he may have, perhaps, is due to his translation of the Psalms of David in conjunction with Nicholas Brady; for hundreds have heard of Tate and Brady who never had the remotest idea that Tate was poet laureate in his day. Be his merits as a poet, however, what they may, he died like one—a beggar and an outcast—in a rookery in the Borough, which is even at the present day known by its old name of the Mint; and was buried in St. George's Church, Southwark, in the year 1716.

Tate was succeeded by Nicholas Rowe, who—though by no means a great poet—is certainly more worthy of being remembered than his predecessor. He was born in Bedfordshire, about the year 1673, and owed, probably, the cultivation of his genius to that most famous of schoolmasters, Dr. Busby. On leaving Westminster School, his father entered him a student of the Middle Temple; but the old story repeated itself in Nicholas Rowe. It is difficult to serve two masters; and law and poetry are very seldom successful combinations. In Rowe's case, the muse—as ever—conquered; and he turned to the drama. His first piece, the "Ambitious Stepmother," was a success; and there and then Rowe gave up all further thoughts of the law. Other tragedies quickly followed—"The Fair Penitent" (almost wholly borrowed from the "Fatal Dowry" of Massinger), "Ulysses," "Jane Shore," "Tamerlane," and others. In his own opinion, "Tamerlane" was his best; but critics do not seem to have been so enthusiastic in their appreciation of its merits. He also wrote a farce called the "Biter," which Congreve, in his correspondence, says "was damned."

The work, however, on which his reputation chiefly and deservedly rests is his translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia," of which Dr. Johnson says:—"The version of Lucan is one of the greatest productions of English poetry, for there is perhaps none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original."

In worldly circumstances, Rowe was tolerably fortunate. In the reign of Queen Anne, he was for some time under-secretary to the

Duke of Queensberry; but after the duke's death, all avenues to his preferment were stopped; and during the rest of that reign, he took refuge in the muses, and his books. On the accession of George I. he was made poet laureate, and one of the surveyors of customs. This was in the year 1715; and as poor Nahum Tate did not die till the following year, there is strong suspicion for believing that he was turned out of his berth to make way for the more influential government favourite. If this be true, it does not redound much to the credit of Rowe; but Pope, who knew him well as a personal friend and companion, while stating that his company was very attractive by his vivacity and gaiety of disposition, adds, as a rider, that "he maintained a decent character, but had no heart." Rowe died in 1718, comparatively young—for he was only in his forty-fifth year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, opposite to Chaucer. His widow afterwards erected an elegant monument to him, containing a bust by Rysbrack, and an epitaph by Pope.

Few words need be expended on our next poet laureate, Laurence Eusden, perhaps the poorest poet that ever held the title. Born in Yorkshire, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he afterwards took orders, and was for some time chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke. His first patron was the celebrated Lord Halifax, whose poem on the Battle of the Boyne he translated into Latin. In 1718, when the Duke of Newcastle was married, Eusden wrote an epithalamium; and Rowe happening to die in that year, the post was given to Eusden. This raised the ire of Pope, who has duly impaled him in his "Dunciad":—

"Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise.
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days—
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest."

And another writer—Cooke—in his "Battle of the Poets," has a fling at unfortunate Laurence:—

"Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Eusden retired comfortably into the rectory of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, where he died in 1730. Eusden was, undoubtedly, a good Christian man; but he was certainly a very small poet, and a still smaller poet laureate.

His successor is, perhaps, better known

as one of the former poets laureate than any other who has held the position, not from any glory which he shed upon the laureateship—for he was no poet at all—but from the fierce and persistent attacks made upon him by Pope, in his "Dunciad," and everywhere else that the latter found possible. The name of Colley Cibber, as connected with the rank of poet laureate, has, somehow or another, come down to posterity with ridicule. This is, of course, mainly due to Pope, who lost no opportunity of vilifying, in his bitterest style, his opponent. But, although Cibber is no poet, in the true acceptance of the term, he is not altogether so poor a dramatist. Colley was the son of Caius Gabriel Cibber, a German statuary, and was born in Westminster, in 1671. He was educated at Grantham, where he seems to have been equally conspicuous for his vanity and carelessness, but also his ability. In due time he left school, and after trying in vain for a fellowship at Oxford, on the plea of being of founder's kin by his mother's side, he entered the army for a short time; but afterwards coming to London, and having a fancy for the stage, he got an engagement at Drury Lane, at ten shillings a week. On the recommendation of Congreve, who was highly pleased with his performance of Touchwood, in the "Double Dealer," his salary was doubled; and his success thereafter, as an actor, seems to have been all that could be desired. In 1696, his first production, "Love's Last Shift," was put on the stage, and he himself represented the principal character of Novelty, a fashionable fop. This character is found in most of his pieces, and it was his best and most favourite part on the stage. After its performance, Lord Dorset said to him, "that it was the best first play that any author in his memory had produced; and that for a young fellow to show himself such an actor and such a writer in one day was something extraordinary." His dramatic celebrity is founded chiefly on his "Careless Husband;" and even Pope, his sworn foe, could not help praising that piece. There is not much novelty in the characters, and plot there is none; but it is a good picture of the manners and follies of the time. His comedy, the "Non-Juror"—better known to modern audiences under the title of the "Hypocrite"—an imitation of Molière's "Tartuffe," adapted to English manners, appeared in 1717, and was directed against

the Jacobites. Party feeling was at fever heat at that time. The play was a success; and, consequently, all the more distasteful to the opposite faction. Cibber was a marked man, and was either openly or covertly attacked by all the writers on the other side of the question. He received, moreover, a pension from the Court; and his enemies were not diminished by his conduct as director of Drury Lane Theatre from 1711. His appointment to the poet laureateship in 1730 gave full play to the raillery of his enemies. Cibber had the good sense to take their sarcasms pretty good-humouredly, and thus partly disarmed them. But Pope was relentless in his animosity, and lost no opportunity of ridiculing him upon every occasion. The two statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness, originally over the gates, but now in the hall, of Bethlehem Hospital, were executed by Cibber's father, and are thus alluded to by Pope:—

"Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand."

In 1750, Cibber quitted the theatre, and wrote his "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber," which is said to have realized £1,500. Few can read this work without coming to the conclusion that Cibber was, in reality, what he professed to be—a good-humoured and good-natured man; one who, though not easily moved to anger, and who seldom allowed his self-complacency to be disturbed, yet could feel justly indignant when assailed by repeated attacks, and pursued by unmerited insult.

Cibber lived to a good old age, for he was in his eighty-sixth year when he died at his lodgings in Islington; and his declining years were spent very comfortably—for what with the money he had saved during the more active part of his life, and the income he derived from his poet laureateship, he was far from badly off. Much contempt is vulgarly attached to the name of Colley Cibber, simply from his place in the "Dunciad;" yet, although he was no poet, and consequently had no claim to the position of poet laureate, as long as the stage continues to create interest, Cibber is justly entitled to be called the father of elegant comedy.

Colley Cibber died in 1757, and the laurel descended to William Whitehead. Of Whitehead there is little to be said, either for or

against. He belongs to that worst of all classes of merit—mediocrity. He makes no display of commanding genius; but few excel him in elegant correctness and polished ease. William Whitehead was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and was educated first at Winchester School, and afterwards at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he gained a fellowship. His first poetical performance was "An Epistle on the Danger of Writing Verse," written after the manner of Pope, and highly praised by him. Some other things which he wrote soon afterwards being equally well received, he gave up his intention of going into the Church, and accepted the berth of tutor to the Earl of Jersey's son. In 1750, he produced his tragedy of "The Roman Father," founded upon Corneille. It was a success; and "Creusa" soon followed, with a like result. Whitehead now went for two years on the Continent, with his pupil; and on his return found himself appointed, through the influence of Lady Jersey, secretary and registrar of the Order of the Bath; and, in 1757, he succeeded Colley Cibber as poet laureate. "No Court poet," says his biographer, Mason, "ever had fewer courtly strains;" yet their merit did not protect Whitehead from the rabid satire of Churchill. Whitehead wrote, in addition to the dramas we have mentioned, a comedy, "The School for Lovers," "Ode to the Tiber," and other pieces. His health began to give way about his seventieth year; and he died in 1785, of a chest complaint. His life, like his poetry, seems to have preserved the placid and even tenour of its way; and fourteen years of the latter part of his life were passed in the family of his patron, the Earl of Jersey. Perhaps his life, though less eventful than those of many greater poets, was more happy and peaceable on that account.

One in every way more worthy to hold and to do honour to the laureateship than his three predecessors, was Thomas Warton. The Wartons were a poetical family. Thomas was the second son of Dr. Warton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his University, and who himself wrote some very pleasant verses. Joseph Warton, the elder brother of Thomas, was also a respectable "maker of verses;" but his reputation as a prose writer is fixed by his well-known essay, "On the Genius and Writings of Pope." Warton himself, perhaps, owes his place in English literature

more to his prose works than to his poetical performances. His observations on the "Faërie Queene;" his edition of the "Minor Poems of Milton," which Leigh Hunt calls "a wilderness of sweets;" and, above all, his admirable "History of English Poetry," which unfortunately only comes down to the reign of Elizabeth, are sufficient to ensure him an enduring fame. Warton was born at his father's vicarage of Basingstoke, in Hampshire, in the year 1728. At sixteen, he entered Trinity College, Oxford; and his first poems, in the form of five pastoral eclogues, were written at the age of eighteen. These were published anonymously, and showed considerable merit for one so young. These eclogues have not appeared in any collection of his works, and it is supposed that the manuscript copy of them has been lost. A year after he produced his "Pleasures of Melancholy;" which, according to the critics, gave more promise of future poetical excellence than Warton ever fulfilled. In 1749, Dr. Huddesford, the head of his college, encouraged him to publish his "Triumph of Isis"—in answer to Mason's "Isis," a poetical attack on the loyalty of Oxford. These two poems require, at this distance of time, some little explanation as to the animus which called them forth. At the time of the rebellion, in 1745, the members of the University of Oxford were strongly attached to Tory—which meant then Jacobite—principles; and, soon after the suppression of the rebellion, the zeal of several of the students of one of the colleges came to a climax in a riot, and brought down upon them the resentment of the ruling powers, in the shape of a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. While party rancour was at its height, Mason published his "Isis, an Elegy," in which the degenerate condition of Oxford principles was deplored. Mason's Elegy was a great success, and the same may be said of Warton's reply. Mason, in fact, afterwards acknowledged that Warton's performance was superior to his own. Warton afterwards contributed a few pieces to the "Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," amongst which his "Progress of Discontent" brought him the greatest share of reputation. In 1751, he succeeded to a fellowship; and in the same year published "Newmarket," a satire; an "Ode for Music," which was performed at the Sheldonian Theatre on Commemoration Day; and some verses on the death of Frederick, Prince of

Wales, under the assumed name of John Whitham. In 1753, he published a collection of poems at Edinburgh; and, about a year afterwards, his "Observations on the 'Faërie Queene' of Spenser." This work established the fame of Warton as the founder of a new school of poetic criticism in this country. By going to nature for its principles, instead of taking them on trust from the practice of the Greek and Roman poets, it assisted materially in guiding as well as strengthening the then reviving love for our older national poetry. This work gained him a substantial reward, in his election as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He held the office for the ten years to which it is limited, and the elegance and originality of his lectures decidedly increased his reputation. His great work is his "History of English Poetry." This we have before mentioned. It is well known to every student of English literature for its critical acumen and attractive style.

Warton's acceptance of a fellowship naturally obliged him to enter the Church; but even if he had entertained any ambition for preferment—which he never did—a defect in his speech would have been a permanent bar to his promotion.

On the death of Whitehead, in 1785, he was appointed poet laureate, and the same year he was made Camden Professor of History. Five years afterwards, in 1790, while still—as he ever was—deeply immersed in literary and antiquarian researches, he died at Oxford from a stroke of paralysis, and was buried with academical honours in the chapel of Trinity College.

Warton seems to have been a very amiable and companionable man in private life; and, notwithstanding the classic stiffness of his poetry, and his position of authority in the university, he did not despise a convivial pipe of tobacco and flagon of ale in the company of those whom the more prudish would have certainly eschewed as very much their inferiors. Warton was passionately fond of military music; and it has been said that, if his friends at any time could not find him on an emergency, the beating of a drum sent through the streets of Oxford would almost invariably bring the great man rushing out from some comfortable hostelry in the town, to learn the cause of the martial music.

The next and last poet laureate on our list, Henry James Pye, requires but little comment. He was a very worthy and re-

spectable gentleman and scholar, but no poet. An eminent writer on English literature has summed up his pretensions very briefly. Speaking of Sir William Jones, he says:—

“He is a brilliant translator and imitator, rather than a poet in any higher sense. We cannot even say so much for some other verse writers of this age, even of great note. Henry James Pye, who died poet laureate and a police magistrate in 1813—having succeeded to the former office in 1790, on the death of Thomas Warton—had, in his time, discharged upon the unsuspecting public torrents of ‘Progress of Refinement,’ ‘Shooting, a Poem,’ ‘Amusement,’ ‘A Poetical Essay,’ ‘Alfred,’ ‘Faringdom Hill,’ ‘The Aristocrat,’ ‘The Democrat,’ and other ditchwater of the same sort, which the thirsty earth has long since drunk up.”

Pye was a lineal descendant of the sister of the illustrious John Hampden, and was born in London, in 1745, his father at that time being member for Berkshire. In due course, Pye went to Oxford, where he ultimately took the degree of LL.D. In 1784, he was returned for Berkshire; in 1790, appointed poet laureate—on what ground of merit, save for elegant scholarship, is scarcely known. In 1791, he was appointed a police magistrate in London, which post he resigned in 1811, and retired to Pinner, where he died in 1813.

His works have sunk entirely into oblivion, and whatever little reputation he may have had must have been effectually extinguished in that of his successor in the laureate honours—the immortal Robert Southey.

TABLE TALK.

SCOTCHMEN, BOTH IN the “Land o’ Cakes” and out of it, have been holding “high jinks” in honour of their countryman’s success in winning the hand of an English Princess. How often, we wonder, within the last few days, have the mellifluous accents of Caledonia’s favourite musical instrument been called into requisition? There is an occasional difference of opinion—on this side the Tweed, at least—as to the melody of the time-honoured bagpipe; but the claim of the bagpipe to be the national instrument of our northern neighbours is never disputed. An honour

willingly to be spared, says some southern Midas, who has no ear for its bewitching strains. But, after all, the bagpipe was not so long ago an English institution. The English were the original bagpipers. During the sixteenth century, the bagpiper was a regular functionary on the establishments of the English sovereigns and nobles, while no such musician was found at the Scottish court; and the bagpipe is an importation from this country. James I. used to play the bagpipe; but he learnt it, among his other accomplishments, in England. The harp, till within very recent times, has been the national instrument of Scotland. In fact, the bagpipe, save in the Highlands, has never been very popular across the border. In 1630, the magistrates of Aberdeen issued the following suggestive order:—“The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town, at night or in the morning, in time coming, with his pipe; it brings an uncivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burgh, and being often found fault with, as well by sundry neighbours of the town as by strangers.” The truth, however, seems to be that this much praised and much abused instrument belongs to no one in particular; it is found all over Europe at the present day, and its antiquity is undeniable. Representations of it have been found in ancient Greek sculpture; and one learned Italian has written a long treatise on the bagpipe, to prove that it was used in Greece at the Nemean games, and in Palestine in the Jewish synagogues. Whether the individual who first invented it conferred a lasting blessing on posterity is another question.

CONCERNING marriages, it may not be out of place to note some curious customs in vogue in Germany and Holland, when two people have been united happily for a great number of years. In Germany, when a man and his wife have been married fifty years, a sort of second marriage is celebrated, and great festivities are held in honour of such a long lease of connubial bliss. In Holland, when two people have been married twenty-five years, a ceremony is observed which is called a Silver Wedding; and when the years of their union have reached to fifty, it is called a Golden Wedding. May the happy couple, whose union has caused such interest amongst all loyal Britons, live to claim their Gol-

den Wedding, and may we all live to see the day!

THE OBTRUSIVE PIETY of the new German Emperor-King is not so peculiarly an idea of his own as may be generally imagined. It may be remembered that, on the eve of the Crimean War, the late Emperor Nicholas concluded his manifesto with the well-known Latin words from the Psalms—"In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum"—"O Lord, in thee have I trusted, may I never be confounded." The self-complacent assumption of piety had, however, strangely different results. The ill-luck of Nicholas broke his heart, and hurried him to the grave; while William marches back to Berlin a triumphant conqueror. So that, after all, it may be doubted whether the piety of either of these sanctimonious kaisers had much influence on their respective campaigns.

THE FOUR GEORGES have had their fair share of abuse in one way or another, though probably never in a more concentrated form than in this epigram:—

"George the First was reckoned vile;
Viler, George the Second.
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!"

A NEW-FANGLED system of singing the hymns has crept into some of our churches of late years, which frequently leads to positions which, but for the sacredness of the occasion, would go very far towards the ludicrous. The favourite repetition of the first syllable has not unfrequently been known to result in such doubtful harmonies as these:—

"My poor pol-
My poor pol-
My poor polluted heart."

And—

"Our great sal-
Our great sal-
Our great salvation comes."

THE COURIER PIGEON has attracted general interest lately, from the exclusive use made by our French neighbours of its value as a letter carrier; but it is not generally known that, about six years ago, an experiment was successfully made of employing swallows to carry letters. Six swallows,

taken in their nests at Paris, were conveyed by railway to Vienna, and there let go, with a small roll of paper, containing 1,500 words, under the wing of each. They were liberated at a quarter-past eleven in the morning. Two arrived at Paris a few minutes before one, one at a quarter-past two, one at four o'clock, and the remaining two did not make their appearance at all. As the experiment has not since been repeated, we may conclude that the results were not considered sufficiently satisfactory to institute any further rivalry between the swallow and the bird whose good reputation as a messenger has been established since the days of Noah's ark and the Deluge.

TOUCHING AN ACCOUNT of Old Scarlett, the dog-whipper, which appeared in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK, we append the following bill of disbursements from an old church register:—

1653.—Item, paide to Wm. Richards, for whipping the dogs out of the church, from Michaelmas till Christmas following	1	0
1680.—Pd. to Ralph Richards, for shutting the doores to Sundaies	0	10
Pd. ye clerk's son, for locking ye north doore and opening it after praies is done	0	6
1729.—Pd. ye dog wiper	2	6
1730.—Pd. ye dog whiper Hewitt	2	6
1756.—Pd. Robert Hewitt a quarter's pay, for looking after the people in the church, to keep them from sleeping	2	6
1766.—Aug. 22, pd. for a dog wip, for the church	0	6

That this peculiar custom was not abolished until within a comparatively recent time is evidenced by a satirical ballad, addressed by the Tories to Fox, the leader of the Opposition. The date of the ballad is October, 1784; and, after recommending Fox to turn to preaching, it makes North officiate as clerk, and Richard Sheridan act as pew-opener:—

"To Comic Richard, ever true,
Be it assigned the curs to lash;
With ready hand to ope the pew—
With ready hand to take the cash."

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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THE ETHICS OF SCULPTURE. PART II.



NOW Michael Angelo succeeded in producing the highest effects of expression without departing altogether from ancient Grecian models, we related in our first article on this subject. The Greeks, however, whom the great Florentine studied, revered, and—set at defiance, were more imposing because they were more placid, and grander because more true; while, at the same time, they chastened down sentiment, tempered action, and almost refined expression away. Their great aim was to portray the innate power—mental depth. Superficial, transitory expression they wisely deemed unworthy a lasting embodiment. Undignified expression, such as laughter, was embodied only in fauns and satyrs—the symbols of unreclaimed nature. Their philosophy taught them that a departure from mental repose involved a departure from dignity and intellectual beauty. For it was a favourite dictum amongst them, that there is nothing noble in nature but man, and nothing noble in man but mind. This fine idea was infused into their art; and a moral and physical beauty exists in their ideal face which exalts it to sublimity. It is, no doubt, in a great degree, the offspring of profound analogy. Science confirms this hypothesis. The facial line in the Greek ideal is the

very farthest possible removal from the brute. The most perpendicular line of forehead found in nature is, we believe, eighty degrees; and this is very exceptional. In the divinities and heroic heads of the ancients, and in the frieze of Phidias, we find the facial line is ninety degrees—or, in other words, exactly perpendicular; while in the Jupiter it inclines beyond the perpendicular, and reaches one hundred degrees. This has never been found in nature; and was, no doubt, instinctively adopted by the ancients as the farthest possible limit—and conveying, consequently, an amount of intellectual force, dignity, and grandeur, worthy of a divine theme.

Of all the arts, Sculpture may be said to be the noblest, for the reason that it is the nearest approach in human works to the imperishable. Music is under the influence of capricious taste more than any other art, and may therefore be called a thing of a day; painting decays; architecture succumbs to time; poetry—which is said never to die—is, with a few exceptions, soon forgotten; and the best of literature is consigned to the shelves of the scholar. But Sculpture survives. Look, for instance, at the Egyptian marbles. The very history of the nations is written ineffaceably in their monumental works; while their great men, their institutions, their customs, traditions, laws, are otherwise forgotten, and the very site of their cities is known no more.

It seems to be the province of sculpture, more than any other art, to portray lofty sentiments. It is the grandest and purest in its mode of expression. Like poetry, to which it is frequently compared, it is more creative than illustrative. But the parallel ceases here. The fine frenzy of the poet—his ever-varying imagery—his digressive, florid habit of thought—would be fatal to the sculptor. *His* conception must be steady, compact, complete. *His* art is not

to be taken up *ad captandum*. One sound idea, and only one at a time, is permitted to him; but that one idea embraces so much, is environed with such difficulties of taste and technical perfecting, that the finished statue may be said to represent as wide a range of thought as the finished poem.

The very labour of sculpture gives it a dignity peculiarly its own. One can understand a painter dashing in his rich ideas, as a poet writes down his inspired thoughts, and neither caring nor daring to develop them more. How slight appears their task to the sculptor's! *He* is amenable to the ordeal of fixed canons of art, and the test of geometrical precision. There is little licence for *him*. He is expected to be poetical, without the licence of the poet; and to be pictorial, without the liberty of the painter. He must be original; but he must, at the same time, reverently observe established laws—or let him beware! Rule and compasses are ready to try his work. Having satisfied this technical ordeal, the high and severe court of harmony, purity, and truth may be said to sit in judgment against him. Let him transgress either of these laws—laws which do not bind poet, painter, or musician—and the labour of his hands is nought.

A daring departure from established manner, in poet or painter, is hailed as a new era in art, and secures for the bold innovator distinction and reward. But who would tolerate this in sculpture? There never can be any great departure from the laws of sculpture, because they are not mutable—are not the offspring of human invention. The principles of form and expression, which constitute this art, are as eternal as the laws of nature. The harmonious balance of the human form is, according to Plato, identical with the principle which governs the universe. In fact, the harmonious congruity of parts is the paramount law of this art, as it is of nature: it cannot, therefore, be disregarded with impunity.

“Untune that string,
And hark! what discord follows!”

therefore, the types of perfect beauty which guide the sculptor, and which are reduced to known scales, may be said to have been *discovered*, not *invented*. With the painter, it is the reverse. He is free to adopt or

invent a manner, according to his taste and powers. He sets before us objects which are as impalpable as phantoms—for he professedly deceives the eye by offering on a plane the effects of distance, relief, roundness; and representing form, according to his caprice, by outline, colour, light, and shade. The manner of one period of painting is not the manner of the next; and the pride of one country is the contempt of another. But the principles of the art we are considering are the principles of all countries, and of all time; and the only difference among nations and periods is the difference in degree of excellence. Hence it is that Greek sculpture, which is the most pure and truthful the world has ever seen, presents everywhere a kindred type of beauty, varied and modified in accordance with the subject, and departing as little as possible from that unimpassioned serenity which the Greeks justly considered so befitting the “human form divine.” They carefully avoided any violation of uniformity of feature in their ideal works which might suggest portraiture. A deviation from simple forms is calculated to suggest a resemblance to an individual; because, in nature, all faces are ununiform, and at variance, more or less, with the pure standard of proportion—and this offence the enlightened Greek never committed. The result of this wise law is that a depth of thought and feeling irradiates the Greek head, which modern examples of “expression” and “character” wholly fail to achieve.

In insisting upon the necessity of repose and uniformity in sculpture, it must not be imagined that inanimate repose is implied. No; this is Egyptian art—the art which never advanced, but stood stationary for generations, for ever repeating and perpetuating itself. Those first fathers of art erred, however, on the right side, whilst modern art tends to the opposite course. We are apt to invest our sculpture with pictorial qualities; while the Egyptians gave to theirs an architectural character, which was only an exaggeration of a sound principle, being ponderous, placid, and uniform. The astute Greeks, seeing the uselessness of mere brute weight and monotony, based upon that foundation those theories of art which, being true, will never become obsolete, and cannot be superseded.

One great secret of Greek excellence is

their collective purpose, in addition to their individual power. Their style was definite and catholic. There is no mannerism in their art—for mannerism is but another name for littleness. This axiom should be laid to heart by the sculptors of our own time.

Many examples of popular works might be cited to show the licence of the moderns in this particular. But we prefer to point to the patriarchs in art. Look at those grand old heathens. One mind appears to have inspired them all. There is no affectation or mannerism to distinguish Myron from Scopas, or Phidias from Polyctetus. The Platonic doctrine appears to have actuated all alike. All their schools aspired to one ideal, and helped alike to create it. Union made them strong; a noble emulation made them generous; philosophy made them great. We see the glorious results in this federation in art. When such a concurrence of view and determination of purpose exist among the sculptors of our country, we may look with confidence for memorable results.

It might be argued that, if the limits of sculpture are so clearly defined, its laws so pronounced, its characteristics so decided, its principles so known, surely perfection in it is merely a matter of adherence to rules. False hypothesis!

What are rules but tests? A work of art is *tried* by rules, but can never be *produced* by rules. The Greeks evidently possessed more minute codes and rules of symmetry than we have, but they were no slaves to them. Indeed, all their best works prove the contrary. Each statue is in itself a type. Balanced and planned in obedience to general laws, they have their own leading characteristics, wonderfully adapted to their individuality.

For instance, in the Diana, the length of limb and varied outline suggests the bounding, fawn-like property of the huntress. Contrast this with the Venus, whose length of body and softness of contour are indicative of the more feminine instincts and functions. The Antinous differs from the Gladiator, Jupiter from Hercules, and Apollo from Pallas. Rules with them never interfered with fitness; for there are instances in which they even outraged nature to appear natural. Rules of detail are, of course, essential in this art; but they are secondary—just as touch and speech

are secondary to thought, nothing more. Even Buonarotti, the "chartered libertine" of art, who set the traditions of his noble craft at defiance, observed rules—though he, at the same time, outraged them. But we would warn any artist who is less a giant than he was, not to indulge in the same licence.

Attention might be advantageously directed to a subject which is undoubtedly prejudicial to the advancement of sculpture amongst us—and that is, the preference given to the female figure, to the neglect of the male. It is only necessary to glance round any gallery of sculpture to be struck with this fact. This result of studying popular taste points to the danger of effeminacy in the double sense. Beauty is, naturally, the first characteristic sought for in a work of art—and beauty is epitomized in the female form; still the female form cannot convey the nobler part of humanity—deep, intellectual power, and physical dignity. These can only be personified in man. Moral grandeur must always take higher rank than personal grace, in art as in nature; and it is a matter of wonder that the ambition of modern sculptors is satisfied with the reproduction, *ad infinitum*, of the set outlines and familiar variations of the female figure. Why so often avoid the nobler theme? The answer is, that it is less popular and marketable. Fatal obstacle to the achievement of greatness in any calling, but most of all in that of the sculptor's! Let the aspirant in this art turn again on this point, as on all others, to the examples of the Greeks. Phidias, the prince of that glorious guild, considered the male figure the fittest theme for his chisel. Beyond the great Minerva, erected for religious objects, and the Milo Venus, attributed to him, we do not know of a female statue from his hand.

Let him who would achieve an enduring name in this art follow the example, as well as the treatment, of his great prototype. Let English art rise superior to the sentimental prettiness of the continental schools. When she has the will, England can be as sturdy in arts as in arms; and if she has no splendid, golden period of art to which she can point, like Italy and Greece, it is because her golden period is yet to be. The arena of her labours has been a less peaceful one than art. Her destiny has been to deal with sterner things.

She has had to hew a pathway for civilization through barbarian ignorance. Bigotry, like a forest of primeval darkness, had to be swept down. Gospel truth had to win its difficult and dangerous way, in the hands of her intrepid sons. Human labour and life had to be economized by the appliances of engineering science. Material necessities and creature comforts had to be multiplied, and carried to the far ends of the earth to her scattered people. These things done, and well done, by the force of her antique energy, England can afford to rest from her noble toils, and taste the sweets of repose, of which high art is the choice fruit. In arms, in adventure, in literature, and in science, England points the way. What she feels to be necessary to human advancement she undertakes, and what she undertakes she accomplishes. She resolved to be second to none in social progress, and she is in the van. Let her resolve to be second to none in art, and who will doubt her ability to accomplish her vows?

At the commencement of this paper, we claimed for Sculpture priority of rank as the noblest, the severest, and the most enduring of all arts; but that this fact, though generally received in the abstract, will be practically recognized in these times, is almost more than the most sanguine optimist will expect. Still, the sculptor who is actuated by lofty motives will be content with an audience fit, though few; happy in the conviction that, while the sister art captivates and delights the mass, and wins popularity in proportion as it conjures up the familiar and the commonplace, the art to which he is devoted appeals to the higher qualities of our nature—to the judgment rather than to the sense—to the soul rather than to the heart.

The severe standard in art which we have ventured to insist upon may be called dogmatism, but it is the dogmatism which alone leads to greatness. It was this dogmatism that produced the Jupiter Olympus, the Theseus, the Ilyssus, and all the glories of the Acropolis. It was this dogmatism that made every studio in Athens a shrine, and every sculptor a grave teacher. This it was that guided the hand of Ictinus, and called the Parthenon into existence. To this dogmatism the undying fame of our own Flaxman is due; and to the neglect of this dogmatism is due such art-licence as is epitomized in the nymphs suspended in

mid-air, and girls on chairs or in swings, which we in these days are called upon to behold and admire.

CLOS VOUGEOT.

CLLOS VOUGEOT vintage, listen, make me gay,
Swathe like sweet oil my sorrow and my spite;
They are playing Shakspeare in my brain to-night—
Rouse the loud laughter of my Rabelais.

He is your old friend. Fetch him; bid him sit
With me an hour, and make his merriest joke,
And keep the bottle balancing, and poke
Fat fingers in my side to point the wit.

Bring his monks with him—let their stories start
The tragic stride of my thought's buskined foot;
And fill the poison bowls with wine, and shoot
A Falstaff quip across Iago's part.

While I spoke to the vintage of the Clos,
Gay throngs usurped the stage where phantoms
battled,
Laughed like preludes of popping corks, and prattled
As the after-music of the Champagne's flow.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXII.

MISS PYECROFT'S INVITATIONS.

WHENEVER a stranger appeared at Broadmead, there was an immediate round of festivities. It made a pleasant change in the visiting circle.

To the stranger, however, it presented but small form of variety—the guests at each party being the same, the form of entertainment the same, the very dishes on the table the same; for whatever novelty was introduced at the first party was followed suit to at all the others.

The rooms, the photograph albums, and the pianos were the great differences to be noted. In olden times, the latter might have been described as bad, worse, worst, at the three visiting houses; but, of late years, there had been an impetus in a musical direction which had somewhat improved the state of things.

Still, whether the amusement to be obtained were great or not, no one in Broadmead, excepting Jasper Seaton, ever thought of declining an invitation. There could be no prior engagement pleaded, society being too limited to allow of more than one *réunion* on the same evening.

Therefore, when invitations were sent out, it was with a moral certainty of their

being accepted—Jasper Seaton alone giving the excitement of a doubt in the matter.

"I hope that Jasper Seaton will not decline," said Miss Pycroft, as she sealed her last note; for Miss Pycroft continued to seal her notes with the seal ring once belonging to her father, and which bore on its cornelian surface the arms of the family.

"There's not much fear," observed Miss Letty; "he's been going everywhere lately, since Di has visited. They are wonderfully good friends now; and she walks about with him as much as she used to do with Mr. Carteret."

"I should not be surprised if, after all, she marries Jasper," said Miss Sophia.

"Nor I," answered Letty; "unless she's only flirting."

"If she's a flirt, she's just as likely to marry one as the other," responded Miss Sophia.

"I hope Jasper will come," repeated Miss Pycroft, taking no notice of her sisters' remarks. "It will be rather awkward if there are no gentlemen to meet Captain Stanfield and his son."

"There will be Dr. Crawford," suggested Miss Sophia.

"As Captain Stanfield and his son are staying with the Crawfords, one can scarcely count Dr. Crawford," replied Miss Pycroft. "It will put out all my plans if Jasper does not come; for I had calculated upon our being just ten—four from the rectory, three from the Manor House, and our three selves. If, by any caprice of the moment, Jasper decides to remain at home, it will spoil the symmetry of the table."

"We have dined an odd number before," replied Miss Letty.

"But never without its having been a matter of extreme discomfort, not to say pain, to me. Anything uneven or irregular jars upon the senses," returned Miss Pycroft.

Then, after a pause, she continued—

"It is a pity that Signor Neri is democratic in his tendencies. Had his exile—voluntary or involuntary, whichever it may be—been owing to a noble but unfortunate sympathy with those in authority, the ignobility—if I may use the word—of his present position might possibly be ignored; but I believe he was so misguided as to take part with the populace; and that, I fear, is too grave an error to be overlooked."

Miss Letty and Miss Sophia understood

nothing of politics; but they had an infinite belief in Rebecca, and stood firmly by any political opinion that she enunciated.

Therefore Miss Letty observed that what Rebecca had said was very sensible; and it was, of course, a very wrong thing to stand by the populace, as naturally the populace would be wrong, and the authorities right; and that she was exceedingly surprised at Signor Neri's doing so ungentlemanlike a thing, as really there was something quite gentlemanlike about him.

"He *was* a gentleman," said Miss Pycroft, regretfully.

Signor Neri had risen in her estimation during a visit he had paid in her sanctum, where his remarks upon the Pycroft pedigree had tended to show her that the Signor had a good knowledge of genealogical matters.

"He *was* a gentleman," she reiterated; and she sighed, as though deploring that he had thrown away his prerogatives. "In a place like Broadmead—the Pycrofts being people of mark—one must, of course, stand up to one's principles."

"Certainly," responded Miss Sophia, not exactly knowing what those principles might be.

"And there's been a saint in his family," said Miss Letty. "Di was telling me all about it. I don't know if it is the one that the flowers are always before."

"No; that is Saint—Saint—I forget the name," replied Miss Sophia. "Di could tell one. She thinks a great deal of the Neris, and says they have a right to hold their heads higher than any one here."

"If it had not been for the populace," pursued Miss Pycroft, evidently wavering, which was a rare phase in her temperament. "I was so much pleased with Signor Neri's manner in his own house, that it occurred to me to ask him and his sister in to coffee. I do not exactly know how it would do with strangers, or whether Dr. Crawford would quite like it for his guests; but if one could lose sight of the little political error, one might consider the position he holds in Broadmead as a misfortune, and so gloss over the difference between ourselves and him. Kings have been reduced to extremities," continued Miss Pycroft, in argument with herself, "and may be again, for aught I know—for I fear that these are revolutionary times. King Charles, of sacred memory, took refuge in an oak—which, though

a high place, was not one of dignity. Roger Pycroft, if you remember," she said, suddenly turning upon Miss Sophia, "was one of his faithful adherents. The Pycrofts have ever been true and loyal to the Crown. Therefore the question is, can I or can I not invite one whose antecedents lead one to suppose that his principles are of a subversive nature? The only excuse that can be offered—viewing the matter still in a political light, and having had my views early formed from the good old leaders that I was in the habit of reading to dear papa, in the county paper, some forty or fifty years ago, and which I have consistently upheld to the present time—the only excuse for the Signor is, that no country being equal to our own; no monarch equal to our own; no legislature, army, or navy equal to our own—there may have been some ground for the part he took; and, at any rate, one may judge him more leniently than if he had been an Englishman."

When Miss Pycroft came to making an excuse for any one, it was almost tantamount to a defence.

"I hope, therefore, that I should not be doing anything to endanger our glorious constitution if I should carry my present design into execution. I trust it would not be a dangerous precedent."

"I don't think any one knows anything about the Signor excepting Di and ourselves," said Miss Letty, who liked having a gossip with the Signora, and with whom the Signora felt very much more at her ease than with Miss Pycroft. "It would make quite a large party—twelve."

"Eleven, if Jasper did not come. But I could not invite Signor Neri unless Jasper comes; so it reduces it to nine again."

"Why not?"

"Because there must be one incontrovertible Broadmead gentleman to meet Captain Stanfield. It would be possible to invite Signor Neri under cover of Jasper's wing, but not otherwise."

"And Di sings twice as well when Signor Neri accompanies her."

"I have thought of that."

"And perhaps he would bring his violin."

"I have thought of that also."

"You always think of everything, Rebecca."

"If I did not, I do not know what would become of Broadmead," said Miss Pycroft, complacently.

"But do you think the Signora would come?" asked Miss Sophia. "She never goes anywhere, and is so shy with every one except Diana."

"She is never invited anywhere. Besides, when I decide upon a thing, it is usually accomplished," responded Miss Pycroft, autocratically.

And Miss Pycroft retiring to her business room, Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia proceeded further to discuss the merits of their sister's scheme, and to await with anxiety the answer from the Manor House. Mrs. Seaton always sent a reply at once; therefore there was not much delay, as the distance between Briery House and the Manor House was inconsiderable.

Mrs. Seaton's answer was favourable. Di would come, and Jasper would come.

"And there was just as much chance of Diana's declining as of Jasper's, if we had only thought of it," said Miss Sophia. "She's as full of whims as ever; and I really don't think she's been quite herself ever since Mr. Carteret went."

"She has been quieter," answered Miss Letty; "and she has been regularly to church."

"So has Jasper."

"Yes; I wonder why. I always supposed that he was an atheist. He did not come to church for years."

"Perhaps Di's example," said Miss Sophia.

Miss Letty looked thoughtful.

"I think, if I were a girl, I should prefer Mr. Carteret. There is something very kind and gentle about him."

At this crisis, Miss Pycroft, with her bonnet on, was seen walking down the garden path.

"Rebecca is going to invite Signor Neri and his sister. I wonder if she will come," exclaimed Miss Sophia.

"I am afraid not; she's too shy."

"I wonder what the Crawfords and Mrs. Seaton will think of it."

"They can't think anything wrong that Rebecca does."

"No."

And Miss Pycroft proceeded on her mission.

Whether she would have succeeded in it if Diana had not been there, is doubtful; but Diana, having worked Jasper round to a better appreciation of the Neris, was at the present moment bent upon making

every one else appreciate them also. Not that she set any value upon any one in Broadmead, but she had conceived the design of placing the Neris on what she deemed their proper footing in society.

"Which you won't do, Di," said Jasper, after having listened patiently to a long exordium in praise of her friends. "It isn't in the constituted nature of things."

"Then it ought to be."

"Liberty, equality, fraternity, Di," said Jasper, laughing. "You are a regular little red republican. You will get turned out of Broadmead society yourself, instead of advancing others in it."

"I shouldn't care if I was," she replied; "and I don't know what a red republican is. But I don't believe in equality and fraternity—at least, not in this world. What a terrible thing it would be!"

"And in the world to come?"

"Jasper, I am serious," she answered, reprovingly. "I don't know what to think about the world to come. That is one of my difficulties."

"What is?"

"The fraternity. Miss Pycroft, Dr. Crawford, and all the people I don't like—I can't think I shall feel glad to see them there."

"Perhaps you won't."

"I really think that I could get to like positive sinners better. One might pity decided sinners, so that in time one's pity might grow into a sort of love. I hope it is not very wrong to feel as I do."

"I hope not," said Jasper, rather earnestly.

"Do you feel the same, Jasper?" asked Diana, again struck by some fancied parallel between herself and Jasper.

"Which set do you consider that I belong to, Di?" he asked, half seriously.

"Perhaps not exactly to either. Of course, you are no better than I am; perhaps even not quite so good as I have been since I knew John Carteret—at least, I mean," she added, qualifyingly, "that you do not try to believe in as much as I do."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"But I know you are quite, quite honest—and that is a great deal!" she said, eagerly.

He started.

"Am I?"

"Yes. I have no belief in half the good people of Broadmead, and I have in you. I do not believe you would do anything mean

or dishonourable. I know precisely how bad and how good you are."

The contracted expression came into Jasper's pale face, that flushed slightly as she spoke.

"Have I vexed you?" she asked. "I did not intend to do so; but I always put myself and you together as the outcasts of Broadmead religious respectability—always doing what we ought not to do, and leaving undone what we ought to do. And yet," she concluded, in a burst of illogical summing up, "no worse than any one else."

Jasper Seaton, in spite of the contending feelings within him, could not forbear smiling.

"You are not much of a reasoner, Di."

"Yet what I say is true. I always think that there is something untrue in a great deal of the reasoning that sounds very plausible."

Again something in her speech touched Jasper, for a quick shade of annoyance passed over his countenance.

"You are growing better, Jasper. I am quite sure that you are," she said, consolingly. "You have been so different since Madame de Mouline died. I think deaths make us all better, in some way that I cannot explain. Madame de Mouline was very good. Perhaps she watches you now."

And Di looked dreamily into space, as though it needed but the touch of an invisible finger to rend the veil that kept the dead from sight.

Jasper turned away. There was something that evidently distressed him in the tone the conversation had taken. And Diana regretted having mentioned the name of his sister, of whom he had been very fond.

"Perhaps, if Anne had lived, I should have been better," he said, abruptly. "I don't think that her death has helped me much." And he left Diana trying to recollect what she could have said that had so palpably disturbed Jasper—but to no avail.

There was certainly a change in Jasper. He had softened very much—his temper was more under control; and he had endeavoured to smooth down the asperities of Mrs. Seaton, who had lately grown exceedingly irritable. He had even defended John Carteret in her constant attacks of him; but, somehow, his defence always broke down, and John Carteret always lost a little through his arguments. Still Diana felt that he meant kindly; and though she knew that he

regarded John Carteret's declining the settlement, and his offer to free Diana from her engagement, with suspicion, yet he had never said anything disagreeable to her upon the subject, his views being more shadowed forth than openly declared. Then, too, Jasper, if he pleased, could make himself very agreeable, even fascinating. Those who disliked him most did him this justice. Miss Pycroft herself, though she was usually at war with him, had acknowledged, on one or two occasions, that Jasper Seaton could make himself as pleasant as most people if he only chose, and that it was a great pity that he was not aware how popular he might make himself with very little trouble.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DIANA AND THE SIGNORA.

"CARISSIMA, I cannot go."
"But you have accepted, Signorina."

"I tried with my full heart to say no, *carissima*; but that woman *terribile* did insist that she would not hear it. And Giuseppe, it is no more pleasure to him than to me."

"Ah! but what shall I do if you are not there? I shall have no pleasure then, and I have been dreaming all night of the party. If you do not go, I will not go either. I will go up now to Miss Pycroft, and tell her that we have all changed our minds."

Signor Neri smiled.

"That might be worse, Orsola," said he, turning to his sister; "for then would arrive your Miss Pycroft *terribile*, and would what she calls argue the point, than which is nothing more fatal to one's peace."

"Of course she would, *maestro*; and she would stay for hours and hours, until she made you see that it was the most necessary thing in the world for you to go; and so you would go in the end, after having endured the long lecture; and, therefore, you may just as well go without having it. What are you going to wear, Signorina?" And she faced suddenly round upon her friend.

"I do not know."

And Signora glanced down at her long black dress.

"I wear but one kind," she said.

"Yes," replied Diana, "but you are not going to wear that this evening. You must open some of your old trunks, and bring out the treasures that are lying there."

Signora Neri shook her head.

"To please me," said Diana. "Every one that loves me, pleases me. And there are not many, Signorina."

"I do, *carina*."

"And therefore I may go with you, and find the wonderful dress that is hidden under folds of soft paper; and you will let me be like the fairy godmother who made Cinderella all ready for the ball? *Maestro*, have I not your permission to make the Signorina do everything I wish her to do?"

The old man smiled.

"No one can withstand *madamigella*," he answered; "she ever has her way."

"And I will sing my best to-night, though there will be no one to care for it but you and Jasper. And I will play the accompaniments to your violin to perfection: I can if I like. The inspiration will come into my fingers—it is there already, *maestro*—listen!" And she ran over a brilliant prelude on the piano. "Is not that good? I am in heart and tune to-day."

"*Bravissima!*—it is *divina!*" said Signor Neri, his eyes glistening.

"Yes, we will have a little concert to ourselves, *maestro*. We can play ourselves into the seventh heaven, far above the stupid people at the party; and the Signorina will listen to us, and we shall lend her part of our wings, so that she may mount up with us. There is a new life for music in me to-day. Listen again;" and, placing her hand on Signor Neri's shoulder, she burst forth—

"Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white;
Take me —
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care."

"I shall sing that to-night, *maestro*."

But Signor Neri's eyes were dim with tears.

"The Lord is good," he said, "who has given me, far away from mine own Italy, to hear the voice of an angel."

"*Maestro! maestro!*" exclaimed Diana, holding up her finger, "you will make me so vain that I shall not know what to do. Isn't it very wrong, Signorina, when I am trying all the time so hard to be humble? But now," she said, drawing the Signora towards the door, "you will let me see that wonderful dress, will you not?"

The Signora suffered Diana to have her way.

"I remember the box well—it has large brass clasps, and a funny old lock, and an

oddly shaped key. Yes, that is it!" and Diana selected a key from the bunch Signora Neri produced.

"How delightful!" she continued, as she opened the box, and caught sight of the folds of a black velvet dress. "Signorina, I believe that you have been putting it at the top, so that you may have no trouble about it this evening."

"Indeed—but, *carissima*," answered Signora Neri, earnestly, "it has been there always. But it is in too old a fashion."

"Not in the least. It is foreign—it will look distinguished. You could not have your dresses in the fashion of Miss Pycroft or Mrs. Crawford. It would be entirely out of taste. Imagine yourself in Miss Pycroft's black satin and best cap! What would you look like?"

And overcome with the thought, Diana sank down laughing by the side of the huge trunk.

"I should look droll," answered the Signora.

"Yes, my *maestro* would scarcely know you. No, this dress is much more graceful, and this lace is exquisite. I shall put some round the throat and sleeves. It is like Vandyke's lace. Signorina, you will look like a picture."

"It is from Venice," said Signora Neri, looking with slightly awakened interest into the trunk. "So also the fan. Ah! and that bracelet—it is long since I did place it on my arm."

"It must go on to-night; and I shall try to find a red rose in the conservatory—or a camellia might do. You will be like a Florentine or a Venetian picture. I shall think you have walked into the room from some old Italian gallery."

And Diana rapidly set aside the things that struck her fancy.

"Not the fan, *carissima*—it is too cold to-day."

"Oh, that is not of the slightest consequence; the fan is in keeping with the costume."

"You do forget, *carina*, that I am an old woman."

"Quite, Signorina," replied Diana. "You have something that makes perpetual youth in you. It is only such people as Miss Pycroft who grow old. It is the material world that batters us so terribly—the living so close down to the earth."

But Signora Neri laid the fan aside.

"No, *carina*, it is not suited. It has been in my hands when they were young; and behind it have I my thoughts many times hidden. There is much that does link itself with such a toy. So it is that one loves it."

"Did you ever flirt, Signorina?" asked Diana, looking up from the ground.

Signora Neri's face slightly clouded.

"One is foolish sometimes in youth," she said, after a little hesitation. "*Carissima*, do not play with the heart of any—it gives a long regret."

Diana was sorry that she had asked the question, but an irresistible impulse seized her to make the inquiry.

The Signora, as she was always called in Broadmead, must have been very pretty in her youth: her features were fine and delicate, and there was a sweet, calm expression—the result of long discipline—that was perhaps the most beautiful part of her face, and gave the ever-young idea of her to which Diana had alluded.

"I ought not to have said what I did," said Diana.

The Signora smiled, and patted Diana's cheek.

"It gives me no wound, *carissima*," she replied. "In the picture galleries that are in the heart so immortal, one loves some sketches more than others. Some are as gems so precious, that one over them draws a curtain. So it is! If one has grieved, it has been that some joy, some beauty is marred; but still, *carina*, the beauty there has for once been, and so is it everlasting in the soul. Now and then do I look back, and gather it up again. Then say I, once did Our Lady make my pathway bright with a great light. And the light went out when she saw fit."

Diana's lips were on the point of unclosing again to say—"I don't believe you ever really flirted, Signorina," when Signora Neri again spoke.

"I was young and pretty, *carina*, and I had a lover. Ercole was his name. Ercole was grave and earnest, and liked not that I should laugh and talk with others; and though I did love, I was willing to hear my praises from all. I liked that all should admire; and I made pretence of not caring for Ercole—though of him I thought by night and day. I knew not it would end as it did. Ercole went away, and I lost him. He married, but he was not happy.

I was not happy, but I never married. Er-
colo died long ago; and I pray even until
now for his soul! He is nearer to me than
he was in life; and it will be all as it should
be some time. But, *carissima*, do not do
likewise."

"I never shall," said Diana, very ener-
getically, thinking of John Carteret. And
then, half ashamed of the emphasis she had
thrown upon her words, she said, apolo-
getically, "But I am not likely to be tempted;
there is no one in Broadmead for me to flirt
with. And even if there were, I am not so
pretty as you were, Signorina."

The Signora bent an inquisitive gaze on
her companion. She looked intently into
the eyes that looked up so earnestly into
hers.

"*Carina*, if the temptation do come, cast
it away," she said, so gravely and earnestly,
that Diana involuntarily answered—

"Amen."

Then suddenly she roused up to the busi-
ness in hand.

"The carriage shall come for you to-
night," she said, going on with her arrange-
ments.

The Signora shook her head.

"*Carissima*, thou hast no carriage. It is
Mrs. Seaton's."

"It is Jasper's," said Diana, laughing.
"And I can do anything I like with what
is Jasper's. You do not know how good
and kind he is. So very good!"

Signora Neri gave a searching glance once
more at Diana. But Diana was calmly con-
templating the fan.

"I think John has made us all better at
Broadmead," she observed, meditatively.
"Shouldn't you like to hear him preach,
Signorina? When he comes at Christmas,
you will come to church just once, to hear
him?"

"Is Mr. Carteret coming, then, at Christ-
mas?"

"Yes."

"That is well," said Signora Neri, thought-
fully.

"But this has nothing to do with the car-
riage." And Diana started up. "What
time shall it be here?"

"At no time. I go in the sedan-chair,
and Giuseppe will walk."

"No."

"*Sì, sì, carissima*—it must be so."

Diana looked a little vexed. Then she
brightened up again, saying—

"Perhaps it is better. It will be some-
thing like a gondola."

Signora Neri smiled.

"Not so smooth, *carissima*."

"No. Jennings and Mason make great
waves in carrying it. And yet, do you
know, Signorina, I would rather go in it than
in the smoothest running carriage. I shall
quite envy you—for I do like that old sedan-
chair. I sometimes think I will write a story
of the old ladies who left it as a legacy to
Broadmead—of the rights of Jennings and
Mason to be bearers—and of the hearts that
have fluttered with hope as they went in it
to a party, and how they have come home
drooping and downcast. Signorina, I think
a pretty story might be told of it. Some day
I shall go and sit in it, and fall asleep, and
dream it all over. It looks very lonely in
Miss Pyecroft's great coach-house, that poor
little sedan-chair, in the middle of it, and
nothing else—not even an old saddle or
bridle. What a pity there are no fairies in
the world!" said Diana, in abrupt conclu-
sion.

"Why, *carissima*?" asked Signora Neri,
in some surprise.

Diana laughed.

"I am foolish to-day, Signorina, but I am
so happy. I don't know why, but it seems
as though some joy-secret were being whis-
pered through the earth; and that, if the
birds, and trees, and waters could only speak,
they would tell me what it was—as though
Persephone," she added, thinking of the
tapestry in her lost *Paradiso*, "were try-
ing to send some message to the upper
world. Some more thread, Signorina, if you
please," said Diana, descending from her
flight. "This lace looks lovely on the velvet,
and this piece will do for the sleeves—if I
may cut it?"

"As you please."

"You are a charming Signorina. Mrs.
Seaton won't have old lace cut if she can
help it, so it always goes on her dresses in
the same way. I should get quite tired of
it. There, all is ready now. I wish I could
come and help you to dress; but Bessy is
very neat-handed. No—you must wear the
bracelet."

But Signora Neri dexterously obtained
possession of it, and clasped it round
Diana's wrist.

"There," she said, "the bracelet shall be
seen at Miss Pyecroft's, but it must be on
another arm."

"Oh! Signorina, it is too beautiful." And Diana gazed admiringly on the exquisite workmanship displayed in the finely wrought gold.

"Not so—it pleases me to see it on thy arm, *carina mia*; and it will please Giuseppe also."

Signora Neri watched Diana as she tripped down the garden path, and out into the lane, where she met with Jasper Seaton, who had just been across the rectory fields shooting.

Diana was evidently scolding him for his hard-hearted expedition, and he was laughingly defending himself.

There was a glow upon his pale features that gave an unusual animation to them, and caused Signora Neri to observe to her brother—

"Mr. Seaton is handsome—almost, Giuseppe."

"To-day, quite," answered Signor Neri.

"I wonder how it will be," murmured the Signora. "The child has yet a child's heart."

"No," replied Signor Neri; "not so, Orsola. The divine depths of her voice tell me that her soul has come to her. She is not longer a child."

"But, Giuseppe, voices are divine that belong to children. I remember one angel chorister who was but a child—how sweet, how heavenly his voice! Do you remember, Giuseppe?"

"I remember, Orsola; but it was as the voice of cherubim and seraphim, not of a soul born to the earth, that must be pierced with the sorrow of the Master—that apprehends, that flutters up to heaven, yet feels of earth; that knows its humanity, and is struggling up to God. I could have wept, Orsola, at her tones to-day. He that lives in music, as I do, can tell these intonations, even as the sounds of various instruments: he can detect the untuned string, the false tone and the true. To the keen ear of the musician is there no deception. Her life is come, and every breath of outer life speaks of it unto her. And more, Orsola—the magician that weaves the web whose warp is sunlight, and whose woof the tissue of the rainbow, has placed his seal upon her heart, and locked therein a treasure that half guides her voice."

He spoke rapidly in his own language; and his sister, still following out her own meditations, asked—

"Then will it be Mr. Carteret?"

"Orsola!—who else?" returned the old man.

"Mr. Seaton is kind, is handsome, is rich——"

"Orsola!" And the old man's voice spoke reproachfully.

"Giuseppe!"

"The child is an angel."

"Ah! Giuseppe—she is also a woman;" and Signora Neri sighed, and her fingers moved over her rosary.

Perchance, as she told her beads, she thought of Diana and John Carteret.

HOUSES AND THEIR MEMORIES.

IT has been a quaint fancy with many writers to attribute to houses some of the character of their former occupants—to imagine in them, as it were, a kind of conscience which stamps upon their faces the nature of the lives led and the deeds done within them. Thus, Hood's "Haunted House" is filled with an atmosphere of horror—

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear—
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

The walls, the staircases, the floors, the windows, all seem shuddering with the recollection of something terrible and ghastly. It needs no stain of blood in the floor to tell us that here was perpetrated a ghastly crime; and we feel that if the place were repaired, re-painted, and furnished anew, the guilty sense would still remain; because the house is possessed with the memory of the past, and not to be sweetened again by all the perfumes of Arabia. So, also, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his "House of the Seven Gables." Not only has the past impressed upon it a character which the other houses in the town lack—a certain pride of race and lofty bearing which spring from the memory of gentlefolk and their gatherings—but it has endowed the place with a kind of affection for the family which built it and have dwelt in it; and it seems to remember still the ring of maidens' laughter, the patter of little feet, the soft tones and the gentle manners of women dead and gone. Therefore, it is a friend to the race; and so subtle is its influence, that it acts even on the fallen and ruined inhabitants of the place, the crushed old maid, and the wasted and

disappointed brother; and it lends a tender seriousness to the young, fresh natures of the girl and her artist lover, at an age when perception of the hidden influences of things old and habitual ought hardly yet to be awakened. Hawthorne should have been born in England, where such houses are not so uncommon as in America. He would have delighted especially in those secluded and sunny cathedral closes, where, with windows deep-sunken, and set in antique tracery, the old houses stand round the green, and are overlooked by the towers of the great church. These are the maiden ladies among houses. They only know poverty, sin, and misery by reputation. All their existence has been passed in a quiet monotony. Many children have grown up in them, for the reverend canon has generally a quiverfull; but when the boys become men, and take to wild ways, they go away to that many-echoing Babylon whose mighty roar never reaches across the meadows to the quiet close. Funerals have gone out from their doors, and brought in the element of sadness. These have added thicker gloom to the ivy which crawls up the wall, and hangs over every window. But, because life is not all mourning, the moss and lichen grow bright on the coping; and the flowers bloom in the gardens and the windows, in their graceful, quiet way. Such a house knows no happiness but domestic happiness; it wants no excitement, because it has never known any; it grows old in a piety which is kept alive by the cathedral bell and the daily songs of the choristers; it has known few anxieties, and only wickedness by report. Even Dissent cannot enter within the cathedral close.

The great house, which you may see five or six miles out of the town, standing in its own park, has a very different tone. It belongs to the squire. Formerly there was a castle, some of the ruins of which lie behind it; and, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, this was built in its place. It is many-windowed, and picturesque in an ugliness of its own. It is a house which has had its sufferings, like an old man who has lived. Revels and brawls have gone on within it. In its lawn and in its park, swords have been drawn, and men have fallen. Once the Roundheads took possession, and held high jinks for a time, carrying on in a way distressing to the dignity of a gentleman's house, and injurious to its constitution; for,

after their departure, certain surgical operations of a painful nature were resorted to. Subsequently, a wing of it was burnt down, and rebuilt in an incongruous and uncomfortable fashion. This was like having a limb off, and replaced by an artificial limb of unequal length. The old roof was removed, and another of quite different shape was put in its place—which was like wearing a wig. It has become shaky in the out-houses—which is like having the gout in the great toe. The wind careers up and down its long corridors and passages, with whistling and shrieking—which is like rheumatism in the bones. But it is a brave old house yet, with plenty of life and strength for many generations of men. Its front is wide, and wrinkled by experience rather than by thought. It is mindful of its three centuries, proud of its associations, contemptuous of smaller residences—a house of the world, worldly!

The architect who builds in a cathedral close, or in a country park, knows pretty well what is to be the destiny of his creation. Unless some unexpected convulsion of nature—such as an earthquake, or a *bouleversement* of everything, like the disestablishment of the English Church, or a general redistribution of property—take place, the future of the house is certain; and if fire—a sudden and violent ending to which houses are as liable as men to heart disease—does not happen to it, it is destined to pass a long and very venerable term of years. Far different is the expectation of him who builds in a great city—in that vast *congeries* of cities known as London. He builds him a mansion in the fashionable suburb. In a few years the tide of fashion rolls away, and his house begins to fall in the social scale—by slow degrees at first, and almost imperceptibly—declining from the aristocratic to the merely fashionable; then to the respectable; then to the purely *bourgeois*; and then, in some unhappy cases, dropping into a lower depth still, and becoming even a place of resort for thieves and criminals. The process of decadence is slow, it is true, and the edge of suffering is taken off by the gradual nature of the decay. Still, there may be moments when the poor old house shakes itself together, and remembers with a sigh the junketings and feasting of days gone by. London has many of these fallen palaces. We are so conservative, our streets have been so carefully preserved, houses

used to be built so strongly, that there is not one old street in London which does not teem with recollections of its former greatness. Perhaps the most melancholy of all decayed and tarnished streets is Drury-lane. The old houses still stand about the southern end, side by side, with their projecting windows and carved woodwork. They were the residence of courtiers and courtly ladies. Here lived the Drurys and the Cravens. Here pretty Nelly Gwynne might have been seen "standing at her lodgings' door, in Drury-lane, in her smock-sleeves and bodice—a mighty pretty creature." Here Monk found his second wife—a poor creature, it is true, and only the daughter of a woman barber; while in the streets which lead from it, east and west, were houses which could boast of having been the residence of Oliver Cromwell, of Lord Bristol, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and many other great men, of whom Mr. Heneage Jesse, in his new book on London, gives a full account. It was in these streets that Lovelace nearly starved; here that Prior used to retreat with his Chloe, and get drunk; here that Taylor, the Water Poet, kept his tavern. Later on, when the decadence of Drury-lane set in, the aristocracy was replaced by a colony of starving authors. It was in these beetle-browed and frowning houses that many an aspiring child of genius fought the battle of the world—turning a couplet in praise of a patron, and struggling to get work from a hard-bowelled bookseller; and, when the battle was lost, and the genius starved, his memory got nothing but a gibe from Pope, or a brutal sneer from Swift. Even Goldsmith, who had himself suffered, and therefore should have been merciful, tells us how—

"In a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggins stretched beneath
a rug.

A window patched with paper lent a ray
That dimly showed the state in which he lay:
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread.

* * * * *

The morn was cold—he views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire.

* * * * *

A nightcap dressed his brows instead of bay—
A cap by night, a stocking all the day."

Presently, even the starving authors—who were at least innocent, poor fellows—

left the Lane; and a worse brood came after them. The greater number of the old houses which remain have their ground floors used for the sale of fried fish, potatoes, whelks, red herrings, and other comestibles—savoury, doubtless, to an educated taste, but *caviare* to the common herd. The upper floors are inhabited presumably by the merchants who vend the dainties below, and by those ladies and gentlemen of various callings who enjoy their confidence. The fronts of the buildings are unpainted, the windows unwashed—the whole grimy, tottering, and degraded. What have they done, these poor old houses, to be so punished? Can we not fancy them, in the clear stillness of a summer dawn, long before the rising of the fried potato purchaser, nodding and shaking their wrinkled old fronts at one another? "What," they may say, speaking confidentially, as between companions in misfortune, "what have our sins been, that we should be so specially singled out for punishment? The smell of fried potatoes offends us night and day: it clings to our rafters, and it becomes part of our walls. The smoke of fried fish goes out of our windows and chokes us. The language of our tenants exasperates us. Why have we not tumbled down long since?"

I have not been a spectator of one of these early conferences, but I am convinced that they go on; and, even by broad daylight, there is a troubled air about these afflicted mansions. Their fronts are wrinkled with disgust, and turbid with shame. "A secret, vague, prophetic gloom" is on them; and yet, withal, a sense of resignation, because the worst has happened, and only dissolution remains.

Or take, again, the old houses of the City. Many of them still stand where the merchants of former days not only made their money, but also spent it. Their old halls and spacious cellars are grown up to offices and warehouses; the rooms, where the nobles from the Strand and Long-acre were not ashamed to dine in state, are peopled with clerks and piled with goods. Yet there is a grandeur about the old houses which seems to overawe their impertinent neighbours—creatures of a day, and with no memories. "We have not fallen," they would say—"because we are still put to useful and honourable purposes; but there was a time . . ." These houses are fast getting elbowed out, stared out, and put to shame by a race of modern upstarts, in the finest style of street

architecture, with granite pillars and capitals and moulded cornices. Presently, their turn comes too; and they fall amid the ruins of the smaller fry around them, mere *bourgeois* who have never been anything but hangers-on to their greatness.

Perhaps, to a speculative dreamer, the most suggestive of all old houses is an old hospital—a *Maison Dieu*—say the Hospital of Saint Bartholomew. The building, it is true, is modern; but the site is hallowed by a battle six hundred years old, with suffering and disease. In its peaceful courts, and the quiet dignity of its buildings, we may fancy we see the repose of a quiet conscience, the strength of a strong man resolute to persevere, the honourable pride of one who has wrested from nature her own secrets, and learned to defeat the ravages caused by ignorance and sin.

Houses there are of all sorts and character: the mean, retiring house, which has never aspired to be anything but that of the modest workman to whom it belongs; the vulgar snob which aspires to be what it cannot, and to seem what it is not; the plair, unpretending, and rather stupid house; the house of young married love, daintily set in its little garden of flowers; the house of wealth, with its conservatories and carriage drives—a house where there must be more splendour than comfort; houses all in a row, exactly alike, looking out on a dreary suburban road, with a hideous church in the distance, so that the heart sinks in pity for the folk who live there, and we hope that some compensation is found in the internal arrangements; houses which bear every kind of human passion imprinted on their fronts, and are criminal, debauched, licentious, remorseful, prodigal, and reckless. Fortunately for the morals of the country, most of our houses are eminently respectable. Smugness may be, and certainly is, a prevailing characteristic—a Philistinism inseparable from the association of their tenants; but smugness is not really harmful, nor even is it generally offensive, because it is almost always accompanied by extreme good nature. There may be, too, a tendency in the direction of ornament not always consistent with good taste. Houses decorate themselves with porches many sizes too large for them, with statues which belong to a temple, and with greenhouses of fantastic shapes; just as their owners run to waistcoats, ties, and jewellery, which denote length of purse

rather than culture of the fine arts. It is one of the diseases to which houses are subject.

When persons take a new house, are they ever seized with a sense of the responsibility which the step entails upon them? Here is an infant, full-grown it is true, but as yet uneducated; having nothing but the adult form; destitute of gifts, graces, and culture; with only the faculty for development—a fledgeling, put into their hands as a kind of trust, to be moulded and turned into almost any shape that its owners please; a tender ward, whose future character depends in a great measure upon the treatment it receives from the first tenants. What will come to it? A bad character early acquired is difficult indeed to be got rid of; and there are instances on record of houses which have never been able to shake off the notoriety with which an inquisitive reporter has invested them. Suppose, for instance, that a murder is inconsiderately committed in one. A house that is haunted is like a man that is mad—only not so common, fortunately. There are very few left in London. Two, I think, I know, about Blackfriars. Their broken windows speak volumes of ghost stories. As there is no asylum for houses which have become deranged, they might very humanely be themselves turned into houses for madmen. The disgust and rage of a ghost, after taking the trouble to appear to a lunatic, at getting no notice—being mistaken, perhaps, for a keeper—might very likely act as an effectual cure, and restore the house with the bee in its bonnet to a right mind.

If ever I take a house—I reside at present in chambers, and reserve my remarks upon chambers for another opportunity—I think I shall try to find one which has been inhabited for a long series of years by successive generations of maiden ladies. The repose and calm induced by the memory of these gentle creatures—who have never known the tumult, the sin, the waste of life—will infuse into every apartment a peace which, I am sure, will be productive of the greatest advantages. An old nunnery, on the other hand, would preserve an atmosphere of discipline, of petty quarrels, and nagging, likely to act as a perpetual irritant; while an old monastery, a place where monks have lived, would bring with it much the same feeling, coupled with a profound and oppressive sense of discontent and

weariness. A house formerly inhabited by a great writer should be avoided, because the rack and stir of the fiery brain might be still lingering about the walls. For the same reason, one would avoid a house which has belonged to a great statesman; or, indeed, by a great man of any kind. Next to the house sacred to the memory of the maiden ladies must be that where much music has been heard. It would be pleasant to be lulled to sleep at night, and awakened in the morning, by the ghosts of long-forgotten harmonies; to hear Dr. Arne's madrigals floating about the midnight air, and have a ghostly serenade played under your windows before the earliest swain is brushing away the dew from the upland lawn.

THE LADIES' CONGRESS.

WE met at Lady Patchouli's, to inaugurate our social congress or club.

"Because, my dears," as Mrs. Talkwell Tattleton, the promoter of the movement, said, "while those abominable creatures, our husbands, are enjoying their selfish pleasures at their clubs, and neglecting their poor wives at home, it is only fair that we should have the opportunity of expressing *our* opinions, and discussing *our* rights and *our* wrongs, during their absence."

We were but six—namely, myself, Lady Patchouli, Miss Priscilla Perkins (who was of a poetical turn of mind, and perpetually sent copies of her verses to the magazines, which never appeared), Mrs. John Oldbird (widow of a rich banker), Mrs. Tattleton, and Miss Rachel Patchouli. Our rule was, that no member of the selfish sex should on any pretence be permitted to know what took place at our debates—except that dear Mr. Singleton Creeper, who was always going about alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; and whose philosophical, gentlemanly, and agreeable manners caused him to be regarded as quite an acquisition to our club.

Having duly installed Mrs. Talkwell Tattleton as chairwoman, that lady rose, and said:—

"MY DEAR SISTERS AND FELLOW-SUFFERERS!—As this is our first meeting, it may be well to explain the objects of our congress. First of all, then, my dears, we must have a motto, and that is, 'Reforma-

tion to the Men.'" (A murmur of approval greeted this proposition.) "Secondly, our principal object must be to discuss the manners, habits, and luxuries of the self-styled 'Lords of the Creation.'"

"Ugh! the odious monsters! Lords, indeed!"

"It must be our mission to prove how immeasurably inferior they are to the ladies of the creation; and to show that all men are deceitful, treacherous, despicable, and selfish creatures."

"Except one," said Miss Priscilla. "Mr. Singleton Creeper is the exception."

"Which proves the rule, my dear," said Mrs. Tattleton. "And I wish it to be understood that any remarks made by this congress do not apply to Mr. Singleton Creeper. Thirdly, and lastly, my dears, we must stand up fearlessly for our rights. Our husbands tell us a woman has no right to assert her wrongs, and that it is wrong to talk about our rights. Is it so?" ("Certainly not," from the congress.) "Well, then, let each married member stand up boldly for her rights—those rights so wrongfully withheld by our husbands—and, depend upon it, the tyrants will be forced to yield. They are fond of terming us the weaker sex; but, in all matters of argument, we are by far the stronger. Is it not wrong of our husbands to grumble at our housekeeping expenses, when they themselves expend double the money in one day that we do in a week, over snug little dinners to each other, at Greenwich or Richmond, to which *we* are never invited?" (Cries of "Shame!") "Why should the poor wife be called extravagant whenever her milliner's bill requires payment, when the husband wastes enough to pay twenty of those trifling accounts at Epsom or Newmarket? Is it right of them to call themselves our natural protectors; and then, as soon as they are married, to rush away to the society of their old chums, as they call them, and leave us to mope at home while they are enjoying themselves abroad?" ("Shame! shame!") "Is it right of them to turn sulky when we tell them that such conduct is wrong?" ("Of course not, my dear!") "Is it right of them to complain that dear Angelina's music costs too much, when £500 a-year is positively thrown away upon Charles at Oxford? Oh, these men! these men! They are almost

enough to drive one mad, my dears. But enough for the present; and next week I hope to go more fully into the subject. And now, let us talk a little on other things. By the way, my dears, have you seen the Fubbs's girls lately? Really, I never saw anything more ludicrous than the appearance of those girls in public—positively frightful!”

Said Mrs. John Oldbird—

“Yes—how on earth they do it, I can't think. Fubbs, I believe, only has a situation at the Admiralty, of about £600 a-year, and they live at the rate of £3,000. I'm told, too, he's dreadfully in debt—owes everybody money—and their servants tell my people that they're half-starved. Only think, six of them sit down to a shoulder of mutton, and nothing else! He! he! he!—it's *too* absurd!”

“And have you noticed that thin, gawky young man, with the red hair, that walks about with the eldest daughter? Emily Fubbs must be sadly in want of a husband to show herself with him,” added Miss Priscilla.

“Ah! that reminds me, my dears!” said Mrs. Oldbird. “Next week I propose to say a few words on our ‘Unmarried Daughters.’ What are we to do with them? As the mother of seven charming and accomplished girls, I think I may be permitted to ask that question. In vain we exhibit our dear children at balls, routs, theatres, flower-shows, and fêtes: the young men won't propose. What can be the reason? Some people say that we bring up our dear girls so extravagantly and expensively, that young men nowadays cannot afford such luxuries as wives. I believe the truth is, they are too fond of excitement and themselves to care about settling down as they used to do when I was young. Heigho! The late Mr. Oldbird ran away with me from boarding school. I only wish that a few dashing young fellows, with good prospects, would do the same with my daughters. I'm sure, I spare no expense to get them married. Whenever I see an eligible young man, I invite him to my house; I throw my daughters into his society; and the dear girls make themselves as agreeable as possible—flirt, play, dance, sing, coquette, tease, and smile; and all to no purpose. What more can daughters do? What more can a mother do?”

“Nothing,” said Mrs. Tattleton.

“I was at the Countess of Millefleu's assembly last evening,” said Lady Patchouli; “and who do you think I met? Why, that odious old quiz, Captain Moonraker!”

“Did you, indeed!” answered Mrs. Oldbird. “I thought he was dead long ago. Has he settled down yet?”

“Settled down, my dear! he'll never settle down! Mrs. Brabazon told me a pretty story about him—a very pretty story. I know it would amuse you all, if I were to tell you; but I can't now. I will some other time.”

“Oh, do—there's a dear creature!” from the congress.

“Speaking of Captain Moonraker, Mrs. Tattleton,” said Miss Priscilla, “I should like to say a few words at our next meeting on a very ugly—or rather, on very ugly subjects—viz., ‘Old Bachelors!’ Ugh! bachelors, my dears! Words will not sufficiently express how I detest the wretches! If I had my will, I would tax them so severely that they would fly to matrimony to relieve them from the impositions of a paternal Government. And yet I pity the miserable creatures, after all. They never know the blessings, the comforts, or the anxieties of a home. They never know what it is to have a loving smile to welcome them, a loving heart to confide in, or a loving woman to give them a good talking to when they require it. They have no little domestic bickerings to render life the sweeter. And, what is more, they only laugh at those who have! Of course, my dears, this is strictly confidential. I would not have my opinions on the subject known by a living creature but yourselves. Above all, I would not have them breathed to Mr. Singleton Creeper. Heigho! Perhaps *he* will get married some day. I can only say that I envy the fortunate woman who becomes Mrs. Singleton Creeper!

“Blissful indeed will be that woman's fate
Whom gentle Creeper chooses for his mate.
He has no vices like to other folk,
Hates men's society, and doesn't smoke.”

This magnificent peroration of Miss Priscilla's invoked the enthusiasm of the meeting; and, when it had subsided, Lady Patchouli said—

“Smoke, my dear! If there is one habit more abominable than another in which men indulge, it is the disgusting one of smoking. I can assure you that those young men, the Birdseyes, next door, are the positive torment of my existence. I can't go into the

garden without being assailed by the horrid smell; and as for my balcony, it's perfectly covered with their cigar ends. They know I don't like it, and they do it on purpose to annoy me. My poor, dear husband, Sir Henry, although an inveterate smoker before marriage, never indulged in it afterwards. I didn't allow him to do so. You see, my dear, Sir Henry had little or no money of his own; but was dependent upon me for every penny he spent. Ah, poor dear! I could do anything with that man. He had a hot temper once, but I curbed that; and he died melancholy mad at last, poor fellow! I can remember the time, my dears, when I was very young, that for a young man to have been seen smoking in public he would have been immediately scouted from society; and now—"

Here a servant announced, "Mr. Singleton Creeper."

"Show him in," said Lady Patchouli.

"Ah! my dear Lady Patchouli," said that gentleman, as he entered, "I sincerely trust I am not an intruder."

"Not at all, Mr. Creeper—you are always welcome."

"You are always welcome," echoed Miss Priscilla, in an undertone.

"How kind of you to say so, Lady Patchouli; and you, Miss Priscilla Perkins."

"And where have you been all the morning?" asked Mrs. Tattleton.

"Engaged in a labour of love—on a mission of charity."

"Really, Mr. Creeper, you are almost too good for this world!"

"Don't say so, Miss Priscilla—pray don't. Excuse me applying my handkerchief to my eyelids; but your words overpower me. It is so touching to meet with sympathy. I have spent this morning in advocating the cause of the Society for the Relief of the Distressed Needlewomen of Labrador. Permit me to enter your name as a subscriber to this great work."

"With pleasure, Mr. Creeper. Put me down for five guineas," said Miss Priscilla.

"Ah! charity covereth a multitude of sins. Not that *you* have any sins to cover, Miss Perkins. You spell your name P E R K I N S, I believe?" And he made an entry of the item in his note-book. "Will it be quite convenient to you to let me have the cash now, as the ship sails for Labrador to-morrow morning at half-past eight o'clock precisely?"

"Of course, if you desire it," said Miss Priscilla, giving him the amount.

"You were speaking of tobacco when I entered, Lady Patchouli. Verily, smoking is a degrading and demoralizing habit. What may I put your name down for?"

"Two guineas."

"A thousand thanks, Lady Patchouli. Smoking is a— I think you said two guineas? Thank you! Believe me, your charity and munificence will convey joy and gladness into every distressed needlewoman's heart in Labrador."

"Put me down for a guinea," said Mrs. Tattleton.

"And me," added Mrs. Oldbird.

"Ah! you are all so philanthropic, so kind-hearted, so generous! What shall I put you down for, Miss Patchouli?"

She got up, and whispered in his ear—

"Two shillings, if you please. It's all I can afford—mamma keeps me very short, Mr. Creeper."

"Ah! my dear young lady, you are very good."

"I can't give you that until next week," she added.

"That will do, Miss Patchouli. It is a small amount, but I will make a memorandum of it. On what day will it be convenient to you to discharge your liability?"

"On Wednesday."

"I will make a note of it," said Creeper.

"Ah! my dear Lady Patchouli, smoking is indeed an intolerable vice. By the way, the funds of the Association for the Exportation of Pillows and Bolster Cases to the natives of Central Africa are at a very low ebb."

"How very shocking!" said Miss Priscilla.

"It is indeed to be lamented; but I will not tax your benevolence."

"Oh! do oblige me by putting my name down for a couple of guineas."

"Well, if you particularly wish it, I will."

And out came the note-book.

"Ah! Miss Perkins, the pleasure of doing a good action is its own recompense. I know how deeply interested you feel in our working. Here is the half-yearly report of the Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits Mutual Improvement Society, which I know you will be pleased to peruse. I may also mention, *en passant*, that it is greatly in need of support."

And he handed an envelope to Miss Priscilla.

"You have dropped something, Mr. Creeper," said Mrs. Oldbird.

"Indeed!"

"A cigar case!" almost shrieked Lady Patchouli. "And you, sir, were inveighing against the vile habit but a minute ago!"

"Verily, I was, Lady Patchouli. Permit me to explain the occurrence. Previously to coming here this afternoon, I accidentally fell in with a young man with whom I am slightly acquainted—and he, I regret to add, was smoking. Drawing my young friend's arm in mine, I adroitly touched upon the practice in which he was indulging. I showed him how selfish, how debasing, how unhealthy the habit of smoking was. He seemed deeply affected; and, before we parted, he drew his cigar case from his pocket, and, with tears in his eyes, prevailed upon me to take it, and remove the temptation from him. I did so."

"But it's engraved 'S. C.'"

"Just so, Lady Patchouli. His name is Sydney Crumpets."

"That accounts for it," said Lady Patchouli. "You're a good creature—but take it away. I could almost fancy you smelt of smoke yourself."

"Probably, Lady Patchouli, my garments have become slightly impregnated by walking with that young man. Have you read the report, Miss Priscilla?" he asked.

"I have read the enclosure you gave me, sir."

"Will you oblige me by reading it aloud?"

"You wish me to do so?"

"I do."

"Very well, sir."

And clearing her throat, she read, in a faltering voice, as follows:—

"Fleecem Inn.

"SIR—We have received instructions from the Board of Guardians of Sloperton-cum-Deepwell to take instant proceedings against you, for that you have deserted and left chargeable to the Board of Guardians aforesaid, your wife'—("His wife!" shrieked Lady Patchouli)—'and two children'—("His two children!" cried the others)—'unless you shall, on or before the hour of twelve noon, on Monday next, appear before the said Board, and reimburse them all such sum or sums of money as have been expended upon the maintenance of your said

wife and children. And, in default hereof, the said Board has directed us to take steps to bring you before another tribunal, to answer the charge of desertion and neglect.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

"TRONCEBOY AND WACKEM."

"Perhaps, sir, that letter is Mr. Sydney Crumpets' property," said Lady Patchouli.

"Of course it is," said Creeper.

"Nothing of the kind! It's addressed to Mr. Singleton Creeper. Oh, you base"—sob—"deceitful"—sob—"hypocritical"—sob—"naughty man!" shrieked Miss Priscilla. And she went off into hysterics.

Lady Patchouli rang the bell, and the footman appeared.

"John, show that *man* downstairs!"

"But, Lady Patchouli!"

"Not a word! Leave this house at once, sir."

And in this ignominious fashion, Mr. Singleton Creeper departed.

"Oh, Lady Patchouli! Did you ever?" asked Mrs. Tattleton.

"Never—in all my life!" was the reply.

"Take him away! Don't let me see his face again!" said Miss Priscilla, reviving. "And I—I—I—I loved that man!" she cried, relapsing.

"Well, after this, I shall have a worse opinion of the male sex than ever," said Mrs. Tattleton. "Whoever would have supposed that Mr. Singleton Creeper was an impostor!"

TABLE TALK.

IN "TABLE TALK," recently, we adverted to Professor Huxley's new theory, that English and Italian boys have a greater aptitude for learning than the boys of any other nation. We have since come upon some curious facts as to the relative weight of brain of the different nations of the world, which form, we think, a good sequel to our last observations. An eminent German professor once assumed that, as a certain size and mass of brain is essential for the exercise of the mental faculties, therefore all the human race must be furnished with an equal amount of brains. This truly Teutonic theory has since, however, been effectually dissipated. An elaborate paper was read, not very long ago, before the Royal Society, in which the existing evidence as to the weight of brain among different nations was

analyzed. The average brain-weight for the English is stated to be 47·50 oz.; for the French, 44·58; for the Germans, 42·83; but there are discrepancies in the results of different observers, some giving a greater average than this to the Germans. The Italians, Lapps, Swedes, Frisians, and Dutch come into the same category with the English. Among the Asiatic races, the Vedahs of Ceylon and the Hindoos give a mean of over 42·11 oz. The skulls of Mussulmans afford a slightly increased average of brain-weight over those of the Hindoos. Two skulls of male Khonds—one of the unquestioned aboriginal races of India—show a brain-weight of only 37·87 oz. The general average of the Asiatic table shows a diminution of more than 2 oz. when compared with the Europeans. The general mean of African races is less than that of European races, although there are great differences; the Caffre rising high, and the Bushman sinking low, in the scale. The average of the whole of the aboriginal American races reaches 44·73 oz., which is 2·14 oz. less than that of the European races. The Australian races show a brain-weight one-ninth less than that of the general average of Europeans. The Malays and other of the Oceanic races, who migrated boldly, for commercial purposes, over the North and South Pacific Ocean, and occupy the islands, show a tolerably high average of brain-weight; and, on arriving at this section, we return in some measure to the large brain-weight of Europeans.

THERE HAS BEEN much talk lately about fortifying London. We suggest, therefore, to those interested in the matter, the following list of forts ordered by Parliament, in 1642, to be built about London and Westminster:—"1. A bulwark and half on the hill at the north end of Gravel-lane. 2. A hornwork near the windmill in the White-Chapple-road. 3. A redoubt, with two flanks, near Brick-lane. 4. A redoubt, with four flanks, in Hackney-road, Shoreditch. 5. A battery and breastwork at Mountmill (near Goswell-road, as it is now called). 6. A battery and breastwork at St. John's-street end. 7. A small redoubt at Islington pound. 8. A large fort, with four half-bulwarks, at the New River, Upper-street. 9. A battery and breastwork on the hill, east of Blackmary's Hole. 10. Two batteries and a breastwork at Southampton (now

Bedford) House. 11. A redoubt, with two flanks, near St. Giles's pound. 12. A small fort at the east end of Tyburn-road. 13. A large fort, with four half-bulwarks, across the road at Wardour-street. 14. A small bulwark at the place now called Oliver's Mount. 15. A large fort, with four bulwarks, at Hyde Park Corner. 16. A small redoubt and battery on Constitution-hill. 17. A court of guard at Chelsea turnpike. 18. A battery and breastwork in Tothill Fields. 19. A quadrant fort, with four half-bulwarks, at Vauxhall. 20. A fort, with four half-bulwarks, at the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields. 21. A large fort, with four bulwarks, near the end of Blackman-street. 22. A redoubt, with four flanks, near the Lock Hospital, in Kent-street."

THE QUESTION of female education appears to have been in vogue even upwards of a hundred and thirty years ago, as we find it was discussed at that time. But ideas then were not so advanced as in the present more enlightened age; for we read that "the most beautiful woman in the world would not be half so beautiful if she was as great a mathematician as Sir Isaac Newton, or as great a metaphysician as the noblest and profoundest schoolman. Learning is so far from improving a lady's understanding, that it is likely to banish the most useful sense out of it, making her know nothing at all of what she is most concerned to know. While she was contemplating the regularity of the motions of the heavenly bodies, very irregular would be the proceedings of her children and servants. The more she saw of order and harmony above, the more confusion and disorder would she occasion in her domestic affairs below. The more abstracted she was in her ideas and speculations, the greater stranger would she be to the rules and maxims of common prudence. Great learning in a lady is superseded by those charms that have a lustre in them which our highest attainments cannot equal." Our author evidently did not agree with the wisest of philosophers, Socrates, who has laid it down that "the female sex are as capable of attaining any art or science, of being every way as virtuous, and even as brave and valiant, as we are."

SPEAKING WITH THE speech of prophecy and the words of wisdom, more than twenty-eight centuries ago, the Royal Preacher de-

clared, "the thing that hath been it is that which be;" concluding his sentence with the oft-quoted words, "and there is no new thing under the sun." In how many new lights this truism reveals itself, as we move along the stream of life! We hear around us a cry for alteration in the social position of the fair sex. This is no new movement; a hundred years ago the same question was debated, and an author now forgotten wrote:—"Woman is perfect in her kind as man; it is only when she quits her station, and aims at excellence out of her province, that she appears inferior." Again, in an epilogue written by Edward Topham for the play of "The Baron," and spoken by Mrs. Wilson (1781), these lines occur:—

"One serious truth, and *one* is not too hard,
I bring ye fair, commission'd from our bard.
He bids me say, 'That howso'er we boast
To drive, hunt, shoot, talk loud, and be a toast;
To win by gentle manners should be ours,
To soothe the troubles of domestic hours;
And, say those many ladies what they will,
Our surest maxim is, "Be women still!"'"

THE INSTITUTION of trial by jury is by no means so ancient as some of its admirers may suppose. The earliest known statutory notice of juries at all resembling those known to us occurs in the famous constitutions of Clarendon, A.D. 1164. Down to that period—and, indeed, after it—juries seem to have frequently been, not judges of fact, but mere witnesses, whose testimony was designed to influence the court by its unanimity. In either capacity they were not much employed. There is one instance—probably the only one that occurred during the eleventh century—in which juries performed their modern duty of deciding as to facts—when Odo, of Buzent, called upon a number of persons to choose twelve from among them to testify their decision by oath. It may be presumed that the results of the experiment were unsatisfactory, as many years were allowed to elapse before anything of the same kind was again attempted. In the earlier part of the reign of Henry II., trial by duel was decisive in all actions relating to freeholds, writs of right, validity of charters, suretyship, and some other suits. The function exercised by jurors, as a body of official witnesses in a trial, was, doubtless, one of the main reasons why they were chosen from the district where the cause of action arose, or the crime was committed, at the trial of which they were re-

quired to attend. The practice of selecting jurors from particular districts has thus, like many other ancient usages, survived the circumstances that gave it birth. Our ancestors had many ways of gaining their objects, which in these gentler—must it be said, these more degenerate—days appear to savour much of brutality. The modes by which the good conduct of juries was at one time provided for are cases in point. In the reign of Henry III., when juries could not agree, the verdict of the majority was taken, and the minority were fined for obstinately maintaining a difference of opinion. Indeed, the late Lord Campbell, when Chief Justice, once, in a moment of impatience, told a jury who were unable to agree to a verdict on which he himself had made up his mind, that, according to the law as it even now stands, he could order them to be conveyed in a cart to the nearest ditch where the counties joined, and there "shot" in. The mode of revising a verdict was still worse. Motion for a new trial is a comparatively modern expedient, which was first resorted to in the case of "Wood v. Gunston," in 1645. Before that, our ancestors were accustomed to resort to the simpler plan of keeping juries honest by penalties; it being taken for granted that juries could only give a wrong verdict under the promptings of guilty and corrupt motives. These penalties at one time extended only to real actions; but by 34 Edward III., c. 7, they were extended to juries in all actions. And thus were the recalcitrant jury brought within range. Suspicion being thrown on their verdict, a new jury of twenty-four were empanelled, and re-heard the case on precisely the same evidence that had been submitted in the first instance. If the second verdict contradicted the first, the unlucky twelve were condemned "to the loss of all civil rights, and to be perpetually infamous. It was also ordained that they should forfeit all their goods and the profits of their lands; should be themselves imprisoned, their wives and children driven out of doors, and their lands wasted." This horrible punishment was actually inflicted in instances as late as the reign of "good Queen Bess," and was not formally abolished till the reign of George IV.

WE HEAR A CRY of just complaint against the absurdly laudatory effusions written about many a stupid piece which the spirited pit-

goers of our grandfathers' days would have never tolerated a second time. This anecdote quaintly illustrates the system now in vogue:—A traveller passing through the city of Burgos, desirous of knowing the names of its most learned men, applied to a citizen for information. "What! have you never heard of the admirable Bandellius or the ingenious Moqusius—the eye and the heart of our University?" said the Spaniard. "Never," replied the traveller. "Pray, for what is Bandellius remarkable?" "You must be very little acquainted with the republic of letters to ask. Bandellius has written a sublime panegyric on Moqusius!" "And what has Moqusius done to deserve it?" asked the traveller. "He has written a grand poem in praise of Bandellius," was the answer. "Well, but what do the public and those out of the University say to this mutual complimenting?" "The public are blockheads, all blockheads are critics, and critics are spiders; and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises." The mutual admiration system of criticism must not be condemned as a modern innovation, any more than the "woman's rights" movement—both are legacies of a past age.

THE BUILDING of a lighthouse is almost always a perilous undertaking. We all know the sad yet romantic story of the first Eddystone Lighthouse—how, on one November night, in the year 1703, just as it had been completed, a terrible hurricane blew it away, leaving not a wreck behind; and how Mr. Winstanley, the noble-hearted Essex gentleman who had built it, perished with his workmen on that awful night. The later resources of engineering science have made the task of building lighthouses less dangerous than formerly; but even now it is slow and arduous work. The last lighthouse built is that upon the Wolf Rock, which is situated about nine miles south-west of the Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. The name Wolf, as applied to this rock, seems to be of recent date; for in the old maps of the time of Queen Elizabeth and Charles II., it is marked the "Gulph" Rock. Cornish

people explain the new name on the strength of a tradition that an attempt was once made to plant on its summit the figure of an enormous wolf, made of copper, and hollow within; and so constructed, that the mouth, receiving the blasts of the gale, should give out a loud hoarse sound, to warn mariners of their danger. But, owing to the fury of the elements, the ingenious notion could never be carried out. Be this as it may, the building of the new lighthouse has been no child's-play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foothold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional danger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary penthouse, formed each time they landed. In building lighthouses, the progress of the work must always depend upon the humour of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labour, eight hundred and nine and a-half hours—being only one hundred and one working days, of ten hours each, for the erection of the tower. In this lighthouse, a fog-bell, weighing five hundredweight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two ham-

mers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession, at intervals of fifteen seconds. The cost of building this lighthouse, considering the exceptional difficulties, may be reckoned moderate—being about £62,726.

THE SPRING TIME is coming, and lovers of the country will soon be a-field, enjoying the gentle pleasures which nature has provided for them free of expense. Addison, of the *Spectator*, like a true poet, was also a true admirer of nature's beauties. Here are two charming extracts from letters written by him to the young Earl of Warwick—who was afterwards his son-in-law—when a boy. In the first, we see that Addison had the faculty, which few great men possess, of bringing himself down to the level of the youthful mind. What boy at the present time, even though he were a lord, would not be delighted with such a letter as this?—

“MY DEAR LORD—I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's, with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your lordship's curiosity a little; though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning, I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them. Some say they are a skylark's, others will have them to be a canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the turn and colour of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for if the account they gave me of them be true, they can't have above two more days to reckon.” Again, there is a freshness and natural simplicity in the next letter that makes us wish that we could live back into the old *Spectator* days, and accept this invitation ourselves:—

“MY DEAR LORD—I can't forbear being troublesome to your lordship whilst I am

in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening; and consists of a blackbird, a robin-redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her diversions.”

HATS—by which we mean the conventional stove-pipes—have long been voted an arbitrary social infliction. A few bolder spirits have tried, by heroic example, to make head-gear of a more comfortable shape the proper thing to wear; but their success has only been partial. Yet, only a few years ago, no man claiming to be even respectable could make his appearance in the streets with anything on his head but the necessary hat; and as for white hats, now so common in the summer weather, they were an abomination in the land. A political significance attached also to the wearer of a white hat. The connection of white hats with Radicalism seems to have originated with Henry Hunt, or “Orator Hunt,” as he was then called—a great man as a political agitator fifty years ago, but not much remembered now. He was noted for wearing white hats; and a white hat then was indeed a *rara avis in terris*. A ballad appeared in the papers about the time of which we are speaking—1819—of which the last verse is—

“March, my boys, in your Radical rags,
Handle your sticks and flourish your flags,
Till you lay both the throne and altar flat
With a whisk of Harry the Ninth's White Hat.”

A CORRESPONDENT sends us these old-fashioned rhymes, which, he says, he never recollects seeing in print:—

“A vicar long ill, who had treasured up wealth,
Told his curate each Sunday to pray for his health;
Which, oft having done, a parishioner said
That the curate ought rather to wish he was dead.
'By my troth,' says the curate, 'let credit be given,
I ne'er prayed for his death, but I have for his living.'”

MR. GOLIGHTLY, chapter 20, with two Illustrations by Phiz, will appear in our next number.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

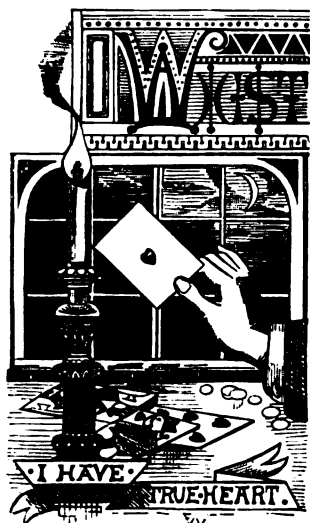
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SOCIAL GRIEVANCES. SICK WHIST.



HAS of late years become so popular and universal a pastime, there are so many players at home and abroad—I saw four players, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the Areopagus yesterday—so many new works have been and are

being published on the subject, such stories have gone the round of the vast winnings of this or that one at the clubs, that the passion for the game, which undoubtedly exists all over England, has given rise to a grievance so patent and intolerable, that I propose dealing with the subject in very plain and outspoken terms.

It is this. In every club there are a set of incapable and impertinent fellows who will insist on intruding themselves at the tables, not for the sake of the game, but for the sake of the money they may pick up. They are too brainless or too obstinate—I never, by the way, knew an obstinate man who wasn't a fool—to learn the elements of the game, as taught in such treatises as those of Cavendish or J. C.; nor will they learn by observation or experience. The consequence is, they throw the whole table into confusion; they destroy, by their vagaries, the confidence that may have existed between

partners for years, and make the whole game a very inferior game of chance, at which—and this is the provoking part of it—they generally win. Now, as I said before, they are too obtuse to understand that, in thus destroying the comfort and pleasure of other people, they are guilty of the grossest ill-breeding. If I were to go into a croquet field, take up a mallet—and Heaven forbid that under any circumstances I should do any such thing!—cut into a game, and play it exactly as I liked, making my own rules, and refusing to be bound by the laws of the game, to the disgust and horror of the croquetters, surely some enterprising young curate would be justified in tapping me on the head with his instrument, sufficiently hard to place me out of the combat! Imagine a gentleman who has been bowled middle stump declining to leave the wicket because he has made a rule that he will only go out when his off or leg stump is bowled! Or a University coxswain on the London course declaring that he considered he won the race by bumping the boat ahead of him; and, if he lost, declining to pay his bets! (Not that a coxswain has, or ought to have, any bets, by the way; but let it pass as an illustration.) Would not all these people be laughed at and execrated at the same time?

If I sit down with a party of ladies and gentlemen to play a game, of whatever kind, I am bound, in the commonest courtesy, to know something about its rules and the method of playing it, otherwise I obstruct and interfere with their pleasure. I have often been asked to sit down and play "High Jinks," "The Fool," "Hokey Pokey," and other games of which I am ignorant; and have invariably refused, for that reason. "Oh, never mind; come and sit here, and I'll teach you!" says some dear little Gamaliel, at whose feet—hush, hush! I forgot I was married, and this paper is meant to be exceedingly bitter and severe!

—never mind, I invariably refuse, great as is the temptation. If I want to learn a new game—and I find at my age I don't care about the trouble of learning any—I do my best to master its first principles from a book. My best is, I flatter myself, exceedingly good, from my superior intelligence! I then test these principles by practice, and become more or less proficient as I am more or less careful and observant.

Now, whist is a game the principles of which, I make bold to say, any person with the brains of a mouse could master in a week by the diligent perusal of Mr. Clay's admirably simple book. In the chapter, "Advice and Maxims for Beginners," the reasons for what he states are so clearly and logically laid down, that I would back any sensible child of nine years old to pass an excellent examination in it after an hour's perusal of it. Will it be believed that these sick whisters won't read it?—that day after day, and night after night, they go blundering and stumbling—like an old cow in an orchard on a dark night—never knowing or learning the most ordinary rules of leads and play; though, during every hand, they are dinned and drummed into their clotted brains? I have suffered much from them, but have found out how to meet them. Salute your benefactor, suffering co-partners—adopt my plan, and you will soon rid yourselves of them. Listen! **PLAY THEIR GAME!** For example, if you have knave and another only in your hand, play your knave first, especially if you can do so on a higher card. When your small one drops—if, by the way, he has noticed it—and he asks why you did so, say you only had two, and you didn't think it mattered which you threw, as it was impossible to make a trick with either. You will have many opportunities of planting little sarcasms. If you have committed some solecism so glaring that even his stupid mind has detected it, apologize, say you are only a beginner, have not only to master his system, but unlearn all you had been taught before. A few days of this, and he will get "awful riled"—in ten, he will have fled. When you meet him, invite him to return; tell him you see there is something in what he says; goad him skilfully, that he understands what he may expect if he does return.

I do not think I can do better, by way of introducing the players of this school to my constant public, than by putting into the form of a "Treatise on Sick Whist," the various

maxims and rules of play I have heard from time to time enunciated by its disciples. I don't suppose it will have any more effect upon them than tickling a hippopotamus with a crow-quill would have to make him laugh. However, we'll try what can be done. We will call our author "J. S." I will merely quote a fragment of his preface:—

"It is, therefore, ridiculous to treat two charlatans like J. C. and Cavendish as divine authorities on the game. The whole scope of their works is to induce people to play on such a system as shall make it more or less intelligible to every one of the players what cards each holds in his hands. Can anything be more absurd, or wanting in common sense? What pleasure, what skill can there be in playing a game of which it is said that you ought to know, by the fall of the cards, where the others lie? Game of conversation, indeed! Why, you might just as well place the hands face upwards on the table, and play them according to the book. The following treatise is founded on a plan in direct opposition to that of so-called eminent whist players. It may be summed up in the maxim, 'Never consider any other but your own hand, and always deceive the adversaries and your partner as much as possible. For example, you are told by these would-be prophets that if you have ace, king, and queen in your hand, you are to lead the king and queen first, because your partner knows then you have the ace. So he does, without a doubt; but the adversaries know it too; and surely it is better that that information should be withheld from your partner than communicated to the adversaries. Therefore, play the ace, and then the queen; and when she makes—which she will of course do, unless she is trumped—you will see the faces of the three other players blank with astonishment—as who should say, 'Who the devil has got the king?' My partner can't think I have it, else I should have played it, *he* reasons, don't you see; and the adversaries think that my partner must have it, as one or the other would have covered if he had possessed the king. So no one knows anything about it. I change the suit, and play the king when it suits my convenience. Many a game has been saved by bottling a king to the last, unless there are too many trumps in your partner's or adversaries' hands—when, of course, it does not

make. The above is one out of many instances where my system is at variance with the so-called authorities. I am proud to add that a list of the most eminent public-houses who have adopted my code of rules and play may be had at the publisher's—in strict confidence, as, for obvious reasons, they cannot be published."

"ADVICE, MAXIMS, AND RULES FOR
BEGINNERS.

"Never shall I forget the thrill of joy and pride which shot through me when my dear mother's faithful old washerwoman announced to me, with tears in her eyes, one afternoon, that she could teach me nothing more at double dummy. We used to play in the back laundry, on Saturday afternoons—when the linen was all ready to take home—on the top of a copper with a marble top, which sometimes caused considerable inconvenience, when, in the heat of play, the lid was displaced, and a cloud of steam enveloped the players. This humble incident in the life of the boy—I was only twelve years old—who, as a man, was to revolutionize the game of whist, may not be without interest for my reader. Yes, J. S.'s first tutor was that old washerwoman, to whom he is indebted for many of the principles hereinafter embodied; for we did not confine ourselves to dummy, but got a partner or two to drop in occasionally, and take a hand at whist.

"Now, 'How am I to learn whist?' I hear some silly tyro say. I say, 'Don't learn it'—at least, except as taught by me. I will assume that you at least know the relative value of the cards; that the ace will rake the king (*i.e.*, is of higher value than the king), the ten the nine, the three the two, and so on. Now, starting with this very small modicum of knowledge, see how you could hold your own. Suppose you are fourth player. The knave of diamonds is led; your partner has the queen and covers; the right-hand player the king, and of course puts it on; and you—oh, sublime moment!—have the ace, and make the trick. Simple, is it not? The finest player could not have done better. Some players think it necessary to remember that the ten is the best card; but you needn't trouble your head about that, unless you have it yourself, when you can discard it at the first opportunity, as there is no fun in making a trick with so small a card. Whist is a game where the highest cards

make. Provided you get all the highest into your own hand, I defy the Arlington and Portland to beat you. Therefore, whist is a game of chance; and a very bad one too, in my opinion.

"You will often, on sitting down with some experienced players, see a dogged scowl on everybody's brow, and a curse of anguish from the man who cuts with you—provided you are one of my pupils—which may possibly surprise you. It is nothing but jealousy. He will probably ask you, in the course of the game, 'Why didn't you answer my call for trumps? Why couldn't you put your ace on for me second hand? What on earth did you force me for, after I had led trumps, when you had only two in your hand?' Or, why you called for trumps, and hadn't one in your hand? It is better not to answer these questions. This is a free country; and even a high-spirited whist player may do what he likes with his own cards.

"Some players, if you renounce in a suit, ask you in an offensive tone, 'No clubs or diamonds, partner?' as the case may be. Always resent this. It appears innocent, but really it is not. If you have followed my instructions carefully, and play continually with those who agree with my principles, you will probably frequently have revoked without being detected, and gained some advantage thereby. This your partner has heard of. His question evidently points to the fact that you are in the habit of revoking. To revoke on purpose is to cheat. To ask you whether you have any cards of a suit in your hand, when you have already shown you have not, is to ask you whether you are telling a lie; and, by implication, expressing an opinion that you would cheat if you could. Therefore, when he uses it again, if you are losing, walk away from the table; if winning, wait till the end of the rubber.

"GRAND COUP OF J. S.

"At four all, you have tierce major in trumps, tierce major five in diamonds, four hearts, and a single spade. You have to lead. Some people might lead the diamond, or even the trumps. *You* lead the singleton. Your partner, imagining that you have no more, after he has taken it with his ace—as you always very properly lead from your weakest suit—returns it; you trump with one of your honours (see preface above), and he gives you back a spade whenever he has an opportunity, which you afford him

by playing the hearts, of which he has the king. You thus make all your honours separately, without drawing your partner's trumps; and yet, curious to say, you lose the game. With a little ingenuity, you may easily arrange the cards in such a manner as will illustrate the above elegant problem.

"Much, also, may be learnt as to the position of particular cards by looking over the hands of the players, if they don't hold them up properly. I don't approve of the practice myself, because, if detected, I should be turned out of my club; but there are some who disagree with me on this point, and say they are exposed cards, and liable to be looked at. Youth is too avaricious, and old age too grasping, to resist the temptation; so that, perhaps, on the whole, it is better and safer to hold up your cards.

"MAXIMS.

"It is a bad plan to arrange your cards in suits. In the first place, it enables you to play quickly, without giving due consideration to the card you are about to lead; and, in the second, it diminishes the chance of a revoke, which may, at times, turn out very profitable.

"If, after the trump card has been taken up, you ask which it was, and the dealer properly refuses to show it or tell you, abuse him in no measured terms, and refer him to Lord Chesterfield.

"If you have six tricks turned, and you want to see the first, you can only do so by using violence. If you are losing, it is good play to ask your adversary to let you see the last trick two or three times before you are satisfied of its contents. This will naturally annoy him, and possibly cause him to make some mistake, which will turn the tide entirely in your favour.

"It is better to leave your head clear for the proper comprehension of your own hand, than to harass your memory in trying to remember the cards of a suit, or in what manner they fell. If, on trumping a suit of which you do not remember what cards are out, your partner looks at you reproachfully, and says, 'Why you must have known I had all the best!' you may believe him or not, as you like; but it is politic to say, 'I imagined they were all in Jones's hand,' with which answer he will generally be satisfied.

"With a weak hand, seek every opportunity of forcing your partner, especially if he has led a trump. If you have few or none your-

self, it is much better to play him a card which you know will secure a trick than returning his trump (if you can).

"THE LEAD.

"If you have a singleton, lead that—especially in trumps. When your partner returns your lead he will find you with none, and will be under no mistake as to what you hold in that suit, at all events.

"There is no particular occasion to return your partner's lead; but, if you do, lead such a card as will prevent his guessing what cards you hold.

"SECOND HAND.

"You may do pretty much as you like this hand. If you have five trumps, two honours, put on your highest honour to try and take the trick—especially if it is the highest of a sequence. If you have only two trumps in your hand, never trump a doubtful card. The reason of this is obvious—if you did, you would only have one left.

"THIRD HAND.

"Pretty much the same as second. If possible, however, play more than ever false cards; as it is this hand which shows, more than any other, where the cards lie.

"FOURTH HAND.

"If you can, take the trick, of course. If not, and you have none of the suit, discard from that suit you wish led to you. When you have won the last trick but two, and remain with two thirteeners in your hand, throw them down on the table with an air of sagacity, and say, 'And the last heart and club!' Never mind if you have forgotten that there are still two trumps against you—you will force them out of the adversary.

"ON THE MANAGEMENT OF TRUMPS.

"If you have five or six trumps, don't lead them. It stands to reason, if you are strong in one suit you must be weak in another. Again, what you are weak in, it is probable your adversaries are strong in. Therefore, keep your trumps to trump your adversaries' strong suit. If, however, an honour is turned up to your left hand, you may lead one trump through it; but don't go on with it next time you get in, if your partner has taken it. It may induce him to think that you want trumps out—which would be a great mistake.

"Never return trumps to your partner, unless you are quite certain he is not making fun of you; and under no circumstances do so, if you see a chance of trumping a suit yourself. Finesse deeply in your partner's lead of trumps. Hold up your ace as long as possible. You may take one of your partner's honours with it, so that it falls with dignity.

"If your adversary is unknown to you, and you are anxious to conciliate him, always return his lead of trumps. He may look astonished, but will always regard you with affection as—his adversary. This is one of the amenities of the whist table which cannot be too carefully practised by the young beginner. A little practice and determination are all that are necessary.

"PRACTICAL HINTS ON ETIQUETTE, AND GENERAL MATTERS."

I think everybody will agree with me that these extracts—for of course they are only extracts from the fuller and exhaustive treatise now in the press—have demonstrated very clearly what I claim as my system in my preface—"Never consider any other but your own hand, and always deceive the adversaries and your partner as much as possible." There remain a few matters of etiquette, which I notice below:—

"It is advisable to wash your hands before sitting down to play, especially with new cards, which, if tolerably clean, are sold for the benefit of the club, after being once played with.

"It is not necessary or usual to play with your hat on. If, however, you are in the habit of scratching your head when profoundly meditating, it is better to keep your head covered.

"The practice of smoking at the card table—introduced from Paris, some years back—is now so universally practised, that it is necessary to exercise some little caution in purchasing a cigar or tobacco of such quality as shall not be offensive to the players.

"In dealing new cards especially, you will often find their backs are so slippery that they leave your hand faster than you intended, and occasion misdeals, turned-up cards, and other casualties. Their initial velocity may be controlled by salivating the thumb and forefinger, especially if you take snuff.

"By a little dexterous management you

may place the cards, after shuffling, in such a manner that you run the chance of dealing twice, if not discovered by the adversaries. It is not fair to do this on purpose: it must be purely accidental.

"In taking up the tricks, jumble them all up together, so that it is impossible to tell how many you have. Many instances will readily occur when the confusion consequent on this arrangement will be beneficial to you.

"While you are hesitating which card to play, do not put your forefinger in your mouth, and try to appear lost in contemplation. You only look a ninny, are certain to play the wrong card, and will be derided by an unfeeling gallery.

"Keep your eye constantly on your hand. You never can look at it too long, especially if it is a good one. Never mind watching the fall of the cards—you can always see the last trick, if you like. (See above.)

"Don't chaff the bystanders; and never, by any questions, give an indication to your adversaries or partner that you have a profound contempt for them, until at least the rubber is over.

"It is generally advisable to go away when you have won three rubbers, especially if bumpers. Never mind about breaking up the table, you have gained your object—viz., won your money.

"Never lose your money if you can keep it. Play a strong selfish game. Look sharp after your honours, and always claim them. Thus, you are certain of being on the right side."

Here end, my beloved readers, my extracts from the great J. S. And, I can assure you, there is very little exaggeration in all the above. I could introduce you to many players who have formed themselves on J. S. No doubt they will increase. May you and I never sit at the same table with them.

Now for the antidote to these duffers. Now to put them to shame. Now to rid the earth of their hateful presence—the card-room of pig-headedness, stupidity—in short, of their chief characteristics. A little bird has whispered to him that young ladies read these papers, whose most devoted servant Gadabout is. His fatherly care shall always watch over their interests. Therefore, young ladies—*learn to play whist!* I appeal to the young ones, mind! I am not going to sit down with a Miss Bolo; and no

sedan-chair shall receive her, and her tears, through my laches. It is to you—O, brown-eyed Julia; to you—O, fair-and-real-haired Amy; to you—with the matchless hands, O, peerless Ethel; to you—O, timid Blanche, stealing on one's senses like a tender dream on a summer's night—I appeal. What a rubber; and all my favourite names, too! Keep my eyes on the board, with Julia as my partner! Count the cards in my hand, when I am counting the ripples in the golden hair—which looks as if about to break on the fair brow—of Amy! To see Ethel deal, with those fairy fingers! To hear Blanche, in her tender voice, ask me—"You have no heart, partner?" Ah, me! A pretty game mine would be, I expect. Nevertheless, young ladies, never mind—the old fogies learn whist. It is a beautiful and innocent game, which your quick little minds will appreciate in a very short time. It will give you habits—admirably adapted to the comfort and well-being of the great Partner of Life, when you shall cut in with him—of care, observation, unselfishness, of good temper and pluck in adversity, of a happy and joyful pride in success, not unmingled with regrets for your less fortunate rival; it will give you knowledge that—in games at whist, as of life—there are pitfalls, snares, false counsellors, fighters on your side who are worse than enemies, dreadful reverses, and almost irretrievable disasters; but that all these may be overcome—your reverses become successes, and your disasters positive benefits—provided you have a partner in whom you can place confidence and respect.

Come! When will you begin? Hoyle charged a guinea a lesson. I will teach you all I know for just one . . . (not another, 'pon my honour)!

NOMS DE PLUME.

"OMNE: ignotum pro magnifico," says Tacitus; or—to freely English the terse old Roman historian—"mysteries always magnify themselves." There is always a certain charm about a secret. The passion of curiosity—though sometimes ungalantly suggested as the special weakness of the fair sex—is pretty common to us all. For this reason, an interest is often excited which, but for the air of mystery, would never have been awakened at all. It sets everybody talking; everybody affects to

have a *bona fide* solution of his own to the enigma; and everybody is, of course, wrong—until the time comes for the disclosure, and the truth turns out to be altogether different from what anybody ever imagined it to be. Nowhere has this principle been more strongly exhibited than in the annals of literature. What hosts of books have been written, what fierce discussions held, what self-satisfied assertions made, touching the authorship of the "Letters of Junius"! Yet opinions are still as strongly divided as ever on the question. The mystery has never been solved to general satisfaction; and Junius bids fair to continue through posterity as verily a dead secret as the Man with the Iron Mask. It is not often, however, that the authorship of works of any importance, written under assumed names, remains permanently undivulged. The practice of adopting *noms de plume* belongs mostly to young and unknown authors, who have sufficient knowledge of human nature to perceive that a peculiar and striking title will draw attention—especially if the work is noticeable in itself—where their own baptismal names would have no influence at all. Charles Dickens, with that happy aptitude for manufacturing names for which he showed himself so remarkable in his subsequent works, christened his first performance "Sketches by Boz." The artist, Mr. Hablot K. Browne, who afterwards illustrated so many of Mr. Dickens's works, made a good hit when he assumed the name of "Phiz"—a name, moreover, which better explains itself than many *noms de plume* can be said to do. Several elements enter into the composition of a good *nom de plume*. There may be a certain indication of the intent of the work or the identity of the author. When Mr. Charles Apperley took the pseudonym of "Nimrod," as the author of works on the Road, the Chase, and the Turf, any one could tell the nature of his books by the name which he had adopted.

Mr. George Rose, too, as "Arthur Sketchley," and the author of light, humorous trifles, was happy in his selection. On the principle of identity, we find the late Fenimore Cooper writing his "Notions of the Americans," picked up by "A Travelling Bachelor;" and Mr. Ruskin first brought out his "Modern Painters" under the title of "A Graduate of Oxford." At the present day especially, names like these throw but a very thin veil over the name of an author, if he

is a man of any substance at all. Who does not know that "Historicus," of the *Times*, is Mr. Vernon Harcourt; that "Jacob Omnium" was Mr. M. J. Higgins; that the "Competition Wallah" was Mr. Trevelyan; and that "S. G. O." is Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne? But initials, perhaps, can hardly be classed among *noms de plume*. Pseudonyms of another kind are those which rely upon humour for their force. When Sir Walter Scott wrote "Tales of My Landlord," the author was announced as "Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh;" but Sir Walter seemed to take a delight in puzzling the public. At one time, he is the author of "Waverley;" at another, the author of "Ivanhoe" is "Lawrence Templeton;" at another, when writing some letters on the currency, "Malagrowthor;" and so on. Of the humorous kind, Thackeray's "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" is one of the best—the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous being perfect. Washington Irving was felicitous, too, as "Diedrich Knickerbocker." Mr. Leland, the American author, is not much less so as "Hans Breitmann." While touching on Teutonic names, we will just mention Mr. Carlyle's *nom de plume* of "Teufelsdröckh." Of its harmony, we forbear to speak. The American genius for humour gives them great facility in coining good titles. "Artemus Ward, the Showman," was a great success on the part of poor Charles Browne. Mr. Newell, in the satire on American politicians during the war, was very effective as "Orpheus C. Kerr" (office seeker); and everybody knows who "Sam Slick" was. Other names, again, if not exactly humorous, have a certain quaintness about them which draws attention: as "Cuthbert Bede," whom his friends know as a learned clerical gentleman named Bradley. *Noms de plume* formed by the transformation of the letters of the author's real name are seldom satisfactory. When Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor twisted his name into the amalgam, "Barry Cornwall," he gave, perhaps, as good an example of the kind as can be found; but what shall we say to Mr. Sidney Dobell merely writing his Christian name backwards, and styling himself "Sidney Yendis"? Mr. Longfellow, another and more eminent poet, was not much more successful when, in his sketch of the "History of Newbury," he took the lugubrious name of "Joshua Coffin."

Initials, as we have said, can scarcely be

classed under the head of pseudonyms; but there are instances where they are not the key to the author's name, as in the case of the well-known authoress, "A. L. O. E.," which stands for "A Lady of England"—said Lady of England being, if she has not been married since, Miss Charlotte Tucker.

There are some *noms de plume*, however, which seem to be based on no law save the arbitrary fancy of the writer. Lord Lytton's son calls himself "Owen Meredith;" "Ouida" is no other than Miss Rame; the sisters Brontë came out as "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell;" and another lady set the whole literary world at loggerheads by calling herself "George Eliot." Whether this system of disguising the real authorship of a work by change of sex in the name is to be encouraged is another question; but it certainly has the effect of throwing the public most effectually off the scent. When the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne Brontë published conjointly their volume of poems, the *Athenæum* thought they were the production of three brothers. And they themselves kept up the deception well; for they always, in their letters, used the masculine gender. Charlotte Brontë once wrote a letter to Miss Martineau thus. The latter, in her reply, began "Dear Madam;" but addressed it to "Currer Bell, Esq."

This assumption of names which have no special *raison d'être* is sometimes, however, fraught with danger to the interests of the authors themselves. When Miss Evans first published her "Adam Bede," under the name of "George Eliot," the public attention which it excited, and the curiosity which was evinced to know the real name of the author, brought into the field more than one fictitious claimant. A certain Mr. A——, a country rector, wrote to the newspapers, assuring the world that "the author of 'Adam Bede' is Mr. Siggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire; and the characters whom he paints in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' are as familiar there as the twin spires of Coventry." Everybody thought that the secret was at last fairly discovered, without fear of further discussion; and everybody was obliged to Mr. A—— for the information. A wrathful letter, however, from the real author raised the public interest in the question anew. The veritable "George Eliot," wrote, asking "whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual amongst gen-

lemen?" Then some other gentleman actually had the impudence to receive subscriptions as the ill-used author of "Adam Bede." At last, the publishers, Messrs. Blackwood, came to the rescue, and declared that "these works are not written by Mr. Siggins, or by any one with a name like Siggins."

The truth, of course, ultimately came out; but the incidents connected with the dispute prove how many unprincipled people there are in the world ready and willing to take the credit of other people's work upon themselves; although their stolen fame must necessarily, as a rule, be short-lived, and bring down ultimate contempt upon them. Another notable instance of this kind is in the case of "Peter Parley," whose name is literally a household word. The real Simon Pure in this case was a Mr. Samuel Griswold Goodrich, an American bookseller, who subsequently devoted himself to authorship; and afterwards, under the Presidentship of Fillmore, was appointed United States Consul at Paris. But the name has since been assumed by at least half a dozen writers on kindred subjects to those on which Goodrich wrote. From 1841 to 1855, as many as fourteen volumes of "Peter Parley's Annual" were issued by a London firm of publishers, in which the real "Peter Parley" had as much hand in the authorship as he had in the building of the Tower of Babel. On the same principle, the name of "Peter Pindar" was assumed, most unwarrantably, by many others besides the original proprietor, Dr. Walcot. And this must always be the case, so long as dishonesty finds its way as well into the markets of literature as into those of commerce. Unfortunately, there is no law, save that of morality, to prevent the abuse. Pretenders look upon a fictitious name as public property—or, at least, as much their property as the real owner's; and are even found ready to risk the contempt which just retribution infallibly brings down upon them in the long run.

VITA POST MORTEM.

THE Poet dies : his songs are left,
A heritage of truth and faith ;
His heirs are all the folk bereft :
His harmonies end not with death.

Yet live not ever : songs are lost,
And tongues with ages suffer change ;
The music once that charmed the most,
Grows rude in time, and old, and strange.

So dies his name, save where in rows
The ancient brethren, calf-bound, sleep ;
Where, undisturbed, the cobweb grows,
And, undisturbed, the dust lies deep.

Where only sometimes, curious, comes
The scholar, glad to search and pry,
Who peers among the musty tomes
For treasures of a time gone by.

His songs, his name, his minstrel fame,
For ever passed from human heart—
Yet what he loved the best of all,
The poet-soul, will never part.

For what he sang was more than song,
And what he loved was more than fame :
The things that bear the soul along—
The simple faith, the noble aim.

The melodies of glade and wood,
The voice of God in storm and wind,
How order, partly understood,
Grows clearer still to men purblind.

His songs have perished—this survives ;
The lamp still burns in other hands :
In varied key his music lives,
And warms the heart of all the lands.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE pyramids of Egypt have always had an interest even for the non-scientific. Many seriously believe that the pyramids are built of brick; and, still more, that their original use was as tombs for the Egyptian kings. Mr. Piazzi Smyth, however, in a recent paper, "On the Great Pyramid of Egypt," combats some of the favourite ideas of even professed Egyptologists on the subject. The history of architecture dates from the epoch of the pyramid-builders; and Mr. Smyth regards the Great Pyramid as the oldest monument in Egypt. The other pyramids were built afterwards—were all smaller, less perfect in mechanical construction, without science in design, and meretricious in taste. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, the first and the largest, is alone a perfect example of architecture, both in design and execution. After 4,000 years of schooling, we are unable at the present day to rival this stupendous work. The height of a building is good evidence of its stability; but the finest edifices we can boast, even in the matter of height alone, cannot reach the grand old relics of the Nile. Our own St. Paul's has a height of 4,322 inches; St. Peter's, at Rome, 5,184 inches; Strasburg Cathedral, 5,616 inches; but the Great Pyramid is variously computed at between 5,819 and 5,835 inches. Another idea in connection with the Great Pyramid is, that it was the work of succes-

sive generations. This theory may explain the pyramids in general, each layer of masonry being supposed to answer to the reign of a king. But, with the chief one, more exact researches have shown it to be different. There is but one style, both of building and quality of material, from top to bottom, and from side to side. The structure was commenced at the first from carefully prepared plans. The enormous subterranean works, which occupied the workmen ten years, may still be seen, descending into the rock far deeper and farther than those of any other pyramid; and the whole structure, occupying twenty years of hard work, was finished by its founder, and completed according to the original design. The question of the Great Pyramid having been built for the purpose of a tomb is disposed of by Mr. Smyth in a very ingenious manner. The burial chambers of the old Egyptian kings were nothing but whole suites of apartments, gorgeously carved, and inscribed with emblems of self-glorification. But it just happens that the one pyramid of all, in which, as the grandest and most expensive, we should have expected to have found the most elaborate of these inscriptions, we find nothing of the sort—nothing but plane geometrical surfaces of exquisite workmanship—the stones worked by grinding processes to true mathematical figures, and with their joints cemented, but almost inconceivably fine and close, or no thicker than the vanishing thickness of a sheet of silver paper. Another theory amongst the *savans* has long been, that the Great Pyramid, as included among the oldest pyramids of Memphis, is founded on alluvial mud, or on the site of the great valley of the Nile. Mr. Smyth ridicules the idea altogether. What sinkings and tiltings of the Great Pyramid's floors would have taken place through long ages! Would they not, like the famous walls of Babylon, on similar soil, have gone down altogether out of sight, and never even remained to be measured at all? "The Great Pyramid," he says, "is in reality (and I declare it on the strength of nearly four months' residence at its foot) founded on a hill of compact limestone, at a level of about 100 feet above the alluvial soil of Egypt, and to one side of it." He has made the awkward discovery, also, that the stones in the British Museum, supposed to have been taken from the Great Pyramid, never belonged to that famous building.

On measuring their angles of slope, and comparing them with those of the original structure, there was such an alarming discrepancy in the matter of exactitude—comparing the workmanship of one with the other—that the relationship of the stones we have to the Great Pyramid itself seems very apocryphal.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR HERO FINDS A SEAT IN THE SENATE HOUSE
PLACED AT HIS DISPOSAL.

IN the nineteenth chapter of this authentic history was laid before our readers a truthful and graphic sketch of an hour spent at a Poll Coach's lecture. Enough—it has been said by our great Tupper, and, indeed, by many smaller lights before him—is as good as a feast; therefore, we shall not ask our readers to accompany us again, with Mr. Popham, our hero, and others of their friends, to the *matinées* or *soirées* held *de die in diem* by the Whopper. Suffice it for our purpose to say that, all through that eventful term, our hero, Mr. Samuel Golightly, steadily regarded all the mundane objects which presented themselves to his gaze through a haze of Little Go. Did he quaff his college ale: it smacked of the Previous Exam. Did he smoke the pipe of solace, or puff the fragrant cigar: they were flavoured with Little Go. For Mr. Samuel sagaciously reflected, that neither in his beer nor in his bacca would there be comfort for him—if he missed his Exam.

"George," he said to his cousin, employing unwonted slang, "if I'm ploughed for this infernal Exam., what will my Fa say? I can never look Aunt Dorothea full in the face again."

"Don't be in a funk about it, Sam!" said his cousin. "You're bound to do the examiners."

"Am I?" asked our hero, mopping a cold perspiration from his lofty brow. "I wish I felt sure of it. The papers I may do all right, if I have good luck; but the *viva voce* is safe to stump me. I shall be as n-nervous as a baby in arms, George," proceeded Mr. Samuel, in a sudden burst of perspiration. "Coolness I have tried to make a practice of; but I feel the courage that might serve to make a man march up to

the cannon's mouth without fear is, in fact, nothing to what is wanted when one has to sit down at a small table opposite an Examiner."

Many men fail to attain the success which is within their reach through underrating the difficulties with which they have to contend. It will be seen, from the conversation quoted above, that this was not our hero's case. As, day after day, he drew his pen through one of the days that intervened between him and his Little Go, he grew more arduous in his application to the seven subjects of which he would then have to display a competent knowledge.

During the last fortnight, he shut himself up like an anchorite; and worked at his sums with the regularity of one of Mr. Babbage's calculating machines. He attended twice daily at the Whopper's, and covered quires of paper in expressing the ideas conveyed to his mind by every one of the nine numeral signs; and even noughts were not neglected. His mind became an arithmetical chaos, in which vulgar and decimal fractions, compound practice, and double rule of three heaved and tossed in volcanic eruption. Perpetual attention to his Paley had inseparably mixed all the famous nine first chapters in hopeless medley. It was only too plain that his health was giving way.

Under these distressing circumstances, he told his cousin George to write, in his next letter home, a hint of his state of health; so that, in case of a breakdown, he might at least have that excuse.

Mr. George's letter struck terror into the hearts of the family at the Rectory. It was the first impulse of the ladies to rush off to the rescue of their dear knight, and snatch him from the clutches of Vice-Chancellor and Dons. But the Rector's wiser counsel prevailed. They remained at home. And now the peculiar temperament of each member of the family circle exhibited itself in their methods of treating "poor dear Samuel's" case. The Rector wrote a letter full of fine thoughts, couched in finer language; Mrs. Golightly, on her part, packed up and despatched a fine hamper of jams, and other appetizing confections, for which she is justly celebrated; whilst the two maiden aunts did a still wiser thing. Miss Dorothea wrote a note to her nephew, in which she expressed her great regret at his invalid condition, and her admiration of the

hard study that had brought it about; and, further, recommended him daily horse exercise. Such advice was kind, thoughtful, and eminently practical; but what was much more so was the cheque that accompanied it. At the same time, Miss Dorothea urged her nephew to bear up with spirit for the examination, and, after it was over, purchase the horse of his fancy.

These several marks of the affection of his family considerably reassured our hero; and on the eventful morning which ushered in the first day of the examination, he was quite as calm as could be expected. He awoke in a state of feverish expectation. For him, breakfast was a hollow sham. With cap awry, and gown half on, half off, and rapidly turning over the pages of his Euclid, Mr. Samuel made his way along King's Parade, to the edifice at the end of it, wherein the inquisitors await their victims. Our hero was among the first to put in an appearance, and was conducted to the place prepared for him by the senior bulldog in attendance. He now had time to look around him—for he had pocketed his book on the steps of the Senate House. His name, "Golightly, St. Mary's," was printed on a little label, and stuck on the long table before him. There were other Gs above him and below him. Messrs. Pokyr and Popham presently took their seats, almost close together, at another table. He saw many men he knew enter and take their seats; but there was no friend near him. In a few minutes the great Hall was full. The Examiners, in their caps, gowns, and M.A. hoods, appeared on the scene, with bundles of papers, which they distributed along the tables. Then began a tremendous scratching of pens, which never ceased till the clock struck twelve, and the three hours were up; and—

"Happy then the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside."

To his own great astonishment, out of the twelve questions on the paper, Mr. Samuel was able to write out eight "props." to his entire satisfaction. The Whopper's "tip propositions" had all turned up trumps; and, as soon as the morning's work was over, he rushed off exultant to his Coach, whom he discovered surrounded by "pups," who were detailing, with appropriate animation or dejection, how little or how much they had been able to do of the morning papers; while others, whose turn was still to

come, were busily getting tips for the afternoon.

Our hero next met his friend Popham, who was exceedingly downcast in spirit. Although he had taken in a number of "props," ready written out on Senate House paper, kindly supplied by friends who had bagged it in previous Exams., such was the exemplary vigilance of the Examiners and their attendant myrmidons, the bull-dogs, that poor little Percy Popham could never once "cheek it," as he expressed it, to pull the papers out of his trousers. He brought them out as he had taken them in—though rather more crumpled, from leaning heavily against them. As he put it, he "knew well enough he was a dead pluck already;" but Mr. Samuel encouraged him to go on, and not give up so soon.

Mr. Pokyr was more lucky. He had adopted a system of cribbing entirely his own—which, he said, had "come off like a book." It consisted of a series of scraps of paper, covered with microscopic signs and symbols, which the ingenious inventor, probably, alone could decipher. Next day, Paley came on for discussion. Again our hero wrote away for three hours with great rapidity; and, as he counted twenty sheets of paper scribbled over, felt sure he had "done enough." Mr. Pokyr took "Coward's Analysis" in—and used it, while the Examiner read the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. Mr. Popham answered six questions; but, unfortunately for him, the Examiner in this subject, Mr. Blunt, had not the least taste for poetry, and Percy's answers were metrical. They consisted entirely of the Whopper's *memoria technica* verses, a specimen of which we have already given. Arithmetic, the day after, passed off easily for everybody, as the gentleman who set the paper—the incumbent of a college living close to Cambridge—was a merciful man, deeply versed in classic lore, and possessing a natural dislike to figures. Accordingly, his questions were simple, and his standard low.

Then came the horrors of classics, Latin and Greek, the pitfalls of Greek Testament, and the ordeal of *viva voce* examination. Our hero felt afraid that his performances in translation were anything but up to the mark. Mr. Pokyr, who had employed a little boy to read the cribs through to him daily for a week before—and took the books in besides—admitted he had "got through

everything slick," while Mr. Popham confessed to having done more than he expected.

When our hero saw man after man coming back from the terrible *viva voce*, when every minute brought him nearer the dreaded *vis-à-vis* with an omniscient M.A., he felt absolutely ill. His turn came. He marched into the middle of the hall, and seated himself opposite Savage, of Magdalen. Mr. Savage had the reputation of plucking nine shaky men out of ten. Our hero trembled; his cheeks flushed, and his tongue became dry. Opposite him sat a cadaverous and wholly unsympathetic personage, who positively leered with diabolical malice over his white choker at the prospect of another victim.

"Mr. Golightly, St. Mary's," said Mr. Savage, without looking up from his list of names.

"Y-yes, sir," gasped our hero, faintly.

"Look at the fifth verse—where the pencil mark is—and read four verses."

Mr. Golightly read four verses of the "Gospel according to St. Mark."

"Go on—translate," said the merciless voice of his tormentor.

Our hero stammered through the verses. No motion, no word, no sound, came from the Examiner to say right or wrong to what he did.

Mr. Savage simply sat and stared. Presently he spoke. It was in a sepulchral tone.

"There is a reference here to Angels."

"Y-yes," gasped our hero, looking wildly for it in his book.

He had lost the place for the third time.

"Can you tell me how Angels are first mentioned by name?"

Mr. Samuel pressed his brow, and thought.

Verses and texts, familiar friends, rose in his troubled mind; but as yet he racked his memory in vain.

Suddenly his hand fell, his eye lighted. As if by inspiration, he had it.

"Legion," he gulped out, "for we are many."

Mr. Savage smiled—horribly.

Our hero felt his foot was in it.

"I will ask you another question referring to Scripture history," said the Examiner, awfully. "In verse seven, we read of a 'merciful man.' Whom do you recollect as the most merciful man mentioned in Old Testament history."

Again did our hero think—deeply, silently.

Seconds flew by, and Mr. Savage only read his list. He gave no hint—no sign.

“Og,” at last, timidly suggested Mr. Samuel.

“Who, sir?” demanded his questioner, angrily.

“Og, the King of Bashan, sir.”

“Why, sir?”

“B-because—I mean, ‘F-for his mercy endureth for ever.’”

“That will do, sir. Send up the gentleman who sits next you.”

And our hero's Greek Testament *viva voce* was over.

He got through his two other similar ordeals in the same morning, and left the Senate House as full of fears and hopes as a maiden in her first love.

At Mr. Poll Major's, he found Mr. Pokyr and other friends assembled, talking in a jubilant key.

“I know I've floored the beggars this time,” said Mr. Pokyr.

“That's all right,” returned the Coach, who was not so satisfied of a successful result as his pupil. “Now you had better



“WHAT, DON'T YOU LIKE HIM?”

look up your Mechanics, as you mean to go in for the next General.”

“No more work this term, sir,” said Mr. Pokyr, quite affectionately; “besides, I know my Mechanics better than anything.”

“Now, here's the first question,” said the Whopper, reading from a paper in his hand. “Tell us how you do that!”

“What is it? Gravitation? ‘If a pin be placed perpendicularly, with the thinner extremity, commonly called the point, downwards, on a horizontal plane surface—as, for instance, a mirror’—it won't stand. Why does it fall, and all that? Well, now, look

here! I should deal with that in this way. If a pin were placed on a mirror with the thicker extremity, commonly called the head, downwards, it would not stand. Therefore, *a fortiori*, it won't stand on its thinner extremity, commonly called the point!”

“That'll never do,” said the Whopper, laughing.

“I know the Examiners like the light of nature. Look here—in my Greek Testament they asked me to make a map tracing the course of the river Jordan. I couldn't do that, you know. Went on to the next. ‘What is the modern name of the country

on the other side of the Jordan?' Well, my answer was, 'It all depends upon which side of the river you stand, you know.' So it does, of course. Scored there, I think. Tickle the Examiner's fancy. 'Clever fellow that Pokyr, of St. Mary's—let him through.'

"Well, good bye, old fellow," said the Coach, shaking his precocious pupil by the hand; "see you again next term, I suppose. I hope you're all through."

"Now, Golightly," said Mr. Pokyr, linking his arm through that of his friend, "we will go down to old Wallop's stables, and look at what he has got."

"Very well, Pokyr," returned Mr. Samuel. "I rely on your judgment, mind, for I never bought a horse before in my life."

So they strolled down to Mr. Wallop's together.

"What sort of a hoss is it, Mr. Pokyr, as your friend wants?" asked the dealer, who had been roused from his after-dinner nap to see his customers.

"Let us see what you have got, Wallop," said Mr. Pokyr, warily.

An ancient charger, that had seen service in the yeomanry, was forthwith led out for inspection.



"HE CARRIES YOU BEAUTIFUL!"

"Won't do, Wallop," was Mr. Pokyr's remark.

"He aint much to look at, but he's all over quality," remarked the dealer. "Look at the way he carries his head—and his tail an' all, for the matter of that. Don't like him! Well, bring out that little Irish cob I gave such a price for the other day."

Mr. Pokyr mounted the cob.

"Quiet—like a lamb," said the dealer.

"Not much in front of you," said the connoisseur.

"No; and there aint much behind you either, is there?—and that's a balance."

"Goes rather dotty?"

"Sound as a roach."

The gray's merits having been disposed of, a groggy bay horse was produced.

"What! don't you like *him*?" asked Mr. Wallop, in a marvelling tone of voice. "Why, that hoss can jump like a kitten; clever at his fences; never stumbled in his life. He's the best roadster in the county. Meant to keep him for myself. Never was sick nor sorry in his life. 'Appy 'orse 'e is—never off his feed. Sound as a bell of brass."

These remarks were jerked out, one at a time, in reply to remarks of Mr. Pokyr's.

Our hero, at Mr. Wallop's wish, mounted this unique specimen of horseflesh. The animal resented the liberty by refusing to go one step forwards, and by backing, at a great pace, against the stable wall, and nearly jerking Mr. Golightly out of the saddle.

"Only his play—just at starting," observed Mr. Wallop. "He carries you beautiful! Look at his head—always up in the air, showing himself off! I call him a gentleman's horse—that's what I call him."

Probably, our hero's innocent and unsuspecting appearance had made Mr. Wallop parade these "crocks"—as Pokyr termed them—for his inspection; for the wily dealer soon found "metal more attractive" in a showy little bay cob, rising six, and very taking in all his paces.

"That will do," said our hero, giving his friend a nudge.

After some half-hour spent in trying the animal, discussing his various merits, and haggling over the price, the bay cob became the property of Mr. Golightly at the moderate figure of forty-five pounds.

"And now, I ask, where is he a-going to stan' at livery, sir?" said Mr. Wallop, addressing our hero; "for that cob, he's so sweet on his quarters here, that he'll never be easy in his mind nowhere else in Cambridge."

With a promise that, when his master was up, his horse should inhabit the box so necessary to his happiness and tranquillity, our hero and his Mentor left the establishment of Mr. Isaac Wallop, licensed dealer in horses.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOCIETY AT MISS PYECROFT'S.

EITHER the gentlemen came in from the dining-room much earlier than usual, or the Neris were late in coming, for the whole party had assembled in the drawing-room when the door opened, and Signor Neri and his sister entered.

Diana watched to see what effect their entrance would produce, and was gratified to perceive that both Mrs. Seaton and Mrs. Crawford gave an almost imperceptible start of surprise as the dignified figure of the

Signora, in her heavy, sweeping dress, advanced towards Miss Pyecroft.

Diana herself was surprised—her ideas were more than carried out: the foreign cut of the dress, and the rich lace that adorned it, suited so well with the sweet, calm face of the Signora, whom she had hitherto seen only in very homely attire. She turned to Charles Stanfield, who was looking over some views with her, and asked—

"Is she not charming?"

Charles Stanfield had, as a matter of course, taken Diana in to dinner; and had for once roused himself from his usual apathy, and had actually become interested in the conversation of a young lady.

His father glanced at him, from time to time, in great amazement. Diana was not nearly so handsome as Miss Wardlaw; she had no colour, and her hair was tawny yellow, which the captain considered the ugliest shade of light hair. He doubted if he should have noticed her himself, had he been a young man; and here was Charles thoroughly absorbed in what she was saying.

"Is she not charming?" repeated Diana.

"Very. A foreigner, I suppose," answered Charles Stanfield.

"Yes; she is an Italian. She and her brother have lived in Broadmead for ages—long before I came here."

"That must have been an age ago," said Charles Stanfield, smiling.

"More than thirteen years since. I could not speak very good English then."

Charles Stanfield looked puzzled.

"Oh, I am English," said Diana; "only I was born in India, and was with native servants; so I understood less English than Hindoostanee."

"Can you speak Hindoostanee now?"

"Only a few words—I have forgotten almost all. It might come to me again, if I ever went back to India, and heard people talking. Now, I only remember the stories I used to hear, and I remember them in English; for they have translated themselves into my thoughts, and so I no longer have them in the original."

"And I suppose, also, that the acquiring other languages has helped to drive it away? Young ladies are so learned in these days."

A deep crimson spread over Diana's face—the deficiencies of her education seemed vividly brought up before her. Mr. Stanfield was almost the first person from the great outside world with whom she had met;

and no sooner had he stepped within the narrow limits of Broadmead society, than he made her feel her own shortcomings. Would it be so when John Carteret came back; and would he, too, feel how defective she was in education?

Charles Stanfield, witnessing the sudden flush, felt uncomfortable at having said anything to call it up. Nevertheless, he could not help thinking how pretty it made her look; for her face showed no sign of annoyance—it simply wore a perplexed, sorrowful look, as she raised her eyes, shily and deprecatingly.

"I am afraid that I am very ignorant. I have not learned any languages. I know just a few words of Italian, from my *maestro* and his sister; but that is all. I am very sorry."

And the last words were spoken in such a sincere tone of regret, that they sounded quite like an apology.

"I have no doubt that you know as much as most young ladies, notwithstanding," returned Charles Stanfield, consolingly; "for they forget all their learning after they have left school."

"Do they?" inquired Diana, thoughtfully. "I don't know any young ladies."

Charles Stanfield did not offer her any consolation upon that point, as his experience of young ladies had not been favourable.

"Perhaps I am doing them injustice," he added, "and have not given attention enough to the subject."

He was beginning to find it a pleasanter study than he had imagined; but then, as he thought, he had never met with any one exactly like Diana. Everything she said or did was done and said so naturally, that there was a reality about it that was new to him in his intercourse with society. Possibly, this might have been his own fault, as he had generally avoided talking to ladies.

The Signora's eye fell upon Diana. She noticed the blush, and she noticed the evident interest of the young man. She remembered the words she had spoken to Diana, and she wondered if Diana also remembered them; but the next moment her doubts and fears were scattered, as Diana came forward to greet her.

"You look lovely, Signorina—better even than in my dream. Come and sit down by me; and my *maestro* must come too, for Mr. Stanfield tells me that he has been in Italy,"

she said, turning to Charles Stanfield, who had contrived, in the general movement caused by the arrival of the Neris, not to lose his position by Diana. "My *maestro*—Signor Neri, I mean—will be charmed to talk with you about Italy. And will you get a cup of coffee for Signora Neri?"

Miss Pyecroft, according to ancient custom at Brierley House, was pouring out tea and coffee herself; and Charles Stanfield, having obeyed Diana's orders, employed his strategic abilities in keeping near to her without seeming in the way; and Captain Stanfield continued to watch with increasing surprise. For Charles did not appear in the least degree awkward or absorbed to-night. He had awaked, as Lady Pechford had foreseen he might; and he had not awaked, as some people do, with a drowsy half-perception of things as they seem to be, but with a full, clear knowledge of all that was going on.

Diana was still thinking over her confession to him; and it struck her that it might, perchance, reflect discredit upon Jasper.

"You must not think, Mr. Stanfield, that it is my guardian's fault that I have learned so little, for Mr. Seaton will let me do just as I like. He is very good. It is almost absurd to think of him as a guardian. I was a very unruly child, Mr. Stanfield—a sort of half-heathen."

And again she looked up, as if in apology for her demerits—though Charles Stanfield was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she had no need to apologize. At the same time, there was something very novel and pleasant in the proceeding.

"Jasper," said Diana, as Jasper Seaton passed near her, "come here—you have forgotten something."

"What is it, Di?" he asked.

And Charles Stanfield felt a curious sensation, even as John Carteret had more than once done.

"You have forgotten something."

"Yes, Di—what is it?"

"Just think for one moment. Something very important, that I entrusted to your care."

"Ah, yes! What a short memory I have."

And he turned away; but not before Charles Stanfield, with sharpened intuition, had read his secret.

In a few moments, Jasper returned with a beautiful bouquet, which Diana, taking from him, placed in Signora Neri's hands.

"There," she said, in a low tone, "you would not have the fan, and something bright was wanted to carry out the effect of the costume. Signorina, it is perfect. Mrs. Seaton is already envying your lace."

"*Carissima*, I thank you," said Signora Neri, aloud.

"You need not thank me—you must thank Jasper. He is quite a miser with the very choice flowers. There was only one of this kind—the finest that ever grew upon the plant; but he let me cut it for you."

"I thank Mr. Seaton also," said Signora Neri.

But Jasper had gone away, and could not receive her thanks. And Signor Neri came up, and the conversation turned upon Italy.

Diana did not take part in it; and she fell into a placid, listening state, wherein scraps of conversation from all corners of the room seemed to be jumbled up together in a sort of aural kaleidoscope; and suddenly she heard the words, "Pechford," "Linthorp," and then she roused herself and hoped to hear more. It was Captain Stanfield who was speaking; and she almost thought she heard the word "Carteret." Perhaps the Stanfields had been at Linthorp. She knew that they had been travelling about in England for some months. But the more intently she listened, the less she seemed to hear, and the hum of voices grew confused and indistinct; and yet she felt sure that Captain Stanfield and Jasper were talking about John Carteret. At that moment, Miss Pycroft came up.

"We must ask you to enliven us with a little music—vocal or instrumental, as you please. Signor Neri, will you also favour us?"

"Which do you like, Mr. Stanfield?" asked Diana.

"Both."

"That is no answer."

"I like singing very much—and—"

"Well, then, singing first, and then our *sinfonia*, *maestro*. No one sings or plays at Broadmead but my *maestro* and myself," she explained to Charles Stanfield. "I am proud of my *maestro*, and he of me. I have learned to play and to sing also."

And again Diana's voice, as she looked up, assumed an apologetic, half-pleading intonation; and Signora Neri cast a scrutinizing glance from behind her bouquet, wondering whether incipient womanhood were teaching her *carissima* her power.

Diana sang—and not only Charles Stanfield listened, but the captain also. He had not heard such singing for a long time. It was better than Miss Wardlaw's, though hers was more than good. What could it be?—for Diana's voice was scarcely so powerful.

Perhaps, if John Carteret had been there, he would have told him that Miss Wardlaw sang scientifically with her voice, Diana with her heart and soul.

And to-night, as she had told Signor Neri, she was in one of her inspired moods; and she not only sang, but played the accompaniment to Signor Neri's violin, with a precision and brilliancy that astonished even her *maestro*. And the violin happening to be the instrument that, of all others, delighted the captain, he—forgetting time, place, and losing all sense of the frigid atmosphere of Miss Pycroft's drawing-room—drew closer and closer, in intenser admiration, until, at the close, he clapped his hands, and cried "*encore*." And, thus recalled by the sound of his own voice, he said—

"Pardon me; but I have been so enchanted that I quite forgot where I was."

Dr. Crawford laughed heartily; and Jasper Seaton said—

"Signor Neri, you and Diana have given us a great treat to-night."

Diana looked up, with a grateful little smile. It was very considerate and graceful of Jasper to give her *maestro* the first place.

Jasper smiled back again.

And Charles Stanfield was inclined to misinterpret the smiles.

"*Maestro*," said Diana, catching Captain Stanfield's enthusiasm, "it shall be *encore*, but not with the same piece."

And she selected another—a brilliant fantasia on well-known airs, arranged by Signor Neri himself.

Again Captain Stanfield listened; and, as the old familiar tunes twisted themselves out of the sparkling entanglement that Signor Neri had thrown around them, his feelings were wrought to a pitch of ecstatic admiration.

Now and then, Diana caught a glimpse of the glowing face of the honest-hearted listener, and she played in unison with it; and Signor Neri's genius, too, flashed up in the presence of an appreciative listener.

"You have heard Paganini," said Captain Stanfield, grasping Signor Neri's delicate hand, and shaking it heartily—"you have

heard him. I know it by one especial movement."

"The wonder, the marvel, the one scarcely human player—I have heard him in mine own Italy—in my young days, when all the romance was around him, and people believed strange stories, as did I; for it seemed so fitting to him. Yet they were not true. Ah, yes, I have heard Paganini!"

"And I must thank you too," said Captain Stanfield, turning to Diana. "I ought to have done so first; but I have a weakness for the violin—it is to me the instrument above all others."

"Ah, no! it is just as it should be. *My maestro* is so far above me; but he teaches me to soar. Thank you for liking it so much," she added, with a touch of her old childish manner. "I am glad to play for you."

"Who is the young lady?" asked the captain of Dr. Crawford.

"Diana Ellis, a ward of Jasper Seaton's. Her father died in India. No connexion of the Seatons, I believe; but it was an odd fancy to make such a mere youth as Jasper was the guardian."

"Ellis! India!" repeated Captain Stanfield. "Not Robert Ellis, surely, who died at Calcutta. I knew Robert Ellis well."

"What Ellis was Di's father, Jasper?" asked Dr. Crawford.

"Captain Ellis, of the 199th," answered Jasper, turning to the piano again.

"Of course—it's the same; and I stood godfather to his child—let me see—about eighteen years ago, I should think."

"This will be the girl probably—Diana."

"I don't remember the name, for I was godfather to half the daughters of the regiments stationed in the Presidency at the time."

"Di," said Dr. Crawford, "come here. I have found an old friend for you."

Diana, with incredulous eyes, came to see what Dr. Crawford meant.

"I find that your father was an old friend of mine," said the captain; "and that you must be my little goddaughter. I am afraid I have not done my duty by you, to have lost sight of you for so many years."

Diana put her hand into the kindly one outstretched to her, and felt a sudden sense of some overshadowing good; yet, at the same time, it revived some of the vague wonderings of her childish days as to whether she might not have been altogether better and less heathenish if she had known that

she had a godfather. It would certainly have been a satisfaction to herself and Dolly if she could clearly have pointed to one.

"I'm afraid that I have not carried out all the promises you made for me," said Diana, smiling, as she remembered some episodes concerning the Catechism.

The captain looked a little puzzled.

"Never mind, my dear, I have forgotten what promises I made; so we are quits on that score. I suppose I haven't done my duty, but I must try to do it better for the future; and you must take me as a friend, in spite of it all. Will you?"

Yes, she would have taken him for a friend on the strength of his honest face, even if she had not been already predisposed in his favour by his enthusiasm at her *maestro's* playing. She had a curious sense of an accession of propriety in having found a godfather. She was somehow glad of it for John Carteret's sake; though why, she could not explain to herself. Then she recalled the words—"Pechford," "Linthorp;" and wished she had courage enough to ask Captain Stanfield if he had been at Linthorp lately, and all about it; but she felt too conscious. And then Miss Pycroft asked her to sing again; and, oddly enough, she chose the piece that Miss Wardlaw had sung at Lady Pechford's; and the strange feeling of elation that had crept over her gave her yet further inspiration to sing her best to-night.

"She sings better even than Miss Wardlaw!" ejaculated the captain, involuntarily, as she concluded. He had been comparing the two throughout the evening.

"And who is Miss Wardlaw? Some new star in the musical world?" inquired Dr. Crawford.

Charles Stanfield laughed.

"Oh, no; only a young lady at Linthorp, whom my father admires immensely."

At Linthorp! Diana, pretending to be engrossed with her music books, listened attentively.

"She's the handsomest girl I ever saw," said the captain, energetically; "and I'm not the only person who thinks so. Trust curates for looking after girls with looks and money. If a man wants to marry well, he has nothing to do but to go into the Church, and take advantage of his opportunities—especially if he's a handsome curate, like the one there is at Linthorp. He might marry a duchess if he chose."

Diana nearly dropped the book she was holding, and she felt her heart give a leap. Yet what had that to do with John Carteret?

Jasper, watching Diana, yet not appearing to do so, advanced, and made some casual remark to the effect that watering-places were excellent fields for curates; when Captain Stanfield, looking round, said—

“By the way, you know the curate to whom I allude.”

“I,” said Jasper, seemingly in surprise; “no, I think not. The only person I spoke of at Linthorp was a Mr. Carteret.”

“That’s the very man. Yes, I suppose that Miss Wardlaw will be Mrs. Carteret by the next time I visit Linthorp.”

Diana’s fingers were trembling sorely, and she scarcely saw anything in the room. She felt as though she had received a deadly blow, and was completely stunned. Presently she was aware that Jasper was beside her.

“There’s some mistake, Di; but don’t let every one know what you feel. I’ll find out about it, and make it all right.”

And he laid his hand caressingly on her arm.

Captain Stanfield did not hear the words; he simply saw the action, and the bent-down head, and the grateful look Diana gave, as she whispered back—

“Thank you, Jasper!”

And the captain misinterpreted again, and muttered—

“Charles is cut out here, also.”

“Can’t you sing something, Di,” whispered Jasper—“something lively? It won’t do for every one to think that you distrust Mr. Carteret.”

Diana sprang up.

“*Maestro*, will you play this for me?”

And she placed before him the song from “*Lucrezia Borgia*”—“*Il segreto per esser felice.*”

Never had her voice sounded fuller or clearer. There was a sparkle and *abandon* in her delivery of the song that was superb. Even Jasper was penetrated by it.

“She can’t care for Mr. Carteret, or she couldn’t sing in that way. Of course, it was only a flirtation, and she’ll marry Jasper,” was the comment of most of the auditors.

“What thinkest thou now, Giuseppe,” asked the Signora of her brother—“is she not a child?”

The Signor shook his head—

“She sang superbly,” he answered; “but her song made me sorrowful, for I heard the tones of a soul in *Purgatorio.*”

CHAPTER XXV.

MISGIVINGS.

MRS. SEATON awoke the next morning, feeling that the evening at Miss Pycroft’s had been a move in her favour—or rather, in favour of the project at which she had worked with all her might since the day on which she had discovered the state of her son’s feelings with regard to Diana.

Mrs. Seaton was not a clever woman—simply one of very ordinary average ability; but such women are often possessed of an amount of shrewdness and cunning that almost arrives at talent; and, when Mrs. Seaton’s energies were aroused in anything connected with her son, she often acted with a forethought and discernment surprising to those acquainted with the limited compass of her mental powers. But, in anything concerning Jasper, she seemed to be guided by a sort of instinct that led her blindly along the path she had marked out.

Since she had learned Jasper’s secret—though she carefully concealed from him that she had the slightest suspicion of it—her whole energies had been concentrated upon one object—namely, the estrangement and consequent separation of Diana and John Carteret; and she had worked at this object, so far, very skilfully—with the exception, perhaps, of having been occasionally too open in her animadversions of John Carteret in Diana’s presence.

Perhaps she had become aware of this; for lately she had scarcely spoken of him, though she had taken especial care to throw out hints, conveying the impression that she regarded the whole affair as merely a flirtation. She did not positively say so; but her whole tone tended to make people believe that it was a matter that would die out, and, in fact, was dying out a natural death, as was usually the case in affairs of the kind, where there was no money on either side.

John Carteret had been very reserved, and had never spoken upon the subject to Dr. Crawford; and the hasty manner of his departure after the arrival of Jasper, and the slight coolness that appeared to have sprung up at the Manor House prior to his going away, tended to strengthen the view that Mrs. Seaton wished to have adopted.

Also, Jasper’s constant attendance upon

Diana, and the amicable understanding that existed between the two—whereas, up to this time, they had always been quarrelling—had their effect in the way of argument with the people of Broadmead, to the prejudice of John Carteret's engagement.

Therefore, Captain Stanfield's announcement had not been the same thunderbolt that it might otherwise have been, in so far as society at Broadmead was affected.

Indeed, Miss Letty and Miss Sophia declared to one another, and to Rebecca, that it was nothing more than they had expected; and Miss Pycroft—though she listened—wisely determined, in this instance, not to lift a finger to unveil the mysteries of any love-making or love-misunderstanding that might be going on among the young people of her acquaintance.

Mrs. Crawford determined to make further inquiries respecting Miss Wardlaw and her fortune; but, then, she was at liberty to take some interest in John Carteret's concerns, more especially as he had so very nearly been Dr. Crawford's curate.

Mrs. Seaton by no means placed full reliance in Captain Stanfield's statement. He was an honest, blundering kind of man, not gifted with much penetration; and Mrs. Seaton well knew how often appearances are deceitful. Yet, whether true or false, it might be turned to good account in working upon Diana's feelings; and to this amiable purpose Mrs. Seaton determined to devote herself.

Mrs. Seaton was very late in rising. The evening had been more exciting than evenings at Broadmead generally were. The party had been larger; there had been more incident. The appearance of Signora Neri, dressed for company, had been an overwhelming surprise; and Captain Stanfield's announcement had taken her by storm. She therefore sipped her chocolate quietly, in her own room; proceeded with her toilet very leisurely; and acted as one slowly collecting her forces to make the most of the chances that fortune had thrown in her way.

In the meantime, Diana, late after her sleepless night, descended to the breakfast-room, where Jasper was awaiting her.

"Di," he said, as he noticed her wan look, "you must not believe anything too hastily. There may be nothing in all this story of Captain Stanfield's."

Diana tried to smile; and sat down at the breakfast table.

"Will you have some coffee, Jasper?" she asked.

"And will you take some yourself, Di?" he said—as she relapsed into meditation, after pouring out a cup for him—"or must I help you?"

Diana mechanically poured out a cup for herself; but her thoughts were far away. Nevertheless, she tried to go on with her breakfast as usual.

Jasper's brow now and then contracted; and now and then a dark look came into his eyes, and then, passing away, a half-triumphant smile for a moment curled his lip. But Diana was unobservant this morning, and did not notice the changes of his mobile features.

"I have asked young Stanfield to go shooting with me, Di."

Diana looked up.

"And I may hear a truer version from him than his father gave."

Another look.

"I dare say I shall bring him up to luncheon with me. I find that Dr. Crawford and Captain Stanfield are going over to Creighton on business; and it appears that, instead of staying here some days, as they intended to do, the Stanfields are unexpectedly called off to London to-morrow. So we shan't be able to ask them to dinner."

"I am very glad," said Diana, with a feeling of intense relief.

"Not to see your godfather again, Di? What an odd thing your meeting with him was! So unlikely!"

"I had forgotten all about that," replied Diana. "Yes, it was very strange, indeed."

Yet she could not help wishing she had never seen him, since he had brought such evil tidings. Then she added—

"There is something very honest and good about him. Do you not think there is, Jasper?"

"Yes, Di."

"A man like Captain Stanfield would be sure to speak the truth—would he not?"

"Which shall I answer—the question or the thought? Because one answer will contradict the other."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose I must answer both, to explain myself. I think he would speak the truth, or what he thought to be truth; but the most honest people are oftenest deceived. Will that do for you?"

Yes, it was precisely what she wanted.

"It is a little comfort for you, is it not?" he continued, smiling. "Now, Di, you must not fret over it. You must wait and trust—at any rate, until I come back from shooting."

"I wish you did not shoot, Jasper."

"Why?"

"If the birds must be shot, let the keepers do it as a business; but I do not like people to shoot and kill creatures just for pleasure. In fact, I can't understand what pleasure there is in it."

"That is altogether a Utopian idea, Di," he said, as he left the room.

After he had gone, Diana sat down by the fire for a few moments, but soon grew restless—besides, Mrs. Seaton would be coming down, and she did not care to see her, under the present circumstances. She thought she would take refuge in her own room, and read over all John Carteret's letters, and see if they bore any trace of disloyalty to her.

It was a tolerably clear morning, for November. The slight mistiness that there was only made the nearer objects, sparkling with heavy dew, seem brighter and more distinct through contrast. She watched Jasper down the drive, and wondered how long it would be before he came home, and whether Mr. Stanfield would come with him. She hoped not—as nothing could be said before him. Then she went upstairs; and, as she passed along, Mrs. Seaton's door opened, and she caught sight of Diana, and called her in.

Mrs. Seaton was in a flow of spirits, and in a very affable mood; and Diana felt that she was inwardly exulting at her discomfiture. Consequently, she felt also a rising antagonism within her; and seated herself, much against her will, upon an ottoman to which Mrs. Seaton pointed.

"Do sit down a little, Di—I want to talk over the party with you."

"Yes," answered Diana, nerving herself to hear John Carteret animadverted upon.

But she was mistaken; the subject might have passed from Mrs. Seaton's mind entirely.

"I don't think I shall come down at all to-day," she said. "The party was so delightful, that I am quite tired out—over-excited, I suppose. There seemed to be quite a crowd in the room. Letty and Sophia had on all their finery, I should imagine. I never saw such a collection of bracelets and brooches. It is a pity Miss Pycroft does not give them a little advice upon the bad

taste of such a profusion of jewellery. And then, when the Neris walked in, I never had such a surprise. I am not sure if Signora Neri's dress—handsome as it was—was not rather too much for her position."

"Not at all," returned Diana, abruptly.

"That lace must have cost a good deal. I wonder where she got it from?"

"From Venice. She's had it for years."

"And the velvet. It was a good thick velvet—I noticed it particularly."

"She had that in Italy, too, I suppose."

"Very handsome. I almost wonder that, in her position, she has cared to keep such things. It would have been more sensible to have sold them, one would think—more in keeping with their means. The lace, if she has any more of it, would have been quite a little fortune to her—I should not mind buying some myself. I wonder if she would sell any?"

"I should think not," said Diana, her colour rising. "Why should she sell her lace if she is not in want of money?"

"But a man playing the organ for money, and teaching music for money, must be poor, or he wouldn't do it; and one would think his sister would be glad to sell her finery to help him along, and not be a burden to him, and bringing in nothing."

"A burden! The Signora a burden!" exclaimed Diana, indignantly. "He would die if she did. He could not live without her—their lives are so twined together. They are wrapped up in one another. He would not let her sell one single thing that served as a link between her and the happy past, and all that is lost for ever of what made life charming to them. She is no burden to him—none at all."

"Well, if she isn't, you need not make such a fuss about it. You always fire up so, when these Neris are spoken of."

"Not if any one says anything good."

"I was going to say something good, if you had only waited a little. I was going to observe that Signora Neri looked so very much like a lady last night, that I shall not hesitate to invite her the next time that we have company."

"That will be no benefit to her, for she does not like visiting," said Diana—inconsistently forgetting the efforts she had been making to induce Broadmead society to appreciate her friend—"the honour will be from her in visiting the Manor House, when she has been accustomed to palaces."

Diana knew that her speech was rude and petulant; but she was in a state of mental irritation and bitterness of spirit, and it needed but little to throw her off her equilibrium.

"You are very unamiable this morning, Diana," said Mrs. Seaton. "You were always a passionate child, but I thought you had been improving lately; but I was mistaken. I don't wonder that Mr. Carteret is glad to meet with some one a little more amiable. I told you how it would be, when he went to Linthorp."

Mrs. Seaton spoke bitterly, for she was roused; and, besides, was glad to throw the odium of fickleness upon John Carteret.

"I don't believe it," said Diana passionately, as she rose to leave the room.

"I think it extremely probable," returned Mrs. Seaton, very quietly. "I see no reason to doubt Captain Stanfield's word. Sailors are proverbially honest; and, if the young lady has a fortune, in addition to voice and looks, it appears to me the most natural thing in the world."

Diana did not trust herself to reply. She did what was perhaps the wisest thing to do, fled the field before the battle became more furious, and took refuge in her own room.

If she had felt wretched before, she felt doubly so now. She had no faith whatever in Mrs. Seaton's opinion; but, knowing that she had been to blame in the late contest, the words came with keen force—

"No wonder he is glad to find some one more amiable."

Yes; she was no better now than when she was a child. She was as hopelessly bad as when Dolly had tried to teach her the Catechism; and she would go on and on, getting worse and worse. There was no one to help her, no one to teach her anything; and if he forsook her then, should she fail of that knowledge that, somehow, she was going to learn through him?

And lower and lower she sank in her own estimation. Yet, surely, John Carteret would not judge her as Mrs. Seaton did.

Then her intended purpose occurred to her; and she unlocked the beautiful Indian cabinet, and from one of the drawers took out John Carteret's letters. She read them through and through, to see if she could detect any sign of coldness in them, or find any clue to guide her as to his estimate of people at Linthorp. And as she read for a purpose, and almost with an intention of finding what she sought for, she in a measure

succeeded; and contrived to make herself completely miserable.

There was no mention of any one at Linthorp, beyond a passing allusion to the kindness of his relative, Lady Pechford; and in this Diana discovered a studied endeavour to avoid speaking of any one; and thought that she noticed a constraint of style in his writing that had not before been apparent.

The result of her search was, therefore, to lead her to the conclusion that the only thing remaining for her to do was to write to John Carteret at once, and break off their engagement. The time had come which she had appointed as the only termination; and she knew that John Carteret, however much he wished it, would not consider himself at liberty to break it off himself.

Presently, she heard the luncheon bell; but she did not feel equal to going down; and she remained stationary, with the letters before her.

There came a tap at the door. Hester had been sent to tell her that Mr. Seaton and Mr. Stanfield had come in from shooting.

Diana thought of sending an excuse. But what would Mr. Stanfield think? Perhaps it was better to go down.

So she locked up her letters, and smoothed her hair, and went down to the dining-room; where she found Jasper and Charles Stanfield.

"You will be glad to hear that we have had very bad sport, Di," said Jasper, as she entered the room.

"You are compassionate to the birds then, Miss Ellis," said Charles Stanfield, advancing towards her.

"Or rather, she deprecates the sportsmen," replied Jasper.

"I don't sympathize with them either, Miss Ellis," continued Charles Stanfield; "but, then, I'm not a good shot."

Diana looked up at him.

"I thought you understood all about guns, and cannon, and warfare, and—"

Jasper interrupted her.

"And that, therefore, warring upon the birds would be innocent, compared with the slaughter of men that Mr. Stanfield must be constantly contemplating."

"I was not going to say that."

"Ah! I am only a warrior in theory," said Charles Stanfield.

"Theorists do more harm in the world

than practical men," replied Jasper. "They are the people to set the world on fire, and the practical people have to put it out."

"And gain knowledge in so doing; so you must not undervalue theorists."

"Certainly not," replied Jasper; "yet theories may be wrong."

And he glanced at Diana as he spoke; and she wondered if there were a double meaning in his words.

"But theories have to be proved before they can be accepted or rejected."

"Precisely," replied Jasper.

TABLE TALK.

THE CENSUS TAKERS, to the number of 45,000, have had a delicate task to perform; and we suppose, in due time, we shall be furnished with some curious facts connected with the operation. An amusing paragraph went the round of the papers when the last census was made up, ten years ago, which may be worth repeating:—"The parish of Aldrington, near Brighton, was the only parish that had returned, in the previous census of 1851, a single unit of population. The parish is entirely agricultural, and was for centuries without a house. When the road from Brighton to Shoreham was made a turnpike, it pleased the trustees of the road to erect a toll-bar in the parish; and the toll-house, of course, had an occupant. Thus, the parish became inhabited; and the census of 1851 gives the population as 1. The census of 1861 shows a population of 2—an increase of 100 per cent. The pike-man has taken to himself a wife."

THE FOLLOWING is a good story, and has the further merit of being true. The other day there was a confirmation held at M——, and the Bishop stayed at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, where the men-servants were a butler, a very young footman, and a page, commonly called "the boy." The Bishop, before church, went into the library to write some letters. When he had written them, he rang the bell. The episcopal summons was answered by the youthful footman, who was in a great state of nervousness, as he was going to be confirmed by his lordship that morning. The Bishop benignly asked, "Can any one take these letters down to the post this morning?" To which query the footman, in a very

solemn tone of voice, replied, "The Lord, my boy!" He should have said, "The boy, my lord."

A FRIEND OF MINE has received a letter from a country parson, in which the latter says that an old woman in his parish told him the small pox was so very bad in London that every doctor had to go about with a cow and a carving knife!

A CORRESPONDENT: I do not know that it has been noticed that some of the names in Dickens's novels have been taken from Pepys's Diary. Thus, in Pepys's entry for February 8th, 1661, a Captain Cuttle is mentioned; under October 27th, 1662, we read of Captains Cuttance and Bunn; and the Morena mentioned October 22nd, 1662, may have suggested to the novelist his Miss Morleena Kenwigs. The said Morena seems to have been a Miss Dickens. I may add, that Mr. Fields, in his "Reminiscences of Dickens," mentions that Pepys was one of his favourite books.

DR. JOHNSON'S dislike of Scotland and Scotchmen was notorious; and an epigram, written about the doctor's time, is charmingly candid in its conclusion:—

"Of Scots let folks say what they will
(Bute trumpet good, Wilkes bellow ill),
We fix the matter thus—
It must in justice be allowed
That none are better *when they're good*;
But, oh! when bad, *none worse*."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a riddle which, although perhaps it is not new, we do not recollect having seen before:—

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks;
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?"

The answer is, of course, found in the first line.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

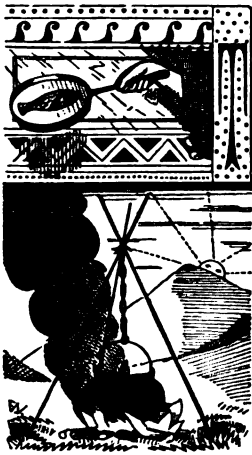
NEW SERIES.

No. 173.

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CONCERNING CULINARY AFFAIRS.



THE maxim of a great English statesman, that the first and last secrets of the art of diplomacy consisted in knowing how to give good dinners, is not to be sneered at. Who knows how much of the rank and importance assumed by Great Britain in the scale of nations represented at the Court of Pumpernickel, depends upon the state

banquets given by her Britannic Majesty's representative to his High Mightiness the Reigning Prince, and all the Highnesses of the busy little Court? From Pumpernickel to Paris is but a step; and the gracious hour of dinner comes round once in the twenty-four at both places—or did, when Paris was her old self. The *sans-culottes* of Belleville and Montmartre eat, doubtless: it is left for men to dine. However, to turn from the mention of an unpleasant subject to more grateful topics, we propose to improve the occasion afforded by the publication of a supplement to Jules Gouffé's "Livre de Cuisine," and say a word or two about cocks and cookery.

The names of few *chefs*, however brilliant their genius, will be handed down to a distant posterity: the memories of their deeds live in the stomachs of their patrons. But patrons—tough old gourmands though they be—die at last; and the fame of the cook perishes with the noble master he lived to please. Soyer did good work; and his name

will survive the *habitués* of the great establishment in Pall Mall, over one most important department of which he presided. And, in the regions of fiction, has not Thackeray immortalized another of his class, Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant, "formerly *chef* of his Highness the Duc de Borodino, of his Eminence Cardinal Beccafico, and at present *chef* of the *bouche* of Sir Clavering, Baronet"? Every reader of "Pendennis" recollects the great man's arrival at Clavering House. The library, pictures, and piano of Monsieur Mirobolant, which accompanied him; his ringlets, watch chains, and splendid boots—in whose polished surface the face of the child of genius was mirrored whenever the magnificent Alcide condescended to look downwards. But Sir Francis Clavering's culinary chief was peerless, and inspired, besides, with that tender passion for the lovely Blanche—Blanche of "*Mes Larmes*," and the inimitable gloves.

Who could hear that splendid being talk to his "respectable Madame Fribsbi," of the dishes he devised to declare his passion for Miss Amory, and call him—cook? Alcide was *chef de la bouche*, and a chevalier to boot. "I determined," he says, "that my dinner should be as spotless as the snow. At her accustomed hour, and instead of the rude *gigot à l'eau* which was ordinarily served up at her too simple table, I sent her up a little *potage à la Reine—à la Reine Blanche*, I called it—as white as her own tint, and confectioned with most fragrant cream and almonds. I then," says Mademoiselle Blanche's admirer, "offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlan à l'Agnes* and a delicate *plat*. . . . I followed this by two little *entrées* of sweetbread and chicken; and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with *croustillons* representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers."

We need not follow the enthusiastic artist through his description of his second service; or even stay, *en passant*, to note the perfect naturalness, the strokes of genius, which the creator has thrown into his fictitious character of a French cook. Alcide Mirobolant may be taken as the somewhat exaggerated type of the cultivated *chef*. To him a baron of beef was what a block of marble is to the sculptor—material afforded by nature for art to work upon; and in his eyes all true art is of equal dignity.

From the novelist's fictitious character, let us turn to the *chef* of real life, whose book we are about to notice. Jules Gouffé, *chef de cuisine* of the Paris Jockey Club—one of the most celebrated eating societies in Europe—wrote his "Livre de Cuisine" in French; and the success of the French edition induced his brother Alphonse—who is head pastrycook to her Majesty—to translate the production of his brother into the language of his adopted country. Genius of a special sort not uncommonly runs in families. We recollect a schoolmaster's wife who prided herself on the fact that her husband, one of seven brothers, came of a family of "born teachers." The Gouffés seem to be a family of born cooks; and, possibly—for insular experience suggests this—the cook, like the poet, is born and not made; as, in addition to Jules and Alphonse, we read in the preface of another brother, Hippolyte, "*chef* for the last twenty-five years to the Count André Schouloff, in Russia."

This grandiloquent preface of the good Jules is a treat in itself. He writes of his art with the precision of a scholar, and the gravity of a philosopher. He mentions that he was employed "for seven consecutive years under the illustrious Carème." He pays a tribute—doubtless, well deserved—to the great professors under whom it was his fortune to study: to "Drouhat, as good a manager as he was a cook;" to "Lé-chard, practising all branches with the same ability;" to "Bernard, so well known for the delicate minuteness of his work;" to "Tortez, whose un failing energy was equal to all emergencies;" till, carried away by this stream of eloquence, one thinks rather of general officers and plenipotentiaries than cookery and the kitchen. There is something of our friend Alcide Mirobolant in this:—"Full of the conviction of the continual progress of which cookery is suscep-

tible, not a day passes without my seeking and working amongst young practitioners, already celebrated, who witness enough by their talent and well-earned fame that the young school has in no wise degenerated from the old." M. Jules Gouffé then proceeds to name, in the first rank, a list of cooks, which includes Got, chief pastrycook to the Emperor of the French; and also the *chefs* of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Dowager Queen of Spain, and other great personages. He adds, with the modesty which adorns all true genius—"Many of them call themselves my pupils: they must allow me to give them no other name than that of *confrère* and friend."

Such language is touching. Such greatness—yet such simplicity withal!

In this way does M. Jules Gouffé introduce us to the secrets contained in his "Livre de Cuisine." He writes out his recipes as a man impressed with the importance of his subject. And, as we look at the handsome size and bold print of this truly "Royal Cookery Book," we cannot help contrasting unfavourably with it the cookery books of the last generation. How far we have advanced upon poor Dr. Kitchener's—was ever name more appropriate?—"Cook's Oracle," and the "Modern Cookery, by a Lady," which stood on a well-dusted shelf in all old-fashioned kitchens—only students of the art as it is really appreciate.

The late Thomas Hood, with passing humour, reviewed Dr. Kitchener's book. He says:—"The first preface tells us, *inter alia*, that Dr. Kitchener has worked out all the culinary problems his book contains in his own kitchen; and after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce or a stew until he had read 'two hundred cookery books'—which, as he says, 'he patiently pioneered through before he set about recording the results of his own experiments.'" Few persons, probably, were aware that in 1821 there were so many separate works extant whose contents were devoted to the culinary art. What the number now is, we should be at a loss to say; but we should suggest to publishers of such books, a "Cook's Dictionary" as a good idea. Such a work of reference should be made a perfect cyclopædia of cookery, and should contain every good and tried recipe, arranged in alphabetical order. As it is, no cookery book is complete: some contain

recipes for dishes only within the reach of the rich; while in others, plain cookery alone is expounded. The proposed dictionary should contain everything worth knowing on the subject, and should be illustrated with woodcuts wherever letterpress requires such explanatory diagrams. No receipt, however, should be included in the catalogue that has not been well tried and approved. The adoption of this rule would save much disappointment, failure, and loss of temper. Even Dr. Kitchener—who seems to have been in his day, and in his way, as practical a cook as is to be found—included in his book some dishes it is to be hoped he never tried. Among others, we may single out the physician's directions for "roasting a goose alive" as an example. But it is only fair to his memory to say he considered this a "culinary curiosity." This recipe he copied from "Wecker's Secrets of Nature," published in 1660.

We have, indeed, made advances upon such barbarous and impossible dishes as birds roasted alive. Nor would anybody nowadays expect to escape punishment after proceeding, as directed by Wecker, to "take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part of her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!"

Reading a cookery book is never unpleasant. Memories of the past steal o'er one, while fancy lazily sports with the future. As Hood said of Dr. Kitchener's contribution to this useful class of literature:—"If we be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the 'Cook's Oracle;' for, let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, 'a feast for an emperor.' Who could starve with such a larder of reading?"

In fine, let us say, in fairness to MM. Jules and Alphonse Gouffé, that their two volumes contain all an accomplished cook need desire to find in them; and it is only to be regretted that there are not many more simple and inexpensive dishes to be found in their repertory. The supplementary volume contains every direction necessary for potting, preserving, and pickling, with useful chapters on wines, liqueurs, and bonbons.

The greatest novelties, to our thinking, are the various recipes for *sabayons*—beverages made of Madeira and other choice

wines, heated and "frothed with a frothing stick, as you would chocolate." "*Sabayons*," M. Gouffé remarks, "are served hot, in china cups; and will be much appreciated towards the close of a ball."

Although the recipes thus provided for the rich and luxurious are most of them above the reach of moderate purses, and beyond the requirements of everyday life, yet the production of such a complete and lucid cookery book is a step in the right direction. We may now look for the appearance of that desideratum, a good middle-class cookery book, at no very distant date—a book in which the quantities of the component ingredients shall be put down with a chemist's precision, and in which the results shall please all palates.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXVI.

JASPER ADVANCES A PAWN.

AS Charles Stanfield had observed, he was not a good shot, neither did he care about shooting; and to-day he was more than usually indifferent. Therefore, when Jasper—who had unaccountably missed his bird more than once—proposed that they should turn their steps towards the Manor House, he acquiesced very cheerfully.

Jasper's hand was not steady this morning, and, under ordinary circumstances, his want of success would have annoyed him; but to-day, to the surprise of the keepers, he bore it stoically, and neither found fault with his gun, the dogs, nor with the keepers themselves.

The fact was, his mind was soaring above minor annoyances. Hope was burning with a stronger flame than it had done for some time; for even if there should be no actual truth in the captain's statements, he saw in it the base of a new element to work upon. Jasper was a consummate diplomatist, when he gave himself up coolly and deliberately to working out any project: he was able not only to control his passionate temperament, but also to make it subservient to his purposes.

He was thoroughly determined to prevent the engagement of John Carteret with Diana from coming to anything; but, unlike his mother, he pursued his plans deliberately, and with judgment. With Mrs. Seaton,

Diana was continually on the defensive; with Jasper, she was off her guard. Nay, Jasper had even made headway in her regard, if not in her affection; and that he stood well with her, and must do so—without any suspicion—was, as he well knew, a very important point.

So far, he had succeeded. He had deferred the marriage almost indefinitely—for there was little chance of John Carteret's having anything better than a curacy for some time to come—and time was everything to Jasper; especially as he was continually with Diana, and could work upon her feelings, and turn to his own advantage any circumstances that might arise.

He had cautiously sifted Charles Stanfield's knowledge upon the subject of Miss Wardlaw, but had obtained no decisive information upon the point. Charles Stanfield simply knew that Miss Wardlaw was a great friend of Lady Pechford's, and constantly at her house; and that it was the current gossip of Linthorp that Lady Pechford would not object to a match between the heiress and her relative.

Scanty as was the information, it was sufficient for Jasper. Indeed, it was better than knowing more—as more might have made it unsatisfactory. It was very much better not to probe too deeply, lest the roots might be altogether destroyed.

Charles Stanfield was not aware that he was giving information, still less that he was giving it to injure the only girl who had ever caused him to think again of her, or who had interested him in any way.

"Di is a little tired to-day," said Jasper, on the way to the house. "She is not used to visiting, and last night was a wonderful gathering for Broadmead—quite an excitement. My mother is not fit for anything; and Di looks very tired."

Charles Stanfield did not quite like the constant repetition of the "Di." There was a protecting and almost lover-like tone about it that augured Diana's relation to Jasper Seaton; though, at the same time, it might be accounted for by the fact of the guardianship.

"Perhaps Miss Ellis exerted herself too much for our entertainment. My father was delighted; and the Italian gentleman he cannot forget."

"Di will be charmed to hear it," answered Jasper. "I believe her *maestro* has almost the first place in her estimation."

And Charles Stanfield, acting on the hint, had the satisfaction of seeing Diana's pale face flush with a warmer colour as she listened to the praises of her friend; and she exerted herself to play the hostess graciously, in the absence of Mrs. Seaton. Jasper's words, too, appeared to her to have a double meaning, and had given her fresh courage.

"I shall hope to see Broadmead again," said Charles Stanfield on leaving.

"Oh, yes, I hope you will. You must come in the summer, and we can show you everything. And my godfather—it is like finding a new relative," said Diana, raising her eyes dreamily, and letting them fall again, as she found the dark blue eyes—whose awakening Lady Pechford had so much dreaded—looking very earnestly into hers.

"My father is very sorry he will not see you again. He will not be home from Creighton until late, and we start for town the first thing in the morning."

"Will you tell him I am very sorry, too?" said Diana. And then, remembering her speech to Jasper, she blushed, for it seemed almost as if she were beginning to be insincere. "Will you say, I am glad that he is my godfather?"

And then she blushed again, for her speech sounded very stupid to her, and she was afraid that Charles Stanfield would think it very stupid too.

But he did not; indeed, there was something that pleased him in it, and a slight flush came into his face as he said—

"Thank you! My father is one of the best men living."

"I am sure he is. And we shall see you again—you promise it?" asked Diana, as Charles was going away.

"Certainly," he replied, with a little more warmth than perhaps was necessary.

"I like Mr. Stanfield, Jasper," said Diana, after he had gone.

"Take care, Di," said Jasper, smiling. "I am afraid you will take to flirting."

"O, Jasper! There is not the slightest danger."

And then Signora Neri's caution flashed upon her, and she recalled Charles Stanfield's look. No, it was not possible—she must be so inferior to the people that he would meet with. And yet—what nonsense—yet—and her mind began to fill with womanly perplexities, which soon faded away

in the greater perplexity that was pressing on her heart.

"Jasper," she said, "tell me—is this true?"

"I don't know."

"But you believe it?" she said, in so quiet a tone, that Jasper looked down in surprise. She was not like the impulsive, impetuous Di that she used to be.

"I don't know what I believe, and what I don't. So much may be made out of a very little; and all that you can do is to suspend your judgment until the accusation is clearly proved. You must hold Mr. Carteret guiltless, until there is something more definite than anything I have heard."

"You are making a long speech to deceive me, Jasper," she said, tossing back the long curl that had fallen forward, and gazing intently at him.

"I wish you to think the best of Mr. Carteret, Di."

"Nonsense," she said, impatiently. "You know I can't bear suspense. Why can't you tell me at once, Jasper?"

And she drew nearer to him, and clutched his arm nervously, so that it actually gave him pain—her fingers seemed to close like iron upon it.

"You are very cruel, Jasper," she said.

"Cruel, Di? I would do anything in the world for you—you know I would."

And his voice sank almost to a whisper—a sweet, low whisper, that he had sometimes soothed her with as a child.

"I don't intend to be ungrateful, Jasper," she replied; "it is only that I do want to know what you have heard."

"I have heard very little."

"You have heard something that you don't like!"

"Perhaps so," returned Jasper, half moved in a truthful direction—for he was by no means satisfied by what he had heard—it was too little, too vague.

Her grasp upon his arm did not relax; and, though it gave him pain, at the same time he felt a pleasurable sensation. He was, perhaps, more to her than she was aware of, in spite of John Carteret. She relied upon him—she confided in him. Might she not in time do much more than this?

"I have heard nothing but what is extremely vague—so vague, that one cannot possibly unravel it. Lady Pechford, it appears, is thinking of something of the

sort; but then, what have Lady Pechford's wishes to do with the matter?"

"Much," thought Diana, remembering the terms in which John Carteret had spoken of her.

"Mr. Carteret did not seem to care for money. I should not have thought that he would be tempted by riches," said Jasper, half in soliloquy.

"Is she very rich, Jasper?"

"Yes—that is, she will be very rich—quite an heiress. Her father is a man of good property. With some men in Mr. Carteret's circumstances, this would be an insuperable bar. Why not in this case? Besides, heiresses do not generally care for poor men."

"But all men are not like John Carteret," mused Diana. She would not have weighed riches in the scale against him; or, having weighed them, would have found them light as a feather.

She stood silent for some time; then again she asked—

"Jasper, do you believe it?"

And again he answered—

"I don't know what I believe." And then he added, "Have you heard from Mr. Carteret lately?"

"No."

"Are you going to write to him?" he continued.

"Not now," said Diana. "How could I? I could not ask him about it now."

"No, Di! I do not think you could; but I could ask, and I suppose it is my duty to do so."

"Never, Jasper! never!" exclaimed Diana, vehemently. "You shall never do that. I can wait—I must wait. If it is not true, I could tell him afterwards; but, if it is true, nothing shall ever be said."

"That is right, Di. You must do as I said at first—you must wait. You must not lose faith until this is clearly proved. It may be all false, in spite of the apparent truth of Captain Stanfield's testimony."

"And of Mr. Stanfield's?"

Jasper hesitated.

"People may be easily mistaken. Where is your faith, Di?"

Faith! And then she recollected John Carteret's parting words, "Could she believe him through everything? It would be very difficult."

But she had not looked forward to anything like this; and, since the thunderstorm,

he had not written. Everything was in favour of the truth of what she had heard.

"Di," said Jasper, taking her hand, "you must be a patient child for a little time. You must not condemn until you have further proof. You must wait, Di."

"Oh, Jasper, Jasper!—what should I do without you?" said Diana.

For Jasper had gained ground. He had pleaded, so Diana thought, against his own convictions, in order to do justice to John Carteret, whom she knew he distrusted; and yet, while distrusting him, he was willing to give him every advantage. There was something noble in Jasper, after all. It must be Anne's death that had brought the change about, for it was only since Madame de Mouline's death that there had been such a marked improvement.

And Jasper? He almost knew what was passing in Diana's mind; and he smiled bitterly as he thought how she was mistaken. If she could but read the depths of his heart aright, what would she say to the passionate love that was burning there? If she could only have surmised that he was but playing a part in the drama he had sketched out; that he had finished the first act; that he had sown the seed of distrust in her heart—to grow, perhaps, into wider, deeper distrust; that the one object he had in view was to sever the ties that bound her to John Carteret, to undermine her faith—for she did not understand that it was Jasper himself who had led her to doubt! Had it not been for the influence that he insidiously exerted over her, she would have laughed at the reports from Linthorp, as unworthily a moment's credence.

"If it were not so late, and quite dusk, I believe the best thing for you would be a walk. You haven't been out to-day."

"I should like it above everything," she replied.

"Put on your warmest wraps, then, and don't be long: we shall have an hour before dinner."

And so they went through the lanes into the village, where they passed Miss Pycroft at her garden gate; and she, in great surprise, returned their hurried greeting.

"Of course, it is all off with John Carteret," mused Miss Pycroft. "That girl has no more stability of character than I expected; though every one thought such a wonderful change had come over her."

And Miss Pycroft entered the portals of

Brierly House, pondering over the fickleness of human nature.

"Thank goodness," said Miss Pycroft to herself, "I never flirted."

Miss Letty and Miss Sophia, also returning late from a charitable expedition, met Miss Pycroft descending the staircase.

"It is much too late for you to be out," she observed.

"And we met Jasper and Di going towards Burnwood Heath," answered Miss Letty, breathlessly.

"Did you?" said Miss Pycroft, calmly, as though it were an ordinary circumstance that did not call for remark.

"What can they want at the station, I wonder?" said Miss Sophia. "Perhaps some one's coming, and they're going to meet the train, and have sent the carriage on. It's just like Di; and Jasper lets her do anything she pleases. A guardian, indeed! It's absurd—it always was."

Jasper and Diana walked quickly on. The road to Burnwood Heath was a good one, and always dry.

Before they had gone far, Dr. Crawford's carriage passed them. Jasper had not calculated the time of the trains amiss. If they went on half a mile farther, the carriage would repass them on its return.

They walked quickly until they reached the milestone.

"Here we had better turn," he said. "Has the walk done you any good?" For he had not spoken to her, but had left her to pursue her meditations in silence.

"The sharp air is very refreshing," answered Diana.

They walked on without speaking; and were just turning into the village again, when the sound of wheels was heard behind them.

Jasper called out—

"Good night!"

The coachman drew up.

"Good night," said Dr. Crawford, putting his head out of the window. "Why, what are you doing here—and Di, too? Won't you get in?"

"No, no—don't stop. Di and I wanted a stroll, so we chose the high road. Drive on," he said to the coachman.

"What is it?" asked Captain Stanfield—who, overcome with the fatigues of the day, had fallen asleep, and was suddenly aroused by the stoppage of the carriage. "Has anything happened?"

"No. I stopped for a moment, to speak to Jasper Seaton and Diana. It's an odd time to be out walking. But they're all odd at the Manor House."

"Is my goddaughter engaged to Mr. Seaton?"

"Well, I can't say. One would think so from appearances, but I suppose she's something of a flirt. She had a regular flirtation with the Mr. Carteret you spoke of, when he was here; but it has ended, it seems, in nothing."

"Eh! Carteret? What! You don't mean to say he was flirting here also?"

"He was here for a month or two."

"My dear friend," said Captain Stanfield, "never trust a curate. There's no confidence whatever to be placed in them."

Dr. Crawford laughed.

"You forget that I was a curate myself once."

Captain Stanfield laughed also.

"That's a long time since—I had quite forgotten it."

And Jasper Seaton had made another move. Whether it would do him any good, he was not certain. Still, it might be useful as the plot thickened.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

MRS. SEATON and Diana had recovered their ruffled equanimity; and Miss Pycroft's party was a subject that, by tacit consent, was never referred to.

Had Mrs. Seaton been a different sort of woman, Diana would willingly have confessed herself in the wrong; but, had she in the present state of affairs done so, Mrs. Seaton, she knew, would not only misunderstand her, but would assume so much virtue to herself in consequence of the confession, that Diana's equilibrium would be again upset. Therefore, she said nothing; and the matter died away in silence.

Possibly, Jasper had some share in this; for he was aware that no good to his cause was likely to result from his mother's antagonism.

Apart from the ordinary routine of Broadmead life, Diana went on with the new inner life—that was, in time, to make the outer one more perfect. She had not yet learned to blend the two, and her wings were not yet in order for long flights—they were unsteady, and not to be relied upon; so she ascended and descended like other mortals, and did

not appear to herself to make much progress.

She had not heard from John Carteret again; and this was very trying to faith and patience, which—though she preached daily in her musings upon the subject—she found more difficult to carry into practice than she had expected. As usual, she had taken her perplexities to the Signora, and the Signora had recommended "Our Lady of the Sorrowful Heart" to her especial consideration. But Diana, though she respected her friend's beliefs, did not derive the same comfort from them that the Signora did; therefore she shook her head—

"It would not help me, Signorina, I am afraid."

Then Signora Neri sighed, saying—

"Ah, *carissima*, you do not know. But I will for you intercede."

"Can't I do something else, Signorina?"

"You can wait."

"That is what Jasper says."

"Mr. Seaton is right."

"He always is now, Signorina. I don't know what has happened to him. I used to think that Jasper was always in the wrong; and now he has grown almost as good as Madame de Mouline was. Perhaps she is watching over him."

Again the Signora shook her head.

"*Carina*, we have each our belief."

"Never mind, Signorina. We are travelling the same road, and we shall not lose sight of one another; for there is a great light that puts out all our minor differences, and will bring us right in the end."

"And Mr. Seaton says wait?"

"Yes. But, Signorina, I am afraid I cannot."

"What is in your heart, *carina*?"

Diana looked up. She did not quite understand what her friend meant.

"Is the love fresh, strong; or fades it, *carina*?"

"Signorina!" answered Diana, reproachfully.

"If the love is there, why not the faith?"

"It is only my own heart that I know, Signorina. I can trust that."

Signora Neri fixed an earnest, wistful gaze upon Diana, as though she would penetrate her inmost thoughts.

"Why, then, fear?" she asked.

"Signorina," exclaimed Diana—a new light dawning—"it is so long since I heard from him. If what these people say is

not true, he may be ill! I never thought of that."

Signora Neri started. It might be so; for she could not bring herself to distrust John Carteret. There was some reason—some good reason for his silence; and so she had said, "Wait."

"It may be? You think so—I know you do," exclaimed Diana, springing up.

"Where are you going?"

"Home. I must tell Jasper—I must ask him to see for me."

Always Jasper. Signora Neri did not like it. Jasper was not a favourite of hers, and she did not care for his becoming of so much importance to Diana. She herself had no confidence in him: she felt an innate repugnance to him, through some undeveloped instinct; and she had more than once said to her brother, "Giuseppe, it is not right—but I almost hate that man!"

"I shall come and see you to-morrow, Signorina. You always comfort me," said Diana.

And she went away—her heart at the same time heavier and lighter: heavier since a fresh burden was upon it; lighter, because there was a hope of her suspense, at any rate, being removed. She turned into the fields that led towards the Manor House, and there remembered that Jasper was not coming home until afternoon. It was only twelve o'clock now. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to have remained with Signora Neri—the time would pass away much more quickly; and she hesitated whether or not to return. She was more than half inclined to do so; but some irresistible influence seemed to draw her towards the Manor House.

And still engrossed in her meditations—hearing nothing, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, save the murmur in her heart—she pursued her way. Happier? Yes, unaccountably happier! A great calm had fallen upon her: faith was returning. For the sake of her promise to John Carteret, she would have faith. Why had she so failed? Jasper was right. What she had to do was to wait, and to wait patiently.

"I will believe!"

Very earnestly she spoke the words, scarce knowing that she did so. Then, startled by her own voice, she looked round to see if any one were near who might also hear them.

And then she gave a cry of glad surprise—

"John! John!—where have you come from?"

And, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she was clinging to John Carteret, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Di!—my own Di!" he said. "What is it, darling?"

But Diana could not answer just then; so he let her sob on quietly. He drew her arm within his; and, turning away from the entrance gates that she had nearly reached, walked in the direction of Marshwood. He did not speak until they had walked on for some little distance, and then he asked—

"What are you going to believe so earnestly, Di?"

"Did you hear what I said, John?"

"Of course I did. How could I help it?"

"John, what a long time it is since you have written to me."

"Only a week since."

"A week? I have not heard from you for more than three weeks. I thought you were never going to write to me again. It was so long to wait."

And she looked up at him; and, through the joy that had come into her face, he could read the trouble that had been there in the careworn look that was not to be effaced in a moment.

"My poor Di!" he said, tenderly. "And you were trying to believe in me!"

"Have you been ill, John?"

"No."

Then came a pause. She rather hesitated about her next question. All that Captain Stanfield had said seemed so idle, so little worth, now that John Carteret was beside her, that she was ashamed of having even taken it into consideration. It was blotting itself out so completely, that she seemed to forget the points that had appeared so salient. How could she pain him by letting him know how foolish she had been? What would he think of her? And yet it was not that she so much cared about that, as that she had an instinctive feeling of his high nature being hurt by the idle gossip of Linthorp, that kept her silent; and she only asked—

"Why did you not write again, John?"

"I did write, after my letter of a fortnight since, as I have told you," he answered; "and I wonder you did not receive it, for I posted it myself. The letter before that I am afraid may never have reached the post office, since I foolishly entrusted it to my landlady. But, when no answer came to

either, I feared something must be the matter; and I determined to come and see what it was."

"That is better than a letter, John," said Diana, shyly.

John Carteret—though he could not define his doubts, and tried to put them away from him—did not thoroughly trust Jasper Seaton. He knew that, in spite of his outward civility, he disapproved of the marriage; and, through Diana's long silence, he began to fear that some adverse influence was at work.

"It was odd to lose two letters in the post. It would have explained everything."

Diana rather soliloquized the last words, and John Carteret scarcely heard them—for he was turning over in his mind a strange suspicion that had just darted into it. Yet, surely, Mr. Seaton was too much of a gentleman.

"What are you thinking of, John?"

"I am going to be inquisitorial," he replied, rousing up suddenly.

"Begin, then."

"You thought I was forgetting you, did you not?"

"It was so long since I heard from you," answered Diana, parrying the question.

"Which means yes, Di—though you do not say it. And your faith was ebbing away?"

Yes, her faith had been ebbing away; but how was she going to tell John Carteret, after all the promises she had made—after all her protestations?

But he waited for his answer. Was he vexed? She glanced up, and met the eyes, with the same expression they had worn on that first Sunday, looking compassionately and lovingly into hers.

"You lost heart a little, did you not? Faith made itself wings to fly away."

"But it did not fly away, John," said Diana, smiling. "You know, I said, 'I will believe.'"

"Yes, against inner arguments."

"Are you vexed with me, John?"

"No, darling, it was my fault. I ought to have come sooner."

"I did not know that you thought of coming until Christmas. I did not expect you," she said, in some surprise.

"Perhaps not," he answered.

His manner was a little pre-occupied; and it was evident that something was on his mind.

"You are vexed about something, John?"

"But not with you, Di."

And Diana, reassured, walked on.

"Where are we going, John?"

"Up to the Marshwood Beeches, where the sun goes down. Have you watched it lately?"

"Very often; but not every day, as I used to do. My window does not look to Marshwood, now. If you remember, I told you that I had moved into Madame de Mouline's old rooms; and I have a new piano, and Jasper has made everything so charming that you will be delighted! You cannot think how kind Jasper is. He seems to think nothing too good for me."

Then she was sorry that she had spoken, for a pained look came into John Carteret's face.

She drew nearer to him.

"But, somehow, I like my old *Paradiso* better, John. It feels, somehow, nearer to you and to Heaven. I think, to keep near to Heaven, John," she said, in a lower tone, "that it is better to be poor."

He looked at her earnestly; but she had spoken quite simply, without thought of that other interpretation that he had put upon it. There was in her speech no intended allusion to the circumstances of the two men. Why would this strange, haunting feeling cling to him?

"It cuts both ways," he said, meditatively.

"You do not know what poverty is, poor child."

"I shall never be in poverty, John—Jasper is too good for that. You do not know how changed he is from what I once told you; and he has even tried to help my faith, and he told me to wait, and not believe——"

Here she stopped short, and turned crimson; for she was betraying herself.

"Not to believe what, Di?"

No—she could not bring herself to insult him by repeating the idle gossip she had heard, and had been tempted to believe. It was so simple a matter to trust in him, now that he was beside her, and she could read in his eyes how groundless had been her alarms, that she despised her weakness. She could not tell the tale, and wound his heart with the unworthy doubt she had entertained. So, for the first time, she withheld the whole truth from John Carteret, and only let him have part. And she temporized a little.

"I did lose faith a little, John; and Jasper told me not to distrust, but to wait."

Was it quite honest? She felt half guilty. And yet the words she had spoken contained no untruth in them. However, John Carteret did not question further. He appeared to be revolving something in his own mind; and they walked on without speaking. Presently he said—

"I don't think your guardian looks very favourably upon our engagement, Di."

"That is very unreasonable of you, John," she answered. "Did he not try to smooth the way by offering to help us? And he has defended you always."

"Against whom?" inquired John Carteret, a little sharply.

"Mrs. Seaton does not like you so well as she did; but I do not know why."

And still the haunting thought sped through John Carteret's mind. False—false was all the world? Was Diana herself true? Or, rather, was she not too young to understand the world—to understand herself? The question came to him again, even as it had done when he awoke the first time from the dream of Havilah.

They were not far from the Marshwood Beeches now, where they had watched the sun go down in the last walk they had taken together. He was thinking of it. Was she?

The old trees had a weird look about them, with their bare branches shorn of their summer glory, tossing like the fantastic arms of some huge goblin in the rising wind that came up sighing from the north with a keen frost-feeling, as though the frost-giants were beginning to breathe over the land. "Winter is coming," said the red-breasted robins. "Winter is coming," said the ruffled waters. And a keener gust, that shook the leafless boughs, caused Diana to utter the words aloud—

"Winter is coming!" she said, and a slight shiver ran through her. "Superstitions cling to me, John," she went on. "The last time I was here, the sun went down, and the gray twilight began to hide the earth. To-day, everything seems to say, 'Winter is coming'—darkness, cold, desolation. And the clouds are growing dark, in spite of the north wind. If you were not with me, John, I should feel so hopeless, so sorrowful! But you are my shield, to help me, till the summer comes—the great summer, John, when we shall be so happy!"

"Look up at me, Di."

And she turned her dark eyes full upon him.

He looked earnestly into them. What was he searching for?

"You trust me, Di?"

"For—"

But her sentence remained unfinished. And, with a shriek, she sprang forward!

LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE permanence of great reputations can never be surely predicted. Men who have filled the most important positions in the eyes of their contemporaries are too often fated, in the calmer views of later generations, to lose much of the glory which made them such bright lights in their own lifetimes. Even while they live—if their days are protracted beyond the average span—they often have the mortification to see that the world has half forgotten them; or, at least, honours them rather on the strength of their old reputation than from any perfect knowledge of the grounds on which that reputation was based. No stronger instance of this, perhaps, can be adduced than in the case of the late Lord Brougham.

The man who had once nearly set all England on fire by his eloquence, who was the idol of the people and the terror of ministers, lived to see his existence practically ignored. True, the old man eloquent, with his ruling passion of vanity, lost no opportunity, even to the day of his death, of asserting, if possible, his quondam pre-eminence. Did an important occasion occur in the House of Lords, was a statue of Isaac Newton to be inaugurated at Grantham, the veteran orator was to the front; and right bravely, as ever, would he vindicate his ancient laurels. People honoured him; but, after all, the hardy octogenarian peer—eloquent, wonderful as he might be for a man of his age—was not the Henry Brougham of other days.

The trial of John and Leigh Hunt, of the *Examiner*, for libel—said libel chiefly consisting in styling his Majesty George IV., of hallowed memory, a "fat Adonis of fifty;" the still greater trial of Queen Caroline, which set England almost in a revolution; the Catholic Relief Bill, the struggle for negro emancipation, the first Reform Bill, had all become matters of past political in-

terest; and the chief actor and advocate in them all had ceased to be talked about by present men. Thus, for many years, Lord Brougham was looked upon as the last remaining link of times of former excitement, which had faded from men's minds in the more immediate excitement of their own days. The publication of the first volume of the autobiography of this remarkable man has served, however, to revive for the moment the public interest in his career. Until the appearance of the second volume of this work, it will be impossible to form a correct idea of its value. Beyond a very diffuse account of his early life, and of some travels on the Continent which he undertook as a young man, there is little of much lasting interest in the instalment to hand. It was the express wish of Lord Brougham—his brother, the present peer, states—that the autobiography should be published, pure and simple, as it proceeded from his pen. "I alone am answerable for all its statements, faults, and omissions. I will have no editor employed to alter or re-write what I desire shall be published as *exclusively my own*." Thus peremptorily says the author in his will; but whether the MS. would not have been the better for a little pruning and supervision must be left to the reader to decide. In the present article, we do not intend to do more than touch lightly upon the leading facts in Brougham's early career, as related by himself—although, it must be confessed, often told with equal confidence from other good and reliable sources in quite a different manner. A man certainly has the privilege of being allowed to know more about himself than any one else does; and for this reason the canvassing of assertions made in an autobiography must always be an invidious task. Nevertheless, in the case of a man like Lord Brougham, whose history is public property, and is made still more so by the challenge thrown down by his own memoirs of himself, it would be false modesty to take everything as gospel, and allow all to go unquestioned. Brougham had many contemporaries who had known him and observed him daily as personal acquaintances for years; and if they did not fill the same brilliant place in public life as himself, they are yet, perhaps, not less trustworthy as to facts which were within their own experiences. One of Lord Brougham's greatest weaknesses was an inordinate vanity—if that, indeed, can be called a weakness

which was one of the chief qualities which helped to lead him on so triumphantly in the path of success. But vanity sometimes unwittingly treads upon the heels of veracity. One of Brougham's most amusing crotchets was on the subject of his ancestry; and we find this crotchet fully aired in the book before us. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," makes very merry over this foible of the great man. He says:—"His weakness on this point was almost incredible, and I am afraid to repeat what I have heard him gravely state respecting the antiquity and splendour of his family." He then goes on to state that Brougham was wont to assert that Broacum, in the "Itinerary of Antoninus," was identical with the place now called Brougham, and was the property of his ancestors, even under its old name. Now, as this fine old handbook for Roman travellers is supposed to have been first compiled under the auspices severally of Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, and Augustus, Lord Brougham's ancestors must have been cotemporary with Virgil, Horace, and other celebrities of the Augustan age; or, to put it in another way, were Lords of Broacum when Christ was born. Another story of Brougham is that he used to relate, in the gravest manner possible, that when Jockey of Norfolk, the duke in the reign of George III. (so named after his ancestor of Bosworth), came to the north of England, he gave utterance to the following dictum:—"You talk of your Percys and Greys in this country, but the only true gentleman among you is Mr. Brougham. We Howards have sprung up only recently; but the Broughams were at Brougham in the time of Antoninus. They distinguished themselves in the Holy Wars, and in some of the most important events of English history." Whether the noble author modified his opinions when he took the pen in hand, or whether he feared to carry the joke too far, we know not; but at least, although there is some allusion to the Crusades, the Broughams are not carried quite so far back as Antoninus. And he seems even half ashamed of his Crusaders. He speaks of "the state of respectable mediocrity which seems to have characterized my many ancestors—none of whom, so far as I have been able to discover, were ever remarkable for anything. Many, no doubt, were fighters; but, even in that career of doubtful usefulness, were rather prudent than

daring." He is here speaking of his Saxon ancestry. Now for the Normans. "Nor do I find we much improved in intellect, even after an infusion of very pure Norman blood, which came into our veins from Harold, Lord of Vaux, in Normandy. I think, then, I am fairly entitled to argue that I, at least, owe much to the Celtic blood which my mother brought from the clans of Struan and Kinloch-Moidart."

Another favourite hobby of Brougham's was that he was entitled to the barony in fee of Vaux, as lineal descendant of the barons of that name who sat in the Parliament of Henry II. He even once, it is said, went so far as to express a fear lest, on the death of an old lady who stood before him in the pedigree, the dignity so long in abeyance should devolve upon him, and disqualify him for practising at the bar, or sitting in the House of Commons. A more extraordinary piece of vanity than this, if the story be true, can hardly be conceived; and this the more so, as the peerage books eschew all this assumption, and simply state that John Brougham, of Scales Hall, came into possession of the ancient family estates at the beginning of the last century. A word on these estates may not be out of place, although they are not mentioned in Lord Brougham's book. He has always, however, dated himself from Brougham Hall, as the old family residence.

About this Brougham Hall there seems to be a good deal of mystery. A Brougham Castle there certainly once was, but at a place several miles distant from the Broacuin to which we have alluded; and the ruins of what was in very ancient times a grand old Norman fortress still exist on the banks of the river Eamont.

The truth about Brougham Hall seems to be this—and local traditions fully bear out the facts as stated. The building in question formerly belonged to a family of the name of Bird, and was known for generations to the people round about as "Bird's Nest." It was a small, quaint dwelling-house, upon a wooded eminence, built by one of the Birds, in the reign of James I., in a castellated style, with little turrets at the corners of it. Now, Lord Brougham's ancestors, for the few generations that anything really authentic is known of them, were what is called, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, "statesmen," or small freeholders—a class of independent yeomen un-

fortunately fast dying out before the cupidity of the large landed proprietors, and the machinations of subservient agents and attorneys. Their farm was called Scales Hall. The great-granduncle of Lord Brougham—a thrifty farmer and cattle dealer—managed to save sufficient money to buy this "Bird's Nest" from the Birds then in possession. This Mr. Brougham left it to his nephew, Lord Brougham's grandfather, a noted attorney, and steward to the Duke of Norfolk; and, under this gentleman's more ambitious views, "Bird's Nest," which had been so called for generations, changed its name to the more aristocratic Brougham Hall.

It would have been hardly worth while to dilate so long on such, after all, really unimportant questions, save only to illustrate more minutely the personal characteristics of a man who will ever fill an important place in the estimation of Englishmen.

The accident of Lord Brougham's birth in Scotland admits of a romantic explanation, although it is told very curtly by himself. In the summer of 1777, his father—then a young man just come into his small patrimonial estate, and marked by much ability, but more by the eccentricity which his son so liberally inherited—set out on a tour in Scotland. He was so much struck with the beauty of "Edinbro' town," that he determined to take up his residence there for a while. He happened to be recommended to the lodging-house of Mrs. Syme, a clergyman's widow, and—what is more worthy to be remembered—the sister of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. She was a good and estimable lady, but in reduced circumstances. Mrs. Syme had an only child, a most beautiful and accomplished daughter. The rest may be imagined. The new lodger fell in love with her on the spot, and the usual happy result followed. In due course, they were married by the bride's uncle, Dr. Robertson. As the means of the young couple were limited, their first residence was an upper flat, or floor, in the house No. 10, St. Andrew's-square; and here, on the 19th of September, 1778, the future Lord Chancellor was born.

This has always been supposed to be the trustworthy account of the manner in which Lord Brougham's parents first met, but the autobiographer himself gives a rather different tone to the story. Lord Brougham's father was engaged to be married to his cousin, Mary Whelpdale—"the last of a per-

fectly pure Saxon race;" but, on the very day before the wedding, Mary Whelpdale died. The blow had such an effect upon the young man, that he was obliged to resort to travel to avert the effects of the catastrophe upon his mind. His father confided him to the care of Lord Buchan, one of his intimate friends; and, proceeding to Edinburgh with him, the father of Brougham made the acquaintance of many distinguished people, among others of Dr. Robertson, at whose house he met his eldest sister, then a widow, and her only child Eleanor. This acquaintance ended in a marriage; and the two moved to St. Andrew's-square, to the house in which Lord and Lady Buchan lived. The discrepancy between the two stories is nothing very alarming; but Lord Brougham pays the greatest homage it were possible to give to his maternal grandmother, Dr. Robertson's sister, when he says, "To her I owe all my success in life."

Will it be believed that even in the matter of his birth, Lord Brougham, with his usual waywardness of character, was accustomed to introduce a mystery? In July, 1830, when addressing the electors at Leeds, he positively had the boldness to say, "I am a Westmoreland man by *birth* and possessions"—which, to any of the audience who happened to know better, and to all of them who could not help remarking the genuine Scotch accent which he retained all his life, must have suggested a curious private opinion. In his autobiography, however, it must be said, in common justice, that he owns to his birth in St. Andrew's-square most unreservedly.

The education of the young Brougham commenced early. He was first sent to a day school—a sort of infant school for girls as well as boys—in George-street, Edinburgh, kept by a Mr. Stalker. When he was only seven years old he had outgrown the curriculum of Mr. Stalker's establishment, and was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, then under the head-mastership of Dr. Adam, whose Latin dictionary we all knew so well in our school days. To the sterling qualities of his old master, Lord Brougham pays an affectionate tribute. This Dr. Adam was a remarkable man in many ways. Born of low origin, he yet had that inherent thirst for knowledge which, once felt, can never be allayed. To educate himself, he for years suffered from actual hunger; his only

means of subsistence being the miserable pittance of three guineas a quarter, which he earned by teaching what he had himself so far acquired. Out of this he had to pay fourpence a week for a wretched lodging two miles out of the town, and his daily food was oatmeal porridge and penny rolls. Fire and candles he never had. His substitute for the former in cold weather was severe exercise; for the latter, reading at the rooms of some fellow-student a trifle richer than himself. Yet he rose to be Rector of the High School, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best teachers and soundest scholars of his day. Dr. Adam at first seems to have had a great deal of trouble with some of the masters under him, owing to the new method of teaching which he introduced. The chief nonconformist was one Nicol. This Nicol, though a man of good abilities, was of most intemperate habits and dissolute life; and, though it may not be generally known, he is immortalized by Burns, whose boon companion he was, in his song commencing—

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut (malt),
· And Rab and Allan came to prec."

The Willie is Nicol; Rab, Burns himself; and Allan, one named Masterton, at whose school Brougham learnt writing and arithmetic.

At thirteen years of age, Brougham left the High School. Some good stories are told of Brougham about this time, but we cannot find space for more than one. We must premise that, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, whenever there was a dinner party, after the ladies had withdrawn, it was the custom for the gentlemen to give toasts at every round of the bottle, till at last the toast of "Good afternoon" was declared, and the party broke up, and left the room. Brougham, with a company of merry friends, went to see a new play that was to be brought out at the Edinburgh theatre, called the "Jolly Toper," and written by a Robert Heron, whose reputation for dramatic genius was none of the most flattering. The piece, though intended to be witty, turned out excruciatingly dull. The first four acts were heard out with comparative resignation on the part of the audience. When the curtain drew up for the fifth act, it discovered a large party at table, with bottles and glasses before them. The gen-

tleman in the chair then, flourishing his glass, said, "All charged?—give us a toast;" when a lanky figure in the pit stood up—"I humbly propose, 'Good afternoon.'" The owner of the strange voice then made for the door, waving his hat for the rest of the audience to follow him. The cry of "Good afternoon" was repeated by boxes, pit, and galleries. There was a general stampede, and the piece was damned. The stripling whom the author had to thank for his fatal wit was Henry Brougham.

Thus far, he had given no extraordinary signs of future excellence. He himself says—"It is a great mistake the fancying that I at all distinguished myself at the High School."

For about a year he remained at home under private tuition; and it was about this time that he made his first literary effort, in the shape of a tale after the manner of "Rasselas," which he called "Memnon; or, Human Wisdom." The tale is given in full in the autobiography; but as few people read "Rasselas" in these days, we are afraid still fewer will care for "Memnon," written at the age of thirteen. It is interesting, however, as Brougham's first literary performance. Whether it was printed or not, the author forgets to state. We should almost think it was, if the exclamation of an old Edinburgh printer can be relied on. "Lord sauf us!—did I ever think to see the laddie, who used to sit kicking his heels and whistling in my office till a proof was thrown off, make such a stir in the world as Henry Brougham!"

At fifteen, Brougham entered the University of Edinburgh, and commenced studying under Playfair. At sixteen, he wrote a paper on optics; and two years after, another treatise on geometry; but these are more remarkable as showing the precocity of his powers than for any value from a scientific point of view. If he was at times, however, a great student, he was also, in the intervals of study, a most riotous liver.

Brougham's companions consisted of two sorts—namely, intellectual men, such as Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Murray; and fellows of dissipation, fun, and frolic, such as Sandie Finlay, Jack Gordon, and Frank Drummond. Now, in his studious moments, he would be gravely discussing literary and philosophical subjects with the first set. This over, he was sure to be found soon after with the second, carousing in taverns,

ringing bells in the streets, twisting off bell-pulls and knockers, or smashing lamps.

On one occasion, the two sets seem to have formed a coalition—for Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncrieff (afterwards Lord Moncrieff), and Cuninghame (afterwards Lord Cuninghame) were in the party. Brougham had twisted off sundry door knockers, and smashed lamps *ad libitum*; and then disappeared, as the result showed, to play a practical joke upon his companions. He had gone and given information against them to the police, that they might be marched off to durance vile for the night, and carried next morning before the Lord Provost. On the appearance of the police, however, they took to their heels. One only was caught, and he got off by a bribe of five shillings to his captor. Lord Brougham himself makes no secret of these wild student pranks, and seems rather to look back upon them with a half-pleased satisfaction. He says: "After the day's work we would adjourn to the Apollo Club, where the orgies were more of the 'high jinks' than of the calm or philosophical debating order; or to Johnny Dow's, celebrated for oysters. I do believe that it was there that I acquired that love for oysters which adheres to me even now; so much so, that, on coming to an inn, the first question I generally ask is, 'Have you any oysters?'"

His university career over, Brougham turned to the study of the law, with a view to the Scottish bar. About this time, his exuberance of spirits, or eccentricities—call them what you may—gave themselves unbridled rein. In the summer of 1799, along with a roystering contingent of fellow-students in the law, he hired a vessel at Glasgow, to visit the Hebrides. From their pranks, the ship acquired the name of the *Mad Brig*. At Stornoway, in the island of Lewis, Brougham almost frightened out of his wits the landlord of the hostelry where they were staying, by entering his bed-room in the middle of the night with loaded pistols, shooting a cat, and pretending that he was a messenger from a place not fashionable to ears polite.

Yet, for all his pranks, it was here that Brougham became a free and accepted Mason. On his return to Edinburgh, after this wild holiday, he applied himself diligently to study, and the next year was called to the Scottish bar. As his prospects of briefs did not seem immediately brilliant,

he determined to make a first start on his own account, by defending pauper prisoners at the assizes. His success at the outset does not seem, however, to have been very encouraging. Even before his call to the bar, we find him writing to a friend thus: "I still continue more and more to detest this place, and this cursedest of cursed professions." The story of his first appearance at the assizes is worth repeating. The judge of assize was a simple-minded old gentleman, called Lord Eskgrove. His too indecisive manner had made him the butt of all sorts of practical jokes for nearly half a century. The knowledge of this fact was sufficient for Brougham. He laid down a systematic scheme of making fun of my Lord Eskgrove. He travelled from Edinburgh in a one-horse chaise; and as he entered Jedburgh, where the assizes were to be held for the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, and Berwick, he found that the judge's procession, attended by the sheriffs of the four counties, the magnates of Jedburgh, and other officials, with halbertmen, called the "Crailing Guard," was, according to ancient custom, marching across the High-street, from the Spread Eagle Inn, where it had been formed, to the Town Hall, in the Market-place, where the Court was to be held. The procession was advancing at a very slow pace, all the population of the town having turned out to have a look at my lord judge, who was arrayed in his full pontificals. Brougham suddenly driving up at full speed, the "Crailing Guard" presented their halberts, and ordered him to stop. Brougham only lashed his horse the harder, routed the "Crailing Guard," charged the procession, broke the line a little a-head of the judge, and—the mob making way for him—drove on to his inn. It was greatly feared that the judge would be upset in the kennel; but his lordship escaped with a few splashes of mud, and took his seat on the bench. An extempore prayer was said by the clergyman of the parish, the sheriffs of counties were called over, and other preliminary forms were gone through, when Brougham entered the court, made a respectful bow to the judge, and took his seat at the bar, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. My lord was in great embarrassment, feeling that he ought to have ordered the delinquent into custody for contempt of court; but he had not the courage to do so, and did not know what other course to

adopt. While his lordship was evidently in a great fuss, Brougham rose and said, very composedly, "My lord, the court is very close—I am afraid your lordship may suffer from the heat. Perhaps your lordship will be pleased to order a window to be opened." A window was opened, and no further notice was taken of the affair. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who is the authority for the story of this assize, says that, about this time, his conduct was so eccentric, that he is supposed to have betrayed a slight tendency to insanity, and his friends were very uneasy about him. The worthy baronet then mentions some instances of his eccentricity during the circuit—such as taking to wear spectacles, with the idea that he had suddenly become short-sighted; riding away from the circuit town upon the horse of a friend, without remembering to ask the owner's permission; and throwing some tea over a young lady, for which he was called personally to account.

One of the most interesting passages in the early career of Lord Brougham is connected with the foundation of the "Edinburgh Review." Concerning the manner in which the "Review" was first started, there are several discrepancies, according as the story has been told by the different parties interested. Sydney Smith's account is as follows:—"Towards the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in an eighth or ninth story or flat, in Buccleuch-place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review, and the idea was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number. The motto I proposed was '*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*' 'We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.' This was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our grave motto from 'Publius Syrus,' of whom none of us had ever read a line. When I left Edinburgh, the 'Review' fell into the strong hands of Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success." Lord Brougham's answer to this account is, that the whole of it is purely imaginary. In the first place, he denies that there ever was a house eight or nine storeys high in Buccleuch-place, no house at that time exceeding three storeys. The idea of Sydney Smith ever being editor he treats with ill-concealed contempt. "He

read over the articles, and so far may be said to have edited the first number; but regularly constituted editor he never was—for, with all his other rare and remarkable qualities, there was not a man among us less fitted for such a position. He was a very moderate classic. He had not the smallest knowledge of mathematics or of any science."

There would almost seem to be a slight trace of animosity in the manner in which Lord Brougham attempts to dispose of Sydney Smith's pretensions. And even in his praise of him, he gives a covert sneer. He says: "He was an admirable joker. He had the art of placing ordinary things in an infinitely ludicrous point of view. I have seen him at dinner, at Foston (his living, near York), drive the servants from the room with the tears running down their faces, in peals of inextinguishable laughter. But he was too much of a jack-pudding. On one occasion, he was the high sheriff's chaplain, and had to preach the assize sermon. I remember the bar, who were present in York Minster, being rather startled at hearing him give out as his text, 'And a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him!' But I am bound to say the sermon was excellent, and to the purpose." The sneer which follows—especially from one who, like Brougham, made such extraordinary pretensions to ancient descent—might, we think, have been as well kept to himself—the more so, as it has no relevance to the subject in hand:—"Whatever faults he may have had; he had too much good sense to be ashamed of his name. He used jokingly to say, 'The Smiths have no right to crests or coat-armour, for they always sealed their letters with their thumbs!'" Not content with this, Lord Brougham goes out of his way to devote nearly two pages in an appendix to dissipating a harmless notion of Sydney Smith that he was descended from Catherine Barton, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton.

The secret of the animus is, perhaps, best discovered in Lord Campbell's account of the origin of "The Edinburgh Review." According to him, the arrangement for this famous periodical was originally made without the knowledge of Brougham. And when it was proposed that he should be invited to co-operate, Sydney Smith strongly resisted the idea, from "a strong impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness." He also says that the vote went in

Brougham's favour ultimately—partly from the hope of advantage from his vigorous co-operation, and partly from dread of his enmity if he should be excluded. Lord Brougham, however, asserts that he was of the council of would-be reviewers on the first night on which the idea was started. "I can never forget Buccleuch-place—for it was there, one stormy night in March, 1802, that Sydney Smith first announced to me his idea, &c." Again: "On that night, the project was for the first time seriously discussed by Smith, Jeffrey, and me." But who shall decide when doctors disagree? One thing is agreed upon on all hands, that the original idea was Smith's; and Lord Brougham himself confesses that the "Review" owed much of its astounding success to his practical good sense and wise counsels; one of the most important pieces of his advice to Constable, the publisher, being, that a *permanent* editor should be engaged at a liberal salary, and that every contributor should be paid ten or twelve guineas a sheet.

The truth seems to be, that Sydney Smith was a sort of editor *pro tem.*, until Jeffrey was duly installed in the direction, at a salary of £300 a-year. That Brougham was one of the most valuable and industrious hands on the concern cannot be disputed. His slashing style pleased the public and sold the "Review." In his criticisms he hit right and left, regardless of consequences. His caustic "cutting up" of the "Hours of Idleness," Lord Byron's first volume of poems, called forth "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and poor Jeffrey, the editor, had to fight Tom Moore at Chalk Farm.

Lord Brougham's power of work, and that universality on which he so much prided himself, were never more strongly exhibited than in connection with the "Review." In the very first number, three articles on totally different subjects appear from his pen: one on "Optics," another on "Acerbi's Travels," and a third on "The Crisis of the Sugar Colonies."

After Lord Brougham came to London, he wrote to Jeffrey, saying that he had occasion for a thousand pounds, and desired him to let him have it by return of post, and articles for the "Review" to that value should be sent as soon as possible. The thousand pounds was duly remitted; and in the course of six weeks, Brougham

sent down articles on a vast variety of subjects, enough to make up an entire number of the "Review"—one of them being on surgical operations, another on a mathematical subject, and a third on the music of the Chinese.

Disgusted with his chances at the Scottish bar, Brougham determined to try his fortune among the English advocates. He was called to the English bar in the November of 1808, and many thought that he would make his mark immediately; but Fortune did not smile so quickly as himself or his friends expected. He chose the Northern Circuit; but he travelled from York to Durham, from Durham to Newcastle, from Newcastle to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Appleby, and from Appleby to Lancaster, without receiving a guinea, or even being called upon to defend a prisoner without a fee.

It is said that Lord Eldon—who, as a rule, was remarkable for his kind and courteous bearing towards counsel—was at first strongly prejudiced against Brougham, and used to cause him annoyance by always calling him Mr. Bruffam. At last, the descendant of the De Burghams could stand it no longer. He therefore handed up, by the clerk of the court, a note to my lord, couched in rather wrathful terms, and implying that he was the object of a premeditated insult; and, that there might be no mistake, wrote down in large, round text-hand, the letters B R O O M, to mark the monosyllabic pronunciation—for Lord Brougham used to be almost as much offended with Bro-am, or Broo-am, as with Bruffam itself. Eldon took the protest in good part; and, at the conclusion of the argument, observed, "Every authority upon the question has been brought before us. 'New Brooms sweep clean.'"

Brougham's great ambition had always been to get into Parliament; and at last, under the auspices of the Whigs, he became member for Camelford—one of the rotten boroughs which were abolished by the Reform Bill of 1832. Much later than this, the present volume of the autobiography does not bring us down. The most important part of his career, as told by himself, remains, therefore, to be published. But, in the volume already before the world, there is, thus far, a vast amount of interesting notes on the times of which he writes, and the men whom he knew personally. Unfortunately, however, the plan of the book is

too disjointed and heterogeneous—a curious result in the work of an author of such mathematical pretensions.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,
MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR HERO SPENDS THE EVENING AT A
PERPENDICULAR.

MR. SAMUEL GOLIGHTLY and his new purchase arrived safely at Oak-ingham, on the day after the events recorded in our last chapter. Miss Dorothea expressed herself quite satisfied with the use that had been made of her cheque; and all the family were astonished to see our hero looking so well, after the trying circumstances in which he had, for some time past, been placed.

It was on the neat little bay cob he had purchased of Mr. Wallop that Mr. Samuel trotted over to the market town of Fuddleton, on the third day after his arrival at home. An intelligent observer might have noticed a considerable amount of excitement in his demeanour; and it must be confessed that, as they splashed along over the soft country roads, the bay got more cuts from our hero's whip than he either desired or deserved. Mr. Samuel rode boldly into the yard of the principal inn, where the family were in the habit of "putting up," as it is termed, when they made a stay of an hour or so in the town of Fuddleton—which event commonly happened once a week, usually on a Saturday, that being market day. Having dismounted, and refreshed himself with a glass of bitter beer, our hero made his way to the new telegraph office—which is situate in the Market-square—and, with as much confidence of manner as he could assume, demanded of the clerk in attendance there, if there was any telegram for Mr. Samuel Adolphus Golightly. The official at first did not condescend to make any reply—after the manner of his class—being disposed to treat the public generally something in the light of impertinent intruders upon his particular privacy and retirement. The personage whom we have called the official was a sallow-faced and grimy youth of about nineteen or twenty. He was engaged—it being just about twelve o'clock—in the engrossing occupation of eating bread and cheese out of a piece of newspaper, and was evidently amused with

something he was reading as he ate; while his junior—the little boy who carried out the messages—eyed him with envious gaze.

Mr. Samuel, who was never impatient or domineering, waited until the clerk thought proper to notice his remarks.

“No, there aint,” was the answer he received.

“Well, I expect a message this morning,” said our hero.

“If it’s sent, it’ll come,” remarked the official, in the intervals at which the bread and cheese allowed him to speak. “It aint come yet.”

As there was no seat in the office, and no particular encouragement to remain leaning on the counter, Mr. Samuel returned to his inn, and there partook of a second glass of bitter beer, and performed an exploit which he would have been quite incapable of before he went up to the University—namely, addressed some highly complimentary observations to the pretty and affable barmaid at the Stag. Half an hour after his first visit, he made a second journey to the office, and repeated his former question.

The machine was clicking away, and the needle rapidly spelling out its message.

“It’s now come,” said the clerk, who had finished his bread and cheese.

Mr. Samuel seized the piece of yellow paper on which the clerk had transcribed the message, and read—

“Sneek, Cambridge, to S. A. Golightly, Esq., Fuddleton.”

“Golightly, first class; Pokyr, second; Popham, plucked.”

“Good gracious!” said our hero, as he folded the paper, and put it away in his pocket for further perusal. “This is better news than I expected.” And then, thinking of his friend, who had not been so successful, he added—“What will poor Popham do when he hears the news?”

He returned to the Stag, mounted his cob, and rode as gaily into Oakingham as ever he had done in his life. The good news that our hero was through his Little Go was received at the Rectory with manifest symptoms of delight on all sides; and everybody coincided in regarding Mr. Samuel in the light of a prodigy of learning and steadiness. Our friend, the Rector, was perfectly satisfied; and testified his contentedness—when the *Standard*, contain-

ing the list, arrived at Oakingham next day—by making his son the object of an appropriate complimentary speech.

The vacation passed rapidly away, and our hero soon found himself back again at Alma Mater. Here he met all his old friends; congratulated Mr. Pokyr, and condoled with Mr. Popham.

The latter was reading hard for a second attempt; while the former, out of play-hours, was busily engaged upon an elaborate series of cribs for his General, constructed upon an improved system.

One day, as our hero was quietly sitting at lunch, he heard an excited rap at his door, and in rushed Mr. Eustace Jones, his neighbour overhead, making profuse apologies for the intrusion—the reason of which our hero could not quite comprehend. Simultaneously, Mr. Sneek appeared on the leads outside the window, and something buff kept flapping blindly against the panes of glass.

Then our hero learnt that Mr. Jones’s owl had escaped, and was the cause of all the commotion. When the bird had been secured by Sneek, Mr. Jones entered into some particulars of the origin and growth of his great affection for British birds, which had led him to try to tame an owl. A few days after, the sly old bird—taking advantage of an open window, after dusk—bade its master adieu, with a loud “Too-whit, too-who!” which echoed through the silence of the great quad. The mathematician’s next venture was a hawk, properly secured against nocturnal flights by having had one of his wings operated upon by our old acquaintance Mr. Gallagher, who supplied him.

“If you please, sir,” said the garrulous Mrs. Cribb to our hero, “you rec’lec’ Mr. Jones’s bird bein’ caught in your room?”

“Yes, Mrs. Cribb,” said our hero.

“He’s got another now,” said the old lady, putting her finger in her mouth, and sucking it affectionately. “Which, ’xuse me, sir, a Howl I did *not* mind, but a Nawk I *can’t* abear.”

“Oh,” said our hero, “you don’t like the hawk, Mrs. Cribb! Perhaps you don’t like birds? Why, I was very nearly being tempted to buy a parrot myself, the other day.”

“I do not dislike no gentleman’s pets, sir, but birds of prey bites horrible, and parrits is inclined to peck when your eye aint on

'em. But, I beg your pardon—here's this note the Master's servant just gev me, and asked me to give to you."

Our hero found that Dr. and Mrs. Oldman requested the pleasure of his company on Thursday evening, at half-past eight o'clock. This was the first occasion on which he had been honoured with an invitation to a Perpendicular, as such entertainments are styled.

Punctually at a quarter past nine on the evening in question, with his arm linked in that of Mr. Pokyr, our hero rapped at the door of the Master's Lodge. It was a curious, rambling old building, of all manner of dates and styles—a long succession of Masters of St. Mary's having lived in it, and added to it, or taken from it, according to their particular notions. Our friends were conducted by Dr. Oldman's portly butler up a fine old oak staircase, into a very long and charming antique picture gallery, hung with many portraits of interest, from the Founder of the College downwards. Here Mrs. Oldman—a lady of the most prepossessing appearance and manners, many years younger than her husband—was receiving her guests. Presently, a string of a dozen gentlemen marched up from dinner in Indian file, the stout person of the Master of St. Mary's bringing up the rear.

There were among them a bishop, a great poet, our old friend Dr. Fledgeby, and other University magnates.

A move was now made for the drawing-room, which communicated with the gallery. Here, our hero had an opportunity of discovering the meaning of the title by which these entertainments are known among the undergraduates, as he remained in a perpendicular attitude, with nobody to talk to, for an hour and a half.

At last, Mrs. Oldman presented him to an old-looking young lady, in amber silk, who occupied a prominent position on an ottoman in the centre of the room.

This lady at once asked our hero if he was a mathematical man, intimating that her name was Hart, that her father was the astronomer of that name, and had been Senior Wrangler in his year; and that she would have been Second Wrangler herself if she had been permitted to go in for the examination, as her father made her work all the Senate House papers in "her year," as she termed it.

When she discovered that Mr. Samuel

knew nothing of those high branches of mathematics in which she delighted, Miss Hart's interest in him was gone, and conversation flagged accordingly; while, on his part, our hero could not form a very favourable opinion of mathematical ladies.

Music, vocal and instrumental, having been given in abundance, the great poet, at half-past eleven, made a move for bed. Dr. Fledgeby wished his old colleague, the Master, and his lady, good night, and a general move was made into the picture gallery again, where a cold "stand up" supper was laid out—the table being decorated with numerous decanters of the worthy doctor's curious old wine. Our hero had the pleasure of seeing the poet eat a sandwich, and of pouring out a glass of water for Mrs. Bishop. Her right reverend husband partook of the same light refreshment; and the general company having retired, nobody was left but the undergraduates of the college who had been honoured with the doctor's invitation.

They settled down upon the viands and the claret with laudable determination; while the Master of St. Mary's and Mrs. Oldman stood by the huge open fireplace, and looked benignly on, and talked at intervals about the college boat. The fifteen vigorous young gentlemen who represented the undergraduate interest on the occasion, having eaten their supper, shook hands with the doctor and Mrs. Oldman; and, as they fought in the hall for their caps and gowns, declared "Old Tubbs"—as the Master of St. Mary's was affectionately styled in the collegiate corporation over which he reigned—"was a jolly old brick, and his wife the nicest lady in the 'Varsity."

TABLE TALK.

AT A MEETING of the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall lectured to a distinguished audience on the colour of water, and on the scattering of light in water and in air; and some of the facts which he laid before his hearers were highly curious and interesting. Scattering is the term applied by the Professor to the irregular reflection of light from particles of matter suspended in water or in air. The colour of sea water had long interested him; and having been in the Eclipse Expedition to Oran, he availed himself of the opportunity to make some experiments on the subject; and the result

shows that there is almost as much difference in the colour and respective purity of different sea waters as among fresh waters. Between Gibraltar and Spithead, he filled nineteen bottles, at various places, with sea water. The first three specimens were taken in Gibraltar harbour, about two miles from the land, and are described as green, a clearer green, and light green; and the difference of colour is thus accounted for. On examination of the waters after reaching home, the first was thick with suspended matter, the second less thick, and the third still less thick. The green brightened as the suspended matter became less. They now passed suddenly into indigo water; and the water as suddenly increased in purity as the suspended matter became even less. Beyond Tarifa, the water changed to cobalt blue; and this water is distinctly purer than the green. When they got within twelve miles of Cadiz, the colour changed to a yellowish green. The water here proved to be thick with suspended matter. But at a point fourteen miles from Cadiz, in the homeward direction, there is again a sudden change from yellow green to light emerald green, and with it a corresponding decrease in the quantity of suspended matter. Between Capes St. Mary and St. Vincent, however, the water changes to the deepest indigo; and this, in point of purity, transcends the emerald green water. And so, through several other changes of shade, until they enter the Bay of Biscay. Here the indigo resumes its sway, and the water is remarkably pure. A second specimen of water taken from the Bay of Biscay, held in suspension fine particles of a peculiar kind, the size of them being such as to render the water richly iridescent; and it showed itself green, blue, or salmon colour, according to the direction of the line of vision. The last specimens were bottled nearer home—one off the Isle of Wight, the other at Spithead. The sea, at both these places, was green; and both specimens were thick with suspended matter. From suspended matter in sea water to suspended matter in our common drinking water, the transition is easy. We are invaded with dirt, not only in the air we breathe, but also in the water we drink. As Professor Tyndall quaintly puts it—"Here, for instance, is a bottle of water, intended to quench the lecturer's thirst, and it would be well for the lecturer not to scrutinize it too closely. In the track of the

beam of electric light sent through, it simply reveals itself as dirty water." He then goes on to say that the most careful filtering, even through charcoal or silicated carbon, is useless to intercept the number of particles wholly beyond the range of the microscope. A glass of cold, sparkling water is a luxury on a hot, thirsty day; but, we fear, many of us will be put sadly out of conceit with the filtered draught when we are told that it is next to impossible, by artificial means to, produce a pure water. The purest water that can be obtained is probably from melted ice; but even this, from contact of the ice with mote-filled air, is not absolutely pure. The water of the Lake of Geneva is, according to the Professor, remarkable for its purity.

THE COMMITTEE appointed by Government to report on the best and most serviceable rifle for the army have decided in favour of the Henry-Martini. How many of us, we wonder, who are continually talking about the rifle, really know that the word is of German origin, being derived from *reifeln*, to flute, to furnish with small grooves or channels?

THE BATTLE OF THE IRONCLADS still rages indecisively, and conflicting theories still clash strongly as ever. Mr. Reed, the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, recently lectured before the Royal Institution on some of the fallacies connected with our armour-plated vessels of war. He said that these fallacies chiefly grouped themselves about that question of stability which the loss of the *Captain* has lately brought into so much pre-eminence. In its simplest form, the stability of a ship might be considered as the result of the total weight of the ship acting downwards through her centre of gravity, and of her total buoyancy (equal to the weight) acting upwards through a centre situated at a short horizontal distance from it—this distance defining the leverage with which either force acted about the other. The weight of a ship is the same, whatever the inclination may be. Therefore, the distance in question—or, in other words, the length of the lever—indicates the degree of "righting force" which a ship possesses. This length of the righting lever, Mr. Reed calls the "arm of safety" of the ship; and he instituted a comparison between the *Captain* and the *Monarch*. In

the former, the "arm of safety" increased up to 21 degrees of inclination, and then began to decrease; and this resulted simply from the lowness of the freeboard. For while the ship had bulk to immerse on the depressed side, the buoyancy went on increasing on that side, and the lever in question lengthened. When she had no more side to immerse, but was still further inclined by the wind; the ship began to sink lower in the water, and re-immersed the opposite side. As a matter of course, the buoyancy was gradually transferred back to that side; the lever meanwhile shortening, and the power of the ship to resist the wind diminishing. Thus, the "arm of safety" in the *Captain* never reached a greater length than 10½ inches; and, from that point, shortened. In the *Monarch*, however, the "arm of safety"—which is rather less than the *Captain's* at small angles of inclination—instead of shortening, like hers, when only 10½ inches, goes on lengthening to very nearly double that amount, attaining its maximum only at about 40 degrees, when the *Captain's* leverage was rapidly disappearing. Mr. Reed remarked that these facts proved that the two ships were remarkably alike in stability all the time the low freeboard did not interfere; but as soon as that began to play its part, the resemblance between them ceased altogether. Another fallacy to which Mr. Reed adverted was that which attributes certain danger to the existence in a ship of a double bottom, divided into water-tight cells or compartments. Mr. Reed meets the advocates of the single-bottom system on the *reductio ad absurdum* principle. He supposes the inner bottom of the *Captain* to have been removed, and asks what would have been the result. The inner bottom, being substantially constructed of iron, is of very considerable weight. The removal of this weight from the bottom of the ship would have had the certain effect of raising the centre of gravity, thus diminishing the stability, and capsizing the ship all the earlier. It has been argued, however, that, by removing this bottom, the means would have been afforded of placing the engines, boilers, and other weights lower down in the ship than could be done on the double-bottom system; and that the weights of the *Captain* and other ironclads were obliged to be placed too high, on account of the existence of the inner bottom. Mr. Reed's answer to this is, that the

very contrary is the case, and that the distance between the double bottoms has been made greater in recent ironclads expressly to facilitate the raising of the engines, boilers, and other weights, because it has been ascertained that the tendency of ships to roll has been reduced by this means.

A CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENT sends us an anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant, or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was attracted one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "compound," or out-door premises of the house in which he lived. Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amid a company of at least a hundred crows, whose loud vociferations seemed to express anything but delight at the presence of their gigantic fellow-biped. The adjutant, from his usefulness as a scavenger of all-work, is a gentleman very much humoured about Indian homesteads; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside the cook's room for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might think fit to throw out. A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger has no compunctions; and at last one of them, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual prudence would have dictated, ventured to dispute the possession of a bone with the adjutant. The question was not long in abeyance; for, in a few moments, the adjutant—leaving the bone for subsequent discussion—seized the crow hip and thigh, and swallowed him at one gulp. This summary act seems to have aroused the indignation of the other crows, who by their cries soon brought together numbers of others from every quarter; and for a good two hours they never ceased—some from the ground, others from a neighbouring wall—to badger their voracious foe, scolding him to the top of their lungs, and tantalizing him by approaching as close as they dared, extending a claw or a wing to almost within his reach, and suddenly withdrawing it as he attempted to seize them. And this unequal vengeance they continued for two or three mornings. The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known;

and the enormous quantity which it can devour may be judged of from its size. From tip to tip of its wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well-founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant, all is fish that comes to net. Everything is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one, a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat, have been found entire. A shin of beef, broken asunder, serves an adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton, five or six pounds weight, if he can purloin it—for he is a terrible thief—is no more than a fair ordinary mouthful. Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant is not equal to its greediness; for a child, eight or ten years old, can scare it with a common switch.

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT refers to the preaching of the late Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. In his morning Lent lectures, in the New Cathedral, he used to recommend to his congregation the daily perusal of the works of Thomas à Kempis. His style was homely and earnest, and sometimes smacked a little of that freedom which, in Mr. Spurgeon, has been sometimes called irreverent. Once, alluding to Ephesus, the Bishop remarked, from the pulpit, "You know, that's where Demetrius made that *kick-up*." Again, speaking of propagators of erroneous doctrine, "You must not allow yourselves to be bamboozled by these preachers. I always thought they were going too far; but only let them have rope enough to hang themselves, and they'll do it." Another time, he informed his listeners that "the Nacolites and the Balaamites were all of the same kidney." Fancy an English bishop in a Westminster Abbey, or "under the dome" service, speaking like this! How soon would be raised once more the cry—"The Church is in danger!"

A HISTORY of the origin of the odd names given to certain political parties or combinations, from time to time, would be curious. Most people know the derivation of "Whig" and "Tory" by this time; but most people forget who the "Trimmers" were, for instance, or remember that this name was given to an intermediate party in the time of William III. The nickname was assumed by Halifax, the chief of the Junto,

as a title of honour; and, though used as a word of contempt by their opponents, was warmly vindicated by him—"because," said he, "everything trims between extremes." Here the name partly suggests the meaning; but some political nicknames are not so easily understood, especially after a lapse of time. Who knows the meaning of "Terry Alts," save as the name of a lawless body in Clare, Ireland, who sprang up after the Union? Even in our own day, the term "Fenians" has never been properly explained; and the next generation will wonder who the "Adullamites" were. Our trans-Atlantic cousins give nicknames still more distinctive, but equally inexplicable to the uninitiated. One party is called the "Know-nothings," a name given to a secret political order which sprang up in 1853, and into which no members were admitted whose grandfathers were not natives of the country; their principles being that the good things of the State should be given to none but native Americans. Two other names—the "Sams," and the "Hindoos"—were conferred on the same party; the latter from the fact that Daniel Ullman, their candidate for the Presidency, was charged with being a native of Calcutta. During the Civil War, there was a faction in the North called "Copperheads," which was very generally supposed to be in secret sympathy with the rebellion, and to give it aid and comfort by attempting to thwart the measures of the Government. This name was derived from a poisonous snake called the copperhead, whose bite is as deadly as the rattlesnake's. Unlike the rattlesnake, however, it gives no warning of its attack—and is, therefore, the type of a concealed foe. Thus we might pick out dozens of names which require explanation before they can be understood, and of some of them the explanation is not always an easy matter.

THIS EPIGRAM upon a left-handed writing-master is worth quoting:—

"Though Nature thee of thy right hand'st bereft,
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left."

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TALES OF OLD JAPAN.



THE book bearing this quaint title is a valuable contribution to our meagre knowledge of the Japanese people. Hitherto the children of the "Land of Sunrise" have been almost as much a mystery to us poor outer barbarians as we have been

to them. The world at large knows but little of the inner life of this remarkable people. Their religions, their superstitions, their government, and their social manners and customs, are even now all but a sealed book to us. It was to the old Dutch and Portuguese traders chiefly that we were first indebted for any knowledge concerning Japan. Scarcely a maritime nation in the world has been wanting in an attempt to explore it. The Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, English, French, and Russians, have each in turn sought to establish commercial relations with the Japanese. And it is from the imperfect and disconnected records of the experiences of each of these that the crude information we have hitherto obtained has been gathered. The native Government of Japan has always thrown obstacles in the way of any inquiry into their language, literature, and history. And in this jealousy there was something more than a mere idea—it was based upon a keen suspicion of the governing class touching their own practical

interests. Although there were nominally two rulers in Japan—the one the Mikado, or spiritual Emperor; the other the Tycoon, or executive Emperor—the Tycoon was the real absolute power. The Mikado remained in seclusion in his sacred capital at Kioto, virtually a prisoner. But this dual system of government was by no means the original constitution of Japan. Formerly, about the year 660 B.C., the Mikado was sole sovereign, both secular and spiritual, and claimed to rule by Divine right; and the Tycoon—who did not until later times aspire to co-equal rights of sovereignty—was only his vice-regent, and was appointed by the Mikado.

Japanese history is as full of the dark deeds of ambition as that of many nations that claim to be more civilized. About the middle of the sixteenth century, two brothers were rivals for the office of Tycoon. The princes of the empire took part with the one side or the other, and a civil war raged. The end of it was, that both brothers were murdered. An adherent of one of them, however, an obscure man of the lowest parentage, but a born statesman and soldier, seized his opportunity in the general confusion, and confiscated the office for himself. The frightened Mikado, knowing too well the power and abilities of the usurper, approved and confirmed him in his office; and this man, who took the name of Tayko-sama (the Lord Tayko), showed such enormous energy and success in crushing the enemies of the country, both internal and foreign, that he had no difficulty in soon making himself the real master, and the Mikado a mere nonentity. From his time, the sovereignty of the Mikado was reduced almost to a shadow. The Tycoons of later times, therefore, knowing how poor their real title to their power was, resisted by every means possible any innovations which might tend to throw light upon the real history of the case. They had no wish to

have European linguists examining their books and records; and it was the official policy to lead all newcomers astray, even in the most trifling matter.

The recent revolution in Japan, however, has restored the Mikado to his proper place as ruler. A new era has dawned upon Japan. Changes, social as well as political, have been wrought; and there is every hope that, in a few years' time, the steam engine and telegraph will have made the Japanese of to-morrow and the Japanese of yesterday as different as light from darkness. The book before us, as its name implies, does not profess to be a history of Japan; but it does more. In a series of stories translated from the original language, the Japanese are made to tell their own tale. The lord and his retainer, the warrior and the priest, the humble artizan and the despised eta or pariah, each in his turn becomes a leading character in this collection of tales; and out of their own mouths we are presented with a lifelike picture of the Japanese. The notes and commentaries attached to these stories, by way of illustration, are not the least valuable part of the book; and to these we shall principally advert in the present article.

The first tale is "The Forty-seven Rônins," and vividly illustrates the old feudal state which has obtained in Japan for centuries. The Rônin is a common character in Japan. The word means, literally, a "wave man"—that is, one who is tossed about hither and thither, as a wave of the sea. It is used to designate persons of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, who, having become separated from their feudal lords by their own act, or by dismissal, or from some other cause, wander about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights-errant, without ostensible means of living—in some cases, offering themselves for hire to new masters; in others, supporting themselves entirely by pillage.

As may be imagined, there are many reasons for a man becoming a Rônin. One man will get into a scrape, and leave his native village until the affair is blown over, when he will return to his former allegiance, a whitewashed member of society. Nowadays, men often become Rônins for a time, and engage themselves to foreigners at the open ports, even in menial capacities, from pure eagerness to acquire some knowledge

of the language and manners of the outer barbarians. Often, again, it happens that a man will become a Rônin for political reasons, in order that his lord may not be implicated in some deed of blood in which he is about to engage. It is upon this motive that the story of "The Forty-seven Rônins" turns; and the devotion to a feudal lord which it illustrates reminds us strongly of Sir Walter Scott's pictures of simple loyalty among the Highlanders during the Rebellion. To avenge the death of their chief, forty-seven of his retainers make a solemn covenant to have the head of his foe—another great chief—which, after much trouble, is accomplished. Their mission being ended, they all perform the *hara-kiri*, or "happy despatch."

The incidents related occurred about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but even at the present day, the Forty-seven Rônins receive almost divine honours. They are all buried together; and pious hands still deck their graves with green boughs, and burn incense upon them. The clothes and arms which they wore are preserved carefully in a fireproof storehouse attached to the temple, and exhibited yearly to admiring crowds; and once in sixty years, a commemorative fair or festival is held, to which the people flock during two months.

The *hara-kiri* is an institution peculiar to Japan, and a long account is given of it from a rare Japanese manuscript. The author gives us, moreover, a horrible description of a scene at which he was officially present, where some Japanese officer had been condemned to the "happy despatch"—or, in other words, suicide—his crime having been that he gave the order to fire upon the foreign settlement at Hiogo, in the month of February, 1868. Among the Japanese gentry, the *hara-kiri* is reckoned an honourable expiation of crime, or blotting out of disgrace; and, in old-fashioned families, every one is brought up from childhood with the idea that he may some day be chief actor in the unpleasant ceremony.

From the *hara-kiri* to love is an agreeable transition. The Japanese have their love stories, like the rest of us; and very interesting love stories they are—illustrating, as they do, the old, old story of man's fickleness and woman's devotion, and only endorsing once more the maxim that human nature is the same all the world over. The Japanese damsels, however, have a curious

way of revenging themselves on recreant lovers:—

“When the world is at rest, at two in the morning, the woman rises. She dons a white robe, and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover; and in her right she grasps a hammer and nails, with which she fastens the figure to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor; vowing that, if her petition be heard, she will herself pull out the nails which now offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two or more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover’s life: for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead.”

We should hardly think, after this, that there are many breaches of promise of marriage in the “Land of Sunrise.”

Of the personal attractions of the Japanese ladies, our author speaks praisingly. They are not beautiful, if judged by our standard; but the charm of Japanese women lies in their manner, and dainty little ways; and travellers all testify to the fact that a Japanese lady, in her manner of doing the honours of the house to guests, need not be ashamed to compete with the wife of the squire in an English county.

The law of divorce in Japan is very summary—or, rather, there is no law at all. Nothing is more sacred than the marriage tie, so long as it lasts; but a man may turn his wife out of doors whenever it may suit his fancy to do so. Before leaving the fair maids of Japan, we must advert to a curious custom among them. The pretty village of Meguro is one of the many places round Yedo to which the good citizens flock for purposes convivial or religious, or both. Here, cheek by jowl with the old shrines and temples, you will find numbers of neat little tea houses, at the rival doors of which attractive young damsels stand, pressing in their invitations to you to enter and rest. Professionals in this country often take assumed names, but they are hardly so poetical as the *noms de guerre* under which these fair touters go. Little Pine, Little Butterfly, Brightness of the Flowers, Pearl Harp,

Waterfall, and Forest of Cherries, are a few specimens of these quaint conceits.

It has been said that the English are a theatre-loving people; but the Japanese taste for the drama is extraordinary. The Japanese are far in advance of the Chinese in their scenery and properties, and their pieces are sometimes capitally got up. Their performances, too, are mostly in the daytime. As soon as the sun begins to rise in the heavens, sign-boards, glistening with paintings and gold, are hung out; and the farmers and country folk come flocking in from all points of the compass to the theatre. When the play begins, if the subject be tragic, the spectators are so affected that they weep till they have to wring their sleeves dry; if the piece be comic, they laugh till their chins are out of joint. The tricks and stratagems of the drama baffle description, and the actors are as graceful as the flight of the swallow. The triumph of persecuted virtue and the punishment of wickedness invariably crown the plot. A moral is taught and a practical sermon preached in every play. The subjects of their pieces are chiefly historical; and it is in the popular tragedies, indeed, that much of the history of Japan for the last two hundred and fifty years is contained. Play-acting is not a bad profession in Japan, if a man is clever. First-rate actors receive as much as £300 a year salary. This, however, is a high rate of pay; and many a man has to strut before the public for little more than his daily rice. Besides his regular pay, a popular Japanese actor has a small mine of wealth in his patrons, who open their purses freely for the privilege of frequenting the green-room. The women’s parts are all taken by men, as they used to be with us in ancient days. Touching the popularity of plays, it is related that in the year 1833, when two actors, named Bandô Shûka and Segawa Rokô, both famous players of women’s parts, died at the same time, the people of Yedo mourned to heaven and earth, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted. Thousands flocked to their funeral, and the richness of their coffins and the clothes laid upon them were beyond description.

Another very popular amusement of the Japanese is found in wrestling-matches; but the fat wrestlers of Japan, with their heavy paunches, and unwieldy, puffy limbs, form a strange contrast to our notion of athletic training. The great Daimios are in the

habit of attaching wrestlers to their persons, and assigning to them a yearly portion of rice.

It is usual for these athletes to take part in funeral or wedding processions, and to escort the princes on journeys. The rich wardmen, or merchants, give money to their favourite wrestlers, and invite them to their houses to drink wine and feast. They are low, vulgar fellows, much as prizefighters are here; and the same familiarity is allowed to them as used to be the case by patrons of the pugnacious fraternity in this country to their champions.

The Japanese are Buddhists in their faith; but their system of worship is odd, to say the least of it. As the congregation enter, each has his name and the offerings registered. Then, while waiting for the sermon to begin, dandy little pipes and tobacco pouches are duly produced, by ladies as well as gentlemen. Fire-boxes and spittoons are freely handed about, and a pleasant half-hour is spent in conversation, until the priest—gorgeous in red and white robes—makes his appearance. Before commencing his sermon, this functionary reads a passage from the Sacred Book, which he reverently lifts to his head. The congregation joins in chorus—devout, but unintelligent; for the Word, written in ancient Chinese, is as obscure to the ordinary Japanese worshipper as are the Latin liturgies to an Irish peasant. He then recites a passage alone, while his flock meanwhile wraps up copper *cash* in paper, and throws them before the table as offerings; and the lay clerk not unfrequently enters irreverently into a loud wrangle with one of the congregation concerning some payment or other. The preliminary ceremonies ended, a small, shaven-pated boy brings in a cup of tea—thrice afterwards to be replenished; and his reverence gives a broad grin, clears his throat, swallows his tea, and plunges into his sermon—which is an extempore dissertation on certain passages in the Sacred Word. A specimen of one of these sermons is given in the book before us. There is something of Mr. Spurgeon's style in the orthodox Japanese priest. Jokes, stories—which are sometimes untranslatable into our more fastidious tongue—and pointed applications to members of the congregation, enliven the discourses; it being a principle with the Japanese preacher that it is not necessary to bore his audience into virtue.

We conclude our brief notice of this really interesting book with the following charming sketch of Japanese scenery:—

“Within two miles or so from Yedo, and yet well away from the toil and din of the great city, stands the village of Meguro. Once past the outskirts of the town, the road leading thither is bounded on either side by woodlands, rich in an endless variety of foliage, broken at intervals by the long, low line of villages and hamlets. As we draw near to Meguro, the scenery, becoming more and more rustic, increases in beauty. Deep, shady lanes, bordered by hedgerows as luxurious as any in England, lead down to a valley of rice fields, bright with the emerald green of the young crops. To the right and to the left rise knolls of fantastic shape, crowned with a profusion of cryptomerias, Scotch firs, and other cone-bearing trees; fringed with thickets of feathery bamboos, bending their stems gracefully to the light summer breeze. In the foreground, in front of a farmhouse—snug-looking, with its roof of velvety-brown thatch—a troop of sturdy urchins, sun-tanned and stark naked, are frisking in the wildest gambols, all heedless of the scolding voice of the withered old grandam, who sits spinning and minding the house, while her son and his wife are away toiling at some out-door labour. Not the least beauty of the scene consists in the wondrous clearness of an atmosphere so transparent that the most distant outlines are scarcely dimmed; while the details of the nearer ground stand out in sharp, bold relief—now lit by the rays of a vertical sun, now darkened under the flying shadows thrown by the fleecy clouds which sail across the sky.

“Under such a heaven, what painter could limn the lights and shades which flit over the woods, the pride of Japan, whether in late autumn—when the russets and yellows of our own trees are mixed with the deep, crimson glow of the maples—or in spring-time, when plum and cherry trees and wild camellias—giants fifty feet high—are in full blossom?

“All that we see is enchanting; but there is a strange stillness in the groves. Rarely does the song of a bird break the silence; indeed, I know but one warbler whose note has any music in it—the *uguisu*, by some enthusiasts called the Japanese nightingale—at best, a king in the kingdom of the blind.

The scarcity of animal life of all descriptions, man and mosquitoes alone excepted, is a standing wonder to the traveller."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HAZARDOUS PROCEEDING.

JASPER SEATON had gone out shooting. He had been chafing, for the last few days, at the slow progress affairs were making, and he felt that he must have some outlet for his restrained feelings; and, perhaps, out-door exercise was as good as any.

He had been keeping up a sort of dissimulation which, diplomatist as he could be, was nevertheless irksome to him. He had been accustomed to have everything his own way, and to express his anger or annoyance openly; but now, if he were to accomplish the object for which he strove, it must be through a course of repression that was distasteful to him in the extreme.

To a certain extent, he had met with his reward. He stood in a very different position to Diana from that in which he had been heretofore. He had acquired a stronger influence over her—a steadier one—since he had brought her to believe in his steadier and more concentrated purpose in life. The talent for which she had always given him credit appeared to her to be rising into a higher form; and, owing to some cause or other, he was progressing, even as she was attempting to do.

Jasper knew in what light she regarded him. He knew that no spark of love, such as he wished for, had been awakened in consequence of his efforts. He knew that the affection so openly accorded to him was nothing more than the affection of a petted, idolized child for an indulgent parent; and he neither blinded nor flattered himself. Still, he had gained a point. Her affection was no longer captious or dependent upon circumstances; it was constant, and not to be slightly shaken, and might, with time, grow into something deeper—since it was based upon respect, without which no love can remain satisfactory.

This was what Jasper calculated upon. If he had only sufficient time to compass his ends, to skilfully insinuate doubt, to sully John Carteret's honest truth, and to raise misunderstanding, he believed that at

the eleventh hour he might step in and win the prize he sought for. But it would take time; therefore, time was what he set his hopes upon.

And Jasper Seaton was a determined man. In spite of his slight form and delicate features, no keen observer could be in his company without perceiving it—without noticing the firm pressure of his lips; the clear, strong moulding of the chin; the concentration the restless eyes were capable of; or the nerve that could make itself visible whenever he chose to exert it.

Jasper Seaton had a certain amount of conscience as well as a certain want of principle, and he carried on his moral nature upon a sort of limited liability basis. He did not overtrade with his capital, and was very careful in keeping up a nice balance of the two elements brought into play: his amount of conscience not suffering him to do an actually dishonest deed; his want of principle leading him to apply very different rules to what was tangible and what was intangible.

He had to-day received a shock, and it had weighted one scale more heavily than he approved of; and, though not actually guilty himself, he nevertheless felt that he was in some measure accountable for it.

He had been in his mother's room, and had found her sorting letters; and, standing by, waiting until she should have finished, he observed that, as she turned them over, she started slightly as she noted one of them, and would have tossed it into the fire; but, missing her aim, the letter fell beside her.

Jasper picked it up.

"Put it into the fire, Jasper."

He was about to do so, when his eye caught the address; and he started more perceptibly than even his mother had done.

"It is for Diana."

Mrs. Seaton rose hastily, and before Jasper could prevent it, had regained the letter and had placed it on the fire, holding it down with the poker until it was consumed. He made an ineffectual effort to save it, but in vain; and Mrs. Seaton said—

"It is too late now, Jasper. What would Di think of a scorched letter a week old?"

Jasper's hand dropped.

"Mother!"

But Mrs. Seaton, having destroyed the letter, lost any alarm that might have arisen in her mind about it. It was safe now—

there was no danger to fear from it; and she said, quietly—

"It has gone now, and there is an end to it."

"But, mother, what will Di think?"

"Diana will never know anything about it, unless you tell her; which, I suppose, you are not likely to do," returned Mrs. Seaton.

Jasper Seaton had not calculated the strength of a weak woman's determination to carry out her wishes. He knew not that she had discovered his secret, and that in her blind love for him she would have sacrificed every principle, every right feeling, if by so doing she could serve him. Some there are who misname this infatuation, this animal instinct, maternal love; and perhaps Jasper Seaton was inclined to be of the number, for he felt a throb of surprised gratitude at his mother's partizanship.

"You must not do this again, mother," he said.

"I must help you, Jasper, in every way and any way. I cannot have you thwarted. I hate this Mr. Carteret, for your sake."

There is something almost more malicious in the hate of the weak than of the strong; and Mrs. Seaton's countenance expressed this so thoroughly, that Jasper looked half in dismay at this, to him, new phase in his mother's nature.

"I can do anything for you, Jasper," she said; "and I will."

"It is not necessary, mother—I can help myself."

"Though, how you can care for such a fiery little thing," continued Mrs. Seaton, "I cannot imagine. Still, I can manage to love her in time—if you do, Jasper."

For, in the excess of her consolation, she forgot the guard she had hitherto kept over her knowledge of Jasper's secret.

"Mother, how did you guess—how did you know this?" he asked, not seeking to deny it.

"Because I am your mother, and you my only son, whom I have watched from infancy, and whose life is more to me than my own. Jasper, I know every turn of your face, every glance of your eye, every tone of your voice. What has brought about this sudden love of yours, I do not know. I only know that it exists, and that you hate this Mr. Carteret, even as I do; and that you seek, even as I do, to put an end to the engagement."

Jasper was amazed. What had he done to cause his mother to suspect, to read so well his thoughts?

"Of course, you don't believe in this tale of Captain Stanfield's, any more than I do?"

"I don't know. I fear there is some mistake about it," he answered.

"Fear! there is no doubt of it. John Carteret is as true as steel. But Di's as proud as the fairy queen; and, if she thinks he is slighting her, she will show no sign, and it may produce an estrangement. One knows how capricious a woman is—how she will do the very thing from wilfulness that her heart condemns, and how she will suffer before she will seek for an explanation."

"Mother!" was all Jasper could say. For though he had known how bound up in him was all his mother's love and ambition, yet to-day she came before him in a new character, as some such women will, whose whole being vibrates but to one string; and when that string is touched, their dormant energy, in all its strength, starts into life. This is, however, not often; for the greatest possibility, for either bad or good, is seldom called forth in any human being—and few know of what power they are possessed, simply because it is never brought into action.

Mrs. Seaton was an indolent woman. She had never known anything but wealth and ease, and had never had occasion to rouse herself from the sort of apathy into which she had fallen. She had had but one centre of attraction—her son; and everything that touched him, touched her. He was the medium through which all things became clear to her; and to all that was outside of him and his interests she paid but little attention.

"Have you—is this the first time—" began Jasper, hesitatingly.

But Mrs. Seaton, steady as an old conspirator, answered—

"This is the first that I have destroyed. I never thought of it before; but Di's not of age, and I don't see the least harm in keeping back letters that she had better not receive."

"You must not do it again," said Jasper, gently, but firmly. "Only legitimate means must be used."

"I wonder you don't use legitimate means, then, and put an end to the engage-

ment, Jasper. You are her guardian, and have a legal right to do so."

Jasper shook his head.

"It would be worse than useless," he replied. "You don't understand Diana, mother, if you seriously counsel such a thing."

"What do you propose doing?"

"Not anything, exactly."

Mrs. Seaton shrugged her shoulders.

"And in the meantime, the grass will grow under your feet."

"Time is all I want. With time, and a little skilful management, all will go well. Opposition would be fatal. You must not stop another letter, mother—this must be the first and last. It will answer no purpose."

And Jasper left his mother, wondering at the sudden energy she had displayed, and annoyed at the method she had taken of showing it—annoyed, also, at her discovery of his feelings, which caused him in some way to feel as if participatory in the act of which she alone had been guilty. It lowered him. It was too tangible. There was nothing vague and shadowy about it, that might melt into the regions of casuistry. It was an act done that could never be undone, and—what was more—that must forever remain a secret between his mother and himself; thereby drawing tighter the bonds of complicity that already galled him. And this, combined with the restlessness that he had felt of late, made him more restless than ever. So he determined to take out the dogs, and, under the plea of shooting, to wear out mental activity through bodily exhaustion.

The keepers wondered at the tramp that Mr. Seaton was leading them. It was not his usual way, and he did not seem to care much about the sport, to the intense disgust of the dogs. However, when he brought his thoughts to bear upon the ostensible motive of his toil, he aimed with much better effect than he had done when on the shooting expedition with Charles Stanfield.

But the keepers—accustomed, as they expressed it, "to all sorts of vagaries" on the part of Mr. Seaton—made no comment. They nodded to each other, and followed in silence, as men who understood the humour of their master.

And so it happened that, in their rapid line of march, they arrived at the outer

edge of the woods known by the name of Marshwood Beeches, not long before Diana and John Carteret were approaching it from the side nearest the village.

"The birds are asking to be shot, sir," said the foremost keeper, no longer able to restrain his feelings, which almost amounted to despair at the apathetic bearing of his master.

Jasper mechanically raised his gun, and fired; the keeper did the same; and the result was, that the two retrievers recovered their spirits, and fondly trusted that work was beginning in earnest.

So it was for awhile; for the deeper they went into the wood, the more truth there seemed to be in the keeper's declaration. Jasper's interest was somewhat aroused. The keepers and the dogs vigorously seconded his efforts, and the wood resounded with the report of their guns.

There might have been a lull in their operations as John Carteret and Diana drew near; at any rate, neither of them perceived the sounds—which were probably deadened by the wind's carrying them in an opposite direction. But, however that might be, the parties approached nearer and nearer to each other; and Jasper—endeavouring to make his way through a fencing of brushwood—suddenly perceived, not many yards distant from him, the man whom of all others he least desired or expected to see; and he knew by the look in Diana's upturned face that her soul was at rest.

So much labour, so far, lost. He felt unutterably sick at heart; and, had Diana turned at that moment, she would have seen leaning forward, a white, ghastly face, with all the agony of disappointment stamped upon it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. SEATON BECOMES ELOQUENT.

BUT Diana did not turn at that moment. She did not see the bitter frown that contracted the pale forehead—she did not see the quivering lip bitten till the blood came. She turned a moment later, startled by the report of a gun. She saw a flash—a white face disappear—and heard a heavy thud upon the slippery turf.

At once she knew all that had happened not vaguely, or merely surmised, but minutely detailed, it seemed to be. John Carteret—not seeing as she had seen, and hearing only the gun and Diana's piercing

cry—wondered as he saw her dart through the brushwood fence, heedless of briar or thorn, that tore her hands as she wrenched them aside; and, following her, beheld her kneeling beside the motionless figure of Jasper Seaton.

“Oh, Jasper!—Jasper!”

And, as she spoke, she raised the drooping head, and laid it in her lap.

“O, John!—O, John! Can he be dead?”

John Carteret bent down; and, as he did so, he accidentally touched the foot of the prostrate man, who gave a groan.

“Jasper,” whispered Diana, “speak—are you hurt?”

And Jasper Seaton slowly opened his eyes. For the moment he remembered nothing, knew nothing but that Diana was with him, and that a strange powerlessness was upon him; and he looked up with a dreamy expression, as though he were scarcely conscious.

“Jasper, are you hurt?” she repeated.

And at her voice he seemed to rouse, and his whole expression changed to one that John Carteret seeing could not mistake. Jasper had betrayed himself to his rival. But Diana was unconscious of it. She saw not as John Carteret saw; she read not as his heart read and answered back to Jasper's, even as face answereth to face in the deep waters. She saw but the protecting affection that had watched over her of late—that had seemed to care for all her troubles, all her interests, as though they had been his own.

And then Jasper's eyes fell upon John Carteret, and he closed them, and a half-groan burst from his lips. It might have been pain; for in a moment, as he tried to raise himself, he said—

“I am more hurt than I thought I was.”

The keepers came up—strong, brawny men, capable of lifting so slender a form as Jasper Seaton's; but he could not bear to be moved.

“He's hurt pretty bad,” said one of the men, aside to John Carteret. “The master does not give in for nothing. I'd better be off for the doctor; and he must be carried home, somehow.”

“I think my leg must be broken,” said Jasper Seaton. “The gun twisted in the boughs, and I fell over it as it discharged. Here—Benton—go—Di—Di—”

And, overpowered by the increasing pain, he again sank back, half fainting.

“Oh, John! go—do something to get him

home! You know all the people. I will stay with him. Make haste! Benton will stay with me.”

And John Carteret departed.

It seemed hours before he returned again; and, during the time, Diana sat supporting Jasper Seaton's head, and watching every change that passed over his face, which was every now and then distorted with a sharp twitch of anguish. The keeper took off his own coat and placed it over him, without allowing it to touch the wounded limb; and Diana unfastened her shawl, and signed to the man to dispose it so as to keep Jasper warmer. She could not move to do it herself; but even the slight action of disengaging herself from its folds caused Jasper to unclose his eyes, and, seeing what was being done, he faintly remonstrated. But Diana did not heed him.

“You must not freeze, Jasper; and I am quite warm. Poor Jasper!” she added, softly.

And so she waited and watched. And as she watched, she remembered all the kindness that Jasper had showered upon her; and she wondered whether, if he should die, the sense of ingratitude that had uprisen within her would ever leave her. If she had only repaid it better—he had done so much for her! What had she done for him? And every accusation that she could bring against herself was brought up as she sat there, not knowing whether the next moment might not bring death. For Diana had never seen illness or suffering of any kind.

Again she bent down and whispered—

“Poor Jasper!”

He slowly moved his lips, and murmured, “I am happy”—still forgetting aught but that she was beside him.

And a great awe fell upon Diana; for it seemed to her as the assurance of a departing spirit.

At last, John Carteret returned; and with him the doctor, and the necessary means for conveying Jasper Seaton home.

“You had better go on, Di, to Mrs. Seaton; and I will see that everything is done that can be.”

“I do not like to leave him,” answered Diana. “If he should die, and I should never speak to him again!”

“That is not likely,” replied John Carteret. “It is better for you to go.”

So Diana went. But Mrs. Seaton had already heard vague rumours of the accident,

and Diana met her at the lodge gates with Dr. Crawford, who was vainly endeavouring to persuade her to go back to the house.

"My dear Mrs. Seaton," he began—but at that moment she caught sight of Diana.

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Seaton, wildly. "Take me to him. He is dead, and you have come to tell me of it. I know he is dead, or you would not have come without him!"

"He is not dead," answered Diana. "They will bring him home as quickly as possible. He is being taken every care of. Mr. Carteret and the doctor are with him.

Mr. Carteret! And, even at that moment, when her heart was so full of her son, her hatred rose high against John Carteret. He was mixed up in all that was adverse and unfortunate.

"How did it happen?" asked Dr. Crawford.

"The gun went off. I don't know if it wounded him, or whether it was the fall; but I believe his leg is broken."

Dr. Crawford and Diana managed to get Mrs. Seaton to the house again; and, before long, Jasper was brought home, and laid upon his bed. It was found, upon examination, that his leg was broken in the fall; that the going off of the gun was occasioned by catching in the brushwood, and that the greater part of the charge had passed through the fleshy portion of his leg, only a few shots remaining to be extracted.

Dr. Crawford—who was something of an amateur in medical matters—stayed to assist the surgeon; and, in a reasonable time, Jasper was lying with his leg in splinters, a prisoner for some weeks, powerless to act against his adversary, and with the careful work of so many months apparently thrown away.

His mother—calmed by the assurance of the surgeon that there was no danger, and that, with time, Jasper would feel no bad effects from his accident—moved about the room in anxious desire to minister to his comfort; but the restlessness of his mind was so great, that there was danger of its bringing on fever and inflammation.

Mr. Seaton must be kept quite still; he must not be excited or contradicted, the surgeon had said—looking only to the physical; and he had recommended that Mrs. Seaton should be kept out of the room as much as possible, so that Jasper might be spared her useless lamentations.

But Jasper could not remain in solitude,

with all the imaginations he conjured up, and the utter inability of himself to move a finger. He insisted upon having his mother with him, and no one else. He felt a curious reliance upon her, since her display of energy in the morning, that he had never felt before—an instinctive belief in her power of doing something to help him that he should never think of himself; and so Mrs. Seaton came. He had no need to explain himself to her; he simply said—

"Mr. Carteret is here?"

"Yes."

"With Di?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"She is showing him her new room."

Jasper smiled bitterly. The room he had taken such pains to make perfect!

"Well?" he said.

"Something must be done to prevent their being together," answered Mrs. Seaton.

She had become a strenuous partizan; and her determination rose with the adverse position in which matters were placed. She was one of those weak women who, when fairly roused, will stand at nothing; the end would, in her eyes, justify the means—that is, if she reasoned at all upon the subject.

She went straight to Diana's sitting-room, where she found John Carteret, looking graver and more anxious than she had expected to find him. Diana, on the contrary, had lost the distressed look that she had worn for so long; and, though she was very quiet and much subdued by the trouble that had entered the house, Mrs. Seaton had no difficulty in reading in her eyes the joyful peace that had come into her heart.

But John Carteret, with the knowledge of Jasper Seaton's secret still fresh in his mind, was blinded so that he could not see it. Diana had been showing him, as Mrs. Seaton had said, all her new possessions—for Jasper had insisted that they should be possessions—the splendid piano, the books, the pictures. It was the most tastefully fitted-up room in the house; for, in order to satisfy his conscience, Jasper had come to the decision of spending every year upon Diana and her fancies the sum that Anne de Moulins had desired she might possess. He would not rob her of it; but it would be dangerous to his interests if he placed it in her own hands.

John Carteret looked round the beau-

tifully furnished apartment with strangely mingled feelings. Perhaps a little jealousy crept in, as his attention was called to object after object that spoke of Jasper's thoughtfulness.

"He would do anything for me, John. You must like him just a little, for my sake, for I have a sort of feeling that you don't properly appreciate him. You will try, will you not—especially now he is suffering so much?"

John Carteret could not give a very hearty assent to the request. He had seen what Diana had not seen, and he measured Jasper Seaton by himself. And, thus measuring, he drew a comparison between himself and him. The two men—the one rich, the other poor—with their hearts set upon the one treasure. And *she*, with her love given to the poor one—was it well? was it right of him to take it, when a brighter lot lay at her feet? He took both her hands in his; he bent down, gazing earnestly into her face, to ask the same question that he had asked before, and she had not answered. But he did not ask it; for, instinctively, another question, born of his mingled thoughts, rose to his lips.

"And you like Mr. Seaton now, Di? You have quite changed your opinion of him?"

"Quite. He is quite different now. Some great change has come to him since Madame de Mouline's death."

And she looked steadily up, without a thought of what he might be thinking of.

At that moment, Mrs. Seaton entered.

"Di, Jasper is so restless. I wish you would go and persuade him to be quiet and resigned. He always attends to what you say."

And Di slipped out of the room, and Mrs. Seaton and John Carteret were left together.

Mrs. Seaton had by no means considered the course of action she intended to adopt; therefore, she sat down by the fire, and gazed into it for a few moments.

"I am glad to hear that the doctor has so favourable an opinion of Mr. Seaton's state."

Mrs. Seaton rocked herself to and fro, without replying; and John Carteret tried to think of another remark—Mrs. Seaton's continued silence causing him to feel, as she wished him to do, in the way.

"I hope I am not keeping you from your

son," said John Carteret, after another pause.

Still, Mrs. Seaton silently swayed herself backward and forward; and, after another uncomfortable pause, ejaculated—

"Poor Jasper!"

To which John Carteret felt there was nothing to reply.

Presently she, still gazing into the fire, said—

"Mr. Carteret, I am going to do rather an extraordinary thing. But I am a mother with an only son; and, with regard to the confidence I am about to repose in you, I shall ask that it may for ever remain sacred between us. May I depend upon you?"

"Certainly."

"It may possibly explain much that has seemed odd in my conduct—capricious, un-courteous—that I think you will pardon when I tell it to you. When you became engaged to Diana, I did not know what I have since discovered—how deeply my son's affections were—"

John Carteret started.

"I do not think I have any right to hear this," he said.

"Pardon me," replied Mrs. Seaton. "When you have heard the favour I am going to ask, you will think it only reasonable that I should explain. I did not let Jasper know that I had discovered his secret; but it necessarily changed my feelings towards you—since you were unconsciously blighting the happiness of my only son—of now my only child."

Mrs. Seaton applied her handkerchief to her eyes; and John Carteret waited nervously for her next sentence.

"You have no cause for alarm," she went on. "My son has never, by word or deed, caused Diana to suspect this feeling; and never will, so long as your engagement lasts. Your engagement is likely to be a somewhat protracted one; and the favour I have to ask is, that you will always give me timely notice of your coming to Broadmead, and I will so contrive that Jasper shall be away. I think you can understand why I ask this, and will sympathize with my feelings in asking it."

"I do," answered John Carteret, gravely; "your wish shall be attended to."

"Thank you."

And Mrs. Seaton was sweeping out of the room, when, as she reached the door, she turned and said—

"Perhaps it is due to you to give you

warning on all points. With regard to Diana, I believe her attachment to my son to be simply that which naturally exists between ward and trusted guardian. Whether this is likely to grow into anything deeper, it is not for me to say: you can judge as well as I what the danger may be of leaving Diana with us. She is young, she knows little of the world, and had had no thoughts of such things as marriage until you came here. You are her first love; and we know that first love is not always lasting. Perhaps my best advice to you would be to tell you to marry at once, since young girls are so apt to change their minds. I scarcely need add that I feel that my son will act as a generous and liberal guardian. He will never suffer Diana to want for anything. I love my son, Mr. Carteret. He is suffering mental torture now, and perhaps the sooner you put an end to it the better."

And Mrs. Seaton disappeared.

She was not a little astonished at her own powers of speechmaking. She had no idea she could speak so well. But her whole nature was aroused in Jasper's service, and she almost felt as though she could move heaven and earth for him.

MR. GOLIGHTLY;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR HERO HAS DEALINGS WITH A JEW.

THE present historian and biographer cannot help perceiving that it is something of an anomaly to call his hero a Freshman at this advanced stage of his academical career. The same notion may have crossed the minds of some of his readers; and it is only doing justice to that amiable and appreciative body to inform them that the author is painfully aware of his shortcomings in this and other matters. However, to resume our history.

It was May, with all its associations of grass lamb and spinach, buttercups and daisies; more than that, it was late in the month—nigh on the Derby Day, in fact—and Cambridge at the end of May is seen at its best. The Carnival is kept then. Then the ancient town wears its gayest colours; and the men run up astounding tailors' bills for plumage wherewith to dazzle the lovely girls who come to see them, with sedate and ponderous Pas and Mas in their train.

The windows of our friend Mr. Fitzfoodel's rooms opened on to the Parade. His *habitat* was on the first floor, and the window of his sitting-room afforded a lounge at once comfortable and amusing. His numerous friends availed themselves freely of the advantages of this seat of an afternoon, idly drinking iced Cup, and gazing out at the various personages who strolled along the pavement in the sun.

Friends and acquaintances passing along came in for a kindly nod; little eccentricities of *personnel* were received with a wild halloo, worthy of a troop of Mohocks; objectionable cads were playfully pelted with the *débris* of the luncheon table; while favourites in the money-lending and cricketing interests were invited upstairs, to refresh themselves with a "swig" at the beer tankard.

"Most confounded baw," remarked Mr. Fitzfoodel in his drawing way, holding out a note penned by the fair fingers of his sister.

"What's that, Jockey?" asked Mr. Chutney—who, in a morning coat, with gorgeous monogram buttons down it, which coat encased a gorgeous blue and pink shirt, with startling studs in the front, lounged in a charming *negligé* attitude in the window seat. "What's a baw, old boy?"

"Everything baws me, Tommy," replied his friend. "I declare, no matter what I do to protect myself, I'm always being victimized."

On the tragic stage, Mr. Chutney would have pulled a face as long as a well-known stringed instrument, and ejaculated, in orotund voice, "Alas!" In real life, of course, he laughed at his friend's misery. But Mr. Calipee, who was one of the company, readily sympathized with poor Mr. Fitzfoodel's troubles.

"Just my case, Fitz," he sighed.

"What's the row, then—in the note, I mean?" asked Mr. Pokyr, bluntly coming to the point.

"Well, I never was a family sort of fellow, Jack," replied their host. "I mean, some fellows are intimate, you know, at their homes, and all that. I never was—"

"Poor devvle!"

"When I was a boy at Harrow, I always hated going home for the 'vacs.' Feeling's grown on me. Got a prodigal father, you see—try to be a forgiving son, and all that; but there are things human nature can't stand."

Mr. Pokyr playfully snatched the note from his friend's hand at this stage of his homily on family grievances.

"Oh—people coming up, that's all. Sisters coming?"

"Father—mother—brother—sisters—all at one fell swoop," gasped Mr. Fitzfoodel. "Calipee, support me. What was that broke the thingamy's back?"

"The—a—a—last straw," said our hero, ever ready with his apt quotation.

"Ah, Golightly, minor—as we should have called you at school if we had known you then—my back is broken now."

Perceiving at once that this was pleasantry on Fitzfoodel's part, Mr. Samuel laughed; and as his laugh was very good-natured and very hearty, everybody caught it, and laughed too—till Mr. Fitzfoodel, their entertainer, began to feel himself a wit.

"Curiously enough," said our hero, "my people are coming up too, this term; for my Fa and Ma, and both my aunts, are very anxious to come to Cambridge in the race week!"

"Miss Jekyll is staying at your house, I think. I suppose she'll come to complete the party," observed Mr. Pokyr.



"BUY A FINE PAIR O' HORNS, SIR?"

At this remark, our hero was observed to blush deeply.

"I only thought she might be, you know," added his friend.

Two London costers, with a cart-load of plants in bloom, uttering their familiar cry in an unfamiliar place, next engaged the attention of our party.

"All a-blowin', a-growin'—a-blowin', a-growin'—a-growin', a-blowin'! There, gentlemen, buy a few pots o' nice flowers."

"How much for the lot?"

"These here three pots four shillin's, sir.

There—a old pair o' bags, your honour, sir."

As it was evident, after some further parleying, that no business was likely to be done—the older coster of the two remarking to his partner that "These gents wor too full of chaff to be up to anything;" and further, as it was evident the flowers in the cart would be watered gratuitously—the contents of one jug had already wetted the road—the flower cart drove slowly on.

Our hero was leaning a little way out of the window when a greasy voice struck his ear.

"I knows a real genelman when I sees one. Beg pardon, sir—how do, sir—you rec'lects me? I sold you a beautiful parrot last term, sir."

It was true. The Jew who, on his last visit, had brought with him an aviary on wheels, now appeared stocked with real fur rugs and noble pairs of horns. Our hero fought rather shy of a renewal of business relations with this child of the favoured race, the last transaction having been against him—for he bought a bird one day, described as "the best talker in the world, but a leetle shy afore strangers," for three pounds and

a heap of old clothes; and was glad to change him a day or two after, on payment of three pounds more, for a bird that really would talk.

"Who's your friend, Golightly?" asked Mr. Pokyr.

"It's only the man I bought my parrot of last term," replied our hero.

"Buy a nice pair o' horns, sir, to-day? Do, sir—take anything for 'em. Old clothes, sir—old boots—anything. Looks 'andsome in a room, or over a door, they do."

"Not to-day—future occasion, perhaps," said Pokyr. "Be off!"



A SPIRITED GAME OF PULL JEW, PULL GENTLEMAN.

As fate would have it, the Jew vendor of buffalo horns met our hero close to St. Mary's, and offered his tempting wares in his most seductive manner.

"Not to-day," said Mr. Samuel, hurrying along.

But who ever could shake off a merchant of the seed of Israel, whose keen eye to profit urged him on? In a moment of weakness our hero listened—hesitated—was lost!

"Well, come up to my rooms; perhaps I might buy a pair—that is, if they're very cheap."

"Cheap as dirt, sir; but I dursen't go into the college, sir, with you. I've been put out afore—often."

"Well, then, never mind," said Mr. Golightly.

"'Xcuse me, sir—is one o' them your winners?" said the Israelite, pointing to a row of windows within easy reach of the ground, in St. Mary's-lane.

"That *is* my window."

"I aint a-going to try for to get through, bein' narrow—though I dessay I've got pals as could," said the Jew, eyeing our hero's lattice in a businesslike manner. "But

just come and talk to us out o' the vinder, your honour."

Our hero did so.

"I never brought such horns and skins up here afore, sir. These are the real thing this time. They're the sort that always used to be kept on purpose for the London market; but now we gets some of them for the country," observed the itinerant vendor of natural curiosities.

"How much do you want for that pair?" asked Mr. Samuel, leaning out of his window.

"This here pair of beauties, sir?"

"No, the other pair—those under your arm, I mean."

"O—h," said the Jew, winking with each eye, and smiling in his most captivating way. "I like to deal with you, sir—now, that I do. You know a good article when you see it, sir. Now, that pair of horns as you've picked out is the finest I ever see in my life. What a eye you've got."

Our hero's firmness began to give way under this fire of delicate flattery.

"How much do you ask for them?" he demanded, trying to hide a smile, lest the Jew should put on something extra on the strength of his being in a good humour.

"I am giving them away at anything under thirty shillings, sir—there!" said the dealer, striking an imposing attitude, and putting the horns under his arm.

The intention obviously was to convey to our hero's mind the impression that any attempt at abatement on his side would be rejected by the Jew, who would march off to find a better market for his wares.

Mr. Golightly, however, had profited by his experience over the parrot bargain.

"Ten bob, I think, is what they're worth. I don't care about them at all."

At this the Jew put up one of his shoulders, ducked his head, and laughed a long laugh of derision.

At last, however, after some chaffering, a bargain was struck for the best pair of horns, at ten shillings and three pairs of trousers.

First, Mr. Moses put the half-sovereign into his pocket, and then stowed away the three pairs of trousers in his capacious sack.

Our hero demanded his pair of horns, and was much surprised to find that his own way of counting and that of Mr. Moses differed considerably—the latter gentleman calling Greens to witness that "all he'd had was half a quid and two pair o' bags."

Having both horns and "bags," he had the best of the argument; and our hero reluctantly found him another pair of trousers—keeping hold of the upper extremity, while the Jew seized the lower. Having now the horns and half the "bags," our hero—to play the merchant a trick—began to haul them up; and, for a second or two, a spirited game of "Pull Jew, pull Gentleman" was played between them.

It terminated in favour of the Oriental, owing to the ill-timed advent of the tutor of St. Mary's round the corner.

"Mis-ter Go-light-ly," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Bloke—"this is shocking indeed!"

Instantly recognizing his tutor's measured accents, our hero relinquished the "bags," and drew in his horns at the window; and waited in breathless expectation for a message that he felt certain would soon arrive.

Mr. Sneek put in his head at the door.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Bloke wishes to see you immediate, sir—if you please."

CHALK WATER.

AN important question, affecting us all, is whether it is not possible to match the water of the Lake of Geneva here in England. Dr. Tyndall thinks that it undoubtedly is. The purest water we have is contained in large quantities in the chalk formations. If you send a beam of light through a glass of water brought from the chalk downs of Hampshire and Wiltshire, its purity is conspicuous. You see the track of the beam, but it is not the thick and muddy track revealed in London waters. The one great objection to this water is its hardness. It is bad for tea, and bad for washing. In some parts of Hampshire, an enormous quantity of soap is wasted for this reason. But the difficulty has been successfully met by the experimental demonstration that such water can be softened—inexpensively, and on a grand scale—by what is commonly known as Clark's process. At Canterbury, for instance, there are three reservoirs, covered in and protected by a concrete roof and layers of pebbles, both from the summer's heat and the winter's cold. Each reservoir contains 120,000 gallons of chalk water. Adjacent to these reservoirs are others containing pure slaked "cream of lime." These are filled with water, the lime and water

being thoroughly mixed by air forced in by an engine through apertures in the bottom of the reservoir. The water, thus well mixed with the lime, soon dissolves all of this substance that it is capable of dissolving. The lime is then allowed to subside to the bottom, leaving a perfectly clear lime water behind. The next thing is to soften the chalk water. One of the three reservoirs being empty, into it is introduced a certain quantity of the lime water, and, after this, about nine times the quantity of the chalk water. The transparency, however, immediately disappears, and the mixture of the two clear liquids becomes turbid. The carbonate of lime is precipitated; and the reservoir being now full, the precipitate subsides. It is crystalline and heavy, and therefore sinks rapidly. In about twelve hours, you find a layer of pure, white carbonate of lime at the bottom of the reservoir, with a water of extraordinary beauty and purity overhead. With these facts before us, why should not we poor Londoners have water infinitely purer and more conducive to health than even the purest of such water as any one of the London companies is able to furnish our cisterns with?

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SHE seems to stand beside me now,
 The rose leaf mantling in her cheek,
 The fairy curls above her brow,
 And that sweet look, half shy, half meek.
 The shell-like curves of those small hands,
 Rose-tipped, and dainty, clasp my arm;
 With upturned azure eyes she stands,
 The little maiden from the farm.

Just so she looked that summer's eve,
 Her soft head leaning on my breast,
 Peaceful—as if 'twere loath to leave
 The unaccustomed, happy rest.
 My lips were on her clear, cool brow,
 And not a murmur broke the charm.
 Ah, me! that she were with me now,
 That little maiden from the farm.

KNOX OF THE FOX.

IF every one of us whose "soul"—which I suppose means, in prose, stomach—"would sicken o'er the heaving wave," be a "luxurious slave," as Lord Byron intimates, I fear we must give up the pretension to being a nation of freemen. At least, I know that, in making the confession that I am a very bad sailor, I do not find myself in a contemptible minority. In spite of our island-home, our sea-going proclivities, and

our sneers at foreigners, especially Frenchmen, I believe we are just as liable to sea sickness as our neighbours. And yet it always is humiliating to me to admit the fact that *I am a very bad sailor*. I do not even belong to the category of those most fortunate—next to the favoured few who defy Neptune and all his wiles—men who go to the vessel's side as a Papist thief or assassin goes to confession—make a clean breast of it, and are all right again until the next overt act is committed. I am never at my ease on the unstable element. My faculties are obfuscated. I cannot read or write, or look about me with comfort. My eyes roll and see double; my brain swims; my legs refuse to carry me; my meals are a sorrow and anxiety to me; my sleep is feverish, and haunted with visions. On the other hand, my senses become painfully and preternaturally acute. I *taste* the engine grease, the smoke and steam, the tar, and the wet mops—so arrogantly do their smells attack my olfactory nerves. The glare of light seems to penetrate to my brain; and every beat of the steam pulse, and every sudden noise, gives me a box on the ear. In short, any sea voyage, however insignificant, is to me a season of mortification.

With these prospects of enjoyment, one cold November morning, in the year 1851, I went on board the P. and O. Company's good ship *Filfa*, bound for Malta, at Marseilles. It was blowing as the wind knows how to blow in that southern port: bitter, keen, and furious blasts, driving the surf right across the pier within which we were moored, and showering it over the assembling passengers and the deck which we paced in a vain effort to keep ourselves warm while the mails were coming on board.

At last, chilled to the marrow of my bones, wet, giddy, and shivering, and foreseeing the fate that awaited me in the open sea, I gave up all attempt at meeting the storm with any corresponding bluster of my own, descended to my cabin while still under the lee of the islands, and meekly ensconced myself in my berth under all the rugs and blankets I could muster. How many weary hours I remained there, I never counted exactly. Faint intimations of the outer world reached me from time to time in my life in death. The clatter of plates, the crash of glasses, the calls for "steward," the hollystoning of the deck; the "starboard" or

"port" shouted to the helmsman; the bang of the paddle against a wave, and its cry of triumph as it whirled in the air after conquering its opponent; the conversation between enviable non-sufferers over their brandy and water; the voice of the captain reading prayers in the cabin on Sunday: all passed over me in a semi-unconscious state. Time and the hour, however, run through the roughest day; and as we were going rapidly southwards, and out of the influence of that vicious Mistral of the French coast, I gradually threw off my blankets, and on the second day ventured—under the shelter of the Straits of Bonifazio—to leave my uneasy couch and mount to the upper deck. The air was balmy, and my impressions of the stifling imprisonment from which I had escaped so uninviting, that, when night came on, I preferred to make my couch of a soft plank and a railway wrapper, and remain, as the French say, under the fair star. It was still quite dark, when I was wakened from a sound sleep by something pressing on my ankles, and, looking up, I saw a gentleman, in the uniform of the English navy, leaning on the bulk I had chosen for my sleeping-place. A heavy dew was falling, and the sailors, with the kindness and attention they usually show to helpless passengers, had covered me with a tarpaulin, which this officer seemed to be arranging and tucking about me; so I thanked him, and hoped he would then go away and leave me to my slumbers. Instead of this, he deliberately seated himself at my feet, and fixed his eyes on me in an absent, dreamy manner, which made me feel rather uncomfortable. His look, as well as I could see in the darkness, was that of a sleep-walker, or a man in the first stage of drunkenness; and I tried to escape it by turning my head and closing my eyes to sleep again; but in vain. I still felt his gaze upon me; and at last it became so importunate that I could bear it no longer, but suddenly sat up, and asked him point blank if he wanted anything. He kept his eyes—almost without any speculation in them—fixed upon my countenance in a vacant manner, and in silence, till I repeated my question.

"Yes!" he then said, slowly. "Yes—I want something of you."

I waited to hear what it was. He paused, and then added—

"I have been wanting you for a long time."

"Wanting *me*?" said I, utterly puzzled by my strange interlocutor.

"Yes," he replied, in the same subdued voice; "waiting for you."

"He is out of his mind," thought I. "I must let him have his own way, and tell me what he pleases. I'll lead him on, and have done with it the sooner."

"May I ask your name, sir?" I said.

"Knox—of the *Fox*," he answered, in tones of the deepest despondency.

"Knox of the *Fox*?" I repeated—for the names were quite unknown to me.

"The *Fox* gunboat," said he.

"Oh, the *Fox* gunboat!" It just came across my mind that I had heard something about such a vessel. "It was lost, I think, at Kertch."

"Yes," he answered, with a deep sigh.

"Yes—it was lost; and so was I."

"But no blame was attached to the commander, surely?" said I, thinking that he alluded to the ruin of his professional prospects.

"Well, you see, I could not be brought to a court-martial," he said, sadly, "because I was lost."

"How do you mean 'lost'?" asked I.

"Drowned," said he, gloomily. "We were all drowned."

"Poor fellow," thought I, "he has lost his ship, and it has turned his brain."

I was beginning to get frightened. Hitherto, this unfortunate man had appeared perfectly harmless; but who could tell what his next phase would be? The moon was rising. What stories had I not heard of its effect upon madmen—*lunatics*! He might throw himself overboard; or—horrible idea!—he might take it into his head to throw *me* overboard. He said he had been wanting me—waiting for me. What for? I could do nothing to serve him. Perhaps he took me for some one in authority at the Admiralty, or some great man in the profession. In that case I would undeceive him at once, and get rid of him; and then go and warn the captain of the necessity of keeping an eye on this poor maniac.

"But, my dear sir," said I, soothingly, "what can I possibly do for you? If you and your ship are both lost, all is over; and you can have nothing to make you uneasy. Lie down, and go to sleep."

"I can't sleep," said he. "I never shall, with a stain on my memory."

"But what can *I* do?"

"Clear it up," said he, impressively.

"With the greatest pleasure, if you will give me the means."

"I knew you would. I have been waiting for you—waiting for you ever so long," he repeated, vaguely. Then, suddenly leaning towards me, his faint voice sinking lower and lower—"You are going to Valetta. You will see the Admiral. You will tell him that Knox of the *Fox*—"

His lips continued to move quickly, but no sound issued from them. I strained my ears to catch any. At last he rose, looked earnestly at me, and, as he moved away, I caught the words, emphatically spoken—

"Tell the Admiral!"

"But what am I to tell him?" I inquired.

"Clear my memory," he said; and was gone.

Was it a ghost? The suspicion of my having been favoured with an interview with such a being made my blood run cold. It is true I had always denied their existence, and yet— This was just like one of the many well-authenticated tales I had heard, of perturbed spirits calling on the living to right them in some way or other! But there was no sort of connection between me and Knox of the *Fox*. Why should his spirit call on *me*?" Pooh! nonsense about ghosts! This was some man disappointed of his promotion, and crazed with brooding over his wrongs. I only hoped he would let me alone in future. But I would certainly speak to the captain to have him looked after, lest he should do anything rash. And, amidst these self-cogitations, I went off to sleep again.

When, next morning, I did speak to the captain, however, he positively declared that there was no one on board of the name of Knox; and no man but himself wearing a naval uniform (he had been in the Queen's service). Perceiving me asleep on the deck, he desired the men to cover me with a tarpaulin. Perhaps I might have seen him at that time, between sleeping and waking.

"But I had a long conversation with the officer in question," said I.

"My dear sir," said the captain, smiling, "you must have been dr—*dreaming*, I mean, last night."

Arrived at Valetta, I sought the hotel at which I usually put up; but could get no rooms, either there or at the next I applied to. The town was very full, I was informed.

At last, the master of one in Strada Forni told me that, if I did not object to be put on the other side of the court, he had two little rooms he could give me; and I was glad to accept them. The access was by a narrow, winding stair, made in the thickness of the wall, and terminating at the door of the outer room. This opened into a second, which had no other issue. The rooms were apparently a portion of some more ancient building, with walls and roof of stone, rudely cut and vaulted; but they were good enough and sufficiently furnished, and I was soon asleep in a comfortable bed, under my mosquito curtains.

As had happened on board the steamer, I woke up in the middle of the night without any provocation. The stillness was profound; and I was about to address myself again to sleep, when I was startled by a deep-drawn sigh, which seemed breathed into my very ear. I looked out, but could descry nothing, and had just decided that it was only fancy, when the sound was repeated still more distinctly, and certainly in the room. By this time, my eyes becoming used to the gloom into which they were anxiously peering, I thought I saw, through the open door, a figure seated in the inner room, and leaning in a despondent attitude on the table. Surely I had locked the door before going to bed! How could any one have got in?

"Who is there?" I called.

No answer was returned; but, rising from its seat, the figure slowly advanced, till it stood by my bedside, gazing down upon me, and moving its lips as with a continuous flow of words, though none reached my ear till it turned towards the outer door, as if to depart. Then, a second time, I heard the emphatically pronounced "Tell the Admiral!" and the apparition vanished.

I instantly struck a light, sprang out of bed, and flew to the door. It was locked inside, as I remembered to have left it. How in the world had Knox—for it was he, I felt certain—managed to effect an entrance? I went round the two rooms, candle in hand, to see if there was any other means of ingress, but could discover none.

"Who sleeps on my side of the yard?" I asked the landlord, next morning. "Any of the waiters?"

"No one at all," he said; "the rooms are quite separate from the rest of the house. But," he added, "you are quite safe there."

No one can possibly get in if you lock your door."

"Some one did get in last night, however, and disturbed me."

"I am very sorry, sir. It was a strange mistake for any one to make. I ought to have told you to lock your door. But the hotel gates are always shut at night."

"The odd thing is, that my door *was* locked; and yet I saw and heard a man in my room in the middle of the night."

"Oh, sir!" said the landlord, "you must have been dreaming last night."

The very words the captain had used. It was too provoking to be persuaded out of one's senses in this manner; but there was no good in trying to convince such self-sufficient persons, so I remained silent. I determined, however, at any rate, to investigate the history of the unfortunate Knox and his *Fox* as soon as I had time to look up any of my naval friends. His strange conduct in pursuing me, an utter stranger, with his grievances, and holding me with his glittering eye—as the Ancient Mariner did that unlucky wedding-guest—while he claimed my assistance, left me in no doubt as to his insanity. Besides, here he was himself in Malta. Why should he want any one to tell his story to the Admiral, when he had only to walk up to his house, and ask for an interview himself? I had a good deal of business to attend to that day, so this visionary affair was soon put out of my mind by the positive interests of the workaday world in which I was soon involved. But towards evening, as I landed at Nixmangiare Stairs, on my return from the dockyard, it was recalled to my memory by the sight of my self-constituted client, standing just above, with his usual melancholy expression of countenance and attitude, as if waiting for somebody. Could it be for me he was watching? Hang the fellow! what right had he to dog my footsteps in this way, and harass me with his crazy importunities? I felt inclined to kick him downstairs the next opportunity that offered; and Valetta affords such in abundance. But the thought of his dejected countenance and sad, weary tones mollified my wrath; and I contented myself with the determination to avoid his presence, and be bothered with him no more.

With this view, instead of going straight up the street—which would have led direct to my hotel—I dodged away to my left, and

made a round, thus having to go down the Strada Reale—where, about this hour, one meets everybody going home to dinner or to dress.

The very first person I encountered was my excellent old friend the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Sir Upton Ker, who greeted me with his usual bluff heartiness, took my arm, and walked on with me till we came to Muir's Library.

"I am just going in here—do wait for me," said he. "I won't keep you two minutes; and then you'll come home and dine."

Whilst he was engaged in the shop, I stood turning over in my mind how I should manage to introduce the subject of my queer acquaintance. It seemed simple enough to ask, "Can you tell me anything of a man named Knox, who commanded the *Fox*, in the Black Sea?" But somehow I shrank from putting the question. Suppose the answer was, "Yes—he was lost with his boat." I did not much fancy being told this; and, then, what was I to say next? "I have got a message to deliver from him to you, but I don't know what it is." Or, "His ghost haunts me; will you get it laid?" Sir Upton would certainly think I was mad.

I was still hesitating and doubting, when he returned to me.

"Now then," said he, "you're coming to dinner, aint you?"

"I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation to-day, Sir Upton; but I will just walk up with you." And, with an effort, I added, "I have something I want particularly to speak to you about."

"Speak away," said the Admiral, heartily. And then—stopping short, and looking in my face—"Nothing unpleasant, I hope! You're not in Queer-street any way, eh?"

"Oh, no!" said I, trying to assume an indifferent air, "nothing about myself. I only wanted to ask if you could tell me anything about the *Fox* gunboat?"

The Admiral stared.

"The *Fox*? Why, it went down in the Black Sea—long ago."

"And the commander?" said I, desperately. "What became of him?"

"Let me see. Oh, Knox—wasn't it? Dismal young fellow! Nox and Erebus, I used to call him. Ha! ha!" said Sir Upton, with one of his jolly laughs. "Oh, he is on the Pacific station!"

"Are you *sure*?" said I.

"Sure! Who can be *sure* of anything? He may be dead."

I winced.

"All I know is, that he was my son's first lieutenant, when I last heard of him. But, bless my soul!" continued Sir Upton, suddenly facing me, "what are you driving at? What on earth, or on sea, have you to do with Knox or Erebus either?"

"I wish to Heaven I knew," cried I; "but the fact is, my dear Sir Upton, I have been worried almost out of my senses by the man, these last few days. He makes his way into my room at night, dogs me by day, and bothers me about some message I am to give——"

Raising my eyes as I spoke, whom should I see, over Sir Upton Ker's shoulder, but my tormentor himself, with those haggard eyes fixed upon me.

"Tell the Admiral!" said he, in his muffled, ghostly voice.

"Confound it all!" cried I, driven out of all patience, "here *is* the Admiral. Tell him yourself, and be d——d to you!"

Striking the ground sharply three times with his cane, Sir Upton turned full upon Knox.

A blaze of light suddenly enveloped the mysterious stranger; who, to my utter amazement, vanished away in its glare, with a tremendous explosion and a rushing sound; while—gracious Heaven! am I going mad too?—the Admiral, wheeling quickly round, displayed to my bewildered sight, not his own jovial, ruddy countenance, beaming from beneath the gold-laced cap he wore so jauntily on his gray curls, but—a *policeman's bull's-eye!* which flashed its blinding rays full into my eyes.

Involuntarily I uttered a cry, and hid my face in my hands.

"Only the carpenter to open the port!" said a gruff voice.

The glad rush of sunshine and air into the close cabin, driving before it the mingled fumes of last night's supper, brandy, grog, oilcloth, bilge water, hot grease, and all the villainous compound of odours which nauseate a steamboat passenger, dispelled gradually the distempered visions of my sleep. Springing from my lair, I thrust my head out of the opened porthole—the bull's-eye of my dream—and bathed my hot eyes and brow in the vivifying breeze. We had just entered the Quarantine Harbour, and were

blowing off our steam with an explosive roar. The dark blue water sparkled in the level rays of the rising sun. The gaily painted boats, with large eyes in their prows, danced towards us on the swell created by our paddles. The white houses of Sliema and the six-armed windmills of Malta rose before me.

Rejoicing in my liberation, I quickly prepared to land, and was soon triumphantly treading the flags of Strada Reale, unmolested by any grumbling nautical ghost. So vivid, however, had been my sea-sick dream, that I could not entirely shake off the impression that I had some responsibility resting on me, some unknown duty to perform, until I had seen the Admiral in the flesh, and heard his roar of laughter at my story of his metamorphosis into a policeman's lantern, and the consequent conjuring away of the pertinacious Knox of the *Fox*.

TABLE TALK.

WE recently made a note on the bagpipe as not being originally a Scottish instrument at all, but introduced from this country. Some envious Sassenach now writes to us, claiming the same origin for that proudest symbol of a Scot—the kilt, or philibeg. But this is really too bad. Sir John Sinclair, in a letter to John Pinkerton—the well-known antiquarian writer—in 1796, says that "it is well known that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman, in Lochabar, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen would be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid, and that it was more decent to wear it than to have no clothing at all—which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochabar." Some even go so far as to question the antiquity of the plaid itself; but this, we think, it will be found difficult to prove. The plaid, as a distinctive symbol of clanship, undoubtedly used only to be worn in the Highlands by people of rank. In a book of costume, printed in Paris in 1562, the Highland chief is represented in the Irish dress, wearing a mantle; and, even as late as 1715, the remote Highlanders were only clothed in a long coat, buttoned down to the mid-leg—a costume much affected by the Irish peasant, even at the present day. It is a curious fact, also, that the Highlanders who joined the first Pretender, from the

remote parts of Scotland, were not dressed in parti-coloured tartans, and had neither plaid nor philibeg.

WE JUST MENTIONED John Pinkerton. The life of this antiquarian is a curiosity in itself. He died in 1826, and seems to have been an indefatigable bookworm and picker up of unconsidered trifles all his life. He was a Scotchman born, but always entertained a most obstinate prejudice against the Celtic race, as represented by his Highland countrymen. He seriously believed that the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Welsh, the Bretons, and the Spanish Biscayans, are the only surviving descendants of the original population of Europe; and that in them, their features, their manners, and their history, every philosophic eye may trace the unimproved and unimprovable savage—the Celt. He maintained, in every company, that he was ready to drop his theory altogether, the moment any one could point out to him a single person of intellectual eminence sprung from an unadulterated line of Celtic ancestry. He would appeal boldly to the "History of Bulaw," in particular; asking what one great man the Celtic races of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland had yet contributed to the roll of fame; and, as he was deeply versed in family genealogy, objectors had often a hard matter to combat his theory on the spur of the moment. Somebody once mentioned Burke to him as an instance to the contrary. "What!" said Pinkerton—"a descendant of De Bourg? Class that high Norman chivalry with the riff-raff of O's and Macs! Show me one great O', and I am done." One of his great delights was to prove that the Scotch Highlanders had never had many great captains—such as Montrose, Dundee, the first Duke of Argyll; and these, he said, were all Goths—the two first, Lowlanders; the last, a Norman—the family name, Campbell, being simply derived from *de Campo bello*. We wonder what Pinkerton would have said at the present day about the Lords of Lorne! Pinkerton's industry seems to have been better than his judgment. He wrote a book, under the name of "Robert Heron," called "Letters of Literature," in which he used a new mode of spelling peculiarly his own. The object of the book was to prove that a study of the ancient Latin and Greek authors is worse than useless. It made sufficient mark, however, to call down the wrath and indig-

nation of the poet Cowper; and gained for Pinkerton the notice of Horace Walpole. We must not forget, moreover, that the same theory has been advanced in our own time, and by no less a man than Richard Cobden, who openly declared that one copy of the *Times* was more worthy of study than all the classic authors put together.

IT IS THE CUSTOM, in some of the London churches, to separate the sexes—the men being seated on one side of the aisle, and the fair sex on the other. And, after all, our Ritualist brethren are, it appears, in the right. This system is nothing but the revival of what was once the established custom of the English Church. Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," says:—"When they be come thither, the men goe into the right side of the church, and the women into the left side."

SOMEBODY ONCE WROTE a book upon popular errors. We do not know whether it passed through many editions—in fact, we doubt it; for some popular errors which have held ground from time immemorial seem as firmly set as ever. There are some pleasing delusions which people love to cling to, and the correction of them—like the proverbial good advice of friends—is generally thrown away. In a recent note in "Table Talk," on St. Patrick's Day, we adverted to the well-known tradition among the Irish peasants, that serpents cannot exist in Ireland. A correspondent, however, informs us of the unfortunate fact that not only do serpents and frogs manage to exist in Ireland, but, worse still, that they absolutely swarm, the latter especially, in the country districts—notably in the county Dublin and the Queen's county. It is commonly supposed that if any adventurous spirit took the trouble to introduce a few of the reptiles, he would find it labour lost. But as the snakes are there, and old authorities maintain that Ireland was free from them until comparatively recent times, the fact remains that *somebody* must have imported them. One account gives it out that they were first propagated from spawn, introduced as an experiment, in 1696, by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; another, that a gentleman imported a number of vipers from England into Wexford, about the year 1797, but that they died immediately after. In the summer of 1831, however, a gentleman, by way of

experiment, brought a few pairs of the common snake from Scotland, and placed them in a plantation at Milecross, near Newtownards; and the readiness with which they multiplied was more alarming than pleasant. The late Marquis of W——d, well known in his day for his strange freaks, is said to have tried the same experiment on his own estates, but with no success. May not, after all, the idea of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes in the Sister Isle be traced to the association of the serpent with the Evil One, and to the success which his reverence had in reforming the vices of his barbarian disciples?

IN A PAPER just published by Dr. Soubeiran, he gives a table showing the increase during the last few years in the consumption of horse-flesh as an article of food in Paris alone. The following are his figures:—

	Horses.
" In 1866	902
1867	2,152
1868	2,421
1869	2,758
1870 (to September)	2,799"

while, during the siege, the consumption was from 50,000 to 60,000 horses. I suppose it will take many years to persuade us that horseflesh is nutritious and wholesome. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that it has always been the staple food with a large part of the world, and is still the favourite food of perhaps the larger part. A writer in the "Revue de Deux Mondes," for January, stimulated probably by finding horse-steaks his only attainable luxury, takes great pains to point out how widely spread, at all times, has been the eating of horse. In China, in Persia, in North Africa, in America, and in Australia, the flesh of wild horses and asses has always been in the highest esteem. Among the Romans, Mæcenas introduced the custom of eating young asses; the Sarmatians lived mainly on horse, which they either devoured raw, or prepared by the simple expedient of using it by way of a saddle—just as a cook beats his steak with a flat knife to make it tender; and the Vandals used to eat it whenever they could get it. After all, the main objection to horse-flesh on a large scale is its cost. So long as people remain content to use up in this way the old cab horses when they are past work, no doubt it will be an economical and prudent measure to eat them. But we do not eat old and worn-

out oxen; and we should soon be falling back upon young colts. Fancy the expense of a banquet enriched by a haunch from a colt out of the last winner of the Derby! It would be, however, an admirable thing were some one to introduce a new animal; beef and mutton, though very well in their way, being apt to strike one, on dyspeptic days, as monotonous. But even beef and mutton, in an unvarying succession, would surely be better than beef and mutton diversified by an occasional cut from a worn-out knacker. Cannot something be done to make venison more common? There ought to be deer enough in England to make venison as cheap as mutton.

IT IS SOMETIMES sarcastically said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but the truth of the saying is not unfrequently illustrated in sober fact. Who, among the majority of ordinary folk, has ever heard of Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford? And it would be difficult—nay, impossible—to mention any philosopher, statesman, and philanthropist, all in one, of whom so little is known. The chief reason for this undoubtedly is, because his efforts were mainly exerted abroad. The great characteristic of Rumford is that, while he was a philosopher, he was eminently a practical philosopher. Rumford did not write merely speculative essays, or simply propound abstruse theories. He was, above all others, the philosopher of common things. He made the feeding, clothing, warming, and sheltering of mankind sciences in themselves. The comprehensiveness of his grasp was amazing. In looking over the list of the subjects of his essays and researches, we range from "The Force of Fired Gunpowder," "Naval Signals," or "The Harmony of Colours," to "The Philosophy of Cooking," and "The Preparation of Cheap Soups, Indian Puddings, Macaroni, Potato Salads, &c." At one time we find him discussing, as learnedly as the Astronomer Royal, the movements of the molecules of a heated fluid, and the chemical properties of light; at another, the pleasure of eating and drinking, and the means that may be employed for increasing it. Rumford was commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria to reorganize the Bavarian army. He studied the philosophy of cookery, and made experiments on the nourishing qualities of different kinds of food, with a view

to feeding the men as well and economically as possible. He determined the best material for the soldier's clothing; and, to this end, he first considered the function of clothing, and found that in winter it should resist the escape of the animal heat to the cooler atmosphere, and thus maintain the body at the temperature required. For this purpose, a non-conductor—or, at least, a bad conductor—of heat is required. The relative conducting power of different clothing materials being, in his time, unknown, he constructed a theoretical soldier in the shape of a thermometer, which he could clothe with the materials he wished to test; and in this manner he obtained the results. Benjamin Thompson began life in extreme poverty—was a poor teacher in a colonial village school; yet, step by step, he rose to such honour and distinction, that, when the Elector of Bavaria was forced to fly from Munich, the temporary sovereignty was handed over, with plenary powers, to Count Rumford; and he wielded his authority with complete success. He practically solved great social problems which now, after a lapse of over seventy years, are puzzling the brains of modern wiseacres. He abolished mendicity from a country where beggars absolutely swarmed. He succeeded in making the rogues and vagabonds of Bavaria pay all the expenses of their food, clothing, and lodging, and leave a handsome balance over and above. He provided for the poor without poor rates. He was, in short, a great statesman, a practical soldier, a skilful mechanic and engineer, a successful philanthropist, and a real philosopher. He acted on the principles of inductive reasoning, alike in the eating of a slice of pudding and the dictatorship of a nation. The career of Benjamin Thompson is a remarkable example of what may be done by sound, practical, scientific knowledge and training; and it is a knowledge which we heartily recommend to the consideration of the various school boards throughout the country.

MOST PEOPLE have heard of the "Nine Worthies of the World," or the "Nine Worthy Conquerors." We have seen them counted up in various ways, but they are generally as follows: "The three good Jews"—Prince Joshua, King David, and Judas Maccabæus. "The three good heathens"—Hector, the son of Priam, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar. "The three good

Christians"—the Emperor Charlemagne, King Arthur, and Duke Godfrey de Bouillon. The old romancers, however, coupled with these nine worthies, nine other worthies of the fair sex—"ladies of high-deserving," women-warriors—and even go so far as to supply their names: 1, Marthesia, or Marpesia; 2, Lampedo; 3, Orythia; 4, Antiope; 5, Penthesilia; 6, Minthia; 7, Hippolita; 8, Theuca; 9, Thamaris, or Tomyris. Sometimes, Semiramis was substituted in the place of one of the ladies whom we have named.

I AM INDEBTED for the following to an American paper. It is something like the old fable of the hare and the tortoise, only here the hare does not lie down to sleep. The coutah (negro for terrapin) wins the race by the simple expedient of placing another coutah at every mile-post, and himself at the last. It is not often one gets a better specimen of nigger English:—

"Once upon a time Br. Deer and Br. Coutah was courtin', and de lady been lub Br. Deer more so dan Br. Coutah. She did been lub Br. Coutah, but she love Br. Deer de mostest. So de nounge lady say to Br. Deer and Br. Coutah both, dey mus hab a ten mile race, and de one dat beats, she will marry him.

"So Br. Coutah say to Br. Deer: 'You has got longer legs dan I has, but I will run you. You run ten mile on land, an' I will run ten on water.'

"So Br. Coutah went and git nine of his famby, and put one at ebery mile-post, and he himself, what was to run wid Br. Deer, was right in front of de nounge lady door, in de broom grass.

"Dat mornin', at nine o'clock, Br. Deer meet Br. Coutah at de first mile-post, wha dey was to start from. So he call, 'Well, Br. Coutah, is you ready? Go 'long.' As he git to de next mile-post, he say, 'Br. Coutah.' Br. Coutah say, 'Hullo!' Br. Deer say, 'You dere?' Br. Coutah say, 'Yes, brudder, I dere too.'

"Next mile-post he jump, Br. Deer say, 'Hullo, Br. Coutah!' Br. Coutah say, 'Hullo, Br. Deer, you dere too?' Br. Deer say, 'Ki! it look you gwine for tie me. It look like we going to de gal tie.'

"When he git to de nine mile-post, he tought he git dere first, 'cause he mek two jump; so he holler, 'Br. Coutah.' Br. Coutah answer, 'You dere too?' Br. Deer say, 'It look like you gwine tie me.' Br. Coutah say, 'Go 'long, brudder, I get dere in due season time.'"

And so he does. At the end of the race, Br. Deer sees Br. Coutah in the piazza, "wid de nounge lady, hooked hands, walking up and down."

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ONCE A WEEK

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SO-CALLED SPIRITUALISM.



NEARLY two hundred years ago, Sir Isaac Newton asked the question—“How do the motions of the body follow from the will?” This question—which is intimately connected with the so-called spiritual manifestations—has not yet been satisfactorily answered,

although it is one in which all mankind are deeply interested. The same question, expressed in different words, had engaged the attention of many of the most eminent scientific men, from a very remote period of the world's history. It still remains an unsolved problem, how mind, soul, or spirit acts upon matter; and how matter reacts upon mind, soul, or spirit. Neither doctors of divinity nor quacks of divinity, doctors of medicine nor quacks of medicine, have been able to give a solution: more, the nature of neither matter nor spirit is yet properly understood; many distinguished men contending that, fundamentally, there is no difference between them.

The mutual relations of matter and spirit occupied the attention of Plato more than two thousand years ago. According to him, there is an Intelligent Cause, which is the origin of all spiritual being, and the former of the material world. This material world the Intelligent Cause, or Deity, had formed after a perfect archetype—which had eternally subsisted in His reason—and indued

it with a soul. “God,” says he, “produced mind prior in time as well as in excellence to the body, that the latter might be subject to the former. From the mind, or spirit—which is indivisible, and always the same—and from that which is material and divisible, He compounded a third substance, participating in the nature of both.” This substance—which is not eternal, but produced, deriving the superior part of its nature from God, and the inferior from matter—Plato supposed to be the animating principle in the universe, pervading and adorning all things. He teaches also the doctrine of the immortality of the rational soul—which is, he says, an indivisible substance, and therefore incapable of dissolution or corruption: the objects to which it naturally adheres are spiritual and incorruptible, and therefore its nature is so. Life being the conjunction of the soul with the body, death is nothing more than their separation. Whatever is the principle of motion, he states, must be incapable of destruction.

To come down to a much later time. Boscovich held that matter consists of physical points, or atoms, indued with powers of attraction and repulsion, taking place at different distances—that is, surrounded with various spheres of attraction and repulsion. Provided, therefore, that any body move with a sufficient degree of speed, or have sufficient momentum, to overcome any powers of repulsion it may meet with, it will find no difficulty in making its way through any body whatever, without moving out of their place the atoms or particles of the body passed through. With a speed something less, the atoms of the body passed through will be considerably agitated, and ignition might perhaps be the consequence, though the progress of the body in motion would not be sensibly interrupted; and with a still less speed, it might not pass at all. The great objection to the adoption of this theory is the difficulty of comprehending

how two bodies can be forced into the same place, and occupy it at the same instant of time. It has, however, been established that the first obstruction to the penetration of one body by another arises from no actual contact of the matter of the two bodies, but from mere powers of repulsion. The first obstruction can be overcome; and, having penetrated one sphere of repulsion, we fancy that we are now impeded by solid matter itself. But why may not the next obstruction be another sphere of repulsion, which only requires a greater force to overcome it? and so on. By this theory, we are led to the conclusion that what we call matter is itself immaterial.

A similar theory to this of Boscovich may be found in "Baxter on the Immateriality of the Soul." Baxter's idea of matter is, that it consists, as it were, of bricks, cemented together by an immaterial mortar—corresponding to the spheres of attraction and repulsion of Boscovich; these bricks were again composed of less bricks, cemented likewise by an immaterial mortar; and so on, *ad infinitum*. This theory of Baxter led Mitchell to infer that the bricks were so covered with this immaterial mortar, that, if they had any existence at all, it could not be perceived, every effect being produced—at least, in nine instances in ten certainly, and probably in the tenth also—by this immaterial, spiritual, and penetrable mortar. And observing, further, that all we perceive by contact is this penetrable immaterial substance, and not the impenetrable one, he thought he might as well admit of penetrable material, as well as penetrable immaterial substance; especially as we know nothing more of the nature of substance than that it is something which supports properties.

This last idea has been very ingeniously discussed by the celebrated Bishop Berkeley; who held the opinion that, if matter be deprived of all its properties—such as form, size, colour, and so on, which are all immaterial—the matter itself ceases to exist.

Passing from this class of ideas respecting the nature of matter to other phenomena that are constantly occurring around us, we shall find that very wonderful things are perpetually taking place, which have not attracted that degree of attention which their importance deserves. Whilst sitting in a room during daylight, or when any artificial light is used—such as a candle, lamp, or gas burner—we see the various objects in the

room before us, if our eyes are open; that is, the *images* or *pictures* of the objects are formed on the retina, or inside part of the eye, whence the consciousness of the existence of the objects is conveyed to the mind. These *images* or *pictures* of every object or thing in the room upon which the light shines, are carried by the light through the room, whether we be in the room or not. This is evident from the fact of the images or pictures being impressed on the sensitized plate of a photographic camera, suitably placed in the room. Whithersoever we move in the room, the images or pictures of the objects are seen, provided there be nothing to obstruct the passage of the light reflected from the objects; so that, if the space between the eye and any object be supposed to be divided into an almost infinite number of vertical planes, like the thinnest possible sheets of canvas, every one of these planes, or sheets of canvas, will contain an infinite number of the images or pictures of the object; and all these picture planes are moving through the room with a speed equal to the velocity of light—or at the rate, in round numbers, of two hundred thousand miles a second! Thus we find that the room is completely full of the pictures of any single object; and every separate object or thing in the room is sending through the room its infinite series of pictures, each series completely filling the room at the same time, penetrating each other in an infinite number of directions, and not destroying or injuring one another. These are wonderful facts, which every one can easily comprehend. In the world outside the room, effects of a like nature are constantly occurring. Every object upon which the light of the sun, or other luminous body, shines, is sending off its infinite series of images or pictures in all directions where no obstruction to the reflected light occurs.

It may be well to bear in mind, in connection with this class of phenomena, that different people possess different powers of perceiving objects. A certain intensity of light that may be sufficient to enable some persons to see an object, would be insufficient to enable others, placed in the same position in relation to the object, to see the object.

Other phenomena, closely allied to those just described, are the pictures of external objects which may be impressed upon the body of a child when *en ventre sa mère*. The writer

of this article has seen the picture of a bunch of black grapes indelibly impressed on the face of a man. The picture was the same size and colour as the grapes themselves. This picture had been formed on the child's face—unconsciously to the mother—when it was *en ventre sa mère*, by a mental operation of the mother herself. This fact, and others of a like kind, leads to a new field of what we may term psychological photography, and is a curious evidence of the effect produced by mind or spirit on matter.

Another phenomenon, showing the action of mind on matter, which the writer has seen on three different occasions, is this:—In the year 1852, he saw performed, in the city of Steubenville, Ohio, U.S., what he considers one of the most extraordinary actions he has seen in his life. The two men concerned in the action—one of whom we will call the operator, the other the subject—were both glass-blowers, employed in a glass manufactory in that city. The action was performed in a private parlour, when the men had just come in to their dinner from work, simply for amusement, and with no desire to obtain money or any other valuable consideration. The operator was about five feet eight inches high, and rather stout; the subject was six feet one inch high, muscular, and well proportioned, his weight being about one hundred and ninety pounds. The subject having been brought into the electro-biologic state by the operator, the latter held his outstretched hand and arm about twelve inches above the head of the former, and without touching him, or using any mechanical or other contrivance, completely lifted him off the floor, and kept him suspended between the hand and the floor for a period of eight seconds, by the mere force of the will;—showing, clearly and unmistakably, that the mere force of the will of one man is sufficient to elevate a body weighing one hundred and ninety pounds about six inches, and keep it suspended at that height for a period of eight seconds! Here, the general law of the earth's gravity on a body weighing one hundred and ninety pounds is completely counteracted by the force of a man's will. This is a remarkable instance of the power of mind or spirit, acting upon matter external to itself. The writer would hardly credit the performance of such an action, had he not seen it himself on three different occasions.

With the intention of philosophically in-

vestigating *spiritual* phenomena, purely so called, the writer has frequently joined spiritual circles; and he must say that not a single one of the circles he joined was able to cause the table to move, or even to produce so much as a "rap." He also frequently visited spiritual meetings and séances with the same intention, and saw nothing worth mentioning, except that many of the men and women present were shaking their heads and hands, as if afflicted with the palsy. Although he is unable, from personal knowledge, to narrate anything of an extraordinary nature as having been performed by the so-called spiritual mediums, the following description of a "Séance with Mr. Mansfield, of New York," who is a writing medium, may not be uninteresting:—

"On arriving at his residence, we found him at leisure, and he consented to give us a séance. We were quite unknown to him, and he to us—except that we knew his name, and that he was a professional medium; while our names were withheld, so that we might test his power without giving him even the advantage of knowing us, or where we came from. Near one of the windows there was a long writing-table, at which Mr. Mansfield was seated; and having explained our wish that he would give us an opportunity of testing his power as a medium, he placed us so that, by extending our hands and touching each other, we formed a circle. More than once he changed our positions, like the men on a chess-board. This being settled apparently to his satisfaction, those of us who desired to do so were invited to go to the table, and write a message to or make an inquiry of any spirit with whom we wished to correspond.

"While one of our party was so engaged, Mr. Mansfield remained in conversation with us at the end of the room farthest from the writing-table, so that he could not possibly, even if he desired, see what was written. He appeared quite indifferent as to the proceeding of the writer, until he was informed the message was complete; when he desired the paper might be folded up, so that the contents could be seen by no one. The paper was in long slips, such as are used for printers' 'copy;' and when rolled up, the writing was hid in a dozen folds of paper. Then the ends were fastened down with gum; and without any address or

writing on the outside, the letter was allowed to remain on the table. The writer then joined us, and Mr. Mansfield resumed his seat, and for a few moments gently rubbed the letter with his fingers, without moving it from the table. He then took a sheet of paper, such as that on which the letter had been written, passed the gum brush over the upper end of it, and attached the folded-up letter to it. Then he sat, pencil in hand, prepared to write; while the left hand was allowed to rest lightly on the table by his side. For some minutes he sat thus, talking to us on any subject that was started, until presently we heard a gentle and even click on the table, and saw the index finger of his left hand move up and down, each time giving a tap on the table; and this, he informed us, indicated the presence of the spirit-agency working through him, he might call it—as it was frequently named—the ‘spirit-telegraph;’ and, in his case, its presence was so infallible, ‘he would stake his existence upon it.’ He was convinced the spirit to whom the message had been addressed was there, and would—through him—reply to it. We watched with the utmost curiosity and interest; and remarked that, when the finger tapped regularly, and with an unbroken movement, the pencil held in the medium’s right hand began to move, and then pass rapidly over the paper, line after line—the medium unheeding what was written—until the answer to the message was entirely completed. He then folded the original message and the reply together, and handed the paper to our friend, and resumed the conversation then going on.

“Curiosity at once prompted the opening of the roll of paper, to see the nature of its contents. It was a letter of many lines, written in a free hand, bore at the top the usual inscription, and was signed at the end with the name of the departed spirit whose message it purported to be. We then opened the letter our friend had written, which had been so carefully fastened up, and found it was addressed to a person whose Christian name only was written, while the message sent in return was signed with the name in full. Then we read the letter, and the reply. It related to matters of a family nature which I need not repeat; but as to the answer, it was so complete—entered so fully into the particulars on which information had been sought, and was so

satisfactory—that no living being could have given a more rational or direct answer. We were astounded at the result, which seems to pass belief—yet it is no romance. Nor was this the only instance of Mr. Mansfield’s powers. During our interview, six or seven letters were written by ourselves, and each was folded and sealed, put into double envelopes or otherwise secured, so that inspection of their contents was impossible.

“The medium, as I have said, saw nothing of the writing, knew nothing of what had been written, or the names of the writers, or those of the dead to whom the messages were addressed; and yet the replies were as perfect in every respect as if he had known all these, was well posted in the family history, and had at his fingers’ ends information which we knew he did not possess. Then, again, in one particular case, an inquiry was written to a dead relative by the most sceptical of our party, requesting an expression of opinion on some important family subject. The letter was folded and sealed as before; and a reply was sent, occupying a long sheet of paper, signed with the Christian and surname of the spirit, and so entirely satisfactory and to the point as to be marvellous. The medium could not have replied of his own knowledge; he had no help from any human being; and the conclusion was forced upon us that the message in this and in other trials could not have been communicated without spirit agency.

“The spirits assert that there is a certain emanation or effluvium possessed by mediums, which they—the spirits—can condense, and with it form a temporary material covering for their spirit-hands, with which they can touch mortals, play musical instruments, draw, write, knock, and convey tables and other objects about the room. This temporary covering, however, does not last long; and hence it is that hands and figure are seen only for a brief space, and then vanish. Mediums have this effluvium, if I may so call it, in a greater or less degree. When the power is strong in the medium, the more lasting and perfect are the spirit-forms; and, in some cases, not hands only, but the full figure of the spirit-form becomes visible to mortals. The spirits also assert that their spirit-forms are like, but of a less gross nature than, the bodies they left in this world; and hence it is that Mumler, the photographer, produces spirit-

photographs. I have seen many of these pictures, and in some the features are quite perfect, in others it is a mere shade, of no definite form; and this arises from the medium not always being in 'good power,' as it is called."

The same persons who visited Mr. Mansfield called also on Miss Kate Fox, who is reputed to be the most distinguished medium in America. Here is their account:—

"Miss Kate Fox is the most powerful medium in the world, so far as is known. She is quite young, being about six-and-twenty; of great simplicity of manner, and entirely free from affectation and pretence. We obtained an introduction to her through Mr. Livermore, a retired banker of New York; and we were invited to a séance at the private residence of Mr. Townsend, a member of the legal profession, in Madison Avenue. Our party consisted of Miss Kate Fox, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Townsend, and our three selves. We proceeded upstairs to the second floor, and entered a furnished room, lighted with gas—the windows, on account of the heat, being wide open. In the middle of the room was a round table in two parts—apparently a dinner table, with the inner parts removed. There were, besides, various articles of furniture—chairs, a sofa, a bookcase, ornaments, pictures, &c.; and on the round table was a musical box, with a small handle on the top for turning the mechanism within. It weighed from three to four pounds. We took our seats at the table in no particular order, each one sitting where he liked; and, when so arranged, we placed our hands on the table so that they touched those of our neighbours, and thus formed a 'circle.' The object of this was that all might be convinced that, whatever might happen, it would be produced without the agency of any one present. We were barely seated, when the rappings commenced. Our feet and knees were touched—not pushed, as by an inanimate object—but grasped by a soft yet firm hand. Various questions were asked aloud by Miss Fox, as if addressed to living beings, and replies came to all—'Yes' or 'No,' according to the question put. All long and important messages or replies were communicated by means of the alphabet; which, when required, was called for by the spirits by knocking in some peculiar manner—which, from practice, was familiar to

the medium; who several times during the séance, on hearing a knock, would say, inquiringly, 'The alphabet?' or, 'You want the alphabet?' and the words were scarcely spoken, when 'Yes' was replied by three smart raps on the table; then the medium, without producing any written or printed characters, repeated the letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, &c., until stopped by three quick raps; the letter last spoken was then written down, and she recommenced from the beginning, until again stopped, which letter was in like manner written down, and so on, until a word, and then a whole sentence, was spelled out. The process, though seemingly slow, is not so; for, from practice, the medium, when two or three letters are given, anticipates the word intended, and speaks it aloud; and if correct, 'Yes' is indicated by three raps, or 'No' by one. Very many messages and replies to questions were communicated to us during the evening in this manner; many, too, from departed relatives, repeating or confirming what we had learnt through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, and being in every respect as intelligent and satisfactory as any document written by a human hand.

"More than once, some of the party had to change seats, the 'circle' not being complete; and the spirits having intimated that, if possible, they would make their presence visible to us, the gas was lowered without being actually put out. In a few moments, the musical box began playing irregularly, as if turned by the fingers of a child; then there was a slight grating on the table, and we heard the box playing while floating in the air—sometimes near us, actually touching our heads, then lying on the sofa or the floor, and up at the ceiling or beneath the table at our feet. We all sat without moving, to detect any sound in the room; but not the slightest rustle was heard beyond the tune of the musical box. I sat next to Miss Fox, and am certain that she moved neither hand nor foot. We had been sitting thus for about an hour, when a message came to 'open the table.' This, we were informed, was preliminary to the spirits being seen. The ends of the table were drawn apart some six or eight inches, and we again placed our hands so that they touched our neighbours on either side; and, having sat a short time in perfect silence, waiting and listening, there came from the opening in the table bright, luminous, bluish lights,

phosphorescent in character. Sometimes they were undefined, and like a bluish-gray mist; at others, they were of a globe or egg shape—in which case, the light was more condensed and bright, and was surrounded by a cloudy light, which followed its movement about our heads until it vanished. The most definite forms, including the surrounding light, were about half a yard in diameter. They floated, with soft and graceful speed, from one point to another; and came so near as to touch our faces, had we not shrunk back as they approached. None of the lights were visible longer than about a minute. Two or three came at once; and, having floated away at various points, were succeeded by others equally mysterious and beautiful, and of such a brightness as might have been seen from any part of the room. We expressed a wish to see a spirit-hand or form; but the evening was not wholly favourable for such a demonstration, and it was promised that our wish would be complied with on another occasion. More than once it was observed that, as the lights passed away, they seemed to form a halo round the head, or hover near the person, of Miss Fox; and so were lost to sight. The séance did not end here; as, during the evening, there was a remarkable communication in writing, purporting to be from Benjamin Franklin, who has on several occasions been seen in spirit-form by Miss Fox and others. The message now sent was written by the spirit guiding Miss Fox's hand, and was transcribed backwards from the right to the left of the paper, which had to be held up to the light, and read from the reverse side, to make out its contents. The writing was in a bold, clear hand, totally distinct from Miss Fox's handwriting. She had no knowledge of what was being written. She was talking to us the whole time; and, although it was dark, the lines were as regularly written from side to side as could be done in a good light. But this, remarkable as it was, is less so than the appearance of the spirit-lights. It is not uncommon for mediums to see spirits clearly; but, so far as I am aware, Miss Fox is the only one whose mediumistic power is so great as to enable spirits to appear even as we saw them. Before we separated, the musical box was brought back to the table, the head of one of our party being gently touched by it as it passed. We then heard it reach the table, brought there by no human hands."

The "certain emanations or effluvia," said to be specially possessed by the mediums, are probably identical with the "spheres of attraction and repulsion" of Boscovich, and the "immaterial mortar" of Baxter. Most, if not all, of the phenomena described as having occurred at the séances with Mr. Mansfield and Miss Kate Fox might easily be shown to have been produced by natural causes, without our being under the necessity of referring them to the supernatural. With regard to the "bright, luminous, bluish lights" seen at the séance with Miss Fox, the writer remembers to have seen, in the year 1849, during a severe storm of thunder, wind, and rain, bright, luminous, bluish lights softly and gracefully moving about the curtains of his bed. If he were possessed of a fervid and poetic imagination, he might call these lights disembodied spirits, or guardian angels, placed there as sentinels to defend him against the fury of the storm. He is rather disposed to think they were amiable displays of electric force. The movements of the musical box, and the performance on that instrument, are interesting phenomena; but can hardly be considered more marvellous than the lifting of the man weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, by the power of the will alone.

In a future article on this subject, it is proposed to offer such an explanation of these phenomena as shall satisfactorily refer them to natural causes.

CAPO SERPENTE.

A LEGEND OF THE CAMPAGNA.

FAST falls the eventide. The last faint flame
Of light is dying from the Alban hills,
And the brave glory of a moment gone;
The next is quenched within the twilight grays.
One star, soft, tremulous in the golden mists,
As some regretful memory of the past,
Looks down upon the ruins of the tombs;
While o'er the far Campagna steal apace,
Like ill-requited ghosts, the deathly dews.

"Good night! good night!" the ancient peasant
cries,
And makes a reverence in the Virgin's name.
"Farewell, good stranger! for the day grows dim,
And men speak dreadfully of the Serpent King.
You know it not? A moment—you shall learn
The story we, alas! but know too well:
That every evening, as the sun goes down,
And the Campagna's scorched and thirsty plain
Drinks quickly in the fastly falling mists,
Yonder, from one dismantled tomb that lies
A hollow ruin by the stagnant pool,
There creepeth surely, ever and anon,
A glittering serpent, beautiful to see.

A crown of jewels sits upon his head,
Brighter than any star of holy heaven;
And from his eyes there glows a fatal light
That fascinates into an awful death.
Nay, Heaven preserve us! but it seems to me
As yesterday. The Carnival was done.
There came a stranger from your northern land—
An artist-student, and a noble youth,
Whom the soft beauty of our twilight wooed
To linger yet awhile among the tombs.
Alas! he knew not of the perilous joy.

One morn, we peasants, wending to our toils
To meet the rising sun, found by the tomb,
Outstretched amid the tall, wet grass, the youth.
Fair was his face, but pale—oh! marble pale,
In the first glory of our Roman dawn;
Yet calmly beautiful e'en there in death.
You would have thought that he had gone to sleep
In some sweet dream of holiness, and found
The dream too rapturous to wake again!
But he had seen the awful Serpent King!

"Once more, good signor, once again, good
night!"

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

JOHN CARTERET remained for some minutes after Mrs. Seaton's departure as one stunned. The events of the day, the knowledge that had dawned upon him and had been corroborated by her words, the doubts and insinuations conveyed in her conversation, together with the haunting feeling that had been with him, more or less, since the time that he had first heard Jasper Seaton's name, produced a mental conflict that was anything but satisfactory.

He took Mrs. Seaton's last speech to pieces, and carefully considered each clause. To marry at once was utterly impossible: a poor curate who could only keep himself! How was it to be accomplished? He could only do so by taking advantage of the hint that Mrs. Seaton had given him, thereby becoming dependent upon the bounty of his rival. If, on the other hand, he did not marry now, he might never marry at all; since Mrs. Seaton had plainly spoken of the probability of Diana's forgetting her first love, and taking a second. And if she did so, might it not, after all, be wiser—as the world goes? What had he to offer in comparison with what Jasper had to bestow? On the one side, ease, wealth, freedom from care; on the other, hardship, struggles, forbearance, endurance, with nothing but his love to crown her life. And might not his rival's

love be true as his own? How did he know? How could he judge?

And looking round the room, so full of luxury and beauty, he wondered if he had a right to ask her to step out of this fairy-land into the world of reality. His thoughts were growing bitter. Poor men must be content to live without love—love was only for the rich. There was a mistake in the reading of the curse that had come down to man: it did not lie in work, in hard labour; it lay rather in ill-payment for the work—in poverty. Poverty was the curse of man. The poor might lie down and die, and the rich step over their graves unheeding.

Diana had been a long time away. Surely, if she cared for him, she would have been back before now. She knew he was obliged to return to Linthorp the next day. Perhaps Mrs. Seaton's insinuation was not without a foundation, and the beginning of what he had to dread was coming: gratitude was unconsciously developing into a deeper feeling. Well, if it was, it must be so. He could bear it, if Diana were but happy.

He leaned his arms upon the table, and, resting his head upon them, fell into a reverie so deep that he did not hear the door open, nor knew that Diana had entered, until he felt a soft touch on his hand, and Diana whispered—

"Wake up, John!—wake up! Are you so tired?"

And then she drew a chair close up to the fire, and made him sit down, while she seated herself on a footstool beside him.

"I like low places," she said. "And now we can be in *Paradiso* for a time. Jasper is asleep, and all is quiet in the house. I have so much to say to you, and you must give me new strength to help me whilst you are away. I get so weak and helpless, John, now that you have gone."

Perchance she might be feeling her growing weakness, so reasoned John Carteret. And Diana went on, without waiting for an answer—

"To-day is Martinmas Day, John. I am glad you came on an especial day—it gives one a sort of date to any happiness; and then it seems to make a kind of link between the present and the old times past, and to make all the world belong to one another."

"St. Martin gave his cloak to a beggar—is not that the story?" said John Carteret, rather sharply.

"Yes," answered Diana, wondering at the tone of his voice.

"You think St. Martin would not be a bad patron saint for us to have, Di, as we are both poor?"

And he laughed—a light, scornful laugh, that sounded strangely unlike John Carteret.

"I don't think we want patron saints to help us, so long as our hearts are true."

"Perhaps not."

But the tone was unnatural. Diana looked up hastily. The firelight shining on John Carteret's face showed Diana the grave, anxious look that Mrs. Seaton had noticed, but which had, so far, escaped her observation. Then she began to wonder what Mrs. Seaton had been saying to him—certainly something that had annoyed him. And she remembered the particularly gracious manner in which Mrs. Seaton had sent her back to John Carteret; and now it darted into her mind that she must have been telling him all that Captain Stanfield had said.

John Carteret was mechanically twisting the long lock of yellow hair round his finger. Diana suddenly drew it away; and, placing her hand on his, she said—

"Has Mrs. Seaton been saying anything about Linthorp to you?"

"No. Why should she?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought she had been so long with you, that perhaps she might."

"I did not know that she knew anything about Linthorp, or Linthorp people."

"She does not."

"Then why in the world should she talk to me about Linthorp? Does she want to go there?"

"No."

"And she knows no one?"

"Except Lady Pechford—I had forgotten her."

"She did not inquire about Lady Pechford. But you must have some reason for thinking she would be likely to speak about Linthorp. What is it, Di?"

Diana did not answer. She wished she had not mentioned Linthorp. She wanted her few hours of *Paradiso* to be pleasant; and now she was hovering on the borders of annoyance herself.

"Do you know any one at Linthorp?" he asked.

"No—that is, not exactly."

"That is to say, yes. There is some person of whom you are thinking in connection with the place. Who is it?"

Diana felt relieved. She could perhaps extricate herself from her difficulty without betraying all that she wished to keep secret.

"Do you know a Captain Stanfield, John?"

"I may answer as you did—'not exactly;' but I have met him several times. What of him?"

"He has been here. He is an old friend of Dr. Crawford's."

"Is he?" replied John Carteret, without the least appearance of consciousness.

"Yes; and he was a friend of my father's, and he is my godfather. Isn't it very odd how people meet, John? I was very glad to find that I had a godfather, and had been baptized."

"Did any one doubt it, Di?"

"I did. I did not know anything about it; and I knew I was half a heathen when you came here."

"Poor little Di!"

It was more like his ordinary tone and manner; and Diana felt a sudden thawing of the ice-bound feeling that had come over her.

"Oh! John, that is just like yourself. I was afraid that the winter I was thinking of under the Marshwood Beeches was setting in. I was afraid I had done something to offend you, you seemed so grave when I came in, and so unlike yourself. John, I will not lose faith again—I ought not to have done so. I might have known, even if you did not write, that you had not forgotten me. But you will write oftener? I do not like the feeling of winter. I want to have the summer always with me, that I may be strong."

She spoke very earnestly; and John Carteret drew her nearer to him. Was she conscious that her faith might fail without his presence?

"Di," he said, "as long as you trust me, you have no cause to fear. Perfect love casts out all fear. Measure me by your own heart, and whatever answer your own heart gives, it will be the answer of mine also."

Then wherefore was he tormenting himself? And why did he not read aright the truth of the heart beside him? Because a whispering tongue had stepped in, and, with false shadows, had blurred the clear light. He could go on hoping and loving; but he

must wait, and be prepared for what might happen.

And they sat talking; and Mrs. Seaton did not disturb them. Perhaps she knew that it was the last time they would sit there together, and she was willing to give them the grace of a long, last interview—something to think upon in days to come. For Mrs. Seaton had pondered over her plans as she sat by Jasper's bedside, and they were fuller of foresight and craft than might have been imagined. And as she watched her son's restless, fevered sleep, she resolved that this was the last visit that John Carteret should pay at the Manor House.

A noble nature is sometimes more credulous—more easy to be worked upon—than a baser one; and she knew that her arrows had struck deep; and, with a little diplomacy, they might rankle as sorely as she could wish.

So Diana and John Carteret talked on—looking back, and looking forward, from Eden to Eden again; for the world up-bloomed around them, fresh and fair as it ever had been, with a beauty that John Carteret's heart often reverted to in the days that were to come.

"Perhaps some nobleman, or some one who has a living to give away, will come to Linthorp and hear you preach; and then he will be sure to give it to you, John."

John Carteret smiled.

"If you could change hearts with him, Di, perhaps he might; but people have so many claimants for livings."

"Ah, but it need not be one that other people would care much about—quite a small one, far away in the country. You would like to live in the country, would you not? I wish these were the days of patrons, and then there would be some one to help you along, as people used to be helped—I mean as clever people used to be helped—Mr. Addison, for instance, and Dean Swift, and Steele. No, Steele did not care for patrons."

"I think I am of Steele's opinion. A man must get on of himself, if he is to get on to any purpose."

"But little helps on the way are very convenient. Those were nice old-fashioned times, John—the very dresses had something charming in them; and the way people used to speak of Mr. Pope, and Mr. Addison, and Sir Richard Steele—not as we do now of Tennyson, Scott, and Macaulay. There

was something very pleasant in the reverent way people thought and spoke of men of talent. It is all different now. I don't think people are reverent enough."

"Why, Di, I should have said you were the last person in the world to think so."

"Perhaps it might seem so; and yet, for that very reason, I may feel it the more, and wish I was more reverent. But that will come with our summer-time, John; when I shall hear you preach every Sunday, and never grow tired—as I do sometimes now, with Dr. Crawford's sermons. But I don't get tired so often as I used to do. I can always find a little that I like. I am groping along, finding something of what I had a feeling there was to be known; but not so easily as if you were with me. But it will all come in time."

"Seed-time first, Di; then the harvest. First the flood, and the dove cannot find a resting-place; then the beautiful land, wherein she may dwell in peace."

"Yes, the flood is passing away. I seem to see the waves retreating farther and farther away," said Diana, dreamily.

She was leaning her head against John Carteret's shoulder, and feeling that she had reached the haven of safety.

"John," she exclaimed suddenly, rousing up, "promise me that the first sermon you preach in your own church shall be on the verse that made me first realize that I had a soul; for, John, I scarcely more than half believed in it until I knew you."

"Which is your verse, Di?"

She folded her hands, and, looking up in his face, repeated—

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove!—for then would I fly away, and be at rest!"

A sudden flash of flame lit up the tawny yellow hair, until it glittered like an aureole, and sent a brighter lustre into the dark eyes. She seemed to John Carteret like some loving saint—one whom he could almost worship; and, bending down, he kissed her.

All distrust passed away in that moment; and could Mrs. Seaton have seen into his heart, she would almost have despaired of accomplishing the work she had set herself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS PYECROFT SETS OFF ON A JOURNEY.

JOHN CARTERET left Broadmead without any drawback to the serenity of his last interview with Diana. His fears, if not wholly extinguished, were lulled; and Diana's

were entirely blotted out from existence. She was, moreover, reanimated by a fund of faith and hope which appeared to her to be inexhaustible.

With renewed cheerfulness she turned to Jasper, and was unwearied in her attention to him. She read to him, she talked to him, she soothed him; and Mrs. Seaton published her devotedness throughout Broadmead as something beautiful, something wonderful. "Di was certainly more attached to Jasper than she had been aware, and had a good deal more gratitude in her nature than she had given her credit for."

And people in Broadmead, hearing Mrs. Seaton's praises, began to put their constructions upon it; especially as Mrs. Seaton was often heard to wish that she had a daughter, and to wonder how it was that she was beginning to miss Anne more and more every day.

Mrs. Seaton was not throwing out her hints without a purpose. And so it came about that, in the minds of the gossips of Broadmead, John Carteret was unconsciously supplanted as a lover by Jasper Seaton; and it was admitted on all sides that the second love was a much more serious and sensible matter than the first had been.

Now, it so happened that it took root in this manner very deeply in the mind of Miss Pycroft—who, however, resolved not even to vouchsafe her opinion upon the subject to Letitia and Sophia.

"If one only knew what Rebecca thought," said they, "one would have some idea of how things were going to turn out."

But Miss Pycroft preserved a strict taciturnity, and thereby ensured for herself the reputation of a sagacity which she did not possess.

So the winter passed on. John Carteret did not come to Broadmead, according to his predetermined purpose, for he felt it was better to remain away as long as possible. He had won over Diana to his way of thinking, and she was going on contentedly in her *Paradiso*—living on the letters he wrote to her, and living by them. They were her creed, her code, her discipline; and people in Broadmead began to see a change in Diana: she was more gentle, more patient than she used to be. Dolly was inclined to attribute it to her having found a godfather, and feeling herself to have been properly dealt with in her infantine years. Signora Neri told her beads with fresh fervour as

she gazed upon the face of her *carissima*, and returned thanks to "Our Lady of the Sorrowful Heart" on behalf of the girl whose enthusiastic love had given so pleasant an interest to the life of the isolated foreigners.

"It is all as it should be now, Giuseppe—the child is happy."

And nearer, nearer to the Golden Gates rose Diana's voice, until the Signor almost thought he heard the angels whisper.

"Mortals are deaf—mortals are blind!—mortals feel not the clasp of the unseen who hover round them, Orsola," he said.

"They heed not the rustling of the wings outstretched to protect them, nor see the crown that glitters with unearthly brightness within their reach. Sometimes in music, Orsola, there comes to me a sense of all the glory that is unseen around us. It is as though the harmonies of sound had sympathy with the strange harmonies we know not of; and that the music strives in an unknown tongue to tell us of strange wonders. We cannot understand its words—we catch but at the idea; but the heart is filled almost to bursting, and for awhile the divine fury of the Pythoness flows in our veins. For music is a revelation from the other world, Orsola; and, from eternal harp-strings struck in Heaven, descend to earth the echoes caught by the great *maestri* of the world."

"It may be so."

"It is so. And at first the worldly ears are too dull to take them in, and so they heed them lightly—as they did our own Pergolesi's strain; and he who is the greatest seldom wears the laurel wreath until he lies in his grave. O, Naples! who didst scantily dole out to the living musician faint praise, how didst thou join with the whole of mine Italia to do honour to the dead genius! But it savours of immortality still, Orsola. That which is caught from Heaven can never die: the spirit lives, in that its breathings are still heard among men; its divine power touches their hearts, lifting them higher, higher, though the hand that dotted down the wondrous thought is cold and heavy, and the eyes are closed in death."

"Thy thoughts have passed through music into the heart of the child, Giuseppe. She sometimes speaks even as thou hast done. I know not whether to chide or listen, fearing danger."

Signor Neri smiled.

"Thou wert ever cautious, my Orsola. Yet

fear not aught that comes from the pure and beautiful: there is ever truth in it, though it may be we scarce can decipher it easily."

"Thou art a good Catholic, Giuseppe," said his sister. "Hast thou no fears for the child's salvation?"

Signor Neri shook his head.

"None, Orsola, none. The Master hath many fields from whence he gathers in His harvest."

"They are the child's own words," she answered. "Perchance, so Mr. Carteret teaches her. But is it safe for thee also, Giuseppe?"

"Nay, Orsola—there are men to whom diverse minds are given. So there is grain of many kinds; and the same sun shineth over all, and all alike may come to perfection. The Great Light came into the world to give light to all, Orsola—to those that sat in darkness and the shadow of death. Was it not so?"

"I fear the English clime, Giuseppe. Art thou not too liberal?"

"I forsake not my Church," he answered. "I did but say *may* come, giving them into the hand of the Master. Can he not bring all to the fold?"

"Giuseppe, I do not know. I hope so; but I must keep fast to my own creed."

"I would not shake thee in it, Orsola. Live out thy creed, and thou wilt find thy thoughts are as mine are."

Signora Neri did not quite understand her brother; but she mused over his words, as she had done over those of Diana.

The Neris knew little of the gossip of Broadmead: they knew not whither the tide of thought was tending. Perhaps, had they done so, they would have done nothing to stop it, for they regarded Diana's confidence as sacred. They would have allowed the current to flow by at their feet, and, looking above it, would have smiled in the sunlight.

The days floated on. Christmas came and went; and, in the Christmas bells, Diana heard tones that she had never heard before; for as they swung from the old church tower with words of joy, and peace, and warning, they sang—even as Schiller's bell—of all the mysteries of life, until the mystery of death should shroud with even greater mystery strange mortality.

The cold January days sped by; the snow-drops peeped up; and, after them, the blue and yellow crocuses bespangled the cottage gardens, and nature began to think of spring.

And the heart of man instinctively bowed to the regenerating principle, and felt more hopeful—as though a new era were coming, and that Iduna was smiling upon the earth from her Scandinavian heaven. And, as the trees began to don their new leaf-robing, men and women began to think of summer garments: they must follow the example of nature, and look to art to help them in carrying it out; and drapers and milliners woke up from winter numbness, and rejoiced that a busy season was coming.

And in the spring, Miss Pycroft began to think of moving—that is, of actually starting on her travels; for her thoughts had been occupied with little else for some weeks.

Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia had been duly instructed in their duties during her absence; and, though her mind misgave her at leaving them alone, and divested of her protection, still, as her mind had misgiven her similarly for the last five and twenty years, and she had returned to find things pretty much in the same state as she had left them, she bore it patiently. Nevertheless, her mind was exercised, and would continue to be periodically exercised as long as she was able to take journeys.

It was a season of much writing for a few weeks before Miss Pycroft started on one of her progresses. The railway map was in constant requisition; and she noted the stations at which she would stop, and checked off against them the friends, within reasonable distance, who might be called upon to appear to greet her whenever the train stopped.

"It is surprising," said Miss Pycroft, "the number of friends whose acquaintance I am enabled to keep up in this manner. Even if there is but time to say, 'How d'ye do?' and 'Good-bye,' still there has been the hand to hand, the face to face. I have seen them, and—they have seen me."

It was another boast of Miss Pycroft's, how very seldom she had been obliged to spend a night at an hotel when upon her journeys. With so large a circle of acquaintances as she possessed, there was some house available at most points where she could quarter herself. There were people who would take her in for a night—or a few nights, as the case might be—and through these she would find others; so that she passed along, as she expressed it, through a galaxy of friends, old and new, and never failing—or, if she had allowed herself to

express a simile that had connection with anything republican, she travelled, as the slaves before the abolition came, by an "underground railway."

Miss Pycroft's wardrobe at this epoch was renovated, and received its yearly additions—which were made without reference to the fashions or follies of the day. Black satin had been, from time immemorial, the established gala dress of an elderly Pycroft; and Miss Pycroft had adopted it for many years. It was doubtful whether Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia would ever become elderly—certainly, not as long as Miss Pycroft lasted; therefore, they had never been advanced to the dignified material.

Miss Pycroft's boxes, portmanteaux, and travelling bag had been airing for several days before the kitchen fire. They had been dusted carefully inside and out; they had been carried upstairs again, had been packed, corded, and labelled, and now stood ready for departure; whilst Miss Pycroft herself—in travelling costume, with nothing but her gloves to put on—was partaking of sandwiches and sherry in the dining-room; and Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia, equipped in out-of-door costume, were listening to her parting injunctions.

"You will be sure to go round the house every night, and see that the fires are safe."

"Yes, Rebecca."

"You will be careful that the door is opened on the chain after dusk."

"Yes, Rebecca."

"And if there should be an alarm of thieves, you will ring the alarm bell vigorously."

"We shall be too frightened," answered Letty and Sophia, in a breath; "but we will tell Elizabeth: she's never afraid of anything!"

"Elizabeth is a valuable servant," returned Miss Pycroft. "Though our positions are widely different, I can esteem and appreciate Elizabeth."

And Miss Pycroft, having finished her sherry and sandwiches, rose and formally delivered up her keys to Sophia. She then kissed her sisters solemnly—as she did not consider it proper to kiss them at the station—and, drawing on her gloves, she said, in an impressive tone—

"I am ready."

She walked out of the dining-room and through the hall, where the servants were waiting, as was the custom, to see her off.

She shook hands with each in a stately manner, saying—

"You will do your duty whilst I am away."

"Yes, ma'am."

Letty and Sophia followed their sister down the garden path in silence, Elizabeth preceding them to open the gate, where Miss Pycroft stood still for a moment.

"One, two, three, four—a travelling-bag, one bundle of wraps, luncheon-basket, and umbrellas—all right."

And Miss Pycroft entered the carriage. Letty and Sophia got in after her.

"Drive slowly and carefully to Burnwood Heath Station, coachman."

And they drove off.

There was something solemn and depressing about the departure, as though Miss Pycroft were being carried off to execution. Miss Pycroft felt it, and thoroughly enjoyed it. She had been impressive herself, and had produced an impression; and to pass through the world impressively was Miss Pycroft's idea of the glory of womanhood.

Miss Pycroft was a quarter of an hour too soon for the train, which was the time she always allowed herself. There was no other passenger from Burnwood; therefore she would have the undivided attention of the porter.

"I shall write to you as soon as I arrive at Linthorp, and you will write to me to-morrow. You know the address at Lady Pechford's—2, Belvidere-terrace, Linthorp-by-the-Sea."

And the train moved off.

Miss Letitia and her sister watched it out of sight, and were on the point of turning homewards, when Miss Sophia gave a sudden start. She noticed, for the first time, a gentleman who had arrived by the train by which Miss Pycroft had left.

"Mr. Stanfield!"

"And he does not know what to do for a conveyance."

Miss Letitia advanced.

"There is only one carriage to be hired in Broadmead, Mr. Stanfield, and we have engaged it; but we shall be happy to put you down anywhere in the village."

"Thank you," returned Charles Stanfield.

"But I cannot think of troubling you."

"It will be no trouble," interposed Miss Sophia.

"It will be a pleasure," added Miss Letitia.

Charles Stanfield hesitated.

"You will not decline," said Miss Sophia.

"Where are you going?"

"To Dr. Crawford's."

Miss Letitia had signed to the porter to put Charles Stanfield's luggage on the carriage.

"There!" she said. "We shall carry it off without you, if you will not get in."

"And what on earth is he going to Dr. Crawford's for, without his father?" said Miss Letitia, when they reached home.

"I can't imagine," replied Miss Sophia; "unless—unless— Do you think it could be Diana?"

CAPTAIN WARREN'S SHAFTS.

THE excavations at Jerusalem, conducted by the gallant officer whose name has become familiar in English mouths, would hardly seem to call for notice in pages like ours, where reference to things religious might seem certainly unusual, probably out of place. But these researches have in them so broad and catholic an interest; have been undertaken, not to serve any party or sect, but are, so to speak, for all mankind; and bear, besides, on archæological points so curious and so little understood, that we may be pardoned if we devote a page to the gathering up of a few of the pearls which lie about Captain Warren's account of his work, recently published, in the "Recovery of Jerusalem."

The problems which he was asked to solve were chiefly three—the former position of the Temple, that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that of the Tombs of the Kings; and the data are such that, if we knew the exact position of any one, those of the other two would not be difficult to find. There are traditional sites, of course, and that assigned to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been regarded as genuine by every pilgrim who has gone there for the last eight hundred years; nor was it till Mr. James Fergusson, in his startling and able book on the "Topography of Jerusalem," attacked the traditional sites, that the world ever regarded these as other than genuine and historically authentic.

The controversies which have arisen since the publication of Mr. Fergusson's book have been many and bitter. We are not prepared here even to give the leading points of the dispute, or any of the reasons

brought forward. Suffice it to say, that all parties claim in their favour the testimony of the early travellers—this consisting of vague and inaccurate accounts, wholly untrustworthy, of the buildings; that all rely on Josephus and the Bible; and that, from nearly the same premises, conclusions so different are arrived at, as to give an entirely different character, according to the view we take, to the ancient topography of the Holy City. It is almost as if, in future times, one set of archæologists were to accept the traditional sites of St. Paul's, Westminster, and the Guildhall; and another to put St. Paul's at London Bridge, Westminster at Islington, and Guildhall at Poplar.

The problem could have been solved, in all probability, with very great ease, provided Captain Warren had been permitted to dig in the sacred area called the Haram, in some part of which stood, most undoubtedly, the Temple. But this could not be allowed, in consequence of the prejudices of the people; and he had to content himself with burrowing outside the wall which surrounds the Haram, and sinking long shafts down to reach the foundations, and read whatever might be learned from the long-hidden stones.

The whole of the city stands upon some twenty feet of rubbish, as had been ascertained some years since, when the Protestant church was built. This rubbish is not altogether the result of the many sieges which have desolated the city; it has arisen also from the fact that, in the falling or the destruction of a house, the people have found it easier to build over the old ruins than to remove them. Of course, it must be remembered that the roofs are of stone, and not of lath and plaster. But, prepared as we were to hear of the usual difficulties caused by this 20 feet or so of *débris*, no one at all expected to hear, what turned out to be the case, that the Haram wall stands covered up, 80 and even 120 feet deep, in *débris* consisting of stone disintegrated and cut up by weather and destruction, formed wholly of the ruins hurled down from the square area which the walls enclosed. The south wall, for instance, looking straight over the junction of the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinrom, must have been, in the time of Herod, the most stupendous and splendid pile of masonry ever built. It extended in a line of 960 feet, east to west, from valley to valley, the rock cropping up

in the centre, and the height of the wall growing greater at the two extremities, till it reaches that of 200 feet. Above this, again, stood the Royal Cloister, with its pillars and capitals; and behind all towered the great Temple itself. Built, too, of that bright, white stone which is almost like marble, it must have been, indeed, as it towered aloft and glittered in the sunshine, worthy of a nation's pride and a conqueror's admiration.

The shafts by which this wall were examined were slender pipes, about four feet square, kept from falling in by timber beams. Up and down them, the workmen—*fellahin*, from the village of Siloam—were raised and lowered by ropes. Visitors, too, not a few, descended the shafts, and crawled about the galleries and passages underground. Passages, indeed, there were plenty, for Jerusalem is a city which, for its system of water-supply and drainage, formerly stood alone. *Quantum mutata!* And, wherever the rock was reached, there was almost sure to be some passage, gallery, or aqueduct—buried thus and forgotten for nearly two thousand years—along which Captain Warren would crawl, lamp and sketch book in hand, to explore and examine. Now it would be an old aqueduct, roofed with stone, the holes still remaining where the buckets were lowered—on its floor little jars, and pieces of broken pottery; now it would be a network of chambers, cut in the rock or built in the rubbish; now, a modern cistern, stopping the way to explore an old chamber; now, a secret passage for soldiery, along which a regiment might walk in fours; now, a hole in the wall, leading to a chamber constructed in the masonry itself; and now, an old wall, too thick to be cut through, too high to be got over, which baffled their further research. It is a record of peril and adventure, as well as of discovery and research; and there were no small risks to be run by those who essayed to follow *El Capitán* in his devious subterranean wanderings. There have always been legends pointing to the existence of vaults in the sacred area. In them, as we learn from the Book of Maccabees, Jeremy the Prophet hid away the Book of the Law. Here, as the Talmud relates, Solomon—*anxious not to allow the Sacred Name by whose virtue he effected such wonders to be forgotten—placed two figures, one of which, a brazen man, was made to utter the word once a year; while*

the other, a brazen lion, was to roar immediately afterwards. The Jewish youth were admitted on the day, and duly heard the Name pronounced; but, on the roaring of the lion, were incontinently seized with fear so deadly, that they invariably forgot it. The Talmud goes on to relate how our Lord became possessed of the Name by which He wrought His miracles. At the siege of the Titus, brazen man and brazen lion were destroyed together, and no one will ever again know the Sacred Name. There is every probability that the legends have a basis of fact in the existence of vaults. So long ago as the year 1833, there were discovered a range of subterranean arches and vaults, now known as Solomon's stables, in the south-east corner of the Haram. Captain Warren ascertained that there is a lower series of chambers, which he was, unfortunately, unable to explore, in consequence of the ruinous condition in which he found them—any attempt to investigate them appearing likely to bring the whole structure about his ears. Now, as the rock on which the Haram area stands may be compared to a square saucer, round the sides of which the walls are built—the corners being, of course, the deepest—it is extremely probable that all these great depths are built up with vaults and chambers, and not filled up with rubbish, which it would certainly have been difficult to procure in sufficient quantities. And the probability is strengthened by the fact that Captain Wilson, in 1865, found passages at the western side somewhat similar to those at the eastern. Suppose these chambers could all be examined! Imagine the treasures that might be found there—records, old manuscripts, objects of art, vessels, coins—all hidden away when the fall of the city was imminent, and there appeared no longer any chance of safety.

A curious confirmation of a theory proposed by Captain Warren was obtained from some jar handles found at the bottom of a shaft at the south-eastern angle. Here, Captain Warren supposes, was the palace of Solomon and his successors. No one before him has placed the palace in that position—one which is at least highly probable, as being near his Temple, and protected by the same walls, and occupying a commanding position, overlooking the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. Close to the foundations of the wall were found certain handles, all marked with a kind of crest—a rude eagle,

the emblem of sovereignty. More than a year after they were sent home, they were cleaned by Captain Warren himself; and on them were found, in small letters in relief, of Phœnician character, the words, "La Melek"—*i.e.*, "Belonging to the King." Thus these fragments of pottery, *under* the supposed site of the palace, bore the royal crest, and formed part of the royal household service. Further, the character of the letters resembles that of the celebrated Moabite Stone, and it seems quite clear that the handles belong at least to the same distant period—that is, about 800 B.C.

The south-eastern corner was rich in results. On the stones which formed the lowest courses, 90 feet below the surface, were found Phœnician letters incised and painted. These were the masons' marks, indicating the position of the stones. Moreover, there was every sign that the stones had been all dressed before they were brought to the place designed for them. The mould on the rock had been cut away, to allow them to be dropped into their places. There were no stone clippings found, and the marks were still left on the soft rock of the ropes which guided them as they were lowered; and in the mould outside, which was full of broken pottery, were found the rude lamps—belonging to a poor and ignorant people—with thick bottoms and rough lips, designed to burn fat, because the folk were too poor to afford oil.

The solution of the problem is not yet arrived at. But all Captain Warren's results point to the same conclusion—that the voice of tradition is right; that the old spots which so many ages have revered as the actual sites of the holy places, are genuine; and that, with them as our guides, we may reconstruct the topography of the city with tolerable if not exact fidelity. No excavations have ever been conducted which can approach these in interest. It is a pity that the want of funds, and the ill-health of the party in Jerusalem, have caused them to be discontinued. At the same time, it must be allowed that to go on with them, costly as they have been, only to discover more passages, more aqueducts, more subterranean chambers—deeply interesting as it would be—would not be carrying out the programme of the Palestine Exploration Fund; which includes, besides the solution of the topographical problem, the survey and examination of the whole country. We rejoice to

learn that this is to be now undertaken in earnest, and that a party will be shortly despatched to do for the scattered ruins of Palestine what Captain Warren has done for Jerusalem. And let us, in calling attention to the labours of this officer, call attention also to the *pluck* and patience which were required to carry them out, the tact which enabled him to manage the fanatical population, and the modesty which distinguishes not only his own account of the work, but also the conclusions which he draws.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

OR,
MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. GOLIGHTLY RECEIVES FRIENDS.

MR. SAMUEL ADOLPHUS GOLIGHTLY responded at once to the summons of his tutor. Hastily donning his cap and gown, he visited the angry Don—who declared, in forcible though strictly tutorial language, that, in the whole course of his experience as the friend and guide of the youth of St. Mary's, it had never been his lot to witness anything half so shocking. Our hero was prudently silent—remembering the well-worn adage, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*," so he sat on the extreme edge of his chair, and looked as penitent as he could.

"Had it been an after-dinner freak, Mr. Golightly, I should not have been so much surprised. But in broad daylight, and before the whole town—if they chose to be spectators of such a scene!—Shocking! Really, I am surprised."

Here came a pause of a quarter of a minute. But our hero could think of no defence—having been caught *in flagrante delicto*, by the Reverend Mr. Bloke himself.

"And such a clever evasion of rules I have so stringently laid down. I have ordered the porter at the gate never to admit any one of those itinerant characters within the college walls. I never thought of the possibility of a gentleman handing his discarded garments out of the window."

"That was the Jew, sir," faintly remarked Mr. Samuel.

"Doubtless," said his tutor. "It is not the suggestion so much as the compliance with it that I complain of. I hope I shall

never have to speak of such a breach of all rules of decorum again."

Mr. Golightly heartily promised that he would never hold dealings with Jew or Gentile from out his window again; and having made this promise, was dismissed with the customary tutorial blessing.

"I hope you aint gorn and gort gated, nor nothing for it, sir," said Mr. Sneek. "Not that I ever wear coloured bags myself, and Mr. Slater's things—which fit me to a T—is always kindly given; but I hate to see a gentleman dealing with a Jew. It's odds on 'em, sir. Do you think they'll be be't by gentlemen? No!" exclaimed the gyp, with a proper degree of conviction in his tone. "aud bless me!" he continued, "three pair of bags!—"

Our hero had said nothing of the fourth pair, surreptitiously obtained.

"—Three pair and ten shillings for them horns! I could have bought you as good a pair for seven and sixpence, and no bags at all."

Mrs. Cribb—who particularly disliked allowing Sneek to have a private audience of any of their half-dozen masters—now came in on the pretence of having some trifling thing to do. The conversation that was going on interested her so much, that she felt it her duty to remain.

"I expect my people up," said our hero.

"Certainly, sir."

"I should like to give a large wine or something the first night, just for my father to come to, and see how we do it, and whether there has been any improvement made since he was an undergraduate."

"To be sure, sir," said Sneek.

"Or a supper, sir," suggested Mrs. Cribb, with an eye to larger perquisites. "Poor Polly, then—Poll Parrot like a supper? Pretty Poll!"—the old lady stood by the cage. "Scratch a Polly's poll, then. Oh! my goodness me, how you do bite!"

It was indeed extraordinary how clear was Polly's perception of Mrs. Cribb's hypocrisy, and with what settled determination he waited for the moment when her finger was timidly put inside his cage.

"Naughty bird!" said the bedmaker, shaking her head, while the parrot gave a shout of triumphant satisfaction, shrill and loud, which rang through the room.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Cribb. "I never shall get poor Polly to take to me."

"Take to her, indeed!" said Mr. Sneek,

with scornfully indignant emphasis, when she had left the room. "I wonder if Cribb would take to anybody herself as was always giving of her pokes in the ribs with a paper knife."

"You don't mean to tell me that Mrs. Cribb thrashes my bird!" cried our hero.

"I do though, indeed, sir; and orfen I've thought to myself, 'Sneek,' I've thought, 'it's your dooty to tell Mr. Samwell Adawlfus Golightly of this here misconduct of Betsy Cribb's."

"Certainly it was, Sneek."

"And then, sir, I've thought to myself, 'John Sneek,' I've thought, 'ought you, as a man, to tell of a woman? And what should you do if a bird took and pecked you awful? John Sneek,'" continued the hypocritical gyp, with his notes of deepest solemnity, such as he used in his responses to the Litany on Sunday mornings, "I hope you would have the Christian fortitude and resignation to turn the other finger also, and not go, like Betsy Cribb, and strike a pore dumb animal with a paper knife.' But, sir," he added suddenly, in his ordinary tone, standing, his head on one side and his arm behind him, "you won't breathe a word of this as I've felt it my dooty to tell you, to Cribb, sir?"

"Indeed, Sneek," replied his master, who could not help laughing at his servant's transparent hypocrisy, "I shall call Mrs. Cribb over the coals for this, now."

The trouble of looking for her was saved by the entrance of that individual.

"Talk of the devil," said Sneek, *sotto voce*. "Now there'll be a row—for Betsy's got a tongue in her 'ead, she has."

"Oh, my good gracious ha' mercy on me!" was the exclamation of the innocent bedmaker when she had heard the charge. "Oh! John Sneek, how dare you go and take away my character—which love all animals, keeping a little dog, two cats, and a canary myself—before a good master—"

"Now, now, Betsy Cribb," said Sneek, advancing to a favourable position on the battle field—"that 'll do;" and he pointed significantly over his left shoulder. "We know all about it; and what I told Mr. Golightly is gospel truth, every word on it; so the least said soonest mended, Betsy," he added, being on his own account anxious to hush the affair up.

"Least said, indeed!" said Mrs. Cribb, indignantly. "Least said—there, don't

wink at me over the master's shoulder, for I scorn to take no notice of your winks."

"Oh! Betsy Cribb, how can you say such things!" put in the gyp. "I was only a rubbing my eye, sir. I think I've got one of them little river flies in it. But there, a woman'll make mischief out of anythink! I suppose, Mrs. Cribb," continued the gyp, with much sarcasm, "if I was to venture so far as to blow my nose, it wouldn't be high treason."

And he took out his handkerchief, and applied it to his eye—which, I fear, had winked with a view to stopping Mrs. Cribb's anger.

"S-silence, sir!" said our hero. "Now, Mrs. Cribb, is there any truth in what I have been told?"

"Ah! tell the truth, do!" ejaculated the gyp, in his religious tone of voice.

"Once, sir, after that bird had flown at me—"

"Once!" exclaimed Sneek, in a growling undertone. "Once every Hower or two."

"Will you be quiet, or leave the room, Sneek?"

"C'r't'nly, sir!"

"—Well, sir, once when he flew at me, and pecked my finger so—the mark's only just gone off, though it's weeks ago—I said to him, 'Polly,' I said, 'if ever you bite me again, I'll whip, whip, whip you, you naughty bird;' and I was just a-showing him the paper knife, which lay handy to my 'and, when Sneek came in; and this is what he's gone and made out of it."

"Oh!" cried Sneek, vigorously advancing to renew the conflict—"oh! you old—old— There, I heven't got a word for you."

"And, sir," continued Mrs. Cribb, maintaining the advantage she had gained—"not that I tell tales, for it aint in my nature to do so—but one day, when I was a-feedin' the bird in the vacation, sir—which I waited on that bird hand and foot all the while you was away—Sneek says, 'Birds is very fond of Kyann pepper,' he says, holding up the pepper box. 'Kyann!' I said, 'Sneek; why, I never heard of such a thing, I'm sure, master never gev him no Kyann.' 'Oh, yes,' he says; 'in their own countries, they live on capsicums and Chilies;' and he peppered that poor bird all of a moment, and before I could stop him, till I thought he'd sneeze his very beak off."

Mr. Sneek met this narrative with a flat

contradiction, calling most of the slang saints in the Calendar to witness the truth of his assertions. At last, after administering a suitable reproof to his two servants, our hero dismissed them. He was, however, doomed to hear the battle raging in the gyp-room, out on the staircase, for a good hour afterwards—where, without the restraint imposed by his presence, the worthy pair went at it, as Mr. Sneek subsequently remarked, "hammer and tongs."

Our hero carried out his intention of giving an entertainment to his numerous friends, in honour of his father's visit. A supper, on a substantial and entirely satisfactory scale, was furnished from the college kitchens, while the champagne was sent in to his rooms in great abundance from the grocer's; the stock he had brought up from home for his use during the term having been consumed some time before.

The arrangements were very complete. Our hero was to meet his father and mother, his aunts, and Miss Jekyll at the station; and—having escorted the ladies to their hotel, and personally seen that everything necessary for their comfort had been attended to—he and his father were to walk arm-in-arm to his rooms at St. Mary's, where supper would at once be served; and Mr. Golightly, senior, would have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his son's set. It was, therefore, with considerable disappointment that our hero mastered the contents of a telegram from Tuffley, Fuddleton, to S. A. Golightly, Esq., St. Mary's, Cambridge, which ran as follows:—

"SIR—The family will come by first train in the morning instead of to-night, as arranged. All well. Sorry for delay."

It was plain that, as the supper was nearly ready to be dished up when the telegram arrived, the entertainment could not be put off. Determining, therefore, to make the best of a bad job, our hero apologized to his friends for the unavoidable absence of his respected father; and it is only fair to them to say that they bore the unexpected absence of the reverend gentleman very well indeed—Mr. Pokyr remarking that he "would have the old boy at his diggings instead, another night." All our hero's friends—Messrs. Pokyr, Calipee, Blydes, Chutney, Fitzfoodel, and a host of other gentlemen—were present, in the highest

possible spirits, and with undeniably good appetites; the rear rank being whipped in by the portly person of The O'Higgins, who laid the lateness of his arrival to "pool;" observing, at the same time, that, as they had not commenced, there was no harm done.

The supper was eaten amid general festiveness and the popping of champagne corks, cigars were smoked, and songs were sung; and by the time the long tables were broken up, and packs of cards placed upon them by Mr. Sneek and competent assistants, our hero had almost forgotten that he had ever "put on the feed" in honour of his worthy father.

Whist, loo, and vingt-et-un were played with much spirit, and varying success. At the last-mentioned game, it was observed by persons more observant than our hero, that Mr. Timothy Fitzgerald O'Higgins turned up an ace very frequently indeed. Indeed, the descendant of kings was proverbially lucky at "Van."

At last, at a very late hour, the party separated. Mr. Samuel—whose gait was very slightly affected by the hot room and the smoke of the cigars—insisted upon seeing some out-college men as far as the gate.

"Wickens," he cried, kicking at the door of the porter's lodge—"wake up, ol' f'll'r! Le' these gen'elmen ou'."

Presently, when the porter appeared, grumbling, and muffled up in his nightgown, our hero gave "the old cock" a playful push. The friends left, and the gate was closed.

"Hallo, Golightly, you're not well. You shall never walk back to your rooms."

"Yes shall."

"No!" and eight strong arms closed round the feebly resisting person of our hero.

"We'll carry you."

"No sha'n't."

In an instant, Mr. Samuel was borne aloft at a rapid pace towards a well-known piece of ornamental masonry in the middle of the great quad.

"Don't put him in the fountain," said somebody, paraphrasing the well-known piece of advice.

And nothing less than the stout arm of his friend Mr. Pokyr saved our hero from a regular ducking. As it was, he was splashed by the trickling water from the spout above, and taken off to bed, where he soon gave the natural evidence of sound sleep.

In the morning, he felt himself rudely shaken out of his slumber.

"I—I sha'n't get up yet, Sneek. No chapel for me—not equal to it," he muttered, still half asleep.

The shaking being continued, and Mr. Samuel's nerves being also a little out of order, he became rather angry.

"C-confound it—go away, will you!"

"Samuel—Samuel, what is all this?" said a well-known voice.

Our hero was wide awake in an instant.

"Oh, F-fa—how do you do?" he said, extending his hand from under the bed-clothes.

"A panel kicked out of your door, broken chairs and glass in your rooms, and a horrid smell of stale tobacco and the fumes of punch! Oh, dear!" continued the Rector, in a tone of mild reproof. "And your aunts will be here in an instant; and I would not have them see it for the world. If your Aunt Dorothea takes it into her head that you are wild, she'll leave all her money to your cousin George. Oh, dear! what is to be done?"

Our hero sent his father off to stop the further advance of the ladies; reproved Mrs. Cribb and his devoted gyp for not getting the place into presentable order sooner—all in his long nightgown, with a travelling shawl hastily drawn round him—for the occasion was too urgent for him to stop to dress, before giving a few necessary directions. In this costume, he was assisting his servants to move his large table into its proper place, when he heard the rustle of silks on the stairs, and Mr. Pokyr's voice exclaiming—

"Those are his rooms. I'll rap him up for you."

"Oh, goodness!" he exclaimed, as Mrs. Cribb shut him in his china closet, and stood firmly with her back to the door—"Fa must have missed them somehow, and here they are! What will Aunt Dorothea think when she sees the room?"

TABLE TALK.

WE have all of us heard, and many of us used the expression—"according to Cocker;" but few of us know much of the great authority who rejoiced in the name of Cocker, save as the author of some book on arithmetic, which—like "Walkinghame's Tutors' Assistant" in our own school days—

was the text-book on the subject of figures, in its time. But Cocker, after all, is worthy of a passing gossip. Cocker was an engraver, and teacher of writing and arithmetic; and was born about the year 1631. He is said to have published fourteen books of exercises in penmanship, or what would be called at the present day copy-books—said exercises consisting principally of delineations of flames, with fiends, or something very like them, in flourishes. The celebrated work on arithmetic bearing Cocker's name was not published in his lifetime. The first edition appeared in the year 1677, about six years after Cocker's death, under the following title:—"Cocker's Arithmetick; being a Plain and Familiar Method, suitable to the Meanest Capacity, for the Full Understanding of that Incomparable Art, as it is now taught by the ablest Schoolmasters in city and country. Compos'd by Edward Cocker, late Practitioner in the arts of Writing, Arithmetick, and Engraving. Being that so long promised to the world. Perused and published by John Hawkins, Writing Master, near St. George's Church, in Southwark, by the Author's Correct Copy, and commended to the world by many eminent Mathematicians and Writing Masters in and near London." The secret of its success was, that it ignored all demonstration and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only; and its success was long-lived. In Arthur Murphy's play of "The Apprentice," Wingate, the old merchant, is made to recommend "Cocker's Arithmetic" to his son as "the best book that ever was written." If the son was no better an arithmetician than the father, the advice was certainly useful; for we find the old man, who amusingly enough prides himself upon his keen powers of computation, illustrating them thus:—"Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound! Multiply the numerator by the denominator! Five times sixteen is ten times eight. Ten times eight is eighty, and—a—a—carry one." The immortal Pepys even—who seems to have known everybody—mentions Cocker in his "Diary":—"1664. August 10th. Abroad to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates; it being so small that Brown, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker, the famous writing-master, to do it; and I sat an hour by him, to see him design it all."

THE FIERCE DISCUSSION which is raging in the matter of the Purchas judgment reminds us of the refrain of a *jeu d'esprit* that went the rounds at the time of the Gorham controversy:—

"Hurrah for the Bishop! hurrah for the Vicar!
Hurrah for the row that grows thicker and thicker!
Alas for the Church that grows sicker and sicker!"

IN A FRIDAY EVENING lecture before the Royal Institution, Professor Maxwell recently gave some interesting facts concerning colour blindness. Colour blindness is a not infrequent defect, and many people are unable to distinguish between certain colours which, to ordinary people, appear in glaring contrast. The reason for this is thus given:—There are three systems of nerves in the retina of the eye, each of which has for its function, when acted on by light or any other disturbing agent, to excite in us one of these three sensations. No anatomist has hitherto been able to distinguish these three systems of nerves by microscopic observation. But it is admitted in physiology, that the only way in which the sensation excited by a particular nerve can vary is by degrees of intensity. The intensity of the sensation may vary from the faintest impression up to an insupportable pain; but, whatever be the exciting cause, the sensation will be the same when it reaches the same intensity. If this doctrine of the function of a nerve be admitted, it is legitimate to reason from the fact that colour may vary in three different ways, to the inference that these three modes of variation arise from the independent action of three different nerves, or sets of nerves. The defect, then, of colour blindness consists in the absence of one of the three primary sensations of colour. Colour-blind vision depends on the variable intensities of two sensations instead of three. In all cases which have been examined with sufficient care, the absent sensation seems to resemble that which we call red. People who are colour-blind, as a rule, deny also that green is one of their sensations; but they are always making mistakes about green objects, and confounding them with red. The colours they have no doubts about are certainly blue and yellow; and they persist in saying that yellow, and not green, is the colour which they are able to see. To explain this discrepancy, we must remember that colour-blind persons learn the names of colours by the same method as ourselves.

They are told that the sky is blue, that grass is green, that gold is yellow, and that soldiers' coats are red. They observe a difference in the colours of these objects; and they often suppose that they see the same colours as we do, only not so well.

VEGETARIANISM HAS LONG BEEN a harmless hobby with a certain small minority amongst us. Its advocates have done their best to make their theory more popular among their carnivorous friends, but, as yet, with but disheartening results. The "Roast Beef of Old England" is a national institution, and even the degenerate Britons of the present day show no symptoms of being less attached to the institution in question than their forefathers. The vegetarians, however—on the principle, we suppose, that perseverance conquers all things—still make desperate efforts towards making converts to their cause. Only the other day, Professor F. W. Newman delivered a lecture at Gloucester, on vegetarianism, Mr. Price, M.P., in the chair. The comparative anatomists hold that, as in wild animals we see instinct unperverted, and as such instinct is a test of what is natural, we have to compare the structure of the human teeth and digestive apparatus with those of brutes, and thus learn what is natural to man. Unluckily, certain sharp teeth of ours are called *canine*; therefore, our teeth were made to rend flesh. The alimentary canal of the sheep is much longer than that of the lion—longer, also, than that of the man: therefore, again, we are not naturally herbivorous, but carnivorous. Vegetarians refute these arguments, according to their own ideas, triumphantly. They reply that our sharp teeth ought not to be called canine, for they do not lap over one another. Such teeth are larger and stronger in the ape than in the man, and are chiefly used to crack nuts, of which monkeys are very fond. No monkey naturally eats flesh—if even, when tame, he may be coaxed into eating it. Moreover, the digestive apparatus of the monkey comes very near to that of man—hence the vegetarians infer that flesh meat is unnatural to us. The length of the alimentary canal in the man, as in the monkey, is between two extremes—the lion and the sheep: therefore, the human constitution for food is *intermediate*. Man is neither herbivorous, as the sheep and hare; nor carnivorous, as the lion; but is frugivorous, as the monkey. We really think,

en passant, that we are having too much of our interesting ancestor—the monkey. Latterly, it has become the fashion, in all questions touching our physical organization, to drag this most objectionable of "poor relations" in by way of comparison. Professor Newman advances a curious theory, that the diet of flesh meat belongs to the time of barbarism—the time of low cultivation and thin population; and that it, naturally, normally decreases with higher cultivation. The Brahmins in India—who stood at the head in intellect and in beauty—were wholly or prevalently vegetarians; and much the same was true of ancient Egypt. Men of lower caste ate flesh, and the lowest ate most. We hear, from time to time, lamentable accounts of the condition of some of our agricultural labourers; but it seems, according to vegetarian notions, there is no need for so much pity after all. "Physical, *horse-like* strength is not only compatible with, but also favoured by, a well-chosen diet from the vegetable." We have no stronger men among our flesh-dieted "navvies" than the African negroes of the United States, who were fed, while slaves, on yams, maize, and other vegetable food. A writer in a contemporary, not long back, said that a Constantinople porter—a strict vegetarian—would not only easily carry the load of any English porter, but would carry the man besides. According to Mr. Winwoode Reade, the well-known traveller, the Kroomen of Western Africa are eminent in endurance. "The Kroomen," he says, "are, I believe, the strongest men in the world; yet the Krooman lives on a few handfuls of rice per day." It may be said that these cases belong to hot climates, but Constantinople is anything but hot. In Northern Persia, the weather is intensely cold. The English officers at Tabriz, the northern capital—who for a long series of years had the drilling of the Persian troops—were enthusiastic in their praises; and testified that they made the longest marches on nothing but bread, cheese, and water, carrying three or four days' provisions in their sash. Taking our own country—in a report made to the Privy Council on the food of the three kingdoms—the conclusion given was that the Irish are the strongest, next to them the Scotch, and then the northern English—the strongest being the most vegetarian; and the townfolk, who are the weakest, being the greatest eaters of flesh. The crowning argument of our vege-

tarian friends is a rich example of the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. "The old Greek athlete was a vegetarian. Hercules, according to their comic poets, lived chiefly on pease pudding!" On which light and nourishing food we have no wish—with all due deference to the arguments of the vegetarians—to make our regular breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; but shall continue to eat our roast beef.

THE LEGEND of King Arthur and the Round Table is always an inviting subject for the poets; and we know not how many have tried their hands at it with more or less success. Mr. Tennyson has added to his laurels largely in his "Idylls of the King," and Lord Lytton has followed not ignobly in the wake of the Laureate. But we have a slight quarrel to pick with these Arthurian singers. We hear of the good Sir Lancelot and Galahad the pure; but where is Tom Thumb? From the sublime to the ridiculous is proverbially an easy descent; but the fact remains, that the real, original Tom Thumb—for Mr. Stratton is not the real Simon Pure after all, whatever Mr. Barnum may say to the contrary—the real, original Tom Thumb was an important character at King Arthur's Round Table. A work was printed in the year 1630, which bears the following title:—"Tom Thumb, his Life and Death: wherein is declared many marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonder and strange Merriments. Which little Knight lived in King Arthur's time, and famous in the Court of Great Brittain!" It begins thus:—

"In Arthur's court, Tom Thumbe did liue,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the Table Round,
And eke a doughty knight.

"His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span:
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?"

THE POETS HAVE discoursed eloquently on the "rich brown tints" of autumn woods; and certainly there is nothing more beautiful than the hundred and one changing hues of gold, yellow, and russet brown which make a sunset walk in the country so charming in the late days of September. But chemistry and poetry are not the same thing. The leaves of plants in a state of complete vitality and growth are, more or less, bright green;

in a state of less vitality or change, they assume a more or less red, scarlet, or bright orange brown tint; till, in death and decomposition, they change to a dull brown or black colour. The red colour is often produced in spots where the leaves have been injured by insects. The principle on which the leaves of trees receive their different colours is still matter of discussion; but it has been discovered that there are several distinct groups of colouring matter on which plants depend for their hues. The normal green is a mixture of two or more colouring matters; and it is doubtful if any leaves are coloured by one single substance. Generally, in fact, they contain not only colours belonging to several groups, but even more than one of the same group. The colouring matter which gives rise to the red patches in the beautiful variegated leaves of some of the geraniums in our gardens, is the same as that met with in the flowers of particular species. The purple colour of the leaves of turnips is the same as that of the purple flowers of the common garden stock. But, curiously, the colour which gives rise to the dark brown tint of heath in autumn appears to be the same as that of the purple beech; and that which we find in the dark leaves of ivy seems to correspond with the fine, deep pink colour developed in many leaves only in autumn, so as to produce the brilliant red and scarlet which have such a fine effect on certain kinds of scenery. A curious fact may be noticed with regard to scarlet leaves, that, when they are digested in hot water, the red colour comes away, and leaves them green, yellow, or brown, as the case may be. Reverting, however, to our autumn tints, we may conclude that they are nothing more nor less than the signs of decomposition; and this may be remarked by another fact—the unhealthy branches of a tree turn yellow, while the rest of the tree remains green.

THE CORRECT USE of the article *a* or *an* before the letter *h* is perfectly known among writers of the present day. But even the best authors in the last century seem to have used the one form or the other of the article quite at random. Different authors varied from one another; and the same author very often varied from himself. Take, for instance, the article as used before the word "hero." Johnson says, "*a* hero in learning;" Pope, "such *an* hero;" while

Johnson, again, in another place, says, "character of *an* hero." The words "history" and "historian," like "humble" — which latter word, even now, is sometimes pronounced with an aspirate and sometimes without—were very debatable ground. Johnson, Gibbon, and Swift use *an* before the words just mentioned; while Beattie and others say "*a* history." With the word "hundred," again: Addison says "*a* hundred yards;" Johnson, "*an* hundred manors." Pope uses *a* and *an* before the same word, according to no rule at all. In this manner, endless examples could be cited from the best of these authors, showing how unsettled the language was in these little points until comparatively lately. Even now, we have certain words in which a difference of opinion as to their use often arises. The word "humble," of which we have spoken, is sometimes pronounced with an aspirate and sometimes without, as any one knows who is in the habit of going to more churches than one.

WE RECENTLY MADE a note concerning that illustrious old lady, Mrs. Partington. We now beg to make another concerning an individual almost equally popular, we mean "Mrs. Grundy." "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" used to be constantly in people's mouths, as applied to the late editor, now dead, of a well-known Conservative daily. But the phrase was taken originally from Tom Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plough." The play opens with a view of a farmhouse, where Farmer Ashfield is discovered at a table, enjoying his ale and pipe, and holding the following colloquy with his wife, Dame Ashfield:—

Ashfield. Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you—that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a-quarter more than ours did.

Ashfield. All the better vor he.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ashfield. Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, ding—ing Dame Grundy into my ears. *What will Mrs. Grundy say?*

TOBACCO MUST HAVE BEEN A LUXURY with a vengeance, in Aubrey's time. Writing about 1680, he says:—"The first had silver pipes, but the ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the

table. Within these thirty-five years, 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was then sold for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that, when they went to market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now the customes of it are the greatest his Majestie hath."

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE whose delight it is to pester well-known authors for their autographs. To the latter, we should recommend the course adopted by Wordsworth, who always had one favourite autograph on hand—for lady petitioners, at all events:—

"The God of Love—ah, *benedicite!*
How naughty and how great a lord is he!"

SOME OTHER ACUTE PEOPLE are fond of discovering literary plagiarisms where there has only happened to be a coincidence in the train of ideas of two authors. But, in the two well-known songs of "Lochinvar" and "Rory O'More," there is something more than a coincidence. In "Marmion," we have the lines:

"She looked down to blush,
And she looked down to sigh,
With reproof on her lip,
But a smile in her eye."

In Samuel Lover's song we read:

"Oh! Rory be easy,
Sweet Kathleen would cry,
With reproof on her lip,
But a smile in her eye."

AN ARTICLE LATELY appeared in these columns, entitled "Tabbies Tabooed." A correspondent informs us that in Wiltshire, and also in Devonshire, cats born in the month of May will catch no mice nor rats; but will—contrary to the habit of all other cats—bring in nothing but slow-worms. Such cats are called "May cats," and are no very great favourites. In fact, they are tabbies tabooed.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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TOURISTS.



THERE is no grievance on which one can be so eloquent or so diffuse as that one which strikes directly home. I am the victim of a grievance of this kind—of which the annoyance is almost intolerable—from which, however, I am unable to free myself. The facts are these. An ancestress of mine had a very celebrated breed of pug dogs. Year by year they increased in numbers, till they had almost attained the dignity of a regular colony. She never would part with one to anybody but Death, and then he was robbed of half his terrors. A piece of ground was selected in a corner of the park, and laid out in an extremely tasteful way, partly as a cemetery, partly as a garden. In the midst there is a very elaborate marble mausoleum, in the form of a dog

kennel, with cloisters and carved pillars around it; and built in such a manner that, at a distance, it looks like a small church—not unlike that of the Madeleine in Paris—as, I presume, was the architect's intention. Round about are disposed the graves of the forty pugs who departed this world in her lifetime; and over each is a handsome stone, on which is engraved an epitaph in a different language. It was the old lady's hobby, which she rode with great success. As Rovington is only a few miles from the fashionable watering-place of Bugley-cum-Fleatown, the Pug Cemetery has become a show place, and the hotel-keepers and guide books recommend tourists not to miss seeing one of the most original and entertaining spectacles in England. Thus, during the season, I cannot call the place my own. I should not object so much to the numerous tourists seeing the tombs, provided they went away afterwards. But because they have permission to visit a particular part of my grounds, they consider they have a right to intrude upon the whole—to invade my privacy, to wander in my gardens, and to steal my fruit and flowers. I am writing at this moment under some emotion; because, an hour ago, I was taking my after-luncheon nap, when the servant came to tell me that Professor Jumbo wanted to see me, and promised that he would not detain me long. In walked a lanky, dirty man, in green spectacles, who apologized for disturbing me, and introduced himself as Professor of Anglo-Timbuctoese at Oxford; and begged to know if I could let him have a sheet of paper and a pencil, as he had forgotten his note-book, and he wished to copy one of the epitaphs which was said to be in that language, the correctness of which statement he doubted. I gave it him, and hoped he'd go; but he didn't. He entered into dissertations on the verbs, nouns, and construction of that language, which might have been very valuable—only, as I

am ignorant of it, and intend to remain so, they were entirely thrown away upon me. At last he rose to go, and, passing by the dining-room, from which the confounded butler had not removed the lunch, I was obliged to ask him if he would take any; and as, for some inscrutable reason, a professor is always more hungry—or, at all events, eats more—than any other person, he demolished nearly half a Stilton, and drank my favourite brown sherry as if it had been beer. Then, hideous old women come and peer through the drawing-room windows, and empty the abominable contents of their baskets on my lawn; as a consequence of which, greasy pieces of paper are continually being blown across the grass, like foam on the sea-shore. Of course, I could put a stop to it directly if I chose; but, between ourselves, I contemplate offering myself for Bugley next election, and it would be fatal to my success if I were to shut up the cemetery which attracts so many strangers to the town. Nevertheless, the nuisance weighs upon my spirits, and I have been endeavouring to distract my attention from my troubles by the recollection of some of the tourists I have met with abroad, who, I think, may compare very favourably with my friends above mentioned.

About the middle of August, when the cares and anxieties of circuit are over, it is an affecting and beautiful spectacle to watch the gentlemen of the British bar about to take their recreation and departure from the various seaports. There is no profession that travels so much, and at the same time, as the bar. Every one knows the old joke of the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons at Wiesbaden being re-named the Hotel of Quarter Sessions. The leaders take their pastime with much solemn dignity, especially if they have never travelled before. I remember crossing the Channel with old Banded, Q.C., of my circuit, and his astonishment at seeing my wig box as part of my luggage. As he was anxious to know what possible use I could have for it abroad, I told him that, by cramming it full of tobacco, it lasted exactly the three months that I remained in foreign parts. He was rather nervous, as he was not quite certain whether his stock of Norman French would carry him through France. He did not anticipate being dull, as he had brought two or three volumes of the "Law Journal" to while away his evenings. He was very seedy in appearance, and I parted

from him at Boulogne—I really couldn't have been seen walking on the Boulevards with him. It is a great pity that my learned brethren do not renew their habiliments a little oftener, and more frequently have their hair cut. Whenever I sit at a *table d'hôte*, at a certain time of year, next to an agreeable, unkempt, and ragged-looking individual, I spot him at once as a barrister—and am generally right. *Apropos* of this, I know a story of such terrible import that I should hardly dare tell it, were not the principal actor in it dead; and even now I think it more prudent to conceal names and places. Two young barristers of my acquaintance were ascending one of the passes of the A—s (which I may as well mention, for the information of young subalterns, are a range of mountains in S—d), when they saw toiling up the path before them an old man, apparently in great destitution and distress. He had on a ragged straw hat, a frowzy, discoloured, green cutaway coat; his boots appeared to be hardly serviceable; and, altogether, he presented a pitiable and painful spectacle. My generous young friends, when they caught the old man up, expressed their sympathy for his wearied and apparently poverty-stricken state; and tendered him a five-franc piece to help him on his way. I draw the curtain on what followed. The "poor man" turned out to be one of the C— J—s who preside over courts held in a building not a thousand miles from W—r A—y!

Nor have I been exempt myself from the pangs and inconveniences occasioned by the inopportune arrival of some of my professional friends, when solitude and a mysterious incognito were my aim and object. I was once in a gondola on the Grand Canal, at Venice, with two fair Venetians of my acquaintance, for whose benefit I was translating, or trying to, "Beppo" into Italian, when a vulgar little wretch named Ginger, of my circuit, passed with a lot of Kitchener's excursionists in an omnibus boat, and caught sight of me. He had a very fair tenor voice, and the ruffian—throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, and pretending to twang a guitar—improvised the following barcarolle, to my consternation, but to the evident delight of my companions:—

"Nella barca il Trovatore,
Seduttore senza core,
Palpitante con amore,
Coll' ragazze fa vela."

I didn't dare cut him, for professional reasons; and, when he returned to England, he related to admiring friends how I had captivated an Italian princess, and that I had adopted the costume of the mediæval period, velvet doublet and trunk hose, with other additions of his fertile imagination.

Everybody has read the famous work of Mr. Bunny, Q.C., "Secrets of Surgery;" but every one does not know that Bunny has an opinion of his own merits far out of proportion to that entertained of them by the public, and considers that his utterances are eagerly sought after by the world in general. I saw him once standing at Chamounix, on the bridge between the Hotels Union and Royale, watching the dioramic effects of a particularly fine sunset on Mont Blanc. A small crowd had collected for the same purpose; and, as the roseate hues of declining Phœbus—I am endeavouring to imitate his own style—clothed the stately shoulders of the Monarch of Mountains in purple and crimson magnificence—I am not going to do any more of it—the great man squeezed two drops out of his eyes, and exclaimed, with suppressed emotion, which attracted the attention of everybody, "The world shall know my feelings at this moment!" I looked for them afterwards in the periodical where they were generally to be found; but I suppose the editor did not think they would possess a very wide interest, for they never appeared.

I have the highest respect for the Church of England, but I must say that the clerical tourist has a great genius for making himself offensive. I hold it to be in extreme bad taste when the Rev. Brown accosts me in the church of Santa Maria, and, with an expression of horror, asks how such worshippers can be saved! By whose authority does he decide that they shall not be? Have these poor people, kneeling before the elevated Host, less faith—by which, Brown may remember Who it was said that men should be saved—than Brown himself, or Brown's bishop, who sometimes writes bad English, and calls people names? I recollect once attending divine service in the *salon* of the Hotel de Ville, at Milan, and the reverend gentleman who officiated warned us in his sermon against going to the cathedral, as all sorts of dreadful things would happen to us if we did. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, I wished to penetrate the horrid mystery, and attended the afternoon service.

Did I not sit next to thee, O Russian Katinka, empress of my soul for three weeks? Where art thou, and thy pretty sister, and thy kind papa and mamma? Wilt thou read this in St. Petersburg, I wonder? Ah, me! Well, the mystery was soon solved. He was right. I never sat under him again. I preferred High Mass—the beautiful service awakening very different emotions to his illiberal rigmarole. Learn, oh, Brown! that it is not by fouling other birds' nests that your own becomes immaculate.

There was another at Interlaken, who preached the same sermon for four Sundays consecutively. One passage in it was extremely affecting. "I think," he said, "I observe little children in the congregation. I believe I am now looking at little children." I should rather think he was—as there were eight of his own on a bench under his nose. At Vienna I observed three of these gentry, brought into the cathedral by a *valet de place*, who pulled, and dragged, and jostled the kneeling people away from their places to make room for these saints—who, after a good British stare and grin, went out, carefully putting on their hats before leaving the church, and saying what a farce it was, &c. I myself infinitely prefer the honesty of the Reverend Silas Cripplehocks, dissenting minister, with whom I fell in at Naples. He said, with a groan, that the Roman Catholic churches were something very awful; to which I remarked, having frequently met him inside them—

"You seem, however, to be very fond of going there."

"So I am, sir," he said; "for they are *very beautiful places*."

When I see the British head of a family, travelling with child and wife, labouring under the weight of Murray's handbooks, alpenstocks, and other paraphernalia, I protest my tender heart is filled with pity and compassion. Why should he relinquish his arm-chair and magazine to enter on the calculation of expenses, and the intricacies of foreign Bradshaws? I have been at some pains to discover what moments of pleasure he can experience during the four and twenty hours. Materfamilias following him as a cloud by day, insects haunting his pillow of ire by night, ignorance of the language, and a true British contempt for everything he sees and hears; suspicious gentlemen hovering round his daughters—

distressed Polish noblemen, who play billiards with his sons; *vetturini* who always break their traces in the dreariest part of the dreariest passes of the Apennines, and conduct him to mountain inns that would have made Mrs. Radclyffe shudder. These are a few of the black cares that sit behind him wherever he goes.

He has a particular predilection for rushing round sharp corners; of which fact you are frequently made aware by receiving the point of an alpenstock in your chest. Wherever he goes, this faithful but dangerous implement—like the Indian's dog—bears him company. He has tripped me up with it at Naples; he has endangered my life with it at Constantinople; and it adds dignity to his promenade down the Boulevards at Paris. He has it with him everywhere, except in the mountains, when he hands it to his guide, and mounts his mule with a Godiva-like modesty and sense of insecurity. I have seen wicked but good-natured young men initiate him into some of the mysteries of Continental life, while Materfamilias was taking tea with her daughters on the second floor of the hotel, fondly imagining that papa had gone to procure post-horses for their lumbering travelling chariot; and, under the influence of "ponche," he has related naughty stories of—"When I was a young man, by Jove, sir, at the time of the occupation—poor Pauline—she adored me, sir—my wife, sir—my wife, sir! Garson, some more punch." I trembled for poor papa; and sure enough, the next day—a very rainy one—he had to do penance in the rumble, the lady's-maid being taken inside.

Now, why, I am asked, does poor Paterfamilias undergo all this misery, when he might be enjoying himself in Scotland, or fishing in Ireland, or rustivating on the borders of an English lake, or inhaling the sea breezes at Ramsgate or Margate, or even Herne Bay, where he would be happier than abroad? Why, for that horrible reason, for that detestable British reason—which I do not believe obtains in any other country—because the next-door neighbour of Materfamilias—it is always the women who are at the bottom of it, confound the dear things!—has been on her travels, and has, in consequence, triumphed over her. So, therefore, when I hear that Mrs. Hincks, of Highgate, is going up the Rhone in July, I make pretty certain that her intimate friend, Mrs. Jinks,

of Hampstead, will go down the Rhone in August. And so, in fact, it happens; and when Hincks and Jinks meet in October, Jinks has slightly the best of it—"as the Rhone is not so common as the Rhine."

But Paterfamilias is not always resigned to his fate; and then he is terrible, and to be avoided. He does not vent his wrath on its legitimate subjects—couriers and innkeepers—but on innocent travellers, happier than himself. Such an one I once met in the hotel at Stuttgart. We nicknamed him the British Lion, from the strong resemblance he bore to that now fallen animal. He saw me, one morning, lighting my cigar in the hall of the hotel. How the noble beast fumed! how terrible he was in his wrath! What! smoke in a German hotel, and disturb the lair of Mrs. Lioness and her cubs, where Frau Inspector Bloseanozen inhales the nicotian weed through the largest of meerschaums, and Fraulein Hoozue diffuses from her lovely person the mingled perfumes of kirschwasser and cigarettes!

I believe it was one of our consuls who got into a scrape because he told the mayor of a town at which a caravan of Mr. Kitchen's excursionists had just arrived, when the worthy official asked for an explanation of this unwonted invasion of Britishers, that that was our method of getting rid of our convicts, by taking them abroad in batches, and letting them loose in any city that was convenient for that purpose. The mayor took it *au grand sérieux*, and communicated with the nearest embassy, which communicated with our Foreign Office, which wiggled the consul. And I mention this anecdote as a prelude to a very extraordinary adventure I once had.

I was standing one summer evening on the bridge at Geneva, watching the steamer discharging its British cargo, when a melancholy gentleman, with a knapsack on his back, accosted me in French. The mistake was a likely one enough to occur, as in those days it was my ambition to look as much like a *gandin* as possible, and I was clean shaved, with the exception of moustache and imperial. Seeing he was an Englishman, I answered him in English; when, to my astonishment, he muttered something, and hurried away. I was looking after him, when he suddenly stopped, considered a moment, and came slowly back towards me—regarding me very attentively all the while. At last he spoke in a shy sort of way, and asked

me if I could direct him to the Hôtel de Balance. I told him I was going that way myself. He didn't say much on the road. When we got to the inn, the first question he asked the *garçon* was—

"Any English here?"

"Ah, yes! without doubt. Dare ees Monsieur et Madame Smeet, Monsieur Chones—"

"Enough, enough! Good day."

He left in hot haste, and asked me if I knew of any other small but comfortable hostelry. I bethought me that there had been a new one lately opened behind the post office. I took him there. The same question was repeated, and I began to have my suspicions aroused. Why should he wish to avoid his countrymen? Was he an escaped convict dreading the pursuit of justice? True, he could not carry much plunder in that knapsack of his; but he might have deposited it in some place of security. However, the question was answered in the negative, and he engaged his rooms.

"I am much obliged to you for your assistance," he said. "Will you come upstairs and smoke a cigarette with me?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

"Stop, though. Do you happen to know anybody of the name of Ruddles?"

"No, I do not know anybody of that name."

We went upstairs, and he produced a box of cigarettes from his knapsack. I suppose I was looking curiously at him, for, as he lit his cigarette, he said—

"What do you think of me?"

The question was rather startling, and I muttered something.

"Mad, perhaps?"

I made a movement of deprecation.

"Listen! I am a wanderer on the face of the earth—more miserable, but not so guilty as Cain. I can't return to England; and, wherever I go, I am obliged to avoid my countrymen. I bear with me a burden which is more intolerable than I can describe. I am liable at any moment to be recognized, and to be pointed at with the finger of scorn and ridicule. Yes, sir, that woman has sworn to find me out, and have what she calls her rights. Did you ever join any of Kitchener's excursions?"

"No, I never did."

"Ah! lucky for you. Not that I have a word to say against Mr. Kitchener—he tries his best to make every one comfortable;

and yet, would that I had never joined him! He is the author of all my misery; and, worse than all, he can't undo it. It was a year ago I joined his party for a tour in the Pyrenees. We were not many in number, as it was one of the smaller and shorter tours. One of the party was a widow lady, of great personal attractions, and of the suitable age of about two and thirty. She singled me out from the first; and I, finding her conversation and society agreeable, always managed to sit next her at dinner, and walk by her mule in our mountain trips. I do not know, sir, whether mountain air has the same effect upon you as upon myself. No, I do not mean as regards the appetite—as regards the heart. The sound of the torrent, the contemplation of mossy rocks, the heathery moorland, the whistling of the curlew—all have an elevating influence on my mind, and insensibly attune the chords of my heart to love."

"Sir," I said, "your poetical sentiments do equal honour to your head and heart, and my entire sympathies are with you; but so they are with a mayonaise of *fera*, which awaits me for my supper. May I ask you, therefore, to descend to facts, and inform me in what way I can serve you?"

"Sir, pardon me. I can appreciate your impatience. In my salad days, I was not insensible to the pleasures of the table. But to proceed. We had arrived at Bagnères de Bigorre, at M. Uzac's charming hotel. The fair widow had been more than usually fascinating during our dusty ride from Tarbes—a ride during which the companionship of an agreeable companion had compensated for the disagreements I experienced from the want of practice in horsemanship, and the discomfort of a saddle which was not only hard, but had pieces of iron protruding from unexpected places, which grated harshly against those limbs with which they came in contact. I have reason to believe that our proceedings were closely watched that day. I will frankly admit that, though dishonour never prompted my intentions, I had no wish to improve an acquaintance with a view to matrimony in the future, as they say in the advertisements. However, a day or two after our arrival, a party was organized to visit the Pic du Midi, which is the Righi of the Pyrenees. Several French families joined us, and we started with the most joyful anticipations. As we left at five in the morning, we agreed to take

the *table d'hôte* breakfast with us; and, in addition, a good supply of M. Uzac's excellent wine. At about eleven we halted at the foot of the Pic, by the side of a small lake, fed by the avalanches, and into whose ice-cold waters the various bottles were speedily plunged.

"Well, sir—you see, I am trying to curtail my story, but as I approach the fatal moment my courage fails me—I never left the widow. Frenchmen are always curious, and not delicate in endeavouring to satisfy their curiosity. Several had addressed me on the road. 'Monsieur makes the court to madame. Monsieur has reason.' 'One sees that madame regards you with good eyes. Without doubt, you have made her conquest,' and so on. My vanity was gratified. She was a pretty woman, certainly. We had finished our breakfast. I had early seized on a bottle of red wine—for the day was hot, and I was thirsty. It went down like nectar—cold, but such a flavour and bouquet! The Ruddles shared it with me, and several others too. We laughed, we quaffed, we chaffed, we smoked, and at last we sang. I sang! Would that I had choked first! What harm in a song? That depends on the song you sing. Fired with an ambition to prove myself worthy of the suspicions of my French friends, I determined to show off before the widow, and sing a French chansonette. Do you know a song of Béranger's, called 'Le Vin et la Coquette'? I cannot sing you the song, but I will repeat to you the first verse, by which you may judge of the truth of the old proverb, '*Quem deus vult perdere.*' Taking a glass of that fatal wine in one hand, I began—

'Amis il est une coquette
Dont je redouble ici les yeux.
Que sa vanité, qui me guette
Me trouve toujours plus joyeux.
C'est au vin de rendre impossible
Le triomphe qu'elle espérait.

Ah! cachons bien que mon cœur est sensible:
La coquette en abuserait.'

There was a conscious blush on her lovely cheek, and her eyes were cast down; and I saw her smile once or twice, almost involuntarily, as I proceeded with my too appropriate ditty. When I finished, I was received with a salvo of bravos. 'Ah, mon Dieu! I would not have given him so much wit.' 'It is a charming boy.' 'One can see it is an affair already made.' We began to make preparations for the ascent. Everybody left

us to ourselves—they anticipated the proposal was about to be made. There was a tenderness in her voice, and a slowness in her getting ready, while she pressed me to take more wine. My blood was already in flames. At length we started. The party was a long way ahead, and the sun was hot. Shortly after we began the ascent, we came to the remains of an hotel which had been partially destroyed by an avalanche. There were still two or three rooms which were roofed in, and looked invitingly cool. The syren suggested that we should explore—we did; and then that I should smoke—I did.

* * * * *

"When I woke—I say, *when I woke*—it was pitch dark, and I heard a woman crying gently in a corner.

"Where on earth am I? and what is the meaning of this?"

"I rubbed my eyes, still heavy with that infernal wine—it was M. Uzac's best Chambertin—and couldn't make it out. At last a sobbing voice exclaimed—

"I went to sleep too, and when I woke it was nearly dark. And I tried to wake you; but you were so fast asleep, I could not. They must have passed while we were asleep. It is pouring with rain, and we shall have to remain here all night—oo! oo! oo! oo!"

"You can guess at the rest now. They sent guides and horses for us early the next morning. The guide winked his eye at me. I could have felled him. I have reason to believe she bribed him to do it. Then, and not till then, did the full force of the situation burst upon me. If it had not, I should not have been left long in ignorance.

"I presume, sir," said Mrs. Ruddles, as we left Grip for Bagnères, 'that you intend making me the only reparation you can for your imprudence of yesterday.'

"Imprudence, madam! What imprudence?"

"Oh, sir, you cannot be unaware how my reputation will suffer.'

"Reputation, madame! Have I, by word or gesture, ever made any advance which could possibly wound the nicest delicacy or self-respect?"

"Sir, no one can impugn your honour, or could have carried out the little arrangements necessary to my comfort in a most delicate situation with a more graceful courtesy.

But what will Mr. Kitchener's excursionists say?'

"Corroborated by you, madame, they will understand that I acted *en tout bien tout honneur*.'

"Then, sir, I am to understand that you decline to give me the sacred protection of your name?'

"It would be impossible, my dear madame, to arrive at any understanding more clearly defined than that.'

"Very well, sir. All I ask you now is, not to enter the town at the same time as I do. As regards the other matter, you shall hear from me AGAIN, were I to pursue you to the ends of the earth!'

"And so, no doubt, she will. If you had only seen the look in that woman's eye as we parted! She will catch me some day," said the melancholy gentleman, in a tone of despair.

Here, a tremendous uproar began in the hotel. Bells rang, waiters rushed to and fro, and the stentorian voice of the landlord was heard soaring above all.

"What is it, waiter?" I asked.

"A grand party of pleasure of Monsieur Kitshanaïr which comes to arrive, mossieu."

The melancholy man seized his knapsack, and rushed downstairs; but immediately rushed up again, as white as a sheet, exclaiming—

"She's there—she's there!"

"Who's there?"

"Why, the Ruddles! She's tracked me at last!"

"Show her me," I said, with great curiosity, as I leant over the bannisters that surrounded the top of the hall.

With great trepidation, he pointed out a handsome, flashily dressed woman, who was just saying—

"*Garsong, prenny say boyters ongo toter-sweeter angtangday!* Adolphus, my love, your arm."

Adolphus was a white-haired, pink-eyed youth, who appeared overwhelmed with his happiness. I knew him, and her too. I laughed.

"Courage, my friend—you are saved! That youth is the Hon. Gretna Green, and he ran away with her two months ago. She was a ballet dancer at Covent Garden. Come and share my mayonnaise, and we'll drink the health of the happy pair."

"Oh, sir, how shall I ever be able to show my gratitude?"

"By allowing me to tell your story, as a warning to young gentlemen to be careful in the companions they foregather with on their travels, and to especially avoid uncourted widows, and—yes—and RUINS!"

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON DIFFERENT MISSIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advent of Charles Stanfield being so great a wonderment to Miss Letty and Miss Sophia, it was none at all to Dr. Crawford and his wife; for Charles came so laden with business matters from his father as to afford a sufficiently ostensible reason for his appearance at Broadmead.

Captain Stanfield found that his personal attendance to the affairs which had called him to London would occupy him for some time; therefore, as Charles had no especial reason for staying there, he might as well go and talk over the Creighton business with Dr. Crawford, which had been left in a somewhat unsatisfactory state.

"And a few words of conversation are worth any amount of letters," had the worthy captain said, in conclusion—being firmly persuaded that he had originated the idea himself, and that he had quite insisted upon his son's journey to Broadmead.

Perhaps Charles Stanfield had dwelt too much upon that parting blush of Diana's, and of her pleasantly expressed wish of seeing him again. But then, young men who have become enchanted for the first time are apt to build magnificent castles upon very slender foundations. Perhaps, also, he was a little premature in his arrival, since Diana had mentioned summer, and not early spring—so early, that it was scarcely to be called spring yet. Still, it had seemed to him that he had been an age away; though, now that he found himself actually where he had hoped for so long to be, it seemed but yesterday since he had seen Diana; and everything at the Rectory tended to further the illusion.

So little happened in Broadmead, and there were so few changes among the people, that Charles Stanfield found Dr. and Mrs. Crawford scarcely advanced two sentences in the conversation in which he had left them.

Jasper's accident had been the one event since then; and Charles Stanfield, turning his strategic talents from war to the more pleasant regions of love, made his inquiries after Mr. Seaton serve to bring him tidings of Diana.

Perhaps he heard rather more than he wished to hear; for Mrs. Crawford, primed by Mrs. Seaton's praises and insinuations, gave a graphic account of Diana's devotion, and the change that had been lately wrought in her.

"And one begins to be a little suspicious," said Mrs. Crawford, "when one hears of young ladies suddenly becoming extremely amiable, when they have been rather of the firebrand order. What do you think, Mr. Stanfield? Or are you above the speculations in which we village gossips are wont to speculate?"

"The world is a world of speculators," answered Charles Stanfield, vaguely.

"Yes; and if they don't go into railways, and stocks, or anything of that kind, they make capital of their neighbours' affairs; and a rise or fall therein produces as great an excitement in the gossip market as other transactions do on 'Change," said Dr. Crawford. "But really, my dear, I don't think you should exactly call Di unamiable. She had some odd, upsetting notions, that made her brusque, and too independent; and perhaps she was a little too defiant sometimes."

"Perhaps—ah, well!"

And Mrs. Crawford nodded her head significantly; whilst Charles Stanfield felt as though he were committing treason, in listening to anything against Diana.

"I'm going up to the Manor House," said Dr. Crawford. "Perhaps you will go with me. That was a bad accident of Jasper Seaton's—worse than the doctors thought. He'll have to go on crutches for some time yet. It's a terrible trial to a man of his temperament."

"And I suppose Miss Ellis objects to guns more than ever?"

"Very likely—though I have not heard her say so."

The sun had struggled through the clouds, and was sending bright hues across the landscape, and gilding the tender green of the budding branches. There was an air of promise in everything, though as yet it was so far from fulfilment, and there was an unsettled look about the skies as the sun went in and out behind the clouds; and after a

burst of sunshine would come a little gust of wind, and the shadows grew darker, and moved unsteadily over the greening hedges, and the tiny buds seemed to vanish; and at one moment Charles Stanfield thought it a pleasant day, and the next he thought it was going to rain; and then a shower actually came, and after it a rainbow; and then the rainbow faded away, and the rain-drops glittered on the hedges.

Hopes and fears, lights and shadows, smiles and tears, the blossom and the fruit, the seed-time and the harvest, growth and decay, life and death, and then life again. Nature is the perpetual allegory, painting the life of man—the mother earth teaching to her children great lessons in a dumb voice.

Charles Stanfield was not heeding them; for his thoughts were centred on one small point in the great universe, that was so great to him that it obliterated for the moment all else beside. Nature had been comparatively unsuggestive to him, so far; but perhaps nature tells her story better after the revelation that deepens men's hearts to understand.

So it seemed in his case; and had Dr. Crawford been a man of more acute perceptions, he would have noticed that his companion had altered since they had last met; that the deep blue eyes had greater living depth in them, and that the soul had awakened to take a wider grasp of humanity, and that fortifications and lines of circumvallation were no longer paramount; but that the inner fortress of the man had been taken by surprise, and that he was unprepared with any strategic operation to recover it.

"I have not waited for the summer," were Charles Stanfield's first words to Diana. "I found town so very dreary, just as the winter was thawing away, that I was only too glad to avail myself of my father's business at Creighton to pay another visit to Broadmead."

"Broadmead is not looking its best just yet," returned Diana. "But a day or two makes a great difference at this season, and you must come again in the summer to see it at its perfection."

And the dark eyes looked up, and then looked down again, and the same perplexed blush came into her cheek that had been there the last time they met.

And that last time had come wonderfully

near to Charles Stanfield during the last few minutes, and the blush was as flattering as it had been before.

"My father was so sorry not to be able to come down with me; but, as soon as his work is at an end, he intends to come down and make your acquaintance, as he feels he does not half know you."

"I have the advantage, then; for I feel that I know him thoroughly. He is one whom one involuntarily trusts and understands the moment he speaks. I hope he will like me as well as I like him."

"I am sure he will," said Charles Stanfield, wondering whether Diana extended the same gracious opinion to the son, and glancing down to see if he could read anything in her face. But he found it impossible; and Dr. Crawford and Mrs. Seaton being engaged in conversation at the other end of the room, he thought he would try to find out in some other way what the chances might be in his favour.

"Do you remember your promise, Miss Ellis—or what I was bold enough to hope was one?"

Diana considered for a moment.

"No," she said. "What was it?"

"That you would show me some of the beauties of Broadmead when I came here again."

"Ah, yes—I remember quite well; but—"

"But it is too soon?" he said.

"Not exactly. Broadmead is worth seeing at any time. I was thinking it would be pleasanter for you if Jasper had been able to go. But he cannot walk far, with his crutches."

"I shall be quite satisfied as it is," answered Charles Stanfield, "if you will indeed be so good as to be my guide. Is it not asking too much?"

"Oh, no," replied Diana. "I am glad to find any one who takes an interest in the place. But you must promise me that you will not be thinking of digging trenches, and all that sort of thing."

She spoke half gravely and half in jest.

"I promise it," said Charles Stanfield, smiling. "I think there is something in Broadmead air that makes one think less of such things. I have not been thinking so entirely of my military engineering lately, Miss Ellis."

"I wish you would not think of it at all," she answered, earnestly.

"Why not?"

"Because I hate war," returned Diana, with flashing eyes.

"That certainly would be a strong reason," replied Charles Stanfield, who was fast rousing up to Lady Pechford's waking point.

Diana looked up quickly.

"You must not laugh at me, Mr. Stanfield."

"I am quite serious, Miss Ellis," he began.

But Jasper entering at that moment, there was a diversion in the conversation, and Diana could only wonder whether Mr. Stanfield was really going to say that he had meant what he had said; and if so, why should her opinion make any difference? She and Jasper had been having a conversation upon woman's influence, and she was surprised to find how great Jasper thought it might be; and she was inclined to think that perhaps Mr. Stanfield might take the same view. And as he had been out in the great world, of which she had seen nothing, he might have seen its workings more comprehensively than she had had an opportunity of doing. And so she mentally moralized and philosophized in one direction, whilst Mr. Stanfield was arriving at the same conclusion by quite a different path.

Now, whilst this was the state of affairs at Broadmead, Miss Pycroft was pursuing her journey northward. She had already paused at half a dozen stations, and, putting down the window, had eagerly looked up and down the platform to see whether the friends she had summoned to greet her had duly made their appearance.

At only one place had she been disappointed, and even at that her friend had not been faithless; but whether the railway time or her friend's want of punctuality were in fault she could not determine. However, just as the train was moving off, the looked-for one appeared disconsolately on the platform. All that Miss Pycroft could do was to wave her handkerchief energetically and nod vehemently, both of which she did.

Then she sank back, murmuring to herself—

"It is pleasant to think she made the effort, though I scarcely thought she could get away from the children for so long."

The train now passed several stations at which Miss Pycroft expected no greeting; nevertheless, she looked out at each with as much anxiety as though she had planned appointments; for how could she tell—she,

who was linked by so many links to so many people—who might be on the wing among her acquaintances?

As she so scanned the platform of the most unlikely station on the line for meeting with any one, she became suddenly aware of a tall, gaunt figure, in a black serge dress and gray waterproof cloak, who, having caught sight of Miss Pycroft, was making her way to the carriage in which she was seated.

"Who would have thought of meeting with you?" said the owner of the gray waterproof. "But, of course, you are on your way to the great meeting at Comminster. I wish I could be there; but I have to be at Weobley to-night, so it's quite out of the question."

"A meeting at Comminster!" exclaimed Miss Pycroft. "It's strange that I've never heard of it, and I'm going to stay there all night."

"With the Berrys?"

"Yes."

The gray waterproof shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course they won't go. But did you not see the notice in the *Guardian*?"

"I don't see the *Guardian* until it's a week old," said Miss Pycroft.

"Ah! that accounts for it. It's been got up rather in a hurry—"

Here the station bell began to ring. There was a general move; and amid the cries, "Take your places!" "Down train to Comminster!" and so on, Miss Pycroft and her friend ceased to hear each other; and the gray cloak being, as it were, shunted off to make way for the luggage barrows, Miss Pycroft lost sight of it altogether, and did not see her friend again.

"A meeting at Comminster—clerical, of course, or Anastasia would not have referred to it. I must attend, in spite of the Berrys. It would never do to have it said that I was at Comminster, and did not take a due and fitting part in what was going on."

And the shades of evening drawing round, and the dull glare of the carriage lamp becoming thereby more potent, Miss Pycroft took out her memorandum book, and ran her eye along the list of friends known to friends that might be available in case of difficulty; and, having made her selection, composed her thoughts to the resolving of a plan of action for attending the meeting at Comminster.

Miss Pycroft was, in her way, a clever woman; and what she determined upon she generally accomplished.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISS PYCROFT CARRIES HER POINT.

IT was past six o'clock when the train stopped at Comminster. Miss Pycroft's plans were still in an unsettled state—the only point upon which she was fully determined being that, in some way or other, she must attend the meeting.

What was she to do? The meeting would probably begin at eight o'clock—so she had scarcely two hours; and the Berrys lived a little way out of Comminster. Also, she had to dine; and the Berrys were expecting her to go to an amateur concert, to be given in aid of some charitable institution. Concerts, under such circumstances, Miss Pycroft attended; otherwise she disapproved of them.

But a meeting at which she should most likely see the flower of the neighbouring clergy had greater charms for Miss Pycroft than any music; and it was more than possible that that great gun, Dr. Fennithorne, would speak. Miss Pycroft usually disapproved of slang, even in her thoughts; but she had an indistinct idea that the term "gun" had come into repute from the fact of there being "canons" in the church; and therefore she associated it with orthodoxy. Then, too, there was canon law, and the church militant—which both had rather a martial savour. And Miss Pycroft's mind not being one that took a very wide range, she huddled ideas one upon another, so that they often became confused.

This was only a trouble of the imaginative element in Miss Pycroft's being. When action became concerned, she was prompt and precise; and she was now only awaiting one of those opportunities of carrying out her plans that she was constantly experiencing. She had gathered her luggage together in a pile around her, and was waiting for a cab, when, through the partially lighted gloom, she perceived a figure that she seemed to half recognize—a clergyman, decidedly; and, as he advanced nearer to her, she became more and more convinced of his identity—till, on his coming close to where she was standing, her convictions were placed beyond a doubt; and, forgetting for an instant the luggage that she generally never lost sight of at

a station, she darted towards him, exclaiming—

“Mr. Carteret!”

John Carteret, thus apostrophized, turned suddenly round.

“Miss Pycroft! can it be possible?”

“Certainly, it is possible,” returned Miss Pycroft, her eye reverting to her luggage as she mentally repeated, “One, two, three, four trunks; travelling bag, bundle of wraps, luncheon basket, and umbrellas—all right.” Then she said aloud—“Yes, it is I, myself; but I did not expect to see you so soon, though I have been looking forward to hearing a sermon from you next Sunday, since we have been deprived of your services at Broadmead.”

John Carteret looked puzzled.

“Do you not know that I am on my way to Linthorp?” asked Miss Pycroft.

“No; I had not heard that you purposed coming.”

“That is strange; for I am going to stay with Lady Pechford for a day or two, through the kind introduction of Dr. Crawford. I am going to join some friends of mine in lodgings, and my room will not be vacant until the beginning of the week. So it is—helped along as usual, you see. It is wonderful how hands are stretched out to help one on every side! How coincidences and adventures beset one! I feel that you are just now thrown in my way to assist me in a difficulty.”

“I am sure I shall be most happy,” said John Carteret. “What can I do for you?”

“You must take me to the meeting to-night.”

“What meeting? I have not heard of any. I have but this moment arrived.”

“Have you dined?” asked Miss Pycroft.

“No.”

“Where are you going to dine?”

“At the White Lion.”

“Very well.” And, in a moment of inspiration, the whole plan of her operations presented itself to Miss Pycroft. “Very well. Go to the White Lion, dine as quickly as you can, find out all about the meeting, get tickets for it. I will call for you at a quarter to eight, and we can go together.”

“But where are you going now?” asked John Carteret, as the porter began to place Miss Pycroft’s luggage upon the cab.

“I am staying all night with friends a little way out of Comminster. I will deposit my luggage there, get something to

eat, and then drive straight back to the White Lion. It is all settled—nothing could be better. Thanks for your kindness. I could not have managed it without your assistance. Good-bye for the present.”

And enumerating her packages—this time aloud—Miss Pycroft, entering the cab, gave instructions to the cabman where to drive, and drove off, bowing graciously to John Carteret, who stood as one awaking after a very singular dream.

Miss Pycroft, on the look-out, noted every placard, and at length was rewarded; for, in the window of a bookshop, she saw the meeting advertised; and, as she rattled by, she caught the name of Fennithorne upon the list of speakers.

She arrived in a state of much elation at the Berrys, the amateur concert having entirely faded from her thoughts, and her mind being absorbed in Dr. Fennithorne. She was almost sure that she had seen the word “Bishop” twice upon the notice. What and whom might she not hear?

Mrs. Berry and her two daughters greeted her warmly. Dinner was quite ready. Miss Pycroft must be tired and hungry; therefore she must dine first, and dress for the concert afterwards.

“My dear,” said Miss Pycroft to Mrs. Berry, “you will think me very changeable, but I am not going to the concert. I find that Dr. Fennithorne is to speak to-night, and I must not miss the opportunity of hearing him. I have ordered the cab to wait; and, after I have taken a hasty meal, I will return to Comminster.”

“Why, Rebecca, you are as wild after the clergy as ever,” said Mrs. Berry, laughing. “You have not lost any of your energy. But, really, you must not think of it—and alone, too.”

“I shall not be alone. I accidentally met a young friend at the station—Mr. Carteret, from Linthorp.”

“Carteret!” exclaimed Mrs. Berry. “Not the handsome curate from St. Botolph’s, surely?”

“Very likely. He is good-looking; but I don’t know the name of the church.”

“Of course, it’s the same. It is not likely that there are two curates named Carteret in such a small place as Linthorp. Everyone was talking of him when we were there last summer. He was considered an eloquent preacher, and the church was crowded. They say he is going to marry Miss Ward-

law; and a very good thing for him too, for she will be quite an heiress."

Miss Pycroft gave a mental start, for the report coincided with what Captain Stanfield had said, and gave a new light and confirmation to Mrs. Seaton's insinuations respecting Jasper and Diana. But with the affairs of love, Miss Pycroft had determined not to intermeddle; she would hear all, see all, judge for herself, and say nothing. Therefore, on the present occasion, she simply remarked—

"Indeed! I suppose I shall hear of it in time, if there should be anything in it."

"As far as one could see," said one of the girls, "Mr. Carteret was very attentive, and both he and Miss Wardlaw are devoted to music. We did not see much of them, as, owing to mamma's illness, we were very quiet; but one can't help having one's own ideas; and certainly, as far as Miss Wardlaw is concerned, there is no doubt, if they are not already engaged, they might be."

"Well," returned Miss Pycroft, "I hope it will all turn out for the best."

With which safe observation Miss Pycroft contented herself, and proceeded to unfold her plans with regard to the meeting—which, in spite of the solicitations of Mrs. Berry and her daughters, she could not be persuaded to give up.

"I would go with you myself, if it were possible; but we have been engaged to go to this concert for some weeks, and I could not send Jane and Susey alone."

"My dear, don't mention it. I am all-sufficient to take care of myself, even if I had not Mr. Carteret to attend to me. We shall meet again for the long chat, which would have been equally deferred if I had gone to the concert; and you know, Maria, that I never cared for music."

"No, you never did—excepting, perhaps, a little psalmody, Rebecca."

Miss Pycroft nodded, and Mrs. Berry ceased to urge her further; so, after due refreshment, she re-entered her cab, and drove back to Comminster.

John Carteret had been unsuccessful in obtaining tickets. There was not a single one to be had. And he supposed that the matter was at an end, saving that he should have to escort Miss Pycroft home to her friend's house. He had established himself before a blazing fire in the coffee-room, and was looking through the evening papers, when Miss Pycroft reappeared.

"I am sorry that you will be disappointed," he said. "The meeting is to be an unusually crowded one, and there is not a ticket to be had."

"Which makes me only the more anxious to go."

"One always does long after the unattainable, I suppose," returned John Carteret. "It seems to be an impulse common to everybody."

"But I have by no means decided that this is the unattainable," replied Miss Pycroft. "I should think that you, as a clergyman, might easily find entrance."

"So I might. I could go on the platform; but I do not see how that would assist matters much."

"And why should not I go on the platform?" asked Miss Pycroft. "Ladies do go on the platform sometimes; and, in a case of necessity like the present, I see no objection to it whatever."

"But—"

"But—" interrupted Miss Pycroft—"but, my dear Mr. Carteret, you are a young man, and I am an old woman, and have seen more of the world, and know more of its ways, than you do. The thing can be accomplished, I believe. We will drive down to the Lecture Hall, and see what can be done. Ha! there is the list"—and Miss Pycroft ran her eyes over the names, and paused at that of Archdeacon Hunter. "Of course!" she exclaimed—"the very thing! Some friends of mine know the archdeacon's wife's sister intimately. I will introduce myself to him. We have no time to lose, Mr. Carteret."

And, much against his inclination, John Carteret found himself on the way to the hall. He knew enough of his companion to fear that he might find himself placed in an awkward position, if she persisted in attending the meeting in the face of all the difficulties she might have to encounter. He soon, however, found that he should have to do very little himself. His companion evidently only regarded him as a necessary appendage for the sake of appearances, and she energetically took the matter into her own hands.

"Is it possible to get into the hall by paying?" she inquired.

The doorkeeper shook his head.

"Neither for love nor money, mum. The place is crammed; and them as has no tickets can't go in."

Miss Pycroft peeped through the half-open door.

"There *are* places vacant in the gallery opposite."

"That's the platform, mum."

"There are ladies on the platform," replied Miss Pycroft, nothing daunted.

"Only the bishop's wife, and one or two as came with her."

But Miss Pycroft was not to be conquered yet.

"Is there any one," she asked, "who could take a message to Archdeacon Hunter?"

At the mention of the archdeacon, the doorkeeper's manner mollified.

"I can send one, mum. What name shall I say?"

Miss Pycroft took out a card, and wrote "that a friend of Mrs. Stephen Jameson earnestly desired to attend the meeting. She had travelled down to Comminster that day, and had arrived too late to procure a ticket. Could she in any possible way be admitted to any part of the hall?"

The archdeacon was an amiable man, never liking to refuse any one; so, in due course of time, the messenger returned to usher Miss Pycroft to the speakers' gallery, where a seat should be found for her.

"Fortune never failed me yet," said she, looking round at John Carteret. "You must not leave me."

So John Carteret followed; and the archdeacon, waiting at the gallery door, was greeted by Miss Pycroft as the friend of a friend after whom she was profuse in her inquiries. And the amiable archdeacon, after giving her all the information he was able, and regretting that his wife was not there to supplement it, placed Miss Pycroft in a position commanding a good view of speakers as well as audience, and retired to his own seat, where he became so absorbed in the proceedings of the meeting as to forget her existence altogether.

Not so John Carteret. Miss Pycroft was more to him than the meeting, since she could tell him much about Broadmead. His difficulty was to frame his questions so as not to involve Diana—for he knew she had an especial objection to Miss Pycroft's knowing anything of her affairs. But for some time he had no opportunity of making any inquiries at all, for Dr. Fennithorne was speaking, and Miss Pycroft was engrossed. He, however, contrived between

the speeches to have a few words of conversation, but elicited little until he found himself in the cab on the way to Mrs. Berry's.

Then Miss Pycroft became more communicative.

"Jasper Seaton was almost well. Diana had been most devoted during his illness. Mrs. Seaton praised her enthusiastically, and spoke of her quite as she would do of a daughter. And indeed, Mr. Carteret," said Miss Pycroft, warmed by her late success into a burst of confidence she would not otherwise have indulged in, "I should not be surprised, from all I have heard and seen, if Mrs. Seaton does not mean a great deal more than she says."

It was well that the night was dark, and Miss Pycroft could not see the effect her words had taken. Mrs. Seaton's warning came with full force to John Carteret. His own fears, and his knowledge of Jasper Seaton's secret, rose up before him; and it was some moments ere he could make a reply.

Then all he said was—

"Do you think so?"

"I have always thought such a thing highly probable," returned Miss Pycroft. "Diana has changed a good deal lately, and there is little doubt as to the cause of it."

Then suddenly repenting having been, in her excess of amiability and complacency, betrayed into forgetfulness of her prudent resolve, she added—

"But may I depend upon you, Mr. Carteret, never to mention a single word of what I have been saying to you. Diana would never forgive me."

"You may quite depend upon me," said John Carteret.

LOUIS BLANC.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THOSE who have followed, with more or less attention, the course of contemporary history cannot fail to have remarked how the fantastic whirligig of French politics has recently brought into fresh prominence a certain family of men and names who, after a very brief period of power and success, had seemed to have passed utterly from the horizon of national and public life.

In February, 1848, the citizen-royalty of Louis Philippe abruptly collapsed in its capital; and all its following of courtiers and office-bearers—with MM. Guizot and Duchâtel at their head—had to give place

to a new race of aspirants. The victory of these men was not, however, destined to be permanent: one by one they succumbed to the successive waves of reaction that passed over France in the three years following Louis Philippe's downfall. After the crowning blow of December 2, 1851, had installed a totally new era, the remnant of the '48 group—finding themselves barred out from public life by the changed order of things, and from active journalism by the unsparing press laws—had no resource left them but foreign exile or obscure retirement. After a long ostracism, the wider tolerance of the later Empire—and, above all, the amnesty of '69—came to make their lot easier; till, finally, they have had the satisfaction of seeing their enemy struck down before their eyes, and the avenues of power and government once more thrown widely open to them.

Of those who—having doggedly lived out all the vicissitudes of reaction, proscription, and exile—are now permitted to re-enter the race of ambition, the list is necessarily headed by a name not unfamiliar to English ears, owing to his long sojourn amongst us.

Louis Blanc—having just been returned as premier deputy of Paris, with thirty-seven colleagues behind him on the poll—has, after twenty-two years' interval, resumed his seat in his country's National Assembly; wherein he has not failed to awaken the interest, deference, and sympathy due to ripe years, to brilliant mental powers, and to an upright life and character.

Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, in the year 1813, just when the gathering tide of reaction was about to overthrow the fabric of empire founded upon that Revolution of whose tendencies, doctrines, and principles—as understood by himself, at least—he was to be in turn the patient chronicler, the unflagging polemist, and the impassioned tribune. But the temperament wherewith his whole life was to be inspired he did not imbibe from his parentage, or from the nurture of his early years. His mother—from whose rare gifts and qualities his own mental powers seem to have taken their source—was a Corsican lady, of noble extraction; and, on the paternal side, he came of royalist lineage. His father and grandfather, having combated the movement of 1789, found themselves involved in the Terrorist proscriptions that quickly followed: the elder of the two perished on the scaffold, and the

younger man only owed his escape to the abrupt downfall of Robespierre's faction. For the next few years he sheltered himself in strict and discreet privacy; but when the star of Napoleon rose in the ascendant, he rallied round the new throne. He followed Joseph Bonaparte in his Spanish adventure, and, having held several posts under him, was finally advanced to the office of Inspector-General of Finance; and it was during these prosperous days that his two sons, Charles and Louis, were born.

But the intrusive royalty soon succumbed to the sword of Wellington; and the entire company of French aspirants was dispersed, and chased beyond the Pyrenees. Madame Blanc, with her children, returned to Corsica, while the ex-financier betook himself to Paris, and made his peace with the restored dynasty. Their favour enabled him to maintain a modest state, and to educate his children in a befitting manner, till the disaster of 1830 came, and despoiled the family a second time of their opulence; just as the second son, Louis—who had figured brilliantly throughout his school studies at Rodez—had come to Paris to begin life. His father was no longer in a position to support him; his mother's relatives, many of whom had held high official places under the fallen monarchy, were now equally powerless to befriend him; and his first months at Paris proved a severe and anxious ordeal. Without powerful interests, friendships, or connections to launch him easily into the race of life, with "but talent for his crest," he had to pass through the interval of barren stagnation and enforced inaction which falls to the lot of all obscure aspirants, however gifted and capable, until their aptitude comes to be known and recognized. This period of his life seems to have been the seed-time of those levelling and subversive notions which have induced him to believe that the entire social edifice rests upon a false and unsound basis, and needs complete and radical renewal.

However, a small allowance from an uncle, together with some lessons in mathematics, which his excellent scholastic training permitted him to give, furnished him with the means of surmounting these early difficulties; and these slender resources were ere long eked out by a salary he was enabled to earn in the study of M. Collot, a Paris solicitor of high repute.

About this time he made acquaintance

with a M. Flanguergues, a veteran French statesman; who, after taking part in the great Revolution, and suffering proscription as a provincial adherent of the Girondist party, had entered the Restoration Parliament, acquired a certain repute as a moderate Royalist, and finally became President of the Chamber. The Revolution of 1830 overtook him in his extreme old age, and he thereupon retired from public life; but his long and familiar knowledge of every phase in contemporary politics made him a precious and instructive Gamaliel to Louis Blanc. The opinions of the Parliamentary veteran were not, however, up to the standard of the youthful Hotspur, who regarded with impatience every form of monarchy, however tempered and limited; and he found allies more after his own heart in Armand Carrel—the short-lived journalist who fell in a duel by the hand of Emile de Girardin—and in the well-known republican, Godfrey Cavaignac.

But even as the seed-corn in the parable was choked and stifled by the thick-grown thorns amidst which it fell, so these commencing germs of philosophy and politics might have lain barren amid the toilsome cares and privations of poverty, had not an occasion of leisure and relative well-being presented itself to the young thinker.

The excellence of his school acquirements had come to be more and more recognized by his little circle of friends and companions, and he thereby attracted the notice of a M. Hallette, a great mechanist of Arras, who had come to Paris in quest of a capable tutor for his son. The post was assigned to Louis Blanc. He was received into the Arras family, where he remained for the space of two years. He had spare time in abundance left upon his hands, which he devoted to serious study, penning several articles for the *Pas de Calais*, a local journal of good standing in that part of France; and also writing a few essays in prose and verse, which won prizes from the Arras Academy of Belles-Lettres.

The year 1834 saw him again at Paris, with his bread, as before, to be won by his personal exertions. But this time the old difficulties were more easily overcome. He had already acquired some little note, in spite of his extreme youth; and a leading opposition journal, the *Bon Sens*, readily accepted the offer of his services on its staff. He acquitted himself so well of his new functions,

that, on the death of the chief editor, M. Rodd, he was selected to replace him. But the Communist theories which he began to manifest more and more ere long placed him at variance with his associates, and an occasion arose which produced a schism in the camp. The question of railways—then a novelty—became the order of the day throughout France, and all the newspapers teemed with discussions as to the fittest means of working out the vast problem. The opinion—which has since prevailed nearly everywhere—that railways should be constructed by private enterprise, and left to become private property, was upheld by the staff of the *Bon Sens*; whereas the theories of Louis Blanc necessarily assigned the task of creating, working, and managing so vast a national interest to the State—whose true policy, according to him, should be to draw within its own grasp, and finally to absorb within itself, the entire compass of the country's wealth, property, and industry, that it might hereafter dole out to its subjects the whole sum of national production in nearly equal proportions.

His dissension on so important a subject with his colleagues caused Louis Blanc to retire from the staff of the *Bon Sens*. But this incident did not for a moment interrupt his career as a journalist.

His name had now become a leading influence among the extreme liberal party; and his secession was no sooner announced than several writers of promise eagerly placed their pens at his service; and a new radical organ, *La Revue du Progrès*, came into existence.

The new production distinguished itself by its widely aggressive ardour. Louis Blanc and his sect of revolutionary zealots seemed to have taken as their rule of action the words—"He that is not with us is against us;" and not content with his daily warfare against the existing Government, he equally levelled his attacks against all the contending parties in the nation.

The ex-Emperor of the French, then in the course of his detention at Ham, had occupied his leisure with a series of articles, wherein he sought to demonstrate that whatever was good, sound, and promising in the national life was solely due to the traditions impressed upon the country by the first Empire. So bold a theory naturally invited the retorts of adverse polemicists; and accordingly Louis Blanc demolished the ar-

rogant pretension by a review of the First Empire, and of its results, written in a vein so withering and unanswerable as to put the whole Bonapartist faction out of countenance.

But such warfare has its own peculiar risks and perils; for, soon after the appearance of Louis Blanc's "Revue des Idées Napoléoniques," he was waylaid in the dark, as he was returning home, beaten to the ground, and left for dead on the pavement. Notwithstanding this cowardly attack, Louis Blanc's pen continued to be as busy as ever; and, no longer satisfied with his notable successes in the every-day trade of journalism, he now sought to win a permanent place in the national literature. The first decade of the July dynasty had just reached its completion, and he resolved on becoming its historian. A searching and pitiless exposure of the system into which the Liberal royalty had drifted could not fail to enlist a large band of admirers and partizans for the young author; and the "Histoire des Dix Ans" was eagerly read, canvassed, and quoted by all the adverse parties both within and without the Chamber.

Encouraged by this easy success, Louis Blanc next chose a subject which, considered in his point of view, was less likely to find favour with the greater number of his readers.

His "Organisation de Travail" sought to manifest that the true source of all the misery and unrest which troubled human affairs lay much deeper than any question of dynasty or of party politics; and that, unless the whole structure of society and of daily life were organized afresh, to follow up revolution by revolution, and to substitute one scheme of government by another, were but to renew the folly of Sisyphus.

Liberty, he argued, was but a vain and sterile phrase of rhetoric, so long as a small class held exclusive possession of the instruments of production; and could therefore withhold, if so disposed, the means of subsistence from the greater number. The bourgeoisie virtually exercised over the popular masses that power of life and death which the nation had lately wrested from the privileged oligarchs of feudalism.

These extreme views he still further developed in the first volumes of his "Révolution Française," wherein he argues that all the great movements of modern history,

and all the nobler conceptions of the foremost thinkers, reformers, and philosophers, tend irresistibly to Communism, or—as he, with a view to euphemism, styles it—to Fraternity, as the ultimate issue of all human progress. On this subject it would, perhaps, be not amiss to let so lucid a reasoner state his own argument in his own words. The first chapter of his "Histoire de la Révolution Française" opens with the following paragraphs:—

"Three great principles share between them the world and history—Authority, Individualism, Fraternity.

"The principle of Authority is the one which causes nations to rest upon beliefs blindly accepted, upon superstitious respect for tradition, upon inequality; and which, as its method of government, employs main force.

"The principle of Individualism is the one which, taking the unit man without the social pale, renders him sole judge of the medium that surrounds him, and of himself; gives him a lofty estimate of his rights, without pointing out to him his duties; leaves him to his own powers; and which, in place of all government, proclaims the rule of 'let well alone.'

"The principle of Fraternity is the one which, regarding the members of the great human family as bound together in fellowship, tends to organize, at some future day, all society—which is the work of man—upon the model of the human frame—which is God's work; and founds the power to govern upon persuasion, and upon the free assent of the heart.

"Authority has been wielded by Catholicism with amazing effect. It prevailed down to Luther's day.

"Individualism, inaugurated by Luther, unfolded itself with irresistible strength; and, shaking itself free of the religious element, it has triumphed in France by means of the publicists in the Constituent Assembly. It is lord of the present: it is the soul of modern life.

"Fraternity, announced by the thinkers of the Mountain, then disappeared in a tempest; and, at present, only beckons to us from afar in the regions of the ideal. But all great spirits appeal to it; and already it fills and enlightens the highest sphere of intellects.

"Of these three principles—the first en-

genders oppression by stifling the individual; the second leads to oppression by reason of anarchy; the third alone becomes, by harmony, the parent of liberty."

Such notions as these—worked out with a brilliant dash of style, and a great precision of logic—naturally appealed to the passions, interests, and cravings of a certain number of readers; and the author of "L'Organisation de Travail," and of "La Revolution Française," did, indeed, acquire an extensive popularity among the workmen of Paris and of the chief manufacturing centres. But the more thriving and prosperous orders of the nation—all, in fact, who had any property, position, or prospects to be imperilled by this fresh adjustment of the social relations—henceforth put the daring Utopist under the ban of their extreme disfavour, and came to regard him as a destructive and dangerous architect of ruin.

So long, therefore, as the restricted suffrage of those times maintained the power of election in the hands of the middle class alone, Louis Blanc saw all the avenues of public life jealously shut against him; and these studious labours of criticism and research remained for many years the only career open to his intellect.

His repute as a writer and thinker had, indeed, made steady progress; but the hour of action was slow in arriving, till brought about by one of the abruptest and most startling surprises in history.

Notwithstanding the epigrams of the adverse press, and the chronic discontent of the larger towns, the Orleans dynasty seemed, year by year, to have constantly improved its position. At home, each successive election showed an increased balance of suffrages in its favour; and, as to foreign affairs, the attitude taken towards it by the Courts of Europe seemed to manifest a growing confidence in its fortunes and its permanence. But its days were numbered. Its enemies had found, in the reform question, a lever capable of shaking it to its foundations. The opposition banquets organized against it in the autumn of 1847, by the adverse parties, showed that its rivals were determined and watchful, and its friends lukewarm and half-hearted. The month of February following witnessed the rising of Paris; and, after three days of alternate fighting and parleying, the drama of eighteen years was played out. Louis Philippe sought safety in an ig-

noble and clandestine flight, leaving events to transact themselves without him. His advisers were prompt to imitate the royal example; and the attempt made by the Duchesse d'Orleans to find a refuge and a rallying-point in the Monarchic Parliament only involved that body more surely in the general downfall.

The King, the dynasty, the Court, the Ministry, the House of Peers, and the elected Chamber were all equally overwhelmed by the popular avalanche—all equally melted out of sight; leaving the nation, for the first time in its history, utterly without even the elements of any legal or authorized Government.

The crisis was a terrible one; but a man capable of facing and grappling with it suddenly revealed himself. Held in high honour throughout the nation for his achievements as a poet and a historian, and dear to the victors of the moment by reason of his incessant warfare against the fallen Government, Lamartine rose to indicate the only possible issue out of the chaos. The dispersed and impotent Chamber must, he declared, be replaced as soon as possible by a National Assembly, based upon universal suffrage; and, meanwhile, the country must be administered by an improvised Government, formed of men whose names would reassure and pacify the insurgent Paris.

He contrived to catch the ear of the impatient multitude just as they were swarming in through all the avenues of the Chamber, and chasing the affrighted deputies from their post. His project was adopted; he was himself acclaimed head of the interim Government, with a list of popular names—most of them taken from the benches of the Radical opposition—joined to his own. Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Arago, Garnier Pages, Marie, Dupont de l'Eure, and Crémieux, thus formed the first nucleus of that famous Provisional Government which, without the least shadow of valid title or of legal warrant for its existence, presided over the destinies of the French nation during one of the stormiest periods of its history.

But this Committee of improvised authorities was no sooner installed in the Hotel de Ville, than Lamartine saw that, unless he was prepared to forego certain important elements of popular support and influence, he must add some further names to this catalogue; he therefore invited several Radical journalists of high repute—and, above

all, the widely eminent Socialist writer, Louis Blanc—to lend their services to his Government in the character of secretaries.

The downfall of royalty having been effected by an alliance between the men of the moderate republic with the extreme Socialist and Communist sects, Lamartine's policy was that all these parties should, if possible, continue to coalesce in support of his Government; but that the more extreme Radical faction, of which Louis Blanc was an adherent, should be held in subordination to the calmer and more temperate views maintained by himself and by his colleagues in the Board of Directors; all of whom were, with the single exception of Ledru Rollin, firmly disposed to uphold the rights of property, the existing social relations, and the fabric of religion.

His tactics, in fact, resembled those of a Liberal Premier in the English House of Commons—who, intending to govern according to the views of his Whig followers and adherents, and yet not wishing to sacrifice the goodwill and support of the more extreme partisans sitting on his own side of the House, finds places in his Cabinet for one or two of the most important members below the gangway; and so, while not extending to these unwelcome colleagues any serious influence on the general policy of his Government, nevertheless secures for himself the whole voting power of the Radical following in Parliament.

This astute conception for some time completely answered its author's purposes. In the earlier days of the new dynasty, their power and even their persons were, as had been fully foreseen, frequently menaced by hideous and violent manifestations, recruited from the most degraded ranks of the populace by fanatics like Barbès and Felix Pyat.

But the honeyed eloquence of Lamartine seemed to reproduce the miracles of Orpheus; and he was heartily aided by the immense influence and popularity of Louis Blanc in the task of baffling and subduing the bloodthirsty passions of these uncouth petitioners. The latter, in fact, it was who, in response to their clamours for a permanent guillotine and a new Reign of Terror, proposed and carried a decree repealing the capital penalty in all cases of merely political crimes.

Later on, the deep-rooted difference of views, aims, and purposes subsisting between Louis Blanc and all his colleagues,

except Ledru Rollin, could not fail to manifest itself; and the harmony of the Board was frequently troubled by grave dissensions.

Still the Provisional Government, having traversed in safety the dangers of the first few days, had now acquired a certain moral ascendancy; and, in spite of its own intestine discords, and of several renewed attempts to overthrow it by violent manifestations and rioting, it was able to maintain itself, and to preserve a moderate degree of order in Paris, until the meeting of the National Assembly at the end of April.

During this interval, Louis Blanc's special department of work had been the presidency of a commission appointed to inquire into the sufferings and hardships of the working classes; and called, after the palace in which its sittings were held, the Luxembourg Conference.

Here he did not fail to make full use of the vantage-ground afforded him; for, expounding and urging his own views and theories, he proposed that the workmen themselves should be organized into great companies and associations, for which capital and implements should be provided at the State expense; and these companies were to endeavour by degrees to absorb to themselves the whole industry of the country, and to divide all its profits and returns, in nearly equal proportions, among all who shared in the work.

Thus the great problem of Capital *versus* Labour would quietly adjust itself; the race of masters and employers would be quietly extinguished, without rapine or violent convulsions; and a moderate level of well-being would become the common lot of all.

Not content with publicly urging and propounding these doctrines, Louis Blanc sought to procure for them the sanction of official acceptance; and, for this purpose, he even ventured to solicit from the Provisional Government the creation in his favour of a new Cabinet office, to be called the Ministry of Progress. But Lamartine quickly discerned the peril that lurked under this modest title, and found means to evade his colleague's wily request.

The meeting of the Great Assembly did not bring with it the golden age of peace, harmony, and public order which had been looked for by optimists.

The Radicals and demagogues, far from bowing with a good grace to the fiat of the

master they had so long invoked—Universal Suffrage—became more mutinous and violent than ever when they found that the new order of things had not wrought the triumph of their doctrines. The manifestations and riotings resumed their course; the populace of Paris were as unruly and turbulent as of old; and, after less than a fortnight's existence, the new rulers of France all but fared as Louis Philippe had done.

On the 15th of May, a hideous and uncouth multitude—favoured by the cowardice of the National Guard, and by the connivance of its commandant, M. Courtais—forced their way into the Assembly Hall, and expelled the deputies; and, finding themselves masters of the precincts, proceeded to instal a Government of their own choice, including MM. Barbès, Raspail, and Louis Blanc. For this day, however, the triumph of anarchy was short-lived. The National Guard suddenly rallied, and returned to charge; and advancing upon the Chamber with fixed bayonets, quickly cleared it of the uncouth intruders. Before night, the movement was quelled in all the quarters of Paris, and the National Assembly resolved on tracking out its authors, and punishing them according to law. Louis Blanc's well-known sympathies and tenets, together with the circumstance that his name had figured, as stated above, on the Government list drawn up by the insurgents, seemed to compromise him with them. However, as he was a member of the Assembly, its assent was required before the proceedings with which he was menaced could be set on foot; and a motion having been introduced for this purpose, was in the first instance defeated by a few votes. But the disastrous days of June quickly followed; and it now became evident to all friends of order that the crisis did not admit of half-measures either towards the insurgents or towards those more or less their accomplices. The motion for Louis Blanc's impeachment was revived, and this time carried through the Assembly. Louis Blanc at first sought concealment in the house of Arago; but, finding his position in France no longer tenable, determined to fly the country. The month of August saw him land in England, an exile and a fugitive—so quickly had his brief career of public life, begun in February, played itself out.

He now resumed his familiar labours with his pen; and, during his twenty years of

enforced residence here, he has found leisure to finish his "Revolution Française," and to plan and execute several other works, the best known of which is his "Lettres sur l'Angleterre," being a long series of letters on various subjects, and of different dates, compiled and bound together in four volumes.

With the downfall of the Empire, his long ostracism ended; and, on his return to France, the votes of Paris promptly sought him out, and invited him to renew his venture in the game of active politics. What destiny the future may now have in reserve for him, it is impossible to conjecture.

It may be deemed that this brief notice of so eminent a life would be not inaptly closed by a rapid estimate of his personal qualities, his merits, and his general character. But this, after all, is ever a delicate ground to tread, and most of all in the case of a living personage. A shrewd Frenchman has observed—"En prononçant sur ses contemporains, on est toujours exposé à rougir et du bien et du mal qu'on en a dit—du bien qu'ils ont gâté—et du mal qu'ils ont réparé." And it would perhaps be well if the wholesome lesson conveyed in these wise words were more widely acknowledged.

MR. GOLIGHTLY ;

or,
MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH OUR HISTORY IS CONCLUDED.

WE left our hero in his china closet. His situation was not a very pleasant one. The air of the place was decidedly stuffy—there being a powerful odour of emptied but unwashed jam and pickle pots. He could not unfold the full dimensions of his commanding figure, for the brass hooks sticking out from the shelves ran into the back of his head if he did. Add to these causes of disquietude that he was shivering in his nightgown, and Aunt Dorothea's awful voice was to be heard on the threshold of his disorderly room, and it is not difficult to imagine that Mr. Golightly felt very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Cribb stood with her back to the door of the china closet, with an air of firm determination to let no one approach within a yard of her master's place of concealment. Twice our hero tried softly to open the

door of his hiding-place the least bit in the world, just to enable him to breathe; but this action on his side was answered by a resolute bunt from the person of his gaoler on the other. He gave it up as hopeless; and crouched down among the pots and pans, to be slowly poisoned by the odours of decaying scraps of pickle and mouldy jam.

"When I do get out," he resolved to himself, "I'll make old Mrs. Cribb wash these pots and bottles, or turn them out."

"I don't believe the lazy fellow's up yet," said the voice of Mr. Pokyr.

Our hero could unfortunately hear only too plainly all that was going on.

"What a very nice part of the college Samuel's rooms are in," said a rather masculine voice.

It was Aunt Dorothea's.

"Oh, goodness, how *did* Fa miss them?" groaned Mr. Samuel, in the darkness of the china closet.

Then he heard a sweet, musical voice, the sound of which he loved to hear, saying, in reply to his aunt's remark—

"Really, quite beautiful! And look at his name up over the door!"

This was Miss Jekyll, he knew.

"What will she think when she sees the room? Hang it—it's too bad of Pokyr."

There was a rustle of silks, and the half-closed door of his room was pushed rudely open by Mr. Pokyr.

"Oh, what a horrid smell of tobacco!" said Miss Harriet.

"Samuel knows tobacco smoke always makes me feel faint," exclaimed Mrs. Golightly.

Sneek and Cribb stood making a dozen reverences, in their accustomed fashion.

Mr. Pokyr dashed into our hero's bedroom, crying—

"I'll wake him up."

But the bed was empty.

"And where is his father?" asked Mrs. Golightly.

"He's somewhere about," said Mr. Pokyr, observing our hero's clothes on a chair in his bed-room.

"Golightly," he called out; but of course there was no answering "Here."

"Oh, dear me, what a very disreputable appearance his room presents. Look, the door even is broken!" continued Miss Harriet, pointing to the bed-room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Golightly, not

knowing exactly whether to side with her son or not.

"Beg your pardon, ladies. Party last night," said Sneek.

"Mr. Golightly is always a most steady gentleman, ma'am," said Mrs. Cribb, addressing herself pointedly to Miss Harriet Golightly.

But there remained the inexorable logic of facts.

"I thought Samuel's habits were very different," exclaimed the last-mentioned lady, pointing about with her parasol.

"What do you mean, sister?" asked Miss Dorothea, sharply.

"I mean this room is a disgraceful scene, Dorothea. Look at all those packs of cards hastily tucked away, and look at the broken glasses!"

At this moment the Rector put his jovial face in at the door, exclaiming—

"Oh, you are here!"

And Mr. Pokyr discovered the whereabouts of the "landlord."

"Cribb," said he.

"Sir," said the bedmaker—while the gyp winked at least a thousand and one winks with his working eye, all intended for Mr. Pokyr.

"Golightly's in that closet."

"Nothink of the kind, sir—which it's full of his china and things," said Mrs. Cribb.

"In the china closet! Samuel in the china closet!" exclaimed all the ladies in a breath. "Why is Samuel in the china closet?"

"Come, show us your head, Golightly—we won't ask for anything more," said Mr. Pokyr, removing Mrs. Cribb from the door.

Thus adjured, our hero put out his head, and smiled very feebly, speedily popping it back again.

"Oh, Samuel, this is shocking!" said Miss Harriet. "We are quite—quite shocked."

The Rector and our hero's mamma waited nervously for the verdict of Miss Dorothea. They feared the worst consequences; but the spirit of the Normans, her ancestors, was strong in their daughter.

"Who is shocked, sister?" asked Miss Dorothea, in her most contradictory manner. "Speak for yourself, if you please."

"Well, sister, I'm sure—" the younger lady began, apologetically.

"I'm sure of one thing," said Miss Dorothea, tartly taking her up—"Samuel is a Tredsofte all over. I had no idea the

boy had half so much spirit. I hate a milk-sop; and, Har-riet, I love the smell of tobacco."

Miss Dorothea looked so warlike in her majesty, that nobody dared reply; but three persons in the room breathed freely again. The reversion to the dear old spinster's Consols was assured.

"Samuel, I'm proud of you," said the good lady, addressing herself to the crevice in the closet door—for our hero had prudently closed it again. "We shall wait breakfast for you at the hotel for half an hour. Brother, give me your arm. Mr. Pokyr, you will join us at breakfast, I hope."

And having thus spoken, Miss Dorothea sailed out of the room with the majesty of an empress, followed, at a respectful distance, by the rest of the party.

When they were gone, our hero made a rush from the china closet to his bed-room, and dressed himself in the highest possible glee. All had gone well.

"What a spirit Aunt Dorothea has!" he thought to himself more than once.

While Mr. Sneek pronounced her praises in the words—"Well, the old lady's a out-an-outer—she is."

The sun shone brightly on the party as they walked with Mr. Pokyr round the college, seeing, in turn, the library, the chapel, the bridge, and everything there was to be seen. Good temper soon reigned supreme again.

"I really must call on Mr. Bloke—not now, you know—but before I go away," said the Rector to Mr. Pokyr. "You must show me where his rooms are."

"All right!—close here," said Mr. Pokyr, vaulting lightly over some iron hurdles placed in front of the tutor's windows for the protection of the grass plots. "Those are his wind—"

But before Mr. Pokyr had time to say the word, an angry visage appeared at the open window. It was the tutor himself.

"Dear me, Mr. Pokyr, whenever I look out of my window I see you jumping those rails," said the irate don, who did not see the Rector's portly figure.

"And it is very curious, Mr. Bloke," said Mr. Pokyr, presuming on the situation, "that whenever I jump those rails I see you looking out of your window."

"Oh dear, dear, Mr. Golightly! I did not

see you. Your son told me you were coming up. Pray come in."

The Rector, having pointed to the ladies and introduced them, excused himself from paying a visit to Mr. Bloke on their account.

Presently they all sat down to breakfast, having been joined by Mr. Samuel, who, at Miss Dorothea's request, sat next to her.

After breakfast, they commenced to do the lions of the place; and during their stay, of nearly a week, they were constantly occupied in the same agreeable pursuit. They went every night down to Grassy, to the boat races; they visited the A.D.C., and accepted invitations to three dances and as many dinners.

It was when the college ball, which is an annual affair at St. Mary's, was being celebrated with great *éclat*, that our hero led Miss Jekyll out of the heated ball-room into the moonlight, softly falling on the cloistered court; and there, without half the hesitation that might have been expected of him, asked her that question which all men ought to ask once in their lives, and no man wishes to ask twice.

Her reply may easily be divined, when we say that our hero, as he walked back to the ball-room, after an absence of half an hour, with the beautiful girl on his arm, looked very proud and very happy.

"Now I know I shall get through my Degree Exam. all right," he said.

And he did.

THE END.

TABLE TALK.

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES in the Mediterranean have elicited some curious facts concerning the great lake which may be worth noting. The Mediterranean Sea consists of two distinct basins, which would seem to be entirely separated from each other by an elevation of the bottom to the amount of about 300 fathoms; and this would establish a continuity of land between Italy, Sicily, and the northern coast of Africa—whereby the eastern basin, which extends from Malta to the Levant, would be cut off from the western basin, which reaches from Malta to Gibraltar. And if this elevation were yet smaller, it would completely cut off the western basin from the Atlantic; for although the narrower part of the Strait of Gibraltar, near its eastern extremity, has a

depth exceeding 500 fathoms, there is a gradual shallowing, with increase of width, towards its western extremity; so that, when it opens out between Capes Trafalgar and Sparte, a considerable part of it has a depth of less than 100 fathoms, while its deepest channel does not exceed 200 fathoms. The depth of the western basin approaches 1,500 fathoms over a considerable part of its area, and sometimes more; while that of the eastern basin approaches 2,000 fathoms in many parts, and reaches 2,150. The effect of the ridge at the western extremity of the Strait of Gibraltar is to cut off direct communication between the deeper water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, only allowing a communication between their surface waters. On this fact turns another noteworthy point—namely, that of the difference between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, in regard to their respective proportions of salt; and it has been found that there is an excess of salinity in the water of the Mediterranean above that of the Atlantic.

THE SPRING IS BREAKING UPON US in good earnest at last, and the fields and lanes begin to grow inviting. Of late years, however, one "common object" of the country has almost disappeared, we mean the gipsy. Norwood, for instance, used to be famous for its swarthy, dark-eyed prophetesses, who, in winning accents, would beg to cross the hand of the passer-by with a sixpence, and divulge the decrees of the Fates. Since we never see them now, what has become of the gipsies? Have they disappeared altogether, like the lost ten tribes? or have they changed their traditional nature, and melted into the common stock of society? An ingenious article was once put forth by some learned ethnologist, that the "Egyptians"—as they are called in old books—were, after all, nothing more nor less than one of the lost tribes of Israel; but we are afraid that the conclusion arrived at was more romantic than sustainable.

BUT, TALKING OF GIPSIES, one of the most curious theories we ever remember to have heard advanced is, that John Bunyan, the immortal author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a gipsy. In "Grace Abounding," Bunyan says:—"For my descent it was, as is well known to many, of a low and considerable generation, my father's house being

of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." In another place he says:—"Another thought came into my mind, and that was, whether we"—his family and relations—"were of the Israelites or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, 'If I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy.' Now, again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last, I asked my father of it, who told me—no, we were not." From these passages, the idea has been started that, as John Bunyan was not a Jew, and as he belonged "to the meanest and most despised of all the families of the land," he could only be a gipsy. We all know that he was a tinker, an occupation very commonly followed by the gipsies. In fact, in Scotland, at the present day, it is very rare to hear these people called gipsies; they are always called "tinklers." Nevertheless, the fact of glorious John Bunyan having been a tinker is no conclusive evidence that he was a gipsy.

OUR ANCESTORS were very fond of sweet things. Hentzner, describing Queen Elizabeth, says—"Her lips were narrow, and her teeth black—a defect the English are subject to from their too great use of sugar." We think the same charge could hardly be laid to us now. Formerly, honey, and liquors made from it—such as mead—were great favourites. Even beer had no hops in it. We are afraid that the "sweet tooth" of our forefathers would scarcely have appreciated the present taste of youthful Britons for "bitters" and pale ale.

A CORRESPONDENT: Two curious specimens of hymnology appeared in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK. Here are two more:—

"O, take the pil-
O, take the pil-
O, take the pilgrim home!"

"O, catch my flee-
O, catch my flee-
O, catch my fleeting breath!"

These, I believe, owe their existence to the Society of Friends.

In our next Number will be commenced a short Novelette, in Ten Chapters, by Sir C. L. YOUNG, Bart.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 177.

May 20, 1871.

Price 2d.

PAST METROPOLITAN PAPERS.—

No. I.

THE "ANTI-JACOBIN"—THE "REPRESENTATIVE."

BY JAMES GRANT.



HE preparing for publication of some notes bearing upon the present state of the Newspaper Press renders it necessary, in order to understand the subject in all its bear-

ing, that I should take a retrospective view of some of those papers which, though they have ceased to exist, occupied, for a longer or shorter period, a prominent place in the journalism of their day. Devoting a certain portion of my space to political journals which at one time occupied greater or less prominence in the public eye, and which still possess a greater or less measure of historical interest, it would be an unpardonable omission were I to pass over in silence the *Anti-Jacobin* and *Weekly Examiner*. The idea, there can be no doubt, was that of George Canning, when he was a very young man—not more than twenty-seven years of age—and who, in his political views, was a decided, if not an ultra Tory. But, if the idea of starting the *Anti-Jacobin* was not exclusively his own, no one ever doubted that he was the most active in getting it brought out, and the master-spirit in its editorial management. A writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia" says that the *Anti-Jacobin* was commenced in 1798; but that is a mistake. It was commenced in November, 1797, and

closed in the year in which the "Penny Cyclopædia" represents it as having begun. It is not generally known, but the fact has been ascertained from some private correspondence with Mr. Canning, that the prospectus announcing the forthcoming weekly journal was from his pen. It was long and elaborate. It occupied no less space than nearly three pages of a large quarto size, considerably larger than the *Athenæum*. The price was sixpence.

The *Anti-Jacobin* was started for the avowed purpose of supporting the administration of William Pitt; and the course which it was deemed best to pursue with that view was to assail the Whigs—which was but another name for the Opposition—by every legally legitimate weapon on which its writers could lay their hands, especially in connection with the avowed prepossessions of the Whigs in favour of the French Revolution. One of the chief features of the *Anti-Jacobin* was, that three columns were set apart for giving contradictions and answers to the statements and arguments of the Opposition, under the three headings, "Lies," "Misrepresentations," "Mistakes." Under each of these heads, the matter was sometimes coarse in style, but always pungent; and, on opening the paper, that was often the part of it which first received the reader's perusal. This feature in the *Anti-Jacobin* was Canning's idea.

The editorship was, in the first instance, offered to Dr. Grant, a man noted for his learning and his abilities as a journalistic writer at that time; but he declined to accept the office, for reasons which were no doubt privately rendered to Mr. Canning, but which, so far as I am aware, never publicly transpired. The next gentleman who was asked to become the editor of the projected *Anti-Jacobin* was Mr. William Gifford. Mr. Gifford—rising from the humble position of a cobbler—had by this time obtained a high reputation as a satirist, chiefly grounded on his poem called "The Bæviad,"

published in 1794, which was succeeded in the following year by his poem of "The Mæviad," which unsparingly exposed and powerfully denounced the diversified vices which were at that time deplorably prevalent in the highest dramatic circles.

The department of the *Anti-Jacobin* headed "Lies," "Misrepresentations," "Mistakes," was distinctly understood at the time, and afterwards admitted, to be written by Mr. Gifford. And, from the way in which he acquitted himself in that department, a very good idea may be obtained of the venom and virulence which he displayed in dealing with his party antagonists. Probably a more malignant opponent was never met with. He would, if he could, hunt them to death—in the literary, not the literal, sense of the term. Nothing could be more truthful than the following lines, which occur in "An Epistle to the Editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*," and which were inserted in that journal in order to give Mr. Canning an opportunity of replying to them. The apostrophe is to William Gifford:—

"Hail, justly famous! who in modern days
With nobler flight aspire to higher praise.
Hail, justly famous! whose discerning eyes
At once detects 'Mistakes,' 'Mis-Statements,' 'Lies.'
Hail, justly famous! who with fancy blest
Use fiend-like virulence for sportive jest;
Who only bark to serve your private ends—
Patrons of Prejudice, Corruption's friends!
Who hurl your venom'd darts at well-earned fame:
Virtue your hate, and calumny your aim."

Just to give one or two samples of the bitterness—here called "fiend-like virulence"—with which Gifford habitually assailed those politically opposed to him, I quote a few of his sentences in speaking of such of his journalistic contemporaries as chanced to be in antagonism to him on the political questions of the day. "The task is left of flying in the face of truth to the *Courier*—a despicable print, equally unworthy of credit and notice." "That most contemptible farrago of fury and imbecility, the *Courier*." Speaking of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, and *Morning Herald*, Gifford says—"To put an end to this warfare among prints equally ignorant and equally presumptuous," &c. "Cannot the *Morning Post* avoid these unpleasant contradictions? A melancholy *lie*, beginning 'It is a fact,' is worth a thousand such sneaking recantations as these." "All we can do with such paragraphs as these is simply to notice them, leaving the fabricator" (*Morning Herald*) "to

the gratitude of Heaven, and the contempt and scorn of the country which he thus infamously insults and belies."

Though the author of "The Epistle to the Editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*" was not known at the time, it was afterwards ascertained that it proceeded from the pen of no other than William, Lord Melbourne. The extreme bitterness with which Mr. Gifford satirized those to whom he took a dislike led him, on one occasion, into an unpleasant personal collision with one whom he thus held up to ridicule and scorn. Dr. Walcot, the noted "Peter Pindar" of the close of last century, had been singled out as a fit subject on which to operate with his scalping-knife. The form which he adopted was by addressing to Dr. Walcot "An Epistle to Peter Pindar." Now "Peter Pindar," as all who are acquainted with the literature of the last quarter of the eighteenth century well know, was the greatest lampooner of his day. George III. and the Prince Regent were laughed at and satirized by him in every conceivable form of poetry. But it was, in Dr. Walcot's case, what we so often since then find in the case of others. Though a systematic lampooner of others, he could not bear to be held up to ridicule. Accordingly, instead of retorting with his pen, he had recourse to a cudgel; and seeing, while thus armed, Gifford entering the shop of the publisher of the *Anti-Jacobin*, in Piccadilly, he rushed in after him, and aimed a terrific blow at Gifford's head—which, but for the fortunate circumstance of a gentleman standing by and seizing the assailant's arm, might have proved fatal. Dr. Walcot was then thrust out of the publisher's shop into the street, where he was rolled in the mud, to the great delight of the crowd that had assembled.

Public sympathy in this case was universally with Gifford. "Peter Pindar," in a few days afterwards, published a poetic effusion, largely impregnated with his choicest venom, under the title of "A Cut at a Cobbler," in allusion to the fact that Gifford had in early life been a cobbler. It would have been better for him if, in the first instance, he had had recourse to the pen instead of the cudgel.

Mr. Gifford's accession to the editorship of the *Anti-Jacobin* was a great advantage to him in a social point of view, bringing him into personal contact with the leading men of the Tory party; and, before the lapse of

two years, he found himself in possession of Government sinecures, or comparatively so, which brought him in £900 a-year. But something better than even this—at least, so far as literary reputation and social position were concerned—was in store for Mr. Gifford. Several of the leading Tories of the day, under the leadership of Sir Walter Scott, had projected the starting of a “Quarterly Review,” in opposition to “The Edinburgh Review”—then a mighty political engine in the hands of the Whigs, and a signal commercial success. Mr. Gifford was appointed editor of the “Quarterly” on its commencement in 1808, and that appointment placed him in one of the highest literary and political positions in the land; while, at the same time, his monetary remuneration for the discharge of his editorial duties made a very material addition to his income.

Though the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, Mr. Gifford did not himself write much in the pages of that journal. Probably, the reason may have been that, instead of being in the position of having a paucity of talented contributors—a position in which many editors often find themselves placed—he was embarrassed by their number, and consequently allowed them to fill the pages of his journal. On his list of stated writers, there were the names of Lord Mornington, afterwards the Marquis of Anglesea, brother of the late Duke of Wellington; Lord Morpeth, afterwards Earl Carlisle; Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool; Mr. Pitt, at the time Prime Minister, whose writings were limited to finance; Mr. George Ellis, Mr. Frere, and Mr. Canning. These noblemen and gentlemen were generally known, from the first, to have been among the regular contributors to the *Anti-Jacobin*. But Mr. Andrews has supplied us with several additions to the list I have given; and as he tells us that he copied them from notes in the handwriting of Canning himself, which he had an opportunity of seeing, we cannot doubt the accuracy of the information thus given. The additional names are:—Mr. Addington; Mr. Briggess, afterwards Lord Bathurst; Mr. W. Nares, Mr. A. F. Westmacott, Mr. Southey, Mr. Hammond, and Baron Macdonald. But as Canning was, as I have said, the principal party in the projecting of the *Anti-Jacobin*, so he was the chief contributor to its pages, especially in poetry. The prose, it was confessed on all hands, was generally poor; but the poetry, as a rule, was excellent;

and that by Canning, with a few exceptions, was by far the best.

The *Anti-Jacobin* held no terms with the Whig leaders, and seemed to become more and more fierce in its conflicts with its foes with each succeeding number. The Opposition—being thus unceasingly and furiously assailed, and there appearing in the *Anti-Jacobin* very offensive personalities, especially in relation to the Dukes of Bedford and other Whig noblemen—became more uncompromising in their hostility to the Government of Pitt—who, finding that, on the whole, his administration was receiving injury instead of deriving benefit from the *Anti-Jacobin*, ordered it to be discontinued, after an existence of eight months. But many of the poetical pieces—a large proportion of them being from the pen of Mr. Canning—were so much admired, that, soon after the paper had been discontinued, a selection was made from them, and ran through four editions in as many years. Half a century thereafter—that is, in the year 1852—a fifth edition, tastefully got up, with illustrative notes, was published. I believe there is no parallel to the fact that a volume consisting solely of selections from poetical pieces, written on the spur of the moment, and relating to transactions and subjects which only possessed a passing interest, should be republished, in a superior style, more than fifty years after the transactions to which they related had ceased to interest the public; and after—so far as I know—every one of the writers, and every one of the parties referred to in the pungent poetic effusions of the *Anti-Jacobin* had been laid in his grave.

But this was not the only anti-Jacobin weekly periodical which has obtained a place—unimportant, indeed, but still a place—in the political literature of our land. In the year 1827—after the lapse of exactly thirty years—a second *Anti-Jacobin* was started. But, by the curious chances and changes which so often occur in this mutable world, instead of the second *Anti-Jacobin* being got up by Mr. Canning, it was got up expressly and avowedly for the purpose of running him down. He had abandoned the decided Toryism with which he commenced his political career, and became sufficiently Liberal to rally round him that year nearly all the Liberal members in the House of Commons—and the Liberal party, too, throughout the country. He was chosen,

alike by the Commons and the country to be Prime Minister in the room of Lord Liverpool, who had been attacked by an illness which wholly unfitted him for discharging the duties of First Minister of the Crown—or, indeed, any public duties at all. A terrible onslaught was made upon Mr. Canning on his elevation to the Premiership, led by the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and by Sir Robert Peel in the Commons. It was to co-operate with this combination, through the medium of the press, that this second *Anti-Jacobin* was started, though its leading contributors have never, I believe, transpired; and its editor was equally unknown.

The "Edinburgh Review" made a fearful onslaught on it; and I doubt whether—severe as the "Edinburgh" often was—it ever surpassed, in the crushing character of its criticism, what it said of this second *Anti-Jacobin*. The late William Cobbett was universally acknowledged to be the most consummate master of abuse which the present century—or, indeed, any century, or any country—has produced. He was alive at the time this article in the "Edinburgh Review" made its appearance; and must have felt, when he first read it, that he must at last have to encounter a rival near the throne of virulent vituperation. The new *Anti-Jacobin Review* had a very brief as well as sickly life. Indeed, it could hardly be said to have an existence at all. A few weeks saw it committed to the grave. The anticipations were thus verified of the "Edinburgh Review"—expressed on reading the second number—that if its notice of the publication should attract the attention of any reader, "and excite any curiosity respecting it, we"—the reviewers—"fear that an application to the booksellers will already be too late. Some tidings of it may, perhaps, be obtained from the trunk makers."

In the list of morning papers which belong to the past, there is one which, though its existence was but brief, is entitled to a few words of notice, were it only because its first and last editor was the present Mr. Disraeli. Its name was the *Representative*. It was started in the year 1825, by Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher, of Albemarle-street, and father of the present perhaps still more eminent publisher of the same name, in the same street. Mr. Murray had not only been a signally successful publisher of important books, but he was the

personal friend of a great number of the leading Tory noblemen and members of the House of Commons. He was also proprietor of the "Quarterly Review," which, at that time, was at the height alike of its reputation and its commercial success. He did not, therefore, see why a morning paper, conducted on what he called "sound constitutional principles," and earnestly and ably advocating those principles as embodied in Church and State, should not succeed. With these views, and under these auspices, the *Representative* was brought out, under the editorial auspices of Mr. Disraeli—then, though under thirty years of age, one of the most popular novelists of the day.

I am aware that it has been stated—as with an air of authority, and so recently as within the last two years—that Mr. Disraeli, though connected with the *Representative*, was not the editor. Some, indeed, confidently affirm that Mr. Justice Coleridge—who, though retired for some years from the judicial bench, still lives—was the actual editor of the *Representative*. All my information conducts to a contrary conclusion. Mr. Justice Coleridge was at that time simply a rising barrister. He was nothing more. His name was unknown in literature; and, therefore, it was not in the nature of things that Mr. Disraeli—who, young as he was, had attained to great literary eminence—would have submitted to act under Mr. Coleridge. It is quite true, that Mr. Coleridge contributed a good deal to the *Representative*; but he was not, strictly speaking, the editor. Mr. Disraeli was supreme at the *Representative* office so long as that journal lived.

The amount of salary which Mr. Disraeli received has not transpired; at least, it has never been mentioned in my hearing from a source on which I could rely. But this was well known at the time—that the offices were fitted up in a style of splendour which has had no parallel before or since in the annals of the newspaper press. The reception-room especially—the visitors to which were expected to belong mostly to the aristocracy—was furnished in gorgeous style. It might—I have been assured by those who were cognizant of the fact—have been, had any one been brought into it blindfolded, mistaken for the drawing-room of a duchess residing in Berkeley-square. It was expected that Mr. Disraeli would encourage Mr. Murray's aristocratic friends to make

frequent calls, by according to them a courteous reception; but Mr. Disraeli did not then—any more than he does now, or did at any intervening period of his history—enjoy anything like a remarkable reputation for affability of manners. But whether that was the cause, or whatever the cause may have been, the reception-room of the *Representative* was but little visited; and Mr. Murray's anticipations of the benefit which his new morning paper would derive from being talked about in the clubs and West-end circles, in connection with its magnificent apartments, were consequently disappointed. This led—it is confidently stated by those who ought to have possessed correct information on the subject—to a coolness, after a few weeks had elapsed, between the proprietor and the editor. Of course, the signal failure from the first of the *Representative*, both as a political organ and a commercial enterprise, was not calculated to bring about a better feeling. The paper never had a circulation, worthy the name; while its advertisements were few in number, and of an unprofitable class. Even Mr. Murray's brethren of the bibliopolic business—on whom he relied for a large number of advertisements of new books—even they grievously disappointed him. The reader will be prepared for the result. The *Representative* expired after a sickly and unhappy existence of six months.

Various statements have been made as to the extent of the loss which Mr. Murray sustained by this adventure. Some have gone so far as to say that, in round numbers, it was not less than £20,000; others have affirmed that it did not exceed £10,000. My own opinion, after hearing the various statements made on the subject, is, that the actual loss on the *Representative* was the medium sum between the maximum and minimum ones—that is, that the extent of Mr. Murray's loss on his paper was £15,000.

I know that many who are not acquainted with the expenses incident to the publication of a morning paper will feel it difficult to believe that so large an amount as £15,000 could be lost in so short a time. When I come to speak of the expenses of a morning journal, where the income is very small—"conducted," as the phrase is, "with spirit"—they will not find any difficulty in believing that Mr. Murray should have lost, in six months, the large sum of £15,000 on his *Representative*. Indeed, we have had, within

a few years, that conclusive proof which the Bankruptcy Court furnishes relative to the real facts of all the cases which come before it, that a much larger sum than £15,000 may be lost on a new morning paper in six months. The reader will remember the commencement and close of a morning paper called the *Day*, which was started, a few years ago, chiefly with the money advanced by Lord Grosvenor, Lord Elcho, and several of their friends. Its politics were to be of a medium kind—something between Liberalism on the one hand, and Conservatism on the other. The *Day* was a complete failure from the first. It had hardly any advertisements; and, though the price was only a penny, it had but a very small circulation. And this state of things existed so long as the paper lasted, which was only seven weeks; yet the losses incurred on the enterprise were not less than £9,000. This, it will be seen, was something like double the amount—or £30,000—of Mr. Murray's losses, due regard being had to the length of time the papers respectively existed. Of all gulfs ever heard of for swallowing up money, there are none so great as that of an unsuccessful morning paper.

It is generally believed that the *Representative* was the first journal with which Mr. Disraeli was connected. That is a mistake. Some two or three years before, when he had not much exceeded his majority, and while his "Vivian Grey"—his first work of fiction—had been but recently brought before the public, he had a small periodical of his own, partly political and partly literary. It was called the *Star Chamber*, which was an odd title to take, because it brought one back more than a century and a half, when the words conveyed the idea of everything that was despotic, cruel, and unjust. Mr. Disraeli's journal had none of these characteristics—unless they consisted in an unmerciful exposure and uncompromising denunciation of what he regarded as the follies and vices of fashionable society, mingled with unsparing severity in his notices of some of the leading works of the day. Cyrus Redding asserted, in one of his works, entitled "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Political," that he attacked most of the literary men and women of merit of the day. Mr. Cyrus Redding, who seemed to have no favourable feelings personally towards Mr. Disraeli, says that he gave a eulogistic review in this publication of his own book,

"Vivian Grey;" but he brings forward no evidence that substantiates his statement; and, without evidence, we are not called on to believe what he says. It is not at all improbable that, though "Vivian Grey" was reviewed with extravagant commendation in the *Star Chamber*, the review was written by some friend, who either may or may not have been acquainted with the authorship. The *Star Chamber* never excited the slightest interest, and, consequently, never had any circulation; nor is it probable that, if, instead of having been published anonymously, the authorship had been known, it would have been more successful, for Mr. Disraeli had no literary reputation at the time. It died, without making any sign, when it had reached the end of the second volume.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHARLES STANFIELD'S AWAKENING.

"AND you hate war, Miss Ellis?" said Charles Stanfield, as if he had been considering her speech ever since the time they had met. And, indeed, it had formed no small part of his meditations.

"I do."

"And everything connected with it?" he asked, wondering if she might take himself into consideration as a prominent part of the whole.

But Diana simply replied, laughingly—

"Guns, swords, drums, powder, fortifications, everything—yes, everything." And then she added, "But we will leave war alone for the present; and you must cast your eye over the lovely sweep of country before you. See how it stretches away to the south, dotted with villages; and here and there a windmill, or a gray tower, or slender spire. You must imagine the trees in all their summer foliage; the chestnuts with their plumes of white, and the last sun-rays shining over them, and almost blotting them out in a haze of gold. I do not think there is anything more beautiful than a sunset."

"Is there not?" asked Charles Stanfield. "Perhaps I do not agree with you."

"Ah! a sunrise, perhaps. I debated the point for a long time myself, and scarcely came to a conclusion. You prefer a sunrise, then?"

"I was not thinking of it."

And Charles Stanfield paused in the compliment he was about to pay, and wondered at himself—for it was a new language to him, and yet so easy to learn. Perhaps it was like the eloquence advocated by Faust, that wanted only honesty of heart and purpose to carry it home to the hearers. Certainly he had found that—

"Genuine feeling wants no arts
Of utterance, no toil of elocution."

No need for searching for words when one is in earnest, for do not the words come even as by inspiration?

Charles Stanfield and Diana had wandered along on the fine March morning, which seemed, as Diana said, to be made on purpose for her to show Broadmead in its early beauty. The frosty sharpness had gone out of the air, and there was no rough wind; and, though the sun shone brightly, it was not that cold, hard brightness that one often sees in the spring, but a mellow, softening light that gave a warmer tint to every object. They had crossed the meadows, visited the church, passed through the village street—where Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia, gazing from the windows of Brierley House, had marked their progress, and had observed to one another what a terrible flirt Di was. They wondered at Jasper's liking it. Such things would not have been permitted in their time; but then, of course, they had Rebecca to look after them. And then, as Miss Letty parenthetically remarked, "There were no young men at Broadmead in those days."

And Diana nodded gaily to them, unsuspecting of the comments they were making; and made her way to the Marshwood Beeches, where the first violets were already blowing, and, gathering a few of the finest, she gave them to her companion, who felt that he was receiving a royal token.

Through the beeches, still towards the west, and up an opposite slope; and there Diana paused on the slight eminence, below which the country rolled out its green and gold for many and many a mile.

"One ought to feel quite happy, and at peace with every one, on such a morning as this," said Diana. "Do you not feel so, Mr. Stanfield."

"Of course—with such a guide," he answered, involuntarily.

Diana turned quickly. She was about to protest for the second time against compli-

ments, but something in her companion's face made her pause. And then Signora Neri's warning and advice flashed into her mind, and Jasper's jesting insinuation. Had she been playing with a true heart? She had not intended it; but she began to feel remorseful; and she perceived, as she glanced at Charles Stanfield, that he looked very grave, and even somewhat agitated. And then the colour came into her face, and for a moment her cheeks were burning; and again Charles Stanfield misinterpreted the blush. His tongue was unloosed, and he spoke with sudden eloquence. The words were in his heart, and they sprang almost unconsciously to his lips, telling her of his love, his hope, his fear. It was all so unexpected, that Diana could not stop him. It was spoken—and then there came a pause.

And Diana, with her eyes fixed on the ground, felt, as it were, a great chill steal over her, and a heavy weight weighing her down. She tried to speak—she tried to raise her eyes, but in vain: her lips only quivered, and no sound issued from them.

They were standing on the very height where she and John Carteret, in those glorious summer days, had so often watched the sun go down—sometimes in royal purple and crimson, sometimes in the clear, gold-hued heavens, without a fleck of colour to mar its purity; but, in whatsoever guise it disappeared, still leaving the same farewell promise, teaching the same lesson for ever and ever to the world it left in darkness as it sank to its western grave—"I shall arise again."

Diana remained for a short time spell-bound; and then she raised her eyes, and looked straight into Charles Stanfield's face.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Stanfield. I had not the least idea—I did not know—I did not think that you would care for me."

And he read in her eyes, more than in her speech, an answer to his eloquent words—and not a favourable one. Yet he asked again—

"Is there no hope?"

"Mr. Stanfield," said Diana, clasping her hands tightly, as though it in some way steadied her voice to do so, "you must not care about me—and yet you must not think hardly of me, for I like you very much; and it grieves me to feel that I have made you think—that—"

"I do not blame you, Miss Ellis," interrupted Charles Stanfield. "Perhaps I should rather blame myself for having been so hasty; but I could not help it. I felt that I must come down to see you once more—and ask you if—" and here Charles Stanfield paused, and half turned away.

In Diana's pity for her companion, her own courage rose, and she went on with her interrupted speech.

"I have never been away from Broadmead, Mr. Stanfield, and I do not know what people do in the world; but it seemed so easy and pleasant to me to talk to you, and as if I almost had known you for years, through Captain Stanfield's being my godfather, that I did not think of anything else."

Charles Stanfield turned suddenly round, and, taking her hand, asked earnestly—

"Miss Ellis—Diana, could you not think of anything else? In time—perhaps a long time—but could it not bring me some hope?"

Diana did not withdraw her hand; but she looked up quietly, and said—

"I am engaged."

Charles Stanfield started—he half flung her hand away. Then village gossip was true for once. Why had he not had eyes to see? He might have known how hopeless his chance was—he might have been more ready to believe, though Dr. Crawford could not affirm it, the probability of her engagement after that evening at Miss Pycroft's.

"I thought most people knew it," said Diana, in an apologetic tone—"not formally exactly, but that they supposed it."

"I presume I heard a slight mention of what you allude to," returned Charles Stanfield, a little coldly; "but I attached no importance to it."

"Of course not—how should he?" reasoned Diana within herself, all at once remembering Captain Stanfield's report of Linthorp. And she felt the more deeply to blame, because she seemed to see how Charles Stanfield must have been misled by the little interest she had outwardly evinced respecting John Carteret.

They had turned back across the long slopes, and were walking through the line of wood again. But neither spoke. They reached the spot where Diana had gathered the violets; and there Charles Stanfield stopped, and, holding them out to her, he said—

"Perhaps you would rather I did not keep these, Miss Ellis?"

"They are not worth keeping, Mr. Stanfield," she answered. "I wish you would take something better from me, and give me something in return."

He looked up inquiringly.

"Will you give me your friendship in exchange for mine? The fastest friends sometimes are those who begin with a little misunderstanding; and I cannot afford to lose you, for your father's sake."

Friendship sounded a cold word to Charles Stanfield, after what he had so fondly hoped to gain; and there was a little stiffness in his tone as he replied—

"In any way that I can ever serve you, Miss Ellis, you may depend upon me."

"That will not do," said Diana. "I want more than that: that is but charity, scantily doled out."

"It is all I can promise at present," was the reply.

And again Diana reproached herself for her want of clear-sightedness. Surely, with Signora Neri's warning sounding in her ears, she might have been wiser. It was too late now, and she gave a sigh.

"Do not pity me, Miss Ellis," said Charles Stanfield. "I have not asked for that."

"I was not pitying you," said Diana, sorrowfully—"it was myself I was thinking of. It is so much easier to forgive others than one's self."

"What do you mean?" he asked, a little abruptly.

"I do not quite know. I seem to wish that I were you instead of myself. Yet, perhaps that is selfish, for I feel very unhappy."

"You must not feel unhappy on my account," he said, more gently, for there was something soothing to him in her evident distress; and—in spite of the demolition of the fairy castle he had been building up—he felt none of the mortification that men usually feel in such cases, and which is, perhaps, oftentimes the sorest point in their disappointment.

"You have a bright future before you," he continued—"full of joy and happiness; and, when I get a little accustomed to its brightness, then the friendship time you speak of may come. I hope it will."

"It must—it will!" said Diana, warmly. "I can be satisfied with nothing else. I am

not so rich in friends, Mr. Stanfield, that I can give up one."

"I think you need never want for friends, Miss Ellis. You appear to be surrounded by them."

Diana shook her head.

"One does not know; one cannot tell until one is in actual want of them."

"I trust that time will never come," said Charles Stanfield. "But, if it should, will you remember me?"

"I will."

Charles Stanfield was surprised to find himself talking so calmly after his fervent outburst; surprised to find that, though his hopes had been crushed, he did not feel annoyed or embarrassed. He had somehow grown older in the last half-hour. The world had opened out before him, and he had gained something that he should not lightly lose. Perhaps his first love had been, after all, something of a half-sentiment, since he felt so strangely calm and quiet. And yet he knew it would be a great relief when he should get away from Broadmead.

They walked on until they came in sight of the gates of the Manor House.

"Good-bye, Miss Ellis," he said. "I shall leave for town by the afternoon train."

Diana said good-bye, and hastened homeward, hoping to enter the house unobserved. But in the hall she met Jasper, who asked where Mr. Stanfield was.

"He is not coming," she answered—but her voice trembled so that Jasper, in some surprise, looked more keenly at her, and perceived the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter, Di?" he asked. But he received no answer, saving what her face revealed, as she sprang past him, and fled to her own room.

Jasper stood for a moment bewildered, as the truth dawned upon him, and his heart sank within him—for what mischief might not be done if, in her answer, Diana should in any way have acknowledged her engagement to John Carteret? Why had he not foreseen the reason of Mr. Stanfield's unexpected reappearance at Broadmead? Again he might be thrown back in the plans which he was endeavouring skilfully to restore to order.

Yet he need have been under no apprehensions, so far as Charles Stanfield was concerned. For Mr. Stanfield, journeying up to London, was meditating upon Jasper Seaton as his successful rival.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOUBTING.

JOHN CARTERET travelled down to Linthorp with Miss Pycroft. He was a little abstracted; and when Miss Pycroft came to observe him by daylight, she thought that he was looking paler than he did at Broadmead; also he looked careworn and anxious. She had been too much occupied and excited on the previous evening to pay much attention to him, or to give much heed to the questions he asked her; indeed, on the whole, it appeared to her as though he did not take much interest in Broadmead affairs, and none at all in the Manor House people, since he had made no inquiries either after the Seatons or Diana. To-day he seemed still less inclined for conversation; and Miss Pycroft, after mentally arranging the heads of a letter she proposed writing upon the meeting at Comminster, allowed her mind to stray back to the afternoon upon which she had taken chocolate at the Neris, and to set that down as the epoch at which any flirtation that might have existed between John Carteret and Diana began to descend from its culminating point, ending—as such youthful follies generally do—in nothing; whilst Diana's more sober manner of late she attributed to the influence of her probable engagement to a man some ten or twelve years older than herself. John Carteret's somewhat absent manner she connected with the rumours she had heard of his attentions to Miss Wardlaw. "And doubtless," she concluded, "he does not feel himself in a position to make an offer, and fears lest some one else may step in. Very natural. I must keep my eyes open, and do what I can for Mr. Carteret—he's a deserving young man, and has certainly been very civil to me. I must hear him preach, and see if he is sound in his views. Di would have made a poor wife for a clergyman. I am glad it is all as it is."

Such were the views which Miss Pycroft allowed to settle into convictions in her mind; and then she closed her eyes, and soon began to nod gently—for her slumbers had been but short, she having talked far into the night, or rather into the morning, with her friend, and having risen early in order to catch the train for Linthorp by which John Carteret was returning.

John Carteret's thoughts were in a more perturbed state than those of Miss Pycroft. Perhaps he ought to have had sufficient faith in Diana to keep all doubts away; but then, he had two arguments to combat against—the one, his own knowledge of the high esteem in which Diana held Jasper Seaton; the other, the warning that Mrs. Seaton had given him. And to back these two arguments came Miss Pycroft's later testimony—and Miss Pycroft had always a good idea of what was going on in Broadmead, and of the views that were current there. And John Carteret could not but feel that there was danger of Diana's being unconsciously drawn nearer and nearer to one whom she was so constantly with. And, like Miss Pycroft, he closed his eyes; but the future that now played out its drama before him was not so unclouded as the future he had seen shadowed forth ere the sober realities of life had dawned upon him; and again he asked himself, as he had more than once done before—Had he done right? Diana had seen so little of the world.

In due time, Linthorp was reached; Miss Pycroft and her packages were duly deposited at Belvidere-terrace, and John Carteret was seated in his little room overlooking the quay.

"One hundred and twenty a-year, and no further prospect for some time," quoth John Carteret to himself, taking at the same time a survey of his apartment—a low, long, comfortable room, with two narrow windows, well-dusted brown moreen curtains, and well-rubbed furniture—too old-fashioned to be in accordance with modern requirements, and yet not old-fashioned enough to have an appearance of antiquity about them. The general air of the room might be said to be highly respectable, but that was its highest praise; and respectability, one knows, often carries an atmosphere of stiffness and thriftiness with it that does not savour of the luxurious or the artistic. Lodgings! And *her* rooms were so beautiful! And John Carteret paused in his moralizing, and took a flying inventory of Madame de Mouline's renovated apartments.

Then he continued his meditations. The room was a room in which a man pursuing a duty in life, and seeking higher aims than worldly prosperity, might be content, even thankful. But then, one is thankful for much in this life that has neither beauty

nor luxury about it. If he were going to be alone, it would be well enough.

And he drew his chair close up to the fire, and put his feet upon the fender. It was the time, the place, the attitude for a reverie. The mist was gathering outside, so that none who had not urgent business to attend to would think of stirring abroad; the tide was coming in with a low, moaning murmur, dull and heavy—for there was no wind to stir it into boisterous activity.

And John Carteret's thoughts resolved themselves into something like the following propositions:—

“Ought a poor man to marry? Most curates are poor. Ministers of all denominations are, taking them in the aggregate, poor. Carlyle says, ‘Work, work!’ In the ministry, a man may work for ever, and get no proportionate pay. In fact, the hardest workers are often those with the smallest salaries. The ministry is not a paying profession. Is it right that ministers should be thus poor? Ought they not to be guaranteed above the sordid cares of life, since their teachings are reputed the most valuable in the world? Is it possible for a man to do his duty as a spiritual teacher if he is overwhelmed by temporal troubles? The world condemns him if he strives after the loaves and fishes—yet is he so much to blame? If everything on earth goes wrong, does it necessarily fit him for Heaven?”

Then he tacked round on the other side of the argument.

“Perhaps those who have the most to bear preach the best, because they preach with the experience of half their congregations. Perhaps those who have the greatest lack of earthly treasure understand best the lesson of the widow's mite, since all they give is given of their poverty, with self-denial, whilst the rich man stints himself of no necessity, nor even luxury, to enable him to give liberally and handsomely. Perhaps the poor man is nighest Heaven because he has the fewest inducements to chain his soul to earth.

“For and against,” quoth John Carteret. “I have chosen the path, and must take it with the ‘for.’ What says the Word? ‘He that loveth his life for my sake, shall find it.’ Find it—where? Not on the earth. Higher—higher—whither he must lead the lives of those around. Diana!”

And then came to him the memory of Diana's words, and her striving, struggling,

fluttering to spread her soul's wings, and mount upward.

“What must he do? Should he unclasp his hold, and let the dove find refuge in another nest, more suited to her bringing up? Why should he transplant her to a harder soil, where she might faint and languish through keeping her faith to him? And yet, if her life had been in a measure committed to his keeping, was he not accountable for it? Through him had the awakening come: might it not be his to strengthen it—to keep it alive? Love, duty, right, wrong—how was he to discern between them? how know what was for the best? Anything for her sake, at whatever cost it might be to himself, he was willing to do.”

Before John Carteret entered on his work, he scarcely understood how hopeless was the prospect before him. With little chance of preferment in the Church, he should probably remain for years in his present position; and the hope that had lighted up the future, as he had at first regarded it, was dying away, and had not sufficient power to annihilate its darkness now, or even to disperse the gloom that Miss Pyecroft's communings had cast around him.

He opened his desk, and took from it Diana's last letter. It was but a short one, and Jasper's name did not occur in it. He read it over several times, until he thought he observed an air of constraint about it. Diana had been in the habit of telling him all that Jasper had done for her, and of how his lameness was progressing; and suddenly, in this letter, she had ceased to speak of him, and evidently avoided the subject.

And so John Carteret's musings brought him no satisfaction; but yet he did not cease to muse, and ingeniously—as is the wont of lovers—invented a thousand tortures for himself which he was not able to alleviate.

Nay, but John Carteret should have been stronger—should have cast aside all fears, and have thrown doubt to the winds. Yet stronger men than he, and older ones, with more worldly wisdom, have in their day had vacillations.

“There's a sailor's wife come to ask if you will go and see her husband, sir,” said the landlady, entering the room after a preliminary knock. “She's pinched with cold, and looks half-starved.”

John Carteret started up.

“The poor ye have always!”—the words sounded in his ears.

There was work for him—a path that he need not doubt about; and he went forth into the misty evening.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

“**H**OLA!—there. Hi! It is forbidden to walk there. Hi! Leave the iron road—leave it, I say.”

And a short, stout man, wearing a blue blouse, and a brass badge upon his left arm, hurried between the lines of rails after the figure of a man in front, who apparently took no heed of the cries behind him.

It was a dull, still evening. There had been a broiling sun all day, and the evening had brought no refreshing dews to the parched and thirsty ground; and the yellow gravel and gray iron rails still gave out their accumulated heat, and spoke silently of the dusty miseries of long railway journeys. And the sand seemed to lie about in lurking repose, waiting for the hissing and whirlwind of the swift black serpent with red eyes to fly into the air, and prey upon the hot and wearied passengers travelling in search of health or excitement at the springs or gambling tables of Baden.

“Hola—there! Hi!”

By this time, the man in the blouse was close behind the figure he was in pursuit of; and, at the last exclamation, this figure paused, and looked back.

“You must not walk here. It is forbidden by penalty. Don’t you know how dangerous it is?”

“Dangerous? Well, perhaps it is. I don’t mind that.”

“But I do. I am responsible for this. Come—you must leave the road directly.”

“Very well—don’t distress yourself, my friend; and don’t be unnecessarily excited.”

“Excited!” returned the man in the blouse, somewhat angrily. “Yes—yes. But not once, nor twice only, have persons been found dead—killed by a passing train—along this line. And who gets the blame? The tables? No, truly. The express will be here in five minutes. Come, leave the lines, or I shall remove you.”

“You would find that difficult, if I had a mind to stay,” returned the other, grimly.

“However, I have no desire either to be

killed by a passing train, or to get you into trouble. Therefore, I will do as you desire.”

And the speaker stepped aside on to the embankment.

“That’s right. Ah, these cursed tables! This red and black! This wretched little ball running round the fatal circle! You would not be the first, Herr, that has laid his neck in his despair upon this cold iron, and waited for the rushing wheel.”

“Don’t mistake me, my excellent friend. I am sufficiently aware of the inestimable value of my life—to myself, at all events. I am walking here because this road is not so thronged as others are at this golden season. I came here in search of solitude for a little. And you deny it me.”

“It is my duty. It is forbidden under penalties. And I ought to demand your name and address.”

“Duty is not always incompatible with self-advancement,” returned the other, coolly. “See you, drink my health with this, when your stern duty is released; and show me the next shortest way back to Baden, if I may not retrace my steps.”

The chink of money in the hand of the bloused official entirely soothed the righteous indignation that remained in him; and in a few words he pointed to the dusty high road a few hundred yards distant, dimly discernible in the uncertain light.

“Thank you, friend. That will do. You need not fear my reappearance between the rails when the express comes up, I assure you. Make your mind easy. Good night.”

The guardian of the iron road was quite aware that he had been speaking to a foreigner, from the slight accent that was perceptible in the German spoken; but he had been unable to distinguish the features. Had there been more light, he would have seen a tolerably handsome face, large dark eyes, and thick black hair. As it was, he could only discern a straight nose and white cheeks—all the whiter for the black moustache that clothed the upper lip. He watched the stranger for some time, and saw him hurrying—a dark, cloaked shadow—along the dusty high road which led to Baden.

“All very well,” muttered the *weg-mäister*, or whatever might be his proper distinction from the common herd—“all very well; but I only just came up in time to help

you change the mind with which you started along this road, Herr Englisher. 'There you go back, to see if fortune has yet another smile for you. Bah!—any smile is better than the crashing jaw of this black monster."

And, as he spoke—with a snort, and a shriek, and a crunching growl—the express came up, and passed him, bearing its human freight to the kisses of the sirens of roulette, and red and black.

The Herr Englisher strode rapidly along the high road, busy with his thoughts. It was not long before he saw the lights of the town close in front of him; then he paused, and looked back wistfully at the railway lines.

"Why not?" he muttered, drearily. "Why should there not have been such an intention in my mind as that fellow thought there was? Is life so very sweet to me, that I should start at the idea of parting with it? What is there in my hand-to-mouth existence that can possess the slightest charm? Why not end it all? The man was right in his suspicions. I *have* lost—though not at those infernal tables!—lost, where I made sure that I should win through my superior cunning. And I have met my match—and, what is more, I feel convinced that he has found me out! And I owe ten thousand francs! Where the devil am I to raise such a sum as that?"

With an oath, he turned again towards the town; and then the sounds of distant music caught his ear, and he paused again.

"O, you fools!" he exclaimed, raising his right hand. "O, you fools and idiots, who with wealth and health come to this wretched place, and stake your very acres on the turn of a card—what would you do if you were in my position? Break stones upon the road, or beg your bread from door to door, I suppose. Ah!" he continued, in a calmer tone, "perhaps I am answered. Your wealth does not seem to bring you more happiness than my poverty and hopelessness bring me. Is there anything else worth living for, then, beyond money and the luxuries it can purchase? Pshaw! I'm moralizing like a native professor;—and that notion suggests tobacco."

Whereupon, he lit a cigar, and before long was mingling with the crowd in the Kursaal Gardens.

All nations and tongues were represented there: the same sort of people that had

been there last year, and the year before, and for many years before that; and will continue to go there till public banks of the Baden description cease to be. "And what will become of us all then?" thought the Englishman as he sauntered along a path that led to the brilliantly lighted restaurant. "Where are such as I to go to then? Ah! we needn't fear much. The devil is not at his wits' end yet."

Among the numerous groups sitting at the little round tables, refreshing themselves in their several manners, was one of three gentlemen, who were drinking *café noir* and were smoking, and one of them was talking rather loudly; and when our moralizing Englishman heard the sound of that voice he paused, and seemed uncertain whether he should advance or retire. One glance at the table determined him. He caught the eye of the speaker, who instantly recognized him, and it was too late to retreat.

"Here is the very man we were speaking of," said he at the table. "Why, Wade, we have missed you from your accustomed haunts all day. Absent from breakfast—absent from dinner—not to be found in the reading or billiard rooms, and nowhere near the croupier—we were really getting alarmed for your health. The Count here suggested urgent private affairs, but I knew better than that. 'He'll not go till he has had his revenge on me!' I told them all."

There was a tone of irony in this speech that brought an unpleasant look into Wade's bright dark eyes; but it passed in an instant, and he replied, smiling—

"You are quite right, Brydon. You may depend upon it, I shall not let you off."

"A threat! You hear?" cried Brydon, with a loud laugh, turning to his companions. "Didn't I say Wade was not afraid of cards, though he did get the worst of it last night? We Englishmen never know when we are beaten, Count. When shall it be, Wade? I am always ready."

"Well, not to-night, I think," said Wade, pleasantly. "You gave me enough of it last night, and I must come fresh to the contest with such a keen spirit."

"To-morrow night, then, it must be. The morning after, I am bound for England, *en route* for South America. My berth is taken, and I must go back straight. So you must try all you know between dusk and sunrise, Master Wade, if you want to cancel that little debt."

There was no mistaking the mocking sneer this time; and Brydon's companions looked uneasily at Wade, as if they expected him to say something angrily. Wade, however, merely said—

"To-morrow night, then."

And slightly lifting his hat, a courtesy which Brydon scrupulously returned, he passed on.

"That good gentleman never made such a mistake at Baden before, I'll swear," said Brydon to the other two. "He learned that I was Matthew Brydon, of Bartry Hall, in Yorkshire. I accidentally discovered that he had been making inquiries about me, and he thought I was a pigeon ready for plucking. I drew him on, and last night—or rather, I should say, early this morning—he found out his trifling error; and beneath the pigeon's plumage he felt, to his astonishment, the vulture's claw."

Wade—with the bitter feeling that some such remarks were probably being made about him, and that they were not altogether incorrect—pursued his way, hardly knowing why, to the great *salon*; and, standing at the open doors, gazed upon the seemingly gay and unquestionably bright assembly.

To an observant eye, some of the laughing faces bore lines of care and anxiety that nothing could smooth. Some had complexions that seemed not to have shunned the assistance of art; some of the costumes, too, were a little tarnished, on closer inspection, and reminded him of the spangles and tinsel of the stage. But Wade was used to all this; indeed, he had lived in its midst too long, and was not unconscious that there was something of the same effect about himself, to mind much about it. Still, as he leaned against the wall with folded arms, and gazed upon the scene, the brilliant lights, the false jewellery, and the borrowed complexions faded away, and his thoughts wandered to the lonely line of railway—the voice that bade him leave the forbidden track—the dark suspicions as to his reason for being there, that prompted the official in the blouse to talk of the cursed tables.

"And this is what I live for!" he muttered.

At that moment a Frenchman, close beside him, said to his companion, loud enough for Wade to overhear him—

"There she is—the great English heiress! Look, Julian. Wealth and beauty for an

empress! Ah! *par exemple*, some one will be a lucky man some day."

Wade naturally looked in the direction indicated by the Frenchman, and the face and figure that his eyes rested on made him at once comprehend the enthusiasm of the young Parisian.

A golden-haired girl, of some eighteen or twenty years of age, tall, and of a figure that was perfection in Wade's eyes, was walking down the room, accompanied by an elderly lady. An Englishman—whom Wade knew as an *habitué*, at home, of racecourses and Brighton and London; and abroad, of watering-places—rose from his seat and joined them, and the three passed out into the garden.

"Ah! there is something worth living for, after all," muttered Wade, as he slowly followed them.

He found them sitting at a small table, at some little distance from the general crowd, and he heard the gentleman order the inevitable coffee. There was another unoccupied table close by, and at this he seated himself. The lights from the *salle d'assemblée* shone upon the fair English face, while his own remained in shadow; and thus, unobserved, he feasted his eyes upon a beauty, the equal of which he thought he had never seen.

"And so, Miss Prestoun, you and Lady Dobcross are actually going to leave Baden to-morrow. Now, think better of it, do. Don't."

"Which do you mean, Mr. Stalker," said the younger lady, who had been addressed as Miss Prestoun—"do or don't?"

"Satirical as ever!" exclaimed Mr. Stalker. "Don't, of course. You only arrived last night, and have not given this charming place a chance of amusing you."

"We have seen quite as much as we want—haven't we, dear Lady Dobcross? I think the place is perfectly insufferable. What with the heat, and dust, and queer-looking people, I am quite disgusted with Baden."

"It is hot, and it is dusty, and some of the people look—as you expressively call them, Margaret—queer," assented Lady Dobcross. "Still, there is justice in what Mr. Stalker says. It may be cooler, and they may or may not use watering-carts; and as to queer people, you forget, my dear, that there are some illustrious personages here—crowned heads, in point of fact."

"Then I think they had much better stay at home, and look after their people. I dare say they are wretchedly badly governed. Don't you think so, Mr. Stalker?"

"Oh, quite so. I have no doubt about it," readily replied that gentleman. "I don't pretend to bother myself much about foreign politics; but I believe they have a crisis once a week, and, on an average, a gentle revolution every month or so."

"How very shocking!" exclaimed Lady Dobcross, in pious horror. "What a comfort it is that we belong to a constitutional country."

"So long as one is not obliged to live in it all the year round," said Miss Prestoun.

"Now, it is odd to hear *you* making that remark," exclaimed Mr. Stalker. "Very odd. If I were Miss Prestoun, or owned a place like Estcourt, I should never want to go beyond my stable yard. Why, I'd have stables such as would make every sporting man sob with envy. I would indeed, Lady Dobcross."

"And wouldn't you leave them even for Baden, occasionally?" asked Miss Prestoun.

"Baden! No—nor any other place in Europe."

"What—not for the sake of the races?"

"Ah—well, yes. Business is business, after all."

And then the voluble Mr. Stalker—voluble, that is, upon one single subject among the thousand that have, or ought to have, an interest for all mankind alike—was proceeding to describe the stud he would have, the patent arrangements about his stalls and loose boxes, the character of his stud groom, and the Derbies he would win, when his flow of conversation—which, in a dreary way, amused Miss Prestoun, and set Lady Dobcross off nodding—was interrupted by Mr. Brydon sauntering up to their table. A heavy scowl passed over Wade's face as he saw his creditor approach, and he drew back a little more into the shade. But he was conscious that Brydon's quick eye had wandered over him, and recognized him at once.

"Good evening, Miss Prestoun," said Brydon, carelessly lifting his hat. "You have not forgotten me, I hope. Near neighbours at home, like ourselves, ought not to forget each other."

Miss Prestoun and Lady Dobcross both looked up inquiringly. Stalker came to the rescue.

"It's Mr. Brydon," he said. "Matthew Brydon, of Bartry. Surely, I needn't introduce him?"

"Oh, of course not," said Miss Prestoun. "How do you do, Mr. Brydon? I did not recognize you at first; for, though we are such near neighbours in Yorkshire, you must admit that you are not very often at home."

"It is sadly true. I am painfully aware that I am negligent in fulfilling the legitimate duties of the British squire. I have tried to be the country gentleman, but I can't do it. I always was a nomad; but I suppose I shall settle down to pigs and poultry, and turnips and cattle, some day; and find profitable amusement in studying the fluctuations of the corn market, and in pursuing, with many dogs and more men, that horrid little beast, the fox."

"You are positively blasphemous, Brydon—you are, indeed," remonstrated Stalker.

"Ah, Stalker! we haven't all of us got your simple faith, you know. It isn't given to everybody to worship horses. Going to make any stay here, Miss Prestoun?"

"No, indeed; neither Lady Dobcross nor myself like this place. We are going away to-morrow."

Going away!—yes, she had said that before—but in which direction? Will she state that plainly? And Wade listened attentively as he sipped his coffee. Stalker, however, prolonged his suspense by interrupting the question that was on Brydon's lips, and asking—

"By the bye, what has become of that young brother of yours, Brydon? I saw him ride a steeplechase last year; and, by George, he rides so well, that he is a lightweight one ought to keep one's eye on."

Was Wade mistaken? Was there an almost imperceptible movement on Miss Prestoun's part at the mention of this brother—a sudden light in the cold gray eyes, and a compression of the little lips? Or was he misled by fancy and the shadows of the uncertain light?

"What, Edmund? Upon my word, you must think my fraternal affection very slender—but, candidly, I haven't the slightest idea where he is. I imagine he is wandering about in search of the picturesque, as usual. He has gone in for art, I believe; and, consequently, wastes his health in studies, and his money in paint."

"Ah! I am sorry for that," said Stalker, anxiously. "He will lose his nerve, you

know, and mistake his fences. Dear me—it's a great pity!"

"No doubt. He might just as well take his chance of breaking his neck, as spoiling his wings and eyesight over a daubed canvas and a paint pot. You are going on to Switzerland, like everybody else, I suppose, Miss Prestoun?"

"Yes, to a little place called Schwartzbad—which, from what I have heard of it, I fancy I should like."

Having heard this, Wade, almost involuntarily, moved his chair, and Brydon looked sharply at him.

"Is that you, Wade? I thought it was. You don't know my friend, Mr. Wade, Miss Prestoun? Let me present him to you. He knows Baden well, and can show you every object of interest, from the tables upwards—or downwards."

Wade rose hastily, and Brydon continued—

"Mr. Vipan Wade—Miss Prestoun."

The acknowledgment on the lady's part was of the slightest degree imaginable. Wade's was not of the warmest.

"A nomad like myself," pursued Brydon, with a slight smile, which an acute observer might have pronounced malicious—"travelling in search of pleasure."

"Mr. Brydon is quite right," said Wade, in a low voice. "I have certainly been more than once in Baden and its neighbourhood; and if my experience can be of any use to Miss Prestoun, it is at her service."

He had a singularly sweet and pleasant voice, this Wade, when he chose to use such tones; and the heiress, in spite of herself, could not help for a moment looking up at the calm, pale, handsome face.

"You are very kind," said Miss Prestoun, coldly. "But we shall not trespass upon you. It is quite settled that we leave this place to-morrow."

"And so do I," exclaimed Mr. Stalker. "I have waited here for Grasmere for a week, and he has not turned up yet. You know Lord Grasmere, Brydon, of course?"

"I regret to say that I have never even heard of him. But never mind that. It really is too bad of him not to be punctual with a man like you, Stalker, whose time is so precious."

"Precious? I should think so!" retorted Mr. Stalker, who noticed nothing of the ironical tone, which made Miss Prestoun

smile. "I am missing no end of things in my native land. But I promised Grasmere that I'd do an Italian lake or two, and a little Switzerland, this summer; and I can't break my promise, you know."

At this moment, the Count, in whose company Wade had already seen Brydon, came softly up, and touched Brydon on the shoulder, and whispered to him.

"Ah, true, my dear Count; I had forgotten for the moment. I will detain you no longer," said Brydon. "You are really going to-morrow morning, Miss Prestoun? Then I fear I must say good-bye."

"You will be at Bartry in the winter, I suppose?" asked Miss Prestoun.

"This next winter? Hardly. I am bound for a ramble in South America, and hope to spend my merry Christmas in a tropical climate. By-bye, Stalker. Keep on backing the right horses, old fellow. I shall see *you* again, Wade."

He took the Count's arm, and they sauntered away.

Lady Dobcross had been fidgeting with her shawl for some time, and had given more than one perceptible shiver; and now plainly suggested that, in her opinion, a May evening at Baden was rather damp than otherwise; and the gist of her further remarks was, that at ten p.m. there was no place like bed. Whereupon she, Miss Prestoun, and Stalker, rose—after the latter, like a gallant gentleman, had paid the trifling bill; and leaving the Kursaal Gardens, they proceeded towards the hotel. As it happened, Lady Dobcross, who apparently felt that she had not lately had her fair share of conversation, discoursed Mr. Stalker volubly as to the German character; and Wade found himself beside the heiress.

But he, who generally never was at a loss for plenty to say, in whatever society he might find himself—and he was tolerably well acquainted with its various stages—was strangely silent now. All his usual conversational powers seemed to have entirely deserted him, and he could not get beyond the most ordinary and commonplace remarks.

"What a fool she must think me!" he groaned inwardly, when they arrived at the hotel door.

Miss Prestoun, however, had not passed such violent criticism upon him as he imagined. In fact, she scarcely thought about him at all. Mr. Wade, or whatever his

name was, had been introduced to her as a passing acquaintance, and that was quite enough; and half an hour after she had said "Good night" to him, she had forgotten all about him.

Wade hastily declined Mr. Stalker's hospitable invitation to come in and have a drink of some sort, and walked hurriedly away from the hotel. He had not gone above a few hundred yards when he slackened his pace, and turned back again. The spell was broken. O, to have the chance over again! What an idiot he had been! He knew how to please women better than most men, and yet he had suffered his tongue to be tied, it seemed.

Which of all those brilliantly lighted rooms was hers? Should he go in to the hotel, and find out Stalker, in the hope that, under the cover of some excuse—he was ready to invent a dozen—he might find an entrance into Miss Prestoun's sitting-room? Pshaw!—what nonsense! She had probably retired for the night; and, after all, was she not going away with her duenna the first thing in the morning, and what chance had he of meeting her again? Ah—what chance! They were going to Switzerland. He knew the country well. Why should he not leave Baden to-morrow also? There was only one engagement to keep him. He had promised to meet Brydon the next evening, when he must either pay the ten thousand francs, or win them back again. But to pay was simply impossible; to win them back—humph! Brydon was no pigeon, and he was the cunningest hand at *écarté* Wade had ever met.

To pay—to play again—or— The third alternative was uppermost in Wade's mind as he now walked quickly back to his hotel; and when he was in his room, he did not take long in resolving what course to pursue, especially as an unopened letter was lying on his table. Before breaking the seal, he rang the bell; and when the waiter answered the summons, he found Monsieur Wade reading a brief epistle, in an apparent state of great agitation.

"At what time does the first train leave Baden in the morning?" asked Wade, in French. "I find I must leave unexpectedly for Paris."

There was a train as early as five, the waiter told him.

"Good. That will do. Is the hotel bureau closed yet?"

No—the bureau was still open.

"Then let me have my bill at once. Add to-morrow morning's breakfast, and the price of a carriage to the station, and give the necessary instructions for me to be called in good time."

When the waiter had gone, Wade opened his despatch box, and looked at his store of ready money. As far as the public tables were concerned, he felt that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his visit to Baden. He was a proverbially lucky man in games of chance, and he was a cautious gambler. Indeed, he had but little of the real gambler in him: he always played to win, and cared nothing for the excitement. As he regarded the pile of notes and gold, his disinclination to sink it all in favour of Brydon strengthened. No—Brydon, in common with several other creditors, would have to wait.

"Perhaps," thought Wade, "when he returns from South America, we shall have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance; and it will then, I have no doubt, give me great pleasure to discharge my little debt."

His bill was brought to him. He discharged it generously, and then went to bed at peace with all the world. When Matthew Brydon came down to breakfast, somewhere about noon the next day, many a long mile stretched between him and Wade.

SPRING.

HE who, from some dreary mountain, watches
o'er the dusky deep
For the coming of the fire-god, rising from his rosy
sleep,
Sees the darkness slowly riven, and a line of silver
gray,
Glimmer—gleam—then change, and scatter all the
heavens with golden spray:
Sees the hidden verge of waters, ever murm'ring
through the night,
Move around the dim horizon, one great arc of roll-
ing light—
While amid a hundred ensigns, in the orient far un-
furled,
Onward comes the central sovran, sole sustainer of
the world.

So, throughout the winter weary, I have waited
through the night,
And have seen the dead earth tremble into music,
warmth, and light;
Seen the barren hawthorn ridges, brake and bramble,
bush and tree,
Braid the sunny lanes with verdure, skirt with living
green the lea;
Seen the furrows of the cornfield fringed with bands
of emerald bloom;
In the harebell halls a splendour spread, cerulean,
through the gloom;

In the glen the streamlet quiver into motion, into light,
Orchards bountiful with blossom, meadows garlanded with white.

Perfume rises from the woodlands, fragrance floats along the meads;

Far above, the lark sings high, the thrush a grateful anthem leads—

For a voice awakes the heav'ns, and a footstep shakes the hills,

And a low, delicious breathing, each enchanted valley fills.

Eyes of violet look southward, waves of gold arc backward blown,

Rainbow hues are lightly falling from an azure-belted zone;

And she moves, imperial goddess—Spring, her virgin triumphs won—

Like a bride to meet the bridegroom, she advances to the sun.

AN ALKALINE DEPOSIT.

MY doctor advised horse exercise; and as I have the greatest respect for medical opinions which coincide with my own tastes, I entered a livery stable the morning after my arrival at the watering-place to which he had likewise recommended me. The sprucest of proprietors came forward to receive my order—a clean-shaved man, with mutton chop whiskers, a stiff shirt collar, a blue stock studded with white spots and fastened by a horse-shoe pin, a glossy cutaway coat, brass-buttoned, a massive watch guard, trousers fitting like drawers, clean dogskin gloves—well-to-do and horsey all over.

"Take your choice, sir," he said, leading the way to the stables. "We have several in. Now, if you like an animal that you can feel with the bit, I recommend this gray. Oh, he's a willing one, he is—does not want the whip, he don't."

"I suppose you mean that he has a mouth of iron, and a jaw like a vice, and will pull my arms out of their sockets. No, thank you."

"Well, there is the chestnut mare—she is a real clever one. Touch her with your right heel, and she will go sideways all along the cliff."

"Much obliged," said I; "but it is a horse I want, not a crab."

"Exactly, sir; but, you see, there are gents who like a horse who will do that—it makes the nursery girls and such-like stand and stare, and think what fine riders they are. This bay will suit you best, I see. When shall I send him round?"

"At two o'clock, to 12, Ocean-terrace."

"He shall be there. Much obliged to you for your custom, Mr. Penyolin."

"Ha!" cried I, stopping and looking in his face when he mentioned my name.

"Why, surely it is not Joe?"

"Yes, sir, the very same; formerly groom in Graves's livery stables, at Cambridge. I hope I see you well, sir."

"Thank you. I am glad that you have risen in the world since the old days. Have you been here long?"

"About five years, sir. And very nicely I am doing."

"Some one left you a little capital, I presume?"

"No, sir, just the contrary. I owe my rise in life to being robbed of all I possessed."

"Ha!" cried I, smelling a magazine article, "that sounds curious—how was it?"

"Well, sir, it is a long story, and I have some business to attend to just now."

However, I got Mr. Joseph Snaffle to my lodgings next evening, and heard the following account:—

"Six years ago, come Michaelmas-tide, Mr. Graves died, and his establishment was sold; whereby I found myself, for the moment, without a place. So, as I had a cousin in Millman's training stables, at Newmarket, with whom I had always been on the best of terms, I thought I would look him up, and see if he could get me suited; for they have plenty to do in those large racing stables, and there are constant vacancies. The worst of it was, I could not pull myself down to ride less than ten stone; but still, there was no harm in trying whether they would take me in some capacity, or recommend me, perhaps, to one of the gentlemen who had horses there. So I shouldered my bundle, and started off along the Newmarket road, with two sovereigns and fifteen shillings in silver in my breeches pocket, and not another rap in the world.

"As I went through Barnwell, a man joined me who said he was going to Newmarket too, and proposed that we should walk together; and, as I was always of a sociable turn, I made no objection. He proved to be an agreeable companion enough; knew the good and bad points of a horse, and seemed a sensible sort of fellow at the very first. And after a bit, when we grew more familiar, he said that he was a tout; and told

me many capital stories of the tricks he had been up to at times to get information. Of course, then, it was only natural that I should offer him half a pint of beer when we came to a public-house on the road. He accepted it, and we went in. One half-pint drew on another, and that a third—as beer will sometimes, when it is good; not that I am fond of drink as a rule—ask the missis—but there are times when a man is not quite himself; and leaving a place where I had been a goodish number of years, to find myself suddenly all uncertain what to do next, together with being my own master and not having any work to attend to, all gave me a sort of out-for-a-holiday feeling; and I did not care if I had a spree for once. So when we left that public, I was flustered, and that is the truth of it. Now, the worst of taking a drop too much, and what principally makes me dread it, is that one wants to go on and have more still; and when we had walked some four or five miles farther, that thirst came on strong.

“‘Isn't there another house near here?’ I asked.

“‘Come to mine,’ replied my companion. ‘I have got a quiet little public of my own a little way off to the right, not much farther on; and I should have to leave you when we came to the turning. But why not sleep at my place? It will be dark before you get into Newmarket. I'll warrant, you will be just as comfortable as in any house in the town. I'll give you the best of liquor and a good bed, and you can walk into Newmarket, which is not above four miles over the Heath, the first thing in the morning.’

“‘We must have been hours in that wayside inn, for what he said about night coming on was true enough: it was getting dusk already. So I thought the best thing was to do as he said; and, instead of parting at the cross-roads, I turned up with him, and half an hour's walk brought us to his house. It did not seem much of a place, and the situation was very lonely.

“‘You don't do a very thundering business, mate, I expect?’ said I.

“‘No,’ he replied, ‘and I don't want to. I have my regular customers, and go in for snugness.’

“‘Oh, I see, horse-watchers and that.’

“‘That's it; and I have had a fighting man in training here before now—twig?’

“‘Aye, you are not over anxious to attract the notice of the police, eh?’

“‘That's about it,’ he replied.

“‘The only person in the ground-floor room of the cottage, for it was nothing more, was a slattern who at once drew us a pot of beer; but, after a bit, steps were heard on the rickety staircase, and then a couple of men, who were yawning and stretching, made their appearance. It was not a taking one in either case; but I did not think much of that at first, for no man looks his best when he has been sleeping with his clothes on, and rouses out with never a touch of damp towel or comb. However, when another came in at the door, with short cropped hair, broken nose, bull-terrier jaw, but without that good-tempered look which a pugilist often has, I began to suspect that I had got into bad company; for the beer I had drunk did not prevent my noticing and reflecting, though it made my head heavy and my throat husky. If I had been a gentleman, with a gold watch and a pocketful of money, I should probably have taken alarm, made some excuse to go outside, and given them the slip; but as it was not likely that they would harm a poor stableman out of employment, I did not much mind being in their society for one evening, whatever they might be, and joined the general talk in a friendly, unsuspecting manner. The slattern fried some eggs and bacon, and we all had supper together; after which the landlord brought a stone jar of gin out of a cupboard—for I expect he had no spirit licence; and, when I had put a glass or so of grog on the top of the beer, I forgot the bad impression my companions had at first made upon me, and voted the landlord—who sang songs as well as he told stories—one of the best fellows alive.

“‘After a while, a discussion arose—I have no notion what about in the first instance; but, somehow or another, I fancied that my ability to pay for my share of the liquor was called into question; and to prove it, I showed my two sovereigns and silver: directly after which I remembered my suspicions, and called myself a fool—not out loud, of course, but inwardly.

“‘Now,’ said I to myself, ‘if they are the men I take them for, they will propose some game presently; for they will not be easy till they have pouched the two bits of gold I was ass enough to show them.’

“‘Well, sure enough, after a little talk about something quite different, one of them pulled out a pack of cards, and proposed that we

should play. But I was not to be caught that way. Affected pretty considerably as I was by the liquor I had swallowed, I pretended to be still more so; and swore thickly that it was too early to begin to play cards—we must have another song; and so began singing myself at the top of my voice. After which I fell forward on the table, with my face on my arms; and when they roused me up, I declared I felt ill, and would go to bed. I stuck to that resolution, say what they might; got a candle-end from the slattern, and went upstairs—stumbling a good deal more than I need have done.

“My bed-room had not a tempting look to any one who was squeamish, being neither clean nor tidy; and the truckle bed had not been made since some one had lain down upon it, so that the patchwork counterpane was all tumbled and creased. However, I was not sober enough to be particular. The walls of the room seemed spinning round in a most uncomfortable manner, and half a dozen water mills appeared to be at work inside my head; so I undressed and turned in as fast as I could, and presently went off sound.

“How long I slept I do not know, nor yet why I woke up as I did—with a splitting headache, indeed, but quite sober. At first I did not know where I was; but gradually the events of the day came back to my memory, and I wondered how I could have made such a fool of myself as to get drinking with a set of vagabonds I knew nothing of except from their own showing, and that did not make them out over respectable. I listened to hear whether they were still keeping it up; but all was quite still, and then I prepared to turn out—for it was so light, that all the objects in the room could be easily distinguished. But it proved to be moonlight, and not daybreak. So, after taking a pull at the water jug—for my mouth and throat were like a lime kiln—I got into bed again, and settled myself for another nap.

“Just as I was dropping off, however, I heard the door move; and, opening my eyes, saw the figure of a man come stealthily into the room. The thought immediately occurred to me that he was after those two sovereigns I had so stupidly displayed; and that, if I jumped up and asked what he wanted, I might very likely get the worst of it. So I lay quite still, watching him out of the corner of one eye; and when he stopped

to listen, I snored. That reassured him; and he crept up to the bed, took my trousers, which lay on the foot of it, and felt in the pockets. I heard my two poor bits of gold chink as he took them out, and nearly groaned.

“‘Never mind,’ said I to myself, ‘I’ll have the police down upon this house tomorrow, as sure as eggs is eggs; so you may make off quietly now, my man.’

“To my surprise, however, instead of going out at once, now he had got what he wanted, the owner of the house—for I had recognized him—went towards the wash-hand stand, and put his hand up to a small white jar which stood on a shelf just above it. Then he stole softly out of the room, and closed the door behind him.

“I lay quiet for a matter of half an hour or more, and then searched my trousers. The sovereigns were gone, sure enough; but the silver was left. There was not much, indeed; for I had paid my score overnight, and had stood treat at the wayside public-house besides. Next I went to have a look at the jar on the shelf, and found that it was full of soft soap. Evidently, my host was not so bold a rogue as I had thought for; and if I had shown myself to be awake, he would probably have made an excuse, and let me go quietly off with my money, since he was so careful to provide against my suspicions. For I suppose his idea was this: If I took the matter pretty easy, content to believe that I had lost my money somehow, and that he knew nothing about it, well and good. If I made more fuss, he would invite me to have a search, and defy me to find any gold in the house—for he had owned to being very low in the pocket just then; but if I proved outrageous, and threatened the law, he would have conveniently discovered the sovereigns in the jar of soft soap, and declared I must have put them there for security overnight, and been too drunk to remember anything about it in the morning.

“That was the way I interpreted the matter. So I determined just to take my money back, walk off, and say nothing about it; not being particularly anxious to have to stand in a witness-box, and own that I had been in such bad company—for that would not have helped me to a good situation, would it?

“It was now fast getting broad day; so I washed and dressed myself, and before I had done, I heard people stirring in the house.

Then I took the jar, and tried to fish my sovereigns out, but they were stuck far down in the nasty stuff; and as steps came towards my door before I had got them, I wrapped the whole thing up in my handkerchief, and stuck it in my pocket. Then I went downstairs; bade the slattern, who was the only person I saw, good morning, and left the house; and precious glad I was to get away from it.

"After walking about three miles as hard as I could put foot to ground, I came to the proper place for turning out of the by-road I was in on to the Heath; and close by there was a bit of a pond, which, it occurred to me, was handy for cleansing my sovereigns. So I out with the little jar, and, squatting down at the edge of the water, I proceeded carefully to wash it out. I got hold of one sovereign quickly enough, cleansed it, and put it in my pocket; but the second had been pushed deeper down, and, while fishing about with my finger, I came upon some other hard substance, which proved, when extracted and washed, to be a diamond ring; and a rare large, sparkling diamond it was, too. After that I need not tell you that I searched the jar thoroughly, rubbing every bit of the stuff in it carefully between my hands; and, besides my other sovereign, I found a pretty, bright-coloured stone, which I learned afterwards was a valuable sapphire; and that was all.

"Then I went on; and before I had got far I met a string of horses out for exercise, and accompanying them on a pony was my cousin, who expressed himself glad to see me, and asked me to go home and have a bit of breakfast with him, which I did; and during the meal I told him what I wanted, and he said that he feared I could not be employed in their stables just then, but he would make inquiries, and do his best for me. After that I informed him of what had happened the night before, and showed him the jewels.

"'By the lord Harry!' cried he, quite excited, 'I should not wonder if this was part of the great Bedford robbery!'

"'What is that?' I asked.

"'Have you not seen it in the papers?' he replied. 'Lord Gliterbright's house was broken into last month, and her ladyship's jewel-box stolen. We will go and show these things to the Inspector, who is a friend of mine, presently; for, if I am right, it may be a good job for you, Joe. Look here!'

And he fetched a newspaper, and showed me an advertisement of a hundred pounds reward from any one giving such information as should lead to the apprehension of the thieves.

"'It has nothing to do with my ring,' said I. 'I have no such luck.'

"'Most likely you are right,' replied my cousin; 'but there is no harm in trying.'

"So we went to the Inspector, who had a printed detail of all the articles stolen, and the ring certainly seemed to answer to one of them. So I went that very afternoon in the company of a detective to Bedford, and saw Lady Gliterbright, who identified both the ring and the loose sapphire, which it seemed had formed part of a necklace. Then, certainly, my heart gave a jump; but it was a good step yet to finding out who actually did the burglary, and touching the reward. My keeper of the pothouse was taken up and his premises searched, but nothing more was found. However, when he discovered that he was likely to get tried for the burglary himself, he put the police on the track of the men who had really done it, in self-defence; for it turned out that his part had been confined to concealing the real culprits, and providing them with disguises; and for that he had received the ring and the sapphire, which he had concealed in the soft soap, as the least likely place to be examined in case of a search. From his information the burglars were tracked and caught, and the most valuable jewels all recovered.

"Well, as the police seemed to do everything, and the newspapers gave them all the credit, I began to fear that I should be overlooked altogether. But, no; I got the full hundred pounds, and a present from my lady besides—which, I must say, was handsome. And when I had got this large sum of money—as it was to me then—I began to think that, instead of remaining man all my life, I should like to be master; and as I was well qualified to manage a livery stable—having done everything for old Graves during the last few years of his life—I looked about for an opening, and, through a friend of my cousin's, heard of this place. Of course, I could not start in business to do any good with a hundred pounds; but a sporting lawyer in Cambridge, who had known me many years, and believed in my success, lent me what was needful at a friendly five per cent.

Well, sir, I was pretty lucky—I may say, very lucky—for I began in a small way; and, at the end of a couple of years, I was so well established that a farmer near gave me his daughter, and five hundred pounds down with her; and allowed the money to be put into the business, too. I paid off the last of the loan from the lawyer gentleman six months ago, and at this present moment I don't owe any man a penny—of course, barring the current account with my corn merchant."

"I congratulate you from my heart, and thank you for your story, Mr. Snaffle. It is a very singular one."

"Yes, sir, it is; and a moral story. It might prove a lesson to some. Good evening, sir."

A lesson of what? I thought, as he went downstairs. He is a shrewd man that, and must mean something; but I cannot for the life of me imagine what his biography teaches. That people ought to get drunk, and go home with receivers of stolen goods? That we ought always to pocket the soap when we leave an inn? That—that—— I give it up.

TABLE TALK.

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS FACTS in connection with chemical research is the remarkable vitality of the lower organisms in nature. In vegetable subjects, for instance, vitality may lie dormant for a period which is almost inconceivable. Stramonium seeds, according to Duhamel, can develop after remaining twenty-five years under ground. Friewald observed the generation of melon seeds after they had been kept more than forty years. Pliny goes so far as to say that corn grew after it had been kept a hundred years. And there seems no reason to doubt the fact; for Desmoulins obtained plants from seeds found in a Roman tomb of the third or fourth century. Moreover, it is well known that corn found in some of the tombs of ancient Egypt has germinated and grown to perfection; and the result of the experiment of sowing some of this mummied corn in this country has been the production of new ears, larger and far more prolific than those of our modern wheat. A squill-bulb, too, found in the hands of a mummy, has, when planted at the present day and in this country, grown

and blossomed as readily as the last year's hyacinth bulb from Holland, which flowers in our windows every spring. The only solution of the mystery of this extraordinary vitality is, that the germs of life have slumbered for all these long ages.

THIS PRINCIPLE of "resistance"—as chemists call it—is shown even still more remarkably in the case of the infusoria. Claude Bernard held that infusoria carefully dried lose all vital property—at least, in appearance, and can remain thus for whole years; but, when water is restored to them, they recommence their life in the same manner as formerly, provided a certain degree has not been overpassed in the drying process.

WE RECENTLY said a few words on the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It may be worth while to remember how many pyramids there really are. There are thirty-eight in number altogether, some having been originally built of stone, and others of brick; and they all stand in the Libyan Desert, on the western side, and above the level of the Nile Valley. It must not be thought, however, that all these are in a good state of preservation. Many of them are in a very ruinous condition; and one unfortunate monument in the list, Pyramid 1, of Saccara, is marked "rubbish only."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us, in reference to our passing note on gipsies a few weeks back, to claim a distinct language and nationality of their own for this much-abused people. The vulgar notion has long been that the gipsies were nothing more than the gatherings-up of the nomadic rogues and tramps of the countries wherein they were to be found, and that their language was little more than a mere thieves' slang. But the more learned in matters ethnological maintain that their physical features and peculiarities alone sufficiently answer the first taunt; and that, as regards the second, the folk-speech of the gipsies is really a language. One enthusiastic German doctor says:—"This national language does not originate either in the Egyptian or any other tongue, but solely in the *idioms of Northern Hindustan*; and thus, though ever so much adulterated, it stands in affinity with—of all tongues, the most perfect in combination and structure—the proud Sanscrit; and, however mo-

destly, may glory in the parentage." It has been often asserted that Indian officers have been able to understand the gipsy language, simply from their knowledge of Hindustani; and it is a curious fact, that if some of the gipsy words in George Borrow's interesting story of "Lavengro" are taken and compared with the Hindustani, they are found to correspond almost exactly—as, for instance, the words signifying *snake, man, knife, woman*.

THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM, taken from the album of a well-known inn at Llangollen, must have been written by some cynical tourist. The original is in Latin hexameters and pentameters; but it may be thus translated:—

"'Tis said, O Cambria, thou hast tried in vain
To form great poets; and the cause is plain:
Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans sound
Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found."

TOBACCO HAS ALWAYS had its opponents, from James I., of *Counterblast* memory, down to the disgusted ones of the present day. We never read the royal author; but if his facts were anything like as alarming as those of old Theophilus Gale, in his "Court of the Gentiles" (1676), we think James must have had many converts. Theophilus says—"I had three friends, and two of them, worthy divines, taken away by apoplexies within the space of one year, all great *tabacconists*. Again, it fills the brain with fuliginose black vapours or smoke, like the soot of a chimney. Pauvius, a great anatomist, and Falkenburgius affirm that, by the abuse of this fume, the brain contracts a kind of black soot; and they prove the opinion both by experience and reason. Raphelengius relates that Pauvius, dissecting one that had been a great smoker, found his brain clothed with a kind of black soot. And Falkenburgius proves, by these reasons, that not only fuliginose vapours, but also a black crust, like that of the soot on a chimney back, is contracted on the skull by the inordinate use of tobacco." After this, we think we will take a pipe.

BY THE BYE, whence did we first get the phrase, "the upper ten thousand"? By a curious paradox, it seems to have reached us from the land of "notions"—democratic America. Mr. N. P. Willis has the honour of being the inventor. In one of his letters as "special correspondent" to a Philadelphia

paper, he says:—"The seats for the first night are already many of them engaged—and engaged, too, by the very cream of our *upper ten*."

"UPPER CRUST," too, must be put down to our American cousins. Judge Haliburton, as Sam Slick in England, writes:—"I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Sheil, Russell, Macaulay, 'Old Joe,' and so on. They are all *upper crust* here."

ANOTHER QUIANT PHRASE that comes from the other side of the water is, "As poor as Job's turkey"—the idea being drawn from the supposed unsatisfactory state of the persecuted patriarch's poultry-yard. In the United States, an addition is often made to this proverbial expression; for instance, "As poor as Job's turkey, that had but one feather in his tail;" or, "As poor as Job's turkey, that had to lean against a fence to gobble."

SPECTACLES ARE WORN by so many people nowadays, that we are often inclined to wonder how former generations managed to get on without them before they were invented. The old Greeks and Romans do not seem to have known the luxury; but then, perhaps, their eyes were better than those of the present short-sighted race of mortals. One thing, they had not so many newspapers to trouble them as we have. But spectacles, after all, are not such a recent invention as might, perhaps, be thought. They did not come into use in Europe until about the year 1300, but they are of unfathomable antiquity in China—not, indeed, of glass, but of rock crystal. We affect to despise the humble efforts of the untutored Esquimaux, but even they have had a sort of spectacles of their own, long before they ever had an opportunity of seeing any from other lands. They are ignorant of the manufacture of glass, or even of pottery—and they, therefore, cannot construct a lens; but they have constructed an instrument of wood and bone—an eye shade—which is not only a protection to the visual organs, but assists the visual power of the eyes. The Esquimaux term it "*ittee-yaga*"—"far sight"—the very synonym of our word telescope.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

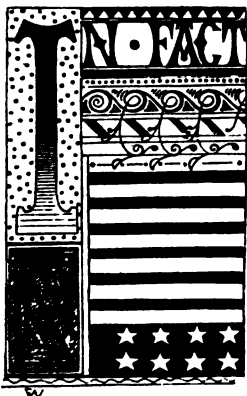
NEW SERIES.

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KU-KLUX.



SIR, it is everlasting humpty-dumpty smash; and I am eternally sorry for it, and that I do declare!"

The Colonel, Massachusetts Militia, having done somewhat excessive justice to a Franco-London dinner, was smoking with a vigour that would have re-

joiced the heart of a revenue-craving Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Colonel was proud of the performance, remarking that he could not be licked at tobacco-ash-making on this side of the Atlantic. From the preliminary oyster to the iced pudding, he had been doing 4th of July stump. Europe was in a bad way, but England was absolutely played out. Just dead, and only waiting for decent burial. No army. Sinking navy. Slapped on the left cheek by Russia, and cuffed on the right cheek by Prussia. Canada drifting to the Union. India good as gone. Ireland determined to be on her own dear hook. Pauperism, republicanism, socialism, mobism, and a whole string of isms preying upon the vitals of the kingdom. Wise folk skeddadling to America, the land of plenty, liberty, equality, and the almighty dollar. The dinner being disposed of, the Colonel elevated his feet to an angle of 45 degrees, brought his face parallel to the ceiling, and, with enviable gusto, informed his English host that the old country had gone to everlasting humpty-dumpty smash, and that he was eternally sorry for it.

"Well, Colonel, even America has her troubles. There is the Mormon question, for example, which must be a perplexity to your Government."

The Colonel was immensely amused.

"To be sure, a spectacle maker might do a roaring trade in this fishy old country. The Mormons, sir, have been let upon the rampage because, whilst they were a cool thousand miles from civilization, it was not worth while to put a stopper on their brag. But now, sir, that everlasting enterprise has joined Utah to the East, the Mormons will sing small as a British sparrow, or be ground to invisible powder. Perplex our Government! Why, sir, the job of kicking the Mormons out of creation could be done by contract in ten days."

"Well, Colonel, what about that other botheration, the Ku-Klux?"

The Colonel took a long pull at his weed, and emitted a heavy cloud of smoke.

"I do declare, that hit is not bad for a Britisher. It is pretty nigh a balance. Yes, sir, you have struck oil. That Ku-Klux business is equal to poisonous reptiles in the heart, and it's an ugly disease that won't be doctored in a hurry. Now, don't fly off like a bullet from a lopsided rifle, calculating for certain on what will never be on this side of eternity. Ku-Klux is a most tarnation tickler, but the Union is as safe as the North Pole. Mind you, Britisher, I admit that Ku-Klux is within the ghost of a shadow of being the plaguiest abomination on the face of this here creation—and the phiz of creation is full of blotches. Being posted in the Ku-Klux, I know what it foots up; and the total is a swamper for any power that could be, save our glorious most everlasting Union."

"What is the literal meaning of the word Ku-Klux? How is it derived?"

"I do believe you Britishers have your optics fronting the wrong way, and that is why you are perpetually staring backwards.

There is your Mr. Darwin, who has been tracing his forefathers and foremothers back to apes—which is not over civil to his foreparents, who can't say a syllable for themselves. By and by, a party will go a-head—or rather, a-backward—of Mr. Darwin, and will trace the monkey to the cocoa-nut. Why, sir, the word Ku-Klux is an invention. Just letters shot together promiscuous. An original name has nothing against it; and if it is ugly, attracts public attention. Presently, a learned party will trace Ku-Klux to the Indians, or to the Feejee mermaid, and get a medal for his discovery. But, sir, you may rely on one who knows, that Ku-Klux is a new and original American invention."

The Colonel lighted another cigar, which he chewed as well as smoked.

"If you won't addle your brain with derivation, which can't make you a cent richer or wiser, I will just post you about Ku-Klux. It is what I can do slick and correct; for, sir, I have been a carpet-bagger, but no more carpet-bagging for me whilst there is other fish to fry in the blessed universe, for I do most solemnly declare that a month of carpet-bagging would convert a born saint into a brimstone and thunder swearer. And what is moreover, sir—and very much moreover—it is a trade that don't pay—blanks plenty, and a prize a miracle.

"When our civil war was over, there was a rush of patriots to the White House. They wanted to congratulate the President on the triumph of the Stars and Stripes, and likewise to express their willingness to serve their beloved Union by taking office in the South. There was a notion about that the leading Rebs—that is, the Rebs who had property—would have to forfeit, and that the leading patriots would find that loyalty was not only beautiful, but also profitable. After a gentleman had fired off a bust of eloquence, which was printed the same day in the patriot's paper, published a few states off from Washington, Abe, whose gab was short and strong, said—'Yes, sir, we have got the Southern horse to the water, and it has been a tough job. May be, sir, that to make him drink will be a tougher job.' This Ku-Klux business proves that Abe was cute. He could read next week as a scholar can Greek.

"It was supposed that, when Andy Johnson became the Chief Magistrate of crea-

tion, he would go in for extermination. But he knew the Southern character. He coaxed and petted the South, until the Republicans were so ranting savage that they impeached him. Andy's argument was a poser. Says he, 'A genuine down-Souther is equal to any man in a fight. If order is to be kept by force, we shall want a million of soldiers, and a public debt that will be crushing. That won't do, and so we must try the conciliation tack!' Were the Southerners grateful? Why, sir, they jeered at Andy, and did him all the harm they could. Union-saving Grant became our first fiddler. His platform for the South was ditto to Andy's. But there is the South, sir, precisely as it was six years ago. The obstinate horse is at the water. He don't kick, but he won't drink of the Union stream.

"When the war was over, there was no hanging, or confiscating lands. We were content with governing, and the providential rewards of office. Smart men—uncommon squeezers, and hungry as wolves—went South to manipulate the emancipated niggers, and to instruct them in the art of voting. These patriots are called carpet-baggers. Why? Well, sir, they did not take much with them, but they expected to make the return journey with heavy baggage—which, you know, is only human nature. Mind you, Britisher, the game was not plundering, but skill and speculation. An American, sir, knows how to get the milk out of a cocoa nut without cracking it; and what a country for milking and honeying that South is! You have just to look at the earth and wish, and what you want springs up ready for market. I was a few days in Louisiana. Why, sir, every inch of the soil, and every drop of water, is just alive and bursting with produce. Yes, sir, in that State, a little enterprise would produce any mortal thing—including angels—at a profit that would cap California and stun Wall-street.

"My dose of carpet-bagging will last me my lifetime, and a year or two longer. Black brethren are not easily managed. To be sure, the niggers have queer notions about emancipation. They want their own rights, and the rights of others into the bargain. They do work—that is a fact; but they expect the whole of the profit, and a per centage added to it. You may oratorize them about the glory of freedom until your tongue is tired; but they don't care for glory, unless

they can feel it in their pockets. They don't value the privilege of voting, except for what it fetches. A part of them are in mortal dread of the Southerners, and others have a sneaking kindness for their old masters. Put this and that together, sir, and there is the difficulty piled up mountains high. To make the negroes vote straight, it was necessary to promise them a substantial sweetener; and to keep them straight, it was necessary to keep the promise. Well, sir, the dollars had to be procured; and it is not to be denied that the Assemblies elected by the carpet-baggers, with negro votes, have been awful taxers, and the proceeds have been divided. Here and there, too, carpet-baggers have been a trifle over-greedy, and niggers have not been such howling saints as they are in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's books. No blame to them, sir. They have a precious score to wipe off, according to Mrs. Stowe, also they are dreadfully aggravated; and, on the whole, their conduct is wonderfully correct.

"About a year ago, and sudden as lightning, everybody was nonplussed with Ku-Klux. The negroes, their faces greeny-brown, and eyes trying to bolt from the sockets, gasped Ku-Klux. In the lobbies of the Assemblies, the only talk was Ku-Klux. The carpet-baggers, sleeping and waking, were thinking of Ku-Klux. It was a plague that smote the whole of the people in a single night. Ku-Klux on the brain, Ku-Klux on the tongue, Ku-Klux everywhere.

"Who began it is a secret. How it was spread is a secret. There is no President, no Head-Centre, no officers, no society, no organization. It is a sort of inspiration, sir. Every born Southerner is a Ku-Klux, and this is his platform—'I will not interfere in the government of the Union. I will not interfere in the government of my State. I will only defend the personal rights of myself and my friends against the carpet-baggers and their negroes.' In a few places, the payment of taxes has been refused; and who can enforce it? But the general cause of dispute with the Ku-Kluxers has been some action on the part of the carpet-baggers through the niggers.

"The blacks have a bad time of it. They shrink from the society of the whites. If they meet them in the street, they cross out of the path. If they get into a car with white men—that is, with Southern whites—

they leave it at the first opportunity. Not that they are threatened or molested. Since this Ku-Klux move, the Southerners treat the negroes in a way that would sting a rhinoceros. If they have orders to give, they are given in the fewest words—but not a word of harshness or of kindness. The nigger is treated like an unowned dog, and is shot if he shows his teeth. Yet the Southerner declares he pities the blacks, but that he must protect himself from the tools of the carpet-baggers.

"Don't believe nearly half the stories you will hear about Ku-Klux. But then, sir, they are not all false. The niggers are in terror of their skins and lives. They are thrashed, and now and then they are shot. Fact, sir. These affairs are openly performed, and the authorities are mum and still as statues. If they did interfere, what a mighty fine tale Mr. Ku-Klux would tell as to why he thrashed or shot the nigger. Punish the Ku-Klux, and there would be a regular Ku-Klux insurrection. That would be ruin and worse to the carpet-baggers and their down-East supporters. The Western States, who trade with the South, would be on the side of the Ku-Klux, and so would New York. You see, it is not a Union matter, or an emancipation matter, but just a down-East concern.

"Here is a narrative that will show you Ku-Klux is not a joke. Names to be kept dark, for obvious reasons; but the facts are known to the State Government, and to the Washington Government, and all over the South:—

"A carpet-bagger, a big State official, got into a fog with his accounts; and, somehow or other, there was a balance against him of 20,000 dollars, and the dollars were not forthcoming. Whether the carpet-bagger was riled till he was mad, or thought to get the coin out of a row, can only be guessed at. This, however, was his performance. He put himself at the rear of two hundred armed niggers, and went to the outskirts of — town. Three of the townspeople were shot at. No one was killed, although it is said that one was wounded.

"What the carpet-bagger's version of the affair is, I can't say. Most likely, he would charge the whites with assaulting the niggers. When the affair was known in the town, a hundred men, led by a major who fought in the Confederate War, got ready

for action. Every Southern man carries arms, and knows the use of rifle and pistol. When night came, they marched out, and at dawn fell upon the niggers. They killed a score of them, and disarmed the rest. They collected the arms, took them to the railway depôt, put them on a goods car, directed to the Governor of the State. Then they went back to the town, and to their business. And that, sir, is the end of the affair."

"Surely, Colonel, something will have to be done."

"That observation reminds me of Jedediah Scrouge's sickness. For many months, Jed was uncommonly bad. He was a misery to himself and everybody else. What was the matter with him puzzled the faculty. They felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, sounded his lungs, tried his heart; blistered him, dieted him, and turned his inside into a drug store. But Jed got worse, and made his will. Presently, a tremendous ulcer broke out. Poor Jed thought he was a gone 'coon. But the doctor said—'Now it has come to a head, we can squelch the disease. It is diseases that won't come to a head that baffle us.' So it is with this Ku-Klux. If there was an organization, we could put our foot upon it, and there would be an end of it. But Ku-Klux is not an organization—Ku-Klux won't come to a head—and that is the difficulty."

"Well, Colonel, why not withdraw the carpet-baggers, and leave the Southerners alone?"

"So we should; but the niggers have a vote, and if we left the Southerners to themselves, they would have the nigger votes, and swamp the East. Confound those blacks! When Abe Lincoln hinted to a nigger deputation that the best thing the children of Ham could do would be to go to Liberia, there was a mighty howl in my state; but the howlers now wish that Abe's advice had been taken. It is a fix, I do declare. What on earth to do with Ku-Klux, there is no guessing. We can't give the Southerners the black vote. We can't stamp out Ku-Klux. To let it go on is equal to rattlesnakes in the family bosom. And that, Britisher is uncomfortable, and—if the Union was not eternal happiness and prosperity—might be dangerous."

The Colonel was silent for a few minutes. He threw the lighted end of his cigar on the carpet, stood up, and drank off his grog.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir. Ku-Klux is a ghost of the Civil War; and a ghost, sir, will defy creation."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHISPERING TONGUES CAN POISON TRUTH."

MISS PYECROFT, meanwhile, had been received by Lady Pechford with graceful courtesy, and had retired to her room to attire herself for dinner.

Lady Pechford was a person of title, and was seldom alone in the evening; therefore Miss Pyecroft deemed it necessary to dress rather more than she otherwise would have done. She declined the services of the maid, preferring to unpack for herself. She was accustomed to do so, and knew exactly where everything she wanted was to be found. And being left to herself, Miss Pyecroft proceeded with her preparations, every now and then pausing to survey the objects around—even as John Carteret at the self-same moment was doing.

"French," said Miss Pyecroft, stepping up to the toilet table, and examining the oval mirror, set in gilt, with brackets for lights, and a profusion of lace, muslin, and pink satin ribbon "flowing about everywhere," as Miss Pyecroft expressed it. "French—very French. One might imagine one had crossed the Channel, with all this gilding, and these draperies, and glasses, and fancies. And Lady Pechford is very French also—perhaps rather too French for a widow."

And Miss Pyecroft shook her head, with a natural Pyecroft antipathy to anything foreign.

Then she proceeded to dress; and about a quarter of an hour before dinner-time a figure descended to the drawing-room decidedly un-French in its appearance, save in the similarity of the formal frizzed curls that adorned either side of Miss Pyecroft's brow to those seen in some of the old portraits of Queen Marie Amélie. But with this slight approximation to the picture of the ex-queen, all resemblance to anything at all French ended. Miss Pyecroft's handsome black satin, with full bodice and unfashionable sleeves, bore the impress of English country make very strongly; her rich lace collar was larger than those now worn;

her thick gold chain, gold watch, and seals, were worn conspicuously; her cap was after an ancient model, and had a good deal of black velvet, mixed with crimson roses, about it; and her gloves were of a pale lemon colour.

Lady Pechford took in the whole at a glance. The articles were all handsome, of their kind.

"The woman might have been better dressed at half the price," was Lady Pechford's decision—"more harmoniously."

But harmony never entered Miss Pycroft's mind. She had no turn for the artistic.

"If she had," mused Lady Pechford, "she could never wear that thing upon her head."

Whilst Miss Pycroft, appraising Lady Pechford from her own peculiar standpoint, reprehended the lace lappets and gold pins as a poor substitute for the orthodox head-dress that, in her estimation, Lady Pechford should be wearing.

"My mother wore a widow's cap to the day of her death. But fashions change sadly," reflected Miss Pycroft.

And she was inclining to become a little antagonistic. She had always set her face against anything French, and she hoped she should not find herself obliged, out of politeness, to compromise her principles in any way.

But when Lady Pechford began to talk, there was a charm in her manner that fascinated Miss Pycroft in spite of herself; and though she kept upon her guard at first, before the evening was over she was ready to declare that Lady Pechford was one of the most agreeable women she had ever met with.

"You must tell me all about Broadmead," said Lady Pechford. "I quite long to hear about it. I do not find my cousin, Mr. Carteret, half so communicative as I could wish."

Miss Pycroft nodded significantly, and the nod was not lost on Lady Pechford, who, however, went on without seeming to observe it—

"My heart is quite drawn towards the place, since an old friend of mine is there—one whom I knew in my youthful days"—here Lady Pechford waxed sentimental, and sighed slightly—"those golden days with roses crowned, Miss Pycroft, that once lost never return to us again. You have

reminiscences—sweet reminiscences—yourself, without doubt?"

Miss Pycroft nodded a little testily, saying to herself, "French, French," and would probably have added "Rousseau," had she known anything of him; but as "Rousseau's Dream"—which was occasionally used as a hymn tune at Broadmead—was the only association she had with the French philosopher, the link was too slight to serve her at the present crisis.

"Yes," continued Lady Pechford; "in my early married life, I hope I profited by the ministry of Dr. Crawford, then a curate at Driffrington. The heart returns to those old days very pleasantly, and I should like to hear him preach once more."

"A very sound preacher," interposed Miss Pycroft. "You would be sure of good orthodoxy from him."

"Ah!" said Lady Pechford, inwardly recoiling from the description; and then, relapsing into the sentimental again, she proceeded—"But one hears with different ears in the blossom-time, and when the fruit is in its prime—or when it is decaying! But you must describe Broadmead to me: I seem to have so many associations with it. Let me see—my cousin, Mr. Carteret, one; the Crawfords, two; Captain Stanfield and his son, three; Mrs. Seaton, four. I used to know Mrs. Seaton long, long ago; but it is ages since we met. We should see strange alterations in one another." And Lady Pechford glanced complacently at a mirror. "Do people grow old very, very fast at Broadmead, Miss Pycroft?"

Miss Pycroft bridled up a little; she gave a prim smile, and then replied, in a matter-of-fact manner—

"I am sixty-eight, Lady Pechford"—as if leaving Lady Pechford to answer to herself as to the ravages of time in the quiet village.

"Sixty-eight!"—and Lady Pechford elevated her eyebrows. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed, with an accent worthy of the son-in-law of James II.—"is it possible? And not a streak of silver in your hair. Mine is very gray."

And she regarded the stiff frizzed curls, shaded by the blonde of Miss Pycroft's cap, with admiration.

Miss Pycroft coughed uncomfortably. There was a slight struggle in her mind between truth, and a certain awkwardness of having to speak of what she had never before

found herself in a position to state in so many words. Truth, however, had the upper hand.

"I wear a front, Lady Pechford," said Miss Pycroft, throwing as much dignity into the confession as it was possible to do.

"I beg your pardon," said Lady Pechford hastily, suddenly roused to a sense of the ludicrous; and she glided into another subject.

"We shall have a quiet evening together, I hope, for I have not asked any one in to-night. I thought you would be tired after your journey; and besides, I wanted to have a confidential talk with you, Miss Pycroft. I have quite looked forward to your coming; and now that I have seen you, I feel quite sure that I may trespass upon your kindness, and say just what I like to you, with the certainty that it will go no farther. May I not?" pleaded Lady Pechford, with one of her most insinuating smiles.

"Certainly, Lady Pechford, certainly," responded Miss Pycroft, wondering what Lady Pechford could possibly wish to consult her about. Probably, some point of doctrine; for Miss Pycroft plumed herself upon her doctrine, and was not afraid of entering the theological lists with the most profound thinkers.

But after dinner, when they were comfortably seated in the drawing-room again, Miss Pycroft found that the subject to be discussed was neither heterodoxy nor orthodoxy.

"You will be quite curious, Miss Pycroft, to know what I am going to ask you about, and what I am going to confide to you; but I am not intending to look upon you as a stranger, for I seem to know you already, and to feel that, in my anxiety to do the best for my young relative—for it is about Mr. Carteret that I wish to consult you—you will give me the benefit of your superior wisdom."

Whenever Miss Pycroft's superior wisdom was appealed to, she was disarmed at once; and, in fact—so far as a Pycroft could be supposed to do so—she rather lost her balance.

"I am very anxious about my cousin," continued Lady Pechford. "When he came here I was given to understand—not at all definitely, only very vaguely, indeed—that there had been—that there was—a sort of love affair somewhere that was not very likely to come to anything. And somehow

or other I have connected this vague rumour with Broadmead; and I have often wished to meet with some one who could satisfy my mind upon the subject, without in any way doing damage to what I fervently trust are Mr. Carteret's present prospects. And I feel, my dear Miss Pycroft, that you can throw a light upon my cousin's sojourn at Broadmead, and can guide me by your judicious counsel."

"Well," returned Miss Pycroft, "perhaps I may be able to do so, though I should be the last person to speak upon the subject if you had not asked me. I think I may say that, in all probability, the report was connected with Broadmead; and, indeed, I may say that at one time there was a very prevalent impression that Mr. Carteret was actually engaged. But this is most strictly confidential, Lady Pechford. I should not wish Mr. Carteret to think that I had ever breathed such an idea."

"Of course not—certainly not. I would not even insinuate it to him."

"The more especially," Miss Pycroft went on, "as I have reason to believe that there was never anything in it beyond a mere flirtation."

"You relieve me beyond measure. And the young lady?"

Miss Pycroft waxed mysterious.

"All's well that ends well, Lady Pechford. Second love is sometimes wiser than first."

"Now what is the woman driving at?" thought Lady Pechford. "Can there be any one else in the case?" Then she said aloud—"I have been half fearing that there might be a sort of entanglement that he was repenting of, and that he felt it honourable to hold to, in spite of his wishes turning in another direction; for between ourselves, Miss Pycroft, there is—" and Lady Pechford paused.

Miss Pycroft bore down triumphantly.

"I think I can forestall what you are intending to tell me. Captain Stanfield mentioned something of it at Broadmead."

"Did he?" exclaimed Lady Pechford—"the dear, honest, straightforward creature! Who would have given him credit for being so discerning—so observing. But these simple, unsuspecting, seafaring men sometimes arrive at conclusions more quickly than we cautious women. Did he mention any name?"

"Wardlaw," said Miss Pycroft.

"Capital!" ejaculated Lady Pechford.

"And some friends of mine at Comminster also spoke of it. They had been staying at Linthorp during the summer, and had seen what was going on."

"Ah!" returned Lady Pechford, "it is impossible to prevent these matters from becoming public, however quiet people may try to keep them. Sometimes I think that I will warn Mr. Carteret to be a little more careful; but then one sometimes does harm by intermeddling."

"Precisely my opinion, Lady Pechford. One should see and hear all that one possibly can, and say nothing. Leave people to manage their own affairs in their own way, and take no notice of what does not immediately concern one's self."

"My dear Miss Pycroft, your sentiments are perfectly charming. Exactly my own ideas, and just what I am trying to carry out in the present case. I want to hear everything, and know everything, and lock it safely in the recesses of my own heart. And you so relieve me, by telling me that there has been nothing but a mere flirtation—no fear of broken hearts or broken vows."

"Broken hearts!" repeated Miss Pycroft, with some acerbity. "No—I should think there was no fear of that. Diana—"

And Miss Pycroft stopped—the name slipped out by accident.

"Diana!" said Lady Pechford, softly.

"I should not have mentioned the name, Lady Pechford; but I know that with you it is sacred."

"Perfectly so; but you must tell me a little more, now that you have roused my curiosity. Who is she?—who is her father?—who is her mother?—what sort of people are they?"

"Both dead. Her father died without a penny, and left his daughter dependent upon the kindness of friends."

"Of course," said Lady Pechford to herself. "What an escape for John!" Then aloud—"We must hope that she will meet with a rich husband."

"No fear of not doing so," answered Miss Pycroft, nodding mysteriously.

"She has, then, another string to her bow?" said Lady Pechford.

"And one not likely to break, if all that is said is true—Jasper Seaton."

"Seaton! I am positively more interested than I expected to be. The son of

my old acquaintance, Mrs. Seaton, doubtless."

"But there is no engagement that I know of, Lady Pechford," said Miss Pycroft, drawing in a little. "And I have never heard a word officially upon the subject, either from Mrs. Seaton, or Jasper, or Di. I don't suppose there is any regular engagement; but when two people are constantly together, one can easily see what it will end in."

"Certainly, certainly. And I wish Mr. Seaton success with all my heart, and a happy settlement of difficulties for all parties. You see, my dear Miss Pycroft, that though it is all very well for a rich man like Mr. Seaton to marry a portionless girl, it would be the height of absurdity for a poor man without prospects to do so. John Carteret must look out for a fortune, since he has none himself."

"And I presume that I may conclude he has already done so."

"No, my dear Miss Pycroft, you are to conclude nothing of the sort, from anything that I have said. You must use your own eyes; and if you like to put any faith in Captain Stanfield's, you may do so. But you must hold my communications to be as if they were all unsaid. No one must ever know that we have ever spoken upon the subject. We might destroy everything if we allowed people to know we were consulting over their destinies. No—I have told you none of my cousin's secrets, and you have told me none of the Broadmead gossip. We know without knowing: we see without having our attention called to it. And we take the gossip of the world for what it is worth."

Miss Pycroft did not quite follow out Lady Pechford's argument—it sounded a little sophistical. It might only be, however, that there was a French atmosphere about everything, in which a Pycroft found it difficult to breathe; and Miss Pycroft began to feel a little uncertain whether, in the warmth of the confidential discussion, she had not said a little more than was quite wise.

"Remember, Lady Pechford, I do not believe that there is an engagement at present," were Miss Pycroft's last words, as they parted for the night. "It may not even have entered into the minds of Diana and Jasper, for anything I know to the contrary."

"I quite understand," returned Lady

Pechford, "and you need have no fears about my discretion. But we will hope that the young lady may not be left without a lover."

When Miss Pycroft was once again in the solitude of her own apartment, she carefully deposited her adornments in their several resting-places, threw on her dressing-gown, and, putting on her spectacles, sat down to meditate. Why she put on her spectacles she might not have been able to explain; but she never could meditate comfortably without them—they seemed to bear with them an inspiration of wisdom, and, in the present instance, protected her eyes from the blazing fire. She gazed into the flames, as though to draw from them some ray of light that might help her to understand Lady Pechford more completely.

"Very agreeable, very confiding, very taking—but very French," said Miss Pycroft, poking the fire between each adjective. "If it were not that there is too much of the French element, I should say she was the most charming woman I had seen for some time. But one feels with her as with a foreigner almost: that the language is, somehow, different—little turns and twisting that one is not accustomed to in everyday life. I suppose I shall get accustomed to it in a day or two, and know where I am; but at present"—and Miss Pycroft glanced round the room—"I feel as if I were in Paris without going there."

Lady Pechford had dismissed her maid. She, too, was pondering over the evening, and over the evening's guest.

"A pompous, good-natured, stupid old woman," said Lady Pechford. "She does not understand one-half of what she has told me. I see the case exactly, and John Carteret must not marry the girl. It would be madness. It would only end in misery; for the proverb's true enough—'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' No, my cousin, I will save you if I can; and some day we will laugh over it together, and you will thank me."

And Lady Pechford, meaning no ill, retired to rest. The world would go on better if she could only manage it. Such was her idea; and there was something amiable in her wish that it could be so. The drawback was, that other people might not agree with her. However, as it was an impossibility, she was obliged to content herself with things as they were, and be satisfied

with catching at any straw that she could divert from its natural course.

By the time that Miss Pycroft joined her friends in their lodgings, Lady Pechford had contrived that she should see with the eyes that she wished her to see with. And when she was fairly launched in Linthorp as a temporary inhabitant, she began to hear with the ears that the superficial Linthorp world heard with, and received as many false impressions as ordinary observers never fail to receive, upon which to found an estimate of things in general, and to form her own opinions of matters individually.

Nevertheless, she was much more cautious with others than she had been with Lady Pechford, whose manners and attentions had cast a glamour round her; and no one learned from her what John Carteret's experiences at Broadmead might have been.

Lady Pechford preserved a similar reticence, and never alluded to Broadmead, excepting in the most casual manner in connection with the Crawfords.

"I suppose you know very little of Miss Pycroft?" she said one day to John Carteret. "She seems a pleasant sort of woman, but a little behind the age."

"She thinks, on the contrary, that the present age has not arrived at her standard," returned John Carteret, smiling.

"Ah, well—the result is the same, whichever way one puts it," answered Lady Pechford, carelessly.

She was beginning to be doubtful whether her course was as clear as she had anticipated; until one morning a letter arrived from Captain Stanfield, bringing an unexpected stroke of fortune in her favour.

Captain Stanfield was returning to Linthorp in the course of a month or so—"for there is no place like the seaside for me," he wrote. "I'm going to the Crawfords on my way back, if you have any commands there. I have found a sort of new relation at Broadmead—a little god-daughter, whom I have every reason to believe has a fair prospect of being very happily married there: that is, if my eyes and ears—and perhaps a little more—do not deceive me."

"Who can this little god-daughter be?" asked Lady Pechford, as she read the passage to John Carteret.

John Carteret went a little paler than usual, but Lady Pechford appeared to be looking another way.

"I am so glad that Captain Stanfield is

returning to Linthorp," she went on, without seeming to observe that she had received no reply to her question. "Such a dear, charming, honest sort of person, and such an acute observer. I was quite astonished at his insight into Linthorp affairs, and quite alarmed at the judgment he might pronounce upon us all."

And she continued to converse upon indifferent topics, apparently losing sight of the letter and Captain Stanfield's god-daughter altogether. But she nevertheless was well assured that the shaft had flown as she had intended; and John Carteret went home with another argument on the side of his doubts and fears.

Not that he believed that Diana was at all aware whither her heart was straying. He knew that she still thought herself true to him. But he doubted whether some day she might not awake, and find that her love had been given too early, too lightly; and that, with the growth of years, another and a deeper love had sprung to life.

"There must be something in it," mused Lady Pechford. "Doubtless the girl's a flirt, and the sooner John Carteret learns it the better."

Lady Pechford was no worse than her neighbours; but when a woman dips into diplomacy, she contrives to entangle simple affairs in as hopeless an inextricability as the most distinguished diplomatists can possibly manage to entangle greater ones.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WHISPER REACHES BROADMEAD.

BROADMEAD was bearing her spring crown royally. March was nearly at an end; and the winds had blown over the land, and were still blowing freshly, as though they would let nothing rest, but were summoning every blade and bud to life and activity; and the heavens looked brighter, as well they might, since the restless winds had driven the heavy snow-clouds northward, where they might stay packed up on the tops of the ice-mountains until the cold season came round again, and the earth wanted her ermine mantle to throw over her shivering form, and to protect the shrubs and plants that crept under its wide folds.

Almost a month since Charles Stanfield had been at Broadmead, and had spoken such unexpected words to Diana. It seemed longer to her—for she had brooded over the visit, and reproached herself for having given

pain to one she esteemed so highly. She had tried to keep his secret; but, somehow, Jasper had contrived to know it. Whether she had told him, or he had guessed it, she was not quite sure; but it came to pass that he knew it, as he knew everything concerning her.

Yet he had not calculated upon such a catastrophe as this; and he was filled with alarm as to what might have transpired in her reply. Naturally, she might have told Mr. Stanfield of her engagement; and, if so, it would entirely refute Captain Stanfield's story, and perhaps lead to an explanation which would place matters upon a much more secure footing than they were at present between Diana and John Carteret.

Besides this, an open acknowledgment of her engagement, which might possibly slip out through Charles Stanfield to the Crawfords, would render utterly useless all the insinuations and suggestions that Mrs. Seaton had of late propagated in Broadmead. For Jasper was not unaware of these, nor was he unaware of the construction that might be put upon the relationship in which he appeared to Diana.

As long as John Carteret was lost sight of, popular opinion would take the phase he wished it to take; and, with patient working, things in time might take the turn he wished them to take. For this he strove—for this he set his whole energies to work. He took advantage of every circumstance, however slight, that he could bend to his own purpose. He was withheld by no principle; he wavered not in his determination; his will was inflexible;—and yet he had a curious conscientiousness that prevented his taking any active step. It must be the work of others—forced, as it were, upon him; and bearing him up, without any effort of his own, upon a tide of misapprehension that it was not his business to correct.

He knew, as well as he knew his own heart, that John Carteret was true to Diana, and he never actually said to the contrary; yet the whole unspoken action of his present life was to prove John Carteret false. And Diana, unused to diplomacy, whilst she saw the hatred that Mrs. Seaton bore to John Carteret, and estimated her words accordingly, was blind to the subtler antagonism of her son.

Jasper Seaton was somewhat at a loss to discover the especial point he wished to know. He could ask no questions, neither

could he refer to the subject; so he was obliged to continue in a state of suspense, each day expecting some further development that might more entirely counteract his plans. He was in a continual mental fever, nervous and restless; and Mrs. Seaton began to fear that Jasper's health was failing, even as Anne's had done. She wondered whether his accident had anything to do with it—for he had never seemed to recover his strength entirely.

"I wish Jasper had more colour. How pale he is," she said to Diana.

"Is he paler than usual?" answered Diana. "I had not noticed it."

But when awakened by Mrs. Seaton's remark to perceive that there was a change in Jasper—that he looked tired and worn, and also that he was falling into some of his old irritable manner—she was disposed to think that the accident had been more serious than they had supposed; therefore, when Mrs. Seaton suggested a change, Diana found herself advocating it, and urging upon Jasper to think of himself, and take some care of his health.

"The seaside!" said Mrs. Seaton.

Diana's heart gave a leap. Why not Linthorp?

Perhaps Jasper understood the sudden brightness that came into her face; for he said, with almost a shudder—

"Too cold, too cold. No, I am better where I am."

"We might go south," said Mrs. Seaton.

And Diana's little flash of hope died out within her. Yet, after all, what did it matter? She should scarcely be farther off from John Carteret than she was now, and it might be good for Jasper. And she wondered if she were growing selfish. Yet it was a long time since she had seen John Carteret. She had called several times at Brierley House—ostensibly, to bring some message from Mrs. Seaton, or to make some especial inquiry as to the best method of helping some of the poor people; but, in reality, in the hope of hearing a stray word of Linthorp news that might interest her. In this, however, she had been disappointed; for Miss Pycroft—in the solemnity and importance she felt at having become impromptu the *confidante* of Lady Pechford—had sealed her lips and withheld her pen upon the subject of John Carteret. Therefore, though Diana heard of the meeting at Comminster and of Dr. Fennithorne, of Lady

Pechford, and of the visitors who happened to be at Linthorp, she did not even hear St. Botolph's or Mr. Wardlaw alluded to, nor any mention of John Carteret. Miss Pycroft was keeping everything to herself, until she could burst forth in the full glory of full and complete information.

But one afternoon, not long afterwards, Diana was listlessly strolling through the village alone. She had been expecting a letter from Linthorp, but it had not come, and she felt anxious and unhappy, and so had determined to go down to the Neris. She always felt happier after a talk with the Signora; and to-day she felt particularly in want of consolation—a heavy cloud seemed to hang over her, and some unseen weight to press her down; whilst she had a sort of dim foreboding that everything hopeful was being swept away.

So she wandered on; and as she drew near the Neris' cottage, she saw Miss Letty Pycroft coming along with an open letter in her hand. She had just met the postman, and had taken it from him, and was hastily reading it as she walked onwards. When she reached Diana, she stopped.

"Oh, Di! I've just got a letter from Rebecca. You will like to hear it—for it seems to be all about Mr. Carteret."

The bright look came back, and in an instant her weary face was transformed into an eager listening one—anxiously waiting for Miss Letty's next words.

"There's wonderful news about Mr. Carteret, Di. And yet it isn't so wonderful—for it's just what Captain Stanfield told us. It seems that the incumbent of St. Botolph's is quite as rich as people said, and that his daughter is very handsome. But I'll read it out of the letter if you like, Di. You and Mr. Carteret used to be such good friends, that I know you will be glad to hear."

Diana turned sick at heart. She scarcely seemed to hear what Miss Letty was saying. She should understand it better if she read it herself.

"Will you let me look at the letter, Miss Letty?" she said, involuntarily.

Miss Letty hesitated, for just then her eye fell upon a passage that she had not noticed before—"Don't mention this in Broadmead at present."

"Dear me, what have I done?" she said, in alarm. "Rebecca says it isn't to be mentioned, and here have I been telling

you all about it. What shall I do? But you won't tell any one—will you, Di? Rebecca would be so annoyed! Dear me! Dear me!"

And Miss Letty was so taken up with her own fears, that she did not perceive the white face over which Diana hastily drew her veil.

"No, Miss Letty," she managed to say, "I won't tell any one—I will promise you, quite, quite faithfully. But does Miss Pycroft say that Mr. Carteret is going to be married?"

And it seemed to her that she was speaking in a dream; and that, at the sound of her own voice, she should awake, and find it one.

"Well, no—she does not exactly say that," answered Miss Letty. "And I suppose that is the reason that she does not want it talked about at present. But she says there's no doubt of its coming to pass in the end—from all she can hear and see. And of course, for a young man without prospects, it is a most excellent thing."

"Yes," said Diana, dreamily.

"I suppose we shall hear all about it when Rebecca comes home. I dare say it will be all settled by then; and then you will know about it, as well as every one else. And I shouldn't be surprised if he were to ask you to be a bridesmaid."

Diana started.

"Oh, no—I think not."

"Well, perhaps you would hardly be an old enough friend. And yet, you knew him so well when he was here. I almost wonder he did not write to tell you about it; but perhaps he will when it's all settled."

"I don't know—"

And even Miss Letty, obtuse as she was, noticed a little constraint in Diana's manner; and the old theory of John Carteret's rejection sprang up in her mind, and she thought it might be wiser to say no more about it; so she turned the subject.

"You should get rid of that cold of yours, Di. You're terribly hoarse to-day."

"Am I?"

"Dreadfully, just like a raven. I'll send you some of Rebecca's cough syrup—it cures every one."

"No, don't!" said Diana, feeling as though she must flee from her companion, or else betray herself. However, she managed, with a great effort, to walk on, and to speak a few more incoherent sentences;

and then, to her intense relief, Miss Letty said she must turn down the Millpool-lane, as she wanted to see a sick woman at one of the cottages there.

"And you'll be quite sure not to say a word to a single soul?" said Miss Letty, turning back for a moment.

"Quite certain," said Diana.

"Not even to Sophy, if you should see her—she would be almost as much vexed as Rebecca would be."

"No—I will not tell any one."

"That's a dear creature. I know I can trust you. Not by word, or deed, or look—remember!"

And she went away, nodding and smiling.

For the next few minutes, Diana was so utterly bewildered that she knew not where she was, nor what path she was taking; until she suddenly, as it seemed to her, awaked, and found herself in the pine wood, among the great tall stems; and she sat down upon a thick bed of moss, near a broken stump, and tried to recall her thoughts.

Had Miss Letty really been telling her about John Carteret, or had there been some mistake?

And looking through the arching trees, her eyes fell on the tender spikes of green, which soon would be quivering with waves of blue. How well she remembered pointing out the hyacinth glory to John Carteret a year ago, and exactly how she had felt, and what she was thinking of; and now—

"It is not true, it is not true!" she almost shrieked. "I will not believe it, except from John Carteret himself."

Then the sound of the water slipping over the stones caught her ear. Trickle, trickle—like a mocking spirit, chattering something unintelligible. And then again she thought—as she had thought before—of Undine, and half wondered how it was that people cared to be immortal. If one had no soul, one could lie down, and be at rest. Could perfect rest come without forgetfulness? And suddenly the words came to her heart, as though a voice had spoken them—"O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away, and be at rest!"

Upward!—the dove flies upward!

Whither?

"It is not true—it is not true!" she said again, as if strengthening herself against the words she had seen in Miss Pycroft's own handwriting. Yet Miss Pycroft was a truthful person.

What should she do?

Wait, wait! What else is there for man to do but wait? It is all waiting upon the earth: waiting for flight—waiting till the soul's wings are no more clogged by earth.

She dipped her hand in the stream, and bathed her fevered forehead and her parched lips; and then she smoothed her hair; and, after sitting for awhile, rose up, and thought she would go home.

She could not go to the Neris now. There would be danger of betraying Miss Letty if she did so, for the Signora always knew if anything had gone wrong; and, indeed, Diana generally told her, so that she could scarcely hide this from her. No—she would not go to the Neris; she would go home, and practise the new symphony she was learning for Signor Neri. Then she need not talk to any one; and the music, perhaps, might have some soothing revelation for her—at any rate, it would prevent her having to talk to any one. For the rest, she must wait until she should hear from John Carteret again; and until then, she would believe that all that Miss Pycroft had said was false—that some singular delusion had taken possession of her, and that her next letter would contradict it all.

She sprang up—she tried to shake off her fear—she tried to be brave, to disbelieve, to be full of hope and confidence. But trying does not bear up the wings of hope; and when it comes to making an effort to command them, confidence and trust are not easy to retain.

And Diana, repeating over and over again, "It is not true!" went her way homewards.

THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

THE troupe of the Comédie Française, which is now performing in our Opera Comique, confers an honour on London by choosing to appear here rather than in many other cities where its *répertoire* and its acting would perhaps have met with a more general, if not a more keen, appreciation. For the first time in two hundred years, these actors—incomparably the finest in the world—have performed out of Paris. Originally instituted in 1680, their name has been associated for nearly two hundred years with the highest dramatic art and the masterpieces of the French theatre. To them is

due the maintenance of taste, and the gradual improvement in stage effects. They have justly been held up as the model company—a company in which as much care has been taken with the small as with the great parts; where a footman with a line to say, or a supernumerary with a banner to carry, is taught to go through his part as conscientiously as if he were going to take the part of Tartuffe himself.

A few words on the services which this troupe has rendered to dramatic art will, perhaps, be interesting to our readers.

Their history really dates much farther back than the year 1680. It was in the very beginning of the fifteenth century that the first privileged company began to act in Paris. They were called the *Confrères de la Passion*. They had a hall in the Rue Saint Denis; and they performed, for a hundred and fifty years—and until the Parisian public were utterly weary of them—those "Mysteries," or sacred dramas, taken from the Old and New Testament, of which our ancestors were so fond. The "Mysteries," in their turn, gave way to "Moralities," in which some sort of parable—with an easy interpretation, clearly to be understood of everybody—was set forth to an admiring audience. In these, an element of comedy was introduced by the appearance of devils on the stage. Their tricks were always defeated, and their discomfiture formed the most attractive part of the piece.

But, in spite of the efforts of the worthy *Confrères* to produce an attractive bill of fare for their patrons by crowding the stage with devils, there came a time when even these failed to draw; and certain young law clerks and Bohemians invented an entirely new kind of drama, which enticed away all the admirers of the *Confrère* to their own rude stage. The new pieces were called *farces* and *sottises*—being simply representations of trickery and intrigue, with as much fun, of a broad kind, as could be got into the time of representation.

The sacred drama was dead. In 1548, the Parliament issued a decree prohibiting the representation of sacred subjects; and the *Confrères*, who were a hereditary class, and had amassed great wealth by their lucrative calling, were compelled, against their will—for they professed piety—to enact profane dramas. And then began, in France, the modern stage. In 1588, the *Confrères* finally retired from the field—though they

were not formally suppressed till forty years afterwards—letting out their theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne to a company of comedians, who performed the plays of Jodelle, Garnier, and Hardy, the predecessors of Corneille. These became so popular, that it was found necessary to divide into two companies, one of which opened a new theatre, that of the Marais. There were thus in Paris, in the year 1600, two privileged companies of comedians, besides a nomadic Italian company, which played occasionally, and was great in pantomime. Cardinal Richelieu also, who was passionately fond of the drama, and was, perhaps, more ambitious to succeed as a dramatist than as a politician, constructed two theatres in his own palace. These, however, were not open to the public. One of them afterwards became the theatre of Molière.

It was in 1652 that Molière, having the good fortune to please the King, obtained the privilege of establishing himself and his company in Paris, under the title of the "Troupe de Monsieur." Thirteen years later, they were honoured by receiving the title of the "King's Comedians," with a pension—rarely paid—of 7,000 francs a year.

The new company broke up at the death of Molière, some of them joining that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and some that of the Théâtre du Marais. The two companies continued for a few years separate and distinct, until—on October 21, 1680—they were united by order of Louis XIV., and formed but one company—that of the Comédie Française.

They had no fixed theatre for nine years, when they entered into possession of a new house, built expressly for them; opening it, on Easter Monday, 1689, with the performance of Racine's "Phèdre." From this time till the year 1770 they played nowhere else. They then migrated to the Hall of the Tuileries, where they remained till the Theatre of the Odéon was ready for them, in 1782. This being burned down in 1799, they changed again to a theatre which had been built by the Duke of Orleans in the Rue Richelieu. Every visitor to Paris knows the subsequent *locale* of the Comédie Française.

The company was not only subsidized by the King—it was also governed by a special constitution, drawn up so as to form a

complete organization. The actors were to receive a certain proportion of the revenues; they had certain duties and certain rights; rules were laid down for keeping the archives of the company; and the internal arrangements were entrusted to a council, whose election was specially cared for. They were supposed to be always at the service of the King. They played before the Court regularly for from four to five months every year; and when the King moved to Fontainebleau, a part of the company followed him there. Every Monday a sitting of the council was held, at which the parts were assigned, new pieces read, and authors conferred with.

Up to the year 1727, their costume—which was splendid enough—was the ordinary dress of the period; no attempt being made to create illusion by dressing in the style and costume of the time represented. The first novelty was introduced by an actress named Madame Lecouvreur, who performed the character of a Queen in the Court dress, instead of the ordinary dress of her own time. This innovation was approved of; and for thirty years more, queens and princesses—whether of Greece, or Rome, or Scythia—appeared in the same dress as that worn before the Court. The actors seem to have adopted a compromise, preserving the wig of the day, and the plumed hat, with the cuirass which marked the warrior, or the laurel wreath which decorated the hero or the king.

The next change was adopted in 1755, when a real effort was made to avoid these anachronisms in costume; but it was not till the time of Talma that the pieces were put on the stage in costume as exact as could be devised. It is, however, to the Comédie Française that we owe the careful costumes of the present day.

Another radical reform is also due to them. Up to the year 1760, the stage was encumbered with seats placed at the side, where persons of distinction were privileged to sit, spoiling all the illusion, and often interfering with the action of the piece by their own remarks. Actors, authors, and audience had long desired to clear the stage; but it was not till 1760 that the privilege was obtained which permitted them to effect this all-important reform. These places were the most costly in the house; and the Comédie Française, in abolishing them, voluntarily gave up a large revenue. It is true

that Count de Lauraguais, a dramatic enthusiast, presented the company with 12,000 francs to indemnify them for the loss they sustained.

One more reform. Up to the year 1782, the pit had no seats. It was a noisy crowd, jostling and trampling, and constantly disturbing the audience. The Comédie Française first placed benches in the pit, and established order and quiet.

Scenery, costume, comfort, and good acting—these are the benefits which the Comédie Française has conferred on the world. They are the natural results of a system which has encouraged an intelligent body of artistes to maintain always the highest standard; which has placed them above the necessity of catering for vulgar tastes; which has made one theatre, at least, fulfil the legitimate objects of the drama: to instruct the people, to purify their imagination, and to raise their taste. Why have we no "English Comedy"?

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND had begun to go upon its holiday. As there had been east winds blowing without intermission from February till May, the consequent amount of suicides had nearly sent the Registrar-General into despair at the havoc made in his statistics and his averages; and then the summer in London suddenly introduced itself with excessive heat, and society declared it really could not stand it. Judges sat without their wigs, and kindly permitted the bar to lay aside the white horsehair for a time. Respectable elderly bankers and merchants, who generally presented a stiff and buttoned-up appearance, were known to transact business in their shirt sleeves. It was stated, too, on good authority, that a noble peer—who, it was generally supposed, would die, or let die, rather than commit a breach of etiquette—had been seen to take his coat off in Kensington Gardens, and fan himself with his hat. The glare of the pavements suggested baked and pinched-up feet. The omnibuses looked like travelling hot-air compartments, superfluously warming the streets. The ice carts drove madly about, as if the chance of carrying a lump of ice a mile were small indeed. The policemen looked as if nothing

short of a deliberate murder under their very noses could rouse them to action; and as for the two magnificent military gentlemen in their boxes at the Horse Guards, they suffered the tortures of Tantalus from the little ragged boys—whom neither heat nor cold subdues—as they volunteered politely to fetch any amount of pints of beer, if the noble soldiers would but cast discipline to the winds, and dare to drink.

Parliament was still sitting—or rather, it was lolling and lounging about in an un-senatorial manner; but what the newspapers invariably call the beginning of the end had certainly arrived. The heat of party spirit was nothing to the heat of the weather; and arrears of business and general third readings were hurried over with the faintest show of discussion. Ball-rooms were not crowded for more than half an hour; and the Star and Garter did a splendid business. The theatres were at the mercy of a scanty pit, and the actors dolefully perspired through their parts. Under these circumstances, it was not very astonishing that John Chinnery, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, neglected the very small amount of business that burdened his chambers in Paper-buildings; and, contemning sessions and circuit, betook himself to the Alps for change of air.

To travel from King's Bench-walk to the heart of Switzerland is, in these days, the simplest thing imaginable. Mr. Chinnery merely walked across to Ludgate-hill station, and by the time he had read the *Times* and two or three other newspapers well through, he found himself at Dover. Then he went for a pleasant little cruise of an hour and a half, went on shore again, enjoyed luncheon, got into the train again, smoked a cigar or two, read a French novel, had an admirable dinner in Paris, slept comfortably, devoted the next day to another novel and more cigars, and when he began to look about him seriously, found himself at Lucerne.

Mr. Chinnery was not particularly partial to gigantic hotels and *tables d'hôte* of commensurate size, to say nothing of the vast and wandering herds of his countrymen; so before long he turned his steps towards a little place in the mountains he had so-journed at for a few hours three years before, and which we will call Schwartzbad, near which there was a little lake boasting remarkably good fishing; and here he de-

terminated to stay three weeks or a month, and enjoy himself in his own way.

Three years, however, had made a great change in the general appearance of Schwartzbad. The inevitable hotel on a large scale had sprung up, and the British tourist had accomplished his destiny in raising the greed of gold in the souls of the hitherto simple-minded inhabitants. Nevertheless, as it was not on the high road to anywhere in particular, there was a comparative calm about it even in the middle of the season; and as John Chinnery was by no means a misanthropist, and could endure the society of his countrymen in moderation, he found Schwartzbad a very pleasant place on the whole.

One day, he met a kindred spirit angling in the lake; and as this other piscator killed three trout to Chinnery's one, the latter overcame his insular reserve so far as to go up to his rival and ask him, in passable German, what fly he used. After regarding Chinnery for a moment rather sharply, this other replied in English, and at once presented him with half a dozen strange little flies of his own manufacture, which Chinnery used, with great success. The successful angler was also an Englishman, it turned out, who had lived for many years close to Schwartzbad. He was a thin, spare man—originally, no doubt, of a fine, tall figure—but, through age or illness, he habitually stooped, and on his forehead there were marked deep lines of thought or anxiety, and his hair was very gray. At the conclusion of the day's sport, Chinnery gave him his card; and, on perusing the name, the other slightly started, but merely said that he himself had been so long out of the ways of society, that he did not possess the ordinary piece of pasteboard; but said that his name was Winearls, and he described the locality of the châlet-villa where he lived; and added that he should be very pleased if Mr. Chinnery would do him the honour to call upon him. Chinnery took a fancy to the elderly gentleman, who seemed, at this first introduction, to be a somewhat eccentric character. And the next day he called at the châlet; and he felt that he had done quite right when he found that his new acquaintance was blessed with a charming little niece, whose name was Lilian.

Lilian Grey was charming—very charming, there could be no doubt about that. The only wonder that bothered Mr. Chin-

nery was, why on earth Mr. Winearls and his niece lived year after year in such an out-of-the-way place as Schwartzbad. What could Lilian Grey have done that she should be doomed to be brought up here, of all the queer corners of the world? However, she had contrived to get a tolerable education, Chinnery soon discovered; and she spoke English with the prettiest possible accent. More than once, in conversation with her uncle, Chinnery had talked about Lilian, and had hinted that she was worthy of a larger sphere and better society than Schwartzbad could afford; and of course he spoke of flowers—

—“Born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air!”

But Mr. Winearls never encouraged him to dwell on the matter; and so Chinnery concluded that the uncle had domestic reasons, or private prejudices, for keeping the niece where she was.

One day, at the close of his month's sojourn, Mr. Chinnery reclined lazily under the shade of a large chestnut tree, half-way between the Belle Vue Hotel at Schwartzbad and Mr. Winearls's châlet—Schloss Winearls, as he always called it—smoking, of course; and also, of course, thinking—much as follows.

“I don't think it's any use my stopping here any longer. The hotel is getting horribly full; and one can't go a hundred yards without meeting a compatriot in knickerbockers, with a tendency to neglect his razors and his manners. And who could support existence long in the same hotel as Grasmere and Stalker? Grasmere is a good sort of a fool, and Stalker is only just better than an ass. Lady Dobcross is simply an intolerable bore. As for Miss Prestoun—well, she is the heiress of Estcourt, and, to do her justice, she is perfectly aware of the fact. Now, I wonder who will have the pluck to marry that wealthy young person? Either he or she will catch a Tartar, I expect. She would have made a first-rate empress—quite an *ave Faustina, morituri te salutant* sort of woman. What rubbish! She is quite a girl, after all; and, I dare say, only wants to have the nonsense knocked out of her, which another season or two will do very well, I dare say. Rather different from Lilian Grey. Well, I suppose, if poor little Lilian was in Margaret Prestoun's position, there would not be much to

choose between them. They are all alike. I am very thankful I am not blessed, or cursed, with an impressionable heart. Ah, here comes one who is not so well off as I am in that respect;—young Brydon, all poetry and painting. He has been sighing away heart—and, what is worse, digestion—at Miss Prestoun's feet. Ah, my dear young friend, you lose sight of the fact that you have got an elder brother—the amiable Matthew, lord of Bartry, and several thousand acres; while you, by reason of that delightful and sensible law, one of the glories of our unrivalled British constitution, are living—or rather, not dying—on two hundred a-year. How are you, my dear artist?" he added aloud, as the object of his compassion came up to him. "Why, where are the camp stool, the white umbrella, and the sketch book? I hope you are not going to become as idle as I am."

"It's no use trying to paint when you are not in the humour for it," said Edmund Brydon, wearily, as he sat down beside Chinnery. "I have done nothing for a week and more."

"I thought it was only poets that went off the track in that kind of way," said Chinnery. "It's all very well in their case—a man can't be always inventing nonsense, and then clothing it in gorgeous imagery; but you—you have only got to look at the sky, two or three mountains, and half a dozen trees, and reproduce them on canvas, with an animal or two in the distance, and a golden-haired beauty in the foreground."

Brydon looked sharply at his companion, as if he suspected the last words implied more than appeared; but Mr. Chinnery was placidly puffing at his pipe, and his hat was cocked over his eyes, and such of his features as were visible seemed excessively stolid.

"Yes; but there are times when one cannot even copy," returned Brydon.

"Are there, indeed? I wonder if law stationers' clerks ever give way to such times. But, seriously, my dear fellow, I am surprised that you should give in like this. When I first met you here, you were all enthusiasm and Royal Academy. You'll never get beyond sign-painting if you don't take care."

"And now, I don't feel even fit for that," exclaimed Brydon, bitterly.

Chinnery pushed his hat back, knocked

the ashes from his pipe, and—while he arranged its internal economy with a twig he picked up beside him—stared steadily at his friend.

"The old story, I suppose. In love—eh?"

"Yes. And all in vain!"

"Of course. It appears to me, it always *is* in vain. No, I'm not chaffing, my dear boy. I have seen a good deal of the complaint in my time. But it has frequently struck me, that young men *will* go and fall in love with the wrong woman. It's very sad; but people are so excessively obstinate! I don't want to appear intrusive—but it *is* Miss Prestoun, isn't it?"

Brydon merely nodded, and covered his face with his hands.

"Now, listen to me. You had been here very happily for six weeks, painting, and sketching, and taking long walks with Mr. Winearls and Miss Grey. A fortnight ago, Miss Prestoun and suite, Dobcross and Co., appeared at the Belle Vue; and you have contrived to fall madly in love in that short space of time, and now are utterly miserable and prostrated, both in mind and body, because Miss Prestoun does not appear exactly inclined to return the violence of your passion. Haven't I put the case correctly?"

"No, Chinnery. You don't know all. I knew Margaret well, before her sudden accession to fortune. It is true that more than a year has elapsed since I saw her last; but I never dreamed that she would be so changed as I find her now."

"You knew her before! Ah—I admit that does throw a different light upon the case; and I can make more allowance for your present condition. What you mean to say is that, whereas Miss Prestoun encouraged you some time ago, when she was poor, and you both were younger, her behaviour to you now is rather cold than otherwise?"

"It is, indeed! She denies me every opportunity of speaking to her of the past—of reminding her of mutual promises."

"Of course she does. My dear Brydon, it is very unkind of her, I admit. But does it not strike you that a lady who can treat you in this sort of way, simply because she has got a little more money than she used to have, is scarcely worth the waste of an honest love?"

"Oh, I have said so to myself a hundred

times! I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it."

"Rubbish! Excuse me for not being very sympathetic in this matter; but, in my opinion, it is a case that requires rough treatment. Come, pack up your portman-teau and paint box, and come and take a ramble with me. I will undertake to say that you will be hard at work again in less than a fortnight. Be wise in time—say done to my proposal."

"I cannot, Chinnery. It's no use asking me. I must speak to her, and know my fate!"

And Brydon rose up from the ground, and looked back impatiently at Schwartzbad.

"Then the next best thing you can do will be to get it over as soon as possible. Remember, I shall be ready to start whenever you like."

"Perhaps I may not want to start," exclaimed Brydon, desperately.

"Perhaps not—but I think you will," returned Chinnery, coolly. "My dear fellow, it is no use hoping against hope. You know quite well the sort of answer she will make you when you talk to her about the happy old times, and the promises, and all the rest of it. But if you wish to make assurance doubly sure—why, go and do it."

"I am going," answered Brydon, in a thick voice. "Chinnery, if it proves as bad as you anticipate, it will break my heart."

Chinnery stood up, and took Brydon's hand.

"My dear boy, an honest, manly heart like yours is not to be broken by a coquette. Don't you believe it. It may ache a little for a month or two, but there will be no real harm done; and you will find it whole and sound when it is really wanted for somebody worthy of it. Now be off, and put yourself out of suspense."

Without another word, Edmund Brydon trudged meekly back to Schwartzbad.

"Poor fellow! I am quite sorry for him. However, he will be all the better for it afterwards. Now, then, I will just walk on to the Schloss Winearls, and say good-bye to the owner and his niece; for I foresee we shall be off to-morrow, or next day at the farthest."

As he was about to move on, he looked back at the unhappy lover. He had stopped, and was speaking to some one.

"'Tis Miss Grey," muttered Chinnery.

"Now, that girl is much more your style, Master Brydon; and how you can be so intensely blind as not to prefer her to the marble-hearted heiress, I can't imagine. There he goes on again, as if an angel was inviting him instead of a—well, I won't be rude. As I am not in quite such a hurry, I may as well wait, and escort Miss Grey home."

He had not to wait long. The young lady seemed in almost as great a hurry as the gentleman she had just parted from; and on her face, too, Chinnery thought he saw, as she came nearer to him, traces of anxiety. Certainly, the fair young face did not look quite so happy and smiling as usual.

"Now what has she been up to, I wonder!" thought Chinnery, as he advanced to meet her. "Going home, Miss Grey? Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you. I have been trying to get to Mr. Winearls' chalet for the last hour and a-half, but a fascinating idleness has not permitted me to get any farther than this cool and comfortable chestnut. However, now that you have arrived, the spell is broken, and I think I can accomplish my journey."

"Oh, do come with me, Mr. Chinnery, and you can help Uncle Andrew to advise me," replied Lilian Grey, eagerly.

"Good gracious me, Miss Grey!—what has happened? Has Grasmere asked you to share his coronet, or has Stalker invited you to challenge destiny with him?"

"Oh, Mr. Chinnery, how can you talk such nonsense!" said Lilian, laughing in spite of herself. "I should not want any advice to help me to answer either of those questions. It is Miss Prestoun who has made me a proposal."

"Ah!" exclaimed Chinnery, stopping short. "Of what nature, may I ask?"

"You know how kind she has been to me since the first day she arrived at the Belle Vue—the very day you introduced me to her?"

"Well—I thought she seemed to have taken a great fancy to you, certainly. Go on, Miss Grey."

"You need not look so grave—there is nothing very dreadful going to happen. But she is most anxious that I should accompany her to England, and spend the autumn and winter with her at Estcourt."

"Well?"

"Is it not kind of her?"

"Yes. And it will be equally kind of you if you accept the invitation."

"Ah, don't speak ironically. You know it can be very little pleasure for her to have such a boorish, uneducated girl as I am with her. But she says she wants to have a companion of her own age at Estcourt. She promises to call me sister."

"And I have no doubt she will promise to call Brydon brother," thought Chinnery; but he only said—"And what do you intend to do, Miss Grey?"

"Whatever Uncle Andrew thinks best," she replied.

"And are you on your way now to tell him all about it, and ask him what you had better do?" asked Chinnery, gravely.

"Yes."

"Then I think I had better let you go on by yourself. I could not take the responsibility of offering any advice in such a matter. If you accept this invitation, it will prove the turning point, for good or for evil, in your life. Your uncle, Miss Grey, if I judge him rightly, has seen the dark and the bright sides of life. I am sure, he will decide rightly what will be the best for you. One moment. Do you mind telling me what your own inclinations are?"

"You cannot blame me if I say that sometimes I indulge in a desire to see more of the world; and yet, Heaven knows, I have never been anything but happy here!"

"But occasionally bored—ennuyé, perhaps," suggested Chinnery.

"Oh, no—never! If uncle says, 'Stay with me, Lilian,' I believe firmly that I should be only too contented to stay at the châlet all my life. Whatever dreams of life beyond Schwartzbad I may have at times, I am sure I could not be really happy if I were separated for long from Uncle Andrew."

"Rest assured that whatever course he decides on for you, Miss Grey, will be the wisest and the best. I can say nothing more. Good-bye for the present. I shall take the liberty of walking up to the châlet to-morrow, in order to learn whether you are to stay or to go."

Lilian hurried on, and Chinnery slowly turned his steps towards Schwartzbad.

"So you are offered a bite of one of the Estcourt apples are you, my innocent little Eve?" he muttered. "And, of course, your amiable uncle will think it right that you should taste the fruit, lest he should seem selfish. Well, well—it's no affair of mine.

Schwartzbad is a dull place, no doubt; yet its dullness may be happier for you than the luxuries of Estcourt, or the brilliancy of Miss Prestoun's Belgravian mansion. Stuff—what nonsense! If I were to stay here another six weeks, it wouldn't take me two minutes to choose which locality I should prefer;—and, really, it's no business of mine."

PAST METROPOLITAN PAPERS.—

No. II.

THE "COURIER."

BY JAMES GRANT.

I NOW come to the *Courier*. The history of this journal is remarkable. It was established in 1792, in the midst of the French Revolution; and having an influential as well as numerous proprietary—the shares being divided into twenty-four—with access to exclusive sources of information, together with able editors and contributors, it almost immediately surpassed in circulation all its morning and evening contemporaries. Even the *Times* itself was for several years below the *Courier* in circulation. At first, and for several years, it identified itself with Liberal principles, and was believed to have decided sympathies with the revolutionary party in France. Among a large portion of the population this would have, in the state of British public feeling at the time, contributed in no small measure to extend its circulation. But though the *Courier* had a large circulation from its commencement, two circumstances occurred—one in 1798, and the other a trial for libel in the following year—which contributed much to bring it still more extensively before the public. The *Courier* having stated, in 1798, that the French prisoners at Liverpool had been cruelly treated by the British Government, the Attorney-General was instructed to bring an action against the paper for a libel on the Government. This, he afterwards stated in the House of Commons, he was not only prepared to do, but had adopted every means in his power to ascertain who was the actual writer of the paragraph; and the registered proprietor having twelve months before sold his property in the *Courier*, his efforts, he added, were unsuccessful; yet not wishing to punish the printer, who was but a non-entity, and therefore not morally responsible, he had felt it his duty to abandon the prosecution. But in order, he said, to secure

efficient action in similar cases, and in all cases of libel, he would ask extended power from the House to enable prosecutors in actions for libel against newspapers to fix more completely the responsibility on the proprietors and writers of those journals. Soon after, to accomplish these objects, he brought in a measure entitled "A Bill for preventing the Mischief arising from Newspapers being printed and published by persons unknown, and for regulating them in these respects." The bill was strenuously opposed by Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Tierney, Mr. John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Sir John Hobhouse and Lord Broughton), Lord William Russell, Sir William Pulteney, Sir Francis Burdett, and all the other members of mark identifying themselves at the time with an advanced Liberalism. The bill was, of course, supported by all the friends of the Government; but the chief ministerial supporter of the measure was Lord Temple, who, in the vehemence of his advocacy, worked himself into one of the most violent passions ever witnessed on the floor of the House of Commons. Indeed, he lost all self-control, both in his language and his manner. Mr. Tierney having stated that the editor of the *Courier* had commissioned him to assure the House that, at the time the vituperative paragraph had appeared, he believed it to be true, otherwise it would not have been inserted, Lord Temple, in a state of frenzied excitement, called on Mr. Tierney to give up the name of the editor of the *Courier* to the House, as it was evident he was personally acquainted with him. He added, by way of describing and denouncing the *Courier*, that it was a paper which was "a scandalous outrage on law, on morality, religion, and justice," and was the echo of France, and the organ of the French Directory. He therefore called on Mr. Tierney to furnish such information respecting the editor of the *Courier* as would "bring such a scoundrel to justice." In answer to the demand thus made by Lord Temple, Mr. Tierney, calmly but resolutely, said that he questioned Lord Temple's right to make it; but, be that as it might, he would not turn common informer by divulging the name of the editor, who was a man of respectability. Mr. Tierney added, with great emphasis, that though Lord Temple had gone so far in availing himself of the privileges of the House as to call a man a scoundrel who had not the means of answering him, he

would not, perhaps, have ventured to do so in his presence.

The bill, however, of the Attorney-General was, after an adjourned debate, carried by a large majority; and, as will be seen hereafter, soon produced a harvest of newspaper press prosecutions.

The other circumstance to which I have alluded as contributing largely, soon after its commencement, to the extension of its knowledge by the general public, was an action for libel which was brought against it early in 1799. On this occasion, the printer, publisher, and proprietor—at the time, Mr. John Parry—were severally indicted at the Guildhall, on an *ex-officio* information by the Attorney-General, for a libel on Paul, the then Emperor of Russia. The paragraph on which the prosecution was founded was a brief one. It was this:—"The Emperor of Russia is rendering himself obnoxious to his subjects by various acts of tyranny, and ridiculous in the eyes of Europe by his inconsistency. He has now published an edict prohibiting the exportation of timber, deal, &c. In consequence of this ill-timed law, upwards of one hundred sail of vessels are likely to return to this kingdom without freights." The paragraph turned out to be entirely unfounded, which of course rendered a verdict against the defendants certain, although they were defended by all the ability and all the eloquence of Mr. Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine. The sentence on Mr. Parry, the proprietor, was six months' imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, and a fine of £100, with his own security for five years in £500, and two sureties in £250 each. The other two defendants were severally sentenced to one month's imprisonment in the same prison. Considering that Lord Kenyon was the judge, and that the Attorney-General—Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon—was the prosecutor, the wonder is that they were let off so easily. The case created great and general interest; and as the *Courier* was only in the seventh year of its existence, it derived material benefit from it.

In the same year, 1799, the *Courier* came into the possession of Mr. Daniel Stuart. He was a man of great enterprise and administrative capacity; and believing that Toryism would turn out to be a much more profitable concern than the Liberalism with which the paper had hitherto identified itself, he resolved on giving it that complexion in a

much more marked manner than had been imparted to it some brief period before the property came into his hands. He at once applied himself to the task of finding out gifted writers who would work for him at the smallest possible pay compatible with actual subsistence. Mr. Stuart was proprietor, at the same time, of the *Morning Post*. In the meantime, it is right to remark that the contributors—or “apprentices,” as he called them—who were nominally engaged for the *Morning Post*, had occasionally to render their services as well to the *Courier*. This has often led to confusion. Amongst those contributors—three of them being at that time very little known in the world of literature, but who afterwards rose to great eminence, and whose reputations will be perpetuated for generations to come—who, at the commencement of the century, were journalistically connected with Mr. Stuart, were Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Charles Lamb. It was the general belief at the time, and it continued so for nearly forty years afterwards, that Southey was a stated and paid contributor to the *Courier*; but that was a mistake. In the year 1838, Mr. Daniel Stuart—whose mind was still as clear as ever, though approaching the advanced age of fourscore—wrote a long letter to the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” contradicting certain statements made by Mr. Gillman in his “Life of Coleridge,” and also by Mr. Henry Coleridge, the nephew of Coleridge, in his “Remains” of his uncle, in relation to his—Mr. Stuart’s—journalistic connection with the latter. In this letter, Mr. Stuart emphatically asserts that Southey never wrote a line, either in prose or verse, for the *Courier*. But Southey was—as will be shown hereafter—a regular and paid contributor to Mr. Stuart’s twin paper, the *Morning Post*. With regard to Wordsworth’s alleged connection with the *Courier*, Mr. Stuart, in the letter in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” to which I have just referred, states distinctly that it only extended to his sending to the *Courier* some extracts from his then unpublished pamphlet on the “Cintra Convention,” that convention exciting general attention at the time. In relation to the connection of Charles Lamb with the *Courier*, Mr. Stuart says nothing definite, though it was the general belief at the time that he was connected with it. And that belief was of service to the paper; because he, of the four

afterwards distinguished men I have mentioned, was the best known. Indeed, he possessed considerable reputation at the time. As respects Coleridge, he became the chief writer of leading articles—if not, indeed, the editor—until the year 1804, when Mr. Stuart sold the *Morning Post*. Coleridge claims, in his “Literary Biography,” to have made the fortune of the *Courier*, as well as of the *Morning Post*. Mr. Stuart virtually makes the admission that Coleridge was the principal cause of the prosperity of both papers; and yet, by a strange inconsistency, charges him with idleness in his journalistic capacity. The two things—prosperity and idleness—have hitherto been considered incompatible. As Coleridge was dead before this imputation of idleness was cast upon him by Mr. Stuart, it was at least ungenerous, even had it been just, to make it at all. But the justice of the imputation was virtually disposed of by the fact that Coleridge had, during the several intervening years from the time Mr. Stuart bought the *Morning Post*, in 1794, until within two years of the time he sold it, in 1804, retained the position of having the sole charge, according to his own words, “of the literary and political departments” of that journal; and he was continued for several years more in the same position in the *Courier*.

But unjust and ungenerous as this imputation was, Mr. Stuart brought another still more so against the poet. The latter had written, in his “Literary Biography,” the following paragraph, in relation to his journalistic labours:—“Yet in these labours I employed—and, in the belief of partial friends, wasted—the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly, they added nothing to my fortune or reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From Government, or the friends of Government, I not only never received remuneration, or even expected it, but I was never honoured with a single acknowledgment or expression of satisfaction.” On this paragraph Mr. Stuart founded, by implication, the charge of having prostituted his talents, and the journals he conducted, to the advocacy of the Government of the day, with a view to obtaining the reward of a Government appointment. Never was an imputation made on any man with less of even seeming ground to support it. Why, the very paragraph on which it was grounded furnishes conclusive proof of its utterly un-

founded character. He distinctly says that he not only never received, but "never expected," any favour from Government.

Though Coleridge and Mr. James Mackintosh—afterwards Sir James Mackintosh—had been at one time great personal friends, they had for many years lived in a state of estrangement from each other. Mackintosh, who married Stuart's sister, continued to write articles for the *Courier*. According to the "New Biographical Dictionary," edited by the late Rev. James Rose, Principal of King's College, he was a leading writer for it from 1808 to 1814. In the former year, Wordsworth was a stated contributor to the *Courier*; and, according to Stuart, wrote some powerful articles on the Spanish and Portuguese navy of that time.

A PARTING.

YOU go—with a calm smile upon your face,
Taking away the gladness and grace
Of life, from me.

You speak—and, in a gay and careless tone,
Bid me farewell—while I forlorn, alone,
And sad, stand silently.

No voice, no sound, comes from my weary breast,
And my tired head is bowed—with grief oppressed,
And dull with pain.

And my clasped hands lie heavily and still,
And from my heart is gone all wish or will,
And life seems vain!

But *thou*, my soul, courageously arise!
The heavy head may droop—the weary eyes
Be closed awhile;

But *thou* must wake! Thine is the onward way,
The ceaseless struggle; and thou mayst not stay
For tear or smile.

TABLE TALK.

THE recent conflict between the French and the Prussians has been decided—like all modern conflicts are now—more by the power of artillery than by mere hand to hand engagements. New inventions in the instruments of warfare have placed mere physical strength altogether in the minority. It used to be the boast, that the British soldier was superior in the matter of a bayonet charge to any other soldier in the world. Now, however, times are altered. The results of a victory depend, not on the power of the men individually, but on the power of the artillery collectively. Yet this leads us to an old reflection—namely, whether the men of the present day are equal or inferior in stature

to the warriors of ancient times. The generally accepted belief is, that the men of the present day are quite as stout and stalwart as they were in the old historic ages long gone by. Even at Lord Eglintoun's famous tournament, not a few of the knights had some difficulty in finding armour large enough for them to wear. And going even farther back, if we take the Egyptian mummy cases in the British Museum, few of them would contain an average-sized Englishman. So much for antiquity. The Romans and Greeks of old were a shorter, slighter race than the Gauls, from whom they at first sprang, and shrank in time. The sentries suffocated at Pompeii are quite as short as the smallest French linesman, without the broad, well-set look so often observable in the latter sturdy little race. And, without fear of vanity on the part of a degenerate race, we venture to think that a brigade of our British "Guards" would have made short work of even the picked men of a Roman legion.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has just returned from France, sends us the following note:—"Paris is on short commons. All M. Thiers' *ruriaux*—all the little marquises and viscounts who want Henri V. back—every De This and De la That, who yelled with scorn the other day when General Le Flô called ex-workman Tolain "the *honourable* member," have been exulting in that fact for the last two months. If you eat a salad at Versailles, they say—'Ah! those *pauvres diables* of Parisians haven't had a taste of green meat for ever so long.' Yet Paris can still give a good dinner at less than half the price which we have to pay in this fat, well-supplied London. The old prices still range in the Palais Royal Cafés—as good a dinner as you need sit down to for 2 francs 50 cents, or 3 francs, *wine included*. Just outside the Palais, for 1s. 1½d. you get a good *déjeuner*; and for 1s. 5½d. you have a dinner of soup, three courses, and dessert—of course with the wine (and last year's ordinary wine is exceptionally good). Why not something of this kind in London, where rents are surely not higher, and taxes are lower, than in Paris? Why should it cost 12s. to give the simplest fare—a bit of sole, a bit of mutton, and a bit of cheese, washed down with a little beer and a tiny bottle of Niersteiner—to three people, in a big hot room,

where the meats are run about on wheels, and where the waiters' cries—"Money on 14!" "Mutton on 10!" effectually stop all conversation? As for the wine, it costs rs. 9d. In a Hamburg wine cellar, the same quantity would cost 7d. In Touraine, you get a half bottle, holding twice as much, for 3½d. The contrast is more striking when you come to country inns. Go to 'a quiet little place'—at Weybridge or Burnham—and see what you have to pay. At Dampierre, near Versailles and close to the Duc de Luynes, La Chèvreuse, and to two other ducal seats—in the most lively scenery, moreover—you get *déjeuner* for two, with a bottle and a-half of good wine and a siphon of seltzer-water, and the bill is about 4 francs. Here, too, they will board and lodge you for 2s. 9d. a-day, if you mean to stay a week. Why should there be such disparity in prices, when bread is far dearer in France than in England, and meat quite as dear? All the while, your London shopkeeper talks in a Cockney grumble, as though he was selling you everything under cost price. Why not, at any rate, before the hot weather sets in, introduce the seltzer siphon at something like its French price? We have had much talk and some action in the way of hotel reform; but hitherto the only result has been to give us big hotels, which get dearer and dearer—and to increase the prices, but not the comforts, of the smaller ones."

TOUCHING THE ARTICLES now appearing from the pen of Mr. Grant on "Past Metropolitan Papers," a Correspondent sends us the following facts in connection with a present metropolitan paper—and a very important one too—we mean the *Times*. There are papers *and* papers; but every true British Paterfamilias regards his *Times* much as he regards his eggs and bacon—as a necessary adjunct to the breakfast table. If he wants reliable information on any topic—whether it be the debate in the House last night, the progress of the difficulty between the Versailles and the Commune, or the more immediate matter-of-fact condition of the Stocks—he consults the *Times* as his oracle. But the *Times* was not always such a Jupiter Tonans of the press. On the occasion of the late Duke of Wellington's funeral, in the November of 1852, 70,000 copies were sold of the number of this paper containing the account of the proceedings. The *Times* of January 10, 1806, which con-

tained the account of the funeral of Lord Nelson, was a very small paper compared with the *Times* of nearly half a century afterwards. Its size was nineteen inches by thirteen. The paper had about eighty advertisements, and occupied—with woodcuts of the coffin, and funeral car—a space of fifteen inches by nine. Fifty years afterwards, the number of the advertisements had amounted to about 1,700. When the Royal Exchange was opened by the Queen, 54,000 copies were sold; and at the close of the trial of Rush, the murderer, 44,500. And at the present day, the *Times*, as a property, is a fortune in itself.

DOUBLE OR EVEN TREBLE and quadruple Christian names are all the fashion now. Modern society, both high and low, turns up its nose at the plain Dick, Tom, or Harry of former days. It may be interesting to note what is said to be the first instance of a double Christian name. The person said to be thus first endowed with "double honours" in the way of nomenclature was a certain John James Sandilands, an English Knight of Malta. John James, however, was accused of having stolen a chalice from the altar of a church called St. Antonio, and a crucifix. He confessed to his guilt, and lost his habit.

BUT SPEAKING of the multiplicity of Christian names, Tom Moore, in his "Fudge Family in Paris," tells us that Lord Castle-reagh had a curious theory about names. He held that *every* man with *three* names was a Jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous—Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. And in England he produced as examples—Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, and several other well-known personages.

THE FOLLOWING COINCIDENCES in two languages strike us as being somewhat curious, though possibly they have struck students of German literature before:—"Sage" is the German for a *saga*, or traditional myth; "*säge*" is the German for saw, a carpenter's tool; and "*saw*," in English, has two meanings—a *tool*, and an *adage*, or traditional saying.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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UNCONSCIOUS COMIC EXPRESSION.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.



EXPRESSION is a great desideratum, because we want it in comedy; but in these modern days, it is rarely found there. In truth, comedy and tragedy have now changed positions. All the

attempts at modern tragedy—by a strange reverse—have the effect of causing us to laugh; while, of all melancholy spectacles, we would select a good burlesque—good, that is to say, to this end—to be the most successful: and this in the proportion that it is interpreted—as it is called—by the best modern burlesque actors and actresses. So, if we want to become pensive and to sigh, I know no place better than a first-rate burlesque theatre for the purpose. In order, therefore, effectually to put us into the serious mood, let us go and witness some of the stupidities and vulgarities—intended as fun—of a modern “capital” burlesque, with its inane puns—witticisms which won’t go off even with the meanest understanding. Let us gaze and ruminate on these frantic “breakdowns”—whatever this jargon, whether of the “stalls” or the “stable,” may mean—in a fashionable white regulation “once-round,” with elephantine lorgnettes, sustained in ringed fingers, but certainly without any pleasure on our own particular side; in the midst of stalls fluttering, as they continually are,

with silks and muslin, at some theatre with illuminated “Tonbridge-ware” architecture, just off the Strand or in it. Shakspeare would not have liked this, but many of us do;—and we are not Shakspeare—fortunately, doubtless, for him; for he, perhaps, might have been ashamed of us. Shakspeare’s boast might be certainly, now, that in this age there is no theatre in London where he could be played; nor that in London is there any audience that could be possible for him—the poet that was “not for an age, but for all time,” since he certainly cannot be fixed in this particular age in which we have the good fortune to live, and in which he has the good fortune—like the absence of Brutus’s statue, which was the reproach of that debased Roman time—to be forgotten!

Rest, Shakspeare, rest! beneath the fretted roofs of thine own glorious Trinity Church, where we have—deep in our depths of thought, and of our long-looking for thee—bent over thy last sublime dumb place of deposition in that sacred Stratford-super Avon, now all thy own—a place which seem wholly suffused with thee and with thy memories. At least, we found it so when we were there some few years since, poring over it and about it like as a home; just as we had gone back to it, and not seen it there for the first time. This modern time, Shakspeare, is unworthy of thee; though this is still England, and this was the scene of thy glories! Great Englishman! pray visit us not now, in thy calm, grand, reproving majesty of visage—with thy serene front and with thy noble brow, which we all know so well. We are unworthy of thee, great intellectual one! Disclose not, thou “buried majesty!” For, knowing our shortcomings in thine own glorious walks, we could not bear that face to quietly look not scornful but benevolent accusation. Come not living again, to men’s fancying eyes, guessing how you once looked. Come not,

thine earthward bendings, to these our modern haunts, gleaming mistimed disclosure again, in these present disenchanting, commonplace "glimpses of the moon;" out of which present glimpses of the moon—extenuate—have rendered all romance and all poetry. Or if thou dost, or shouldst, walk witnessing in our ways again, as thou once didst thyself tell of that gracious "Majesty of Denmark," acknowledge the indulgent justice of thy sparing, propitious fates, that thou canst now find amidst our modern metropolitan theatres no roof whatever for thee, but only the roof of the grandest of all theatres;—there only, far and wide, under thine own proper, supernaturally radiant, immortal roof to enshrine—under the cope of God's everlasting sky, with its stars; for the altitude of the ceiling for whose chandeliers of constellations—we make the comparison not irreverently, reader—there is no end that is not farther end, nor height that is not height the higher still.

Sentimental expression, however intense and aimed from the heart, sometimes becomes comic from its own excess; that is, in its unconscious quickness it jumbles up expressions, and crowds ill-according—nay, contradictory ideas. Thus, our very feelings must be schooled for effect, otherwise they are liable to become ridiculous. The awkward words of respect of a rustic are ludicrous. We laugh at anything that is very, very natural. It is thus curious that dignity should be presupposed for human nature. We must guard nature carefully, otherwise we shall be absurd. True art is guidance of expression, rather than expression itself. If an old woman fall suddenly in the street, and her umbrella flies wide, boys laugh. But why an old woman should be ridiculous, or an umbrella suddenly jerking-up and tossed out of the hand should excite a laugh, nobody knows; but these instances are familiar. Further than this—why people should laugh at all, or what a laugh is, is really a puzzle. If we should think of a laugh, characterizing it to our minds as, what in its own nature it truly is, a convulsion, we should not laugh; we should rather feel frightened—inclined to no longer laugh, because the laugh must be directed to something other than itself. We cannot laugh at our laugh, for the contagion of laughter is a mad, awful cachinnation—painful and terrible; and a convulsion hath no joy in it, but it is that which will kill. Thus, humanity may, in one sense, itself be

said to be mad, because a laugh is the opposite of its very self.

It is cruel to laugh at an old woman losing her umbrella, because the old woman may be hurt, and the salient or leaping umbrella may be nature's signal for help, hardly to be met with a loud laugh of enjoyment. How it is that all old women have something of the ridiculous, even in the most generous minds, about them more than old men, we know not—and it seems hard-hearted even to put forward the surmise; but such is undoubtedly the impression, however never expressed. Thus, not so very long ago, it was thought a very passable joke, for the purpose of bringing into discredit and turning into ridicule the judgments and arguments of the now defunct *Morning Herald*—a very respectable journal in its time—to call it "My Grandmother." However, a young or an old "Grandmother," the present contemporaneous *Standard*, is the legitimate excellent successor of one that we can remember, in bygone years, as among the best and the most solidly reputable newspapers published in London.

But although assailed by some doubts, from time to time, in the course of our long worldly experience of the absurd side of "old women," and of the true position which they ought to assume by the side of the national hearth-rug, we have still adhered to them, taking their part against forward youth. It is true that, in our young, audacious days, when we felt disposed to assail almost every recognized, constituted, fixed institution—and instigated by a bad influence, no doubt—we meditated a strange, unheard-of, doubtless impracticable work, which was to assume the form of a convincing treatise on the "Uselessness of Old Women, with Proposals for their Abolition!"—a work no less difficult than fruitful, if possible, and which, perhaps, we did right never to execute; but which, as a quietly ventured theory that might find its application—such are the changes in the world—in some future indeterminate time, we may yet find occasion to essay for publicity, trusting it to the candour of the world, and to the judgment of the right-thinking. We can promise the reader that, if we ever executed such a task, he should have no "nay" to say to our "yea;" because we would so convince him of the deep truth of our assumption, that he himself would speedily give in and adhere—applauding our new thesis as that of

a veritable Aristotle, having stumbled over a grand new truth, and seen clearly that old women were not necessary in the world; indeed, that some young ones—unless their personal attraction indisputably preferred them to approval—were not requisite either; or that, in some senses, they were great annoyances and obstructions, sources of vexation and mischief to men.

An impossible assertion, or contradiction in terms—which, though not always comical, sometimes is—if confidently made, with a grave face, and with all the assurance of sincerity, does not strike at first as absurd; because there is no intuition in the mind in this way, though it is thought there is; and under this lies a great deal of philosophy and opinion as to what *thoughts in their nature are*, and whether they are not produced by a sort of machinery. An absurd statement, or any joke that is good, endures some time in the mind before its comic side as impossible strikes us. Thus—

“An oyster may be crossed in love,”

is poor despairing Tilburina's affirmation. But we know that “oysters are never crossed in love”—a punster (or nuisance) might say, “because oysters are not *crossed*, but *scalloped*.” This miserable evasion, however, would not apply to our meaning. Truly, no oyster “can be crossed in love;” but Tilburina is mad when she says so, and so there is that excuse; and the statement may even become most pathetic—so does it depend upon the light in which we shall view them, how we shall take things, whether seriously or ludicrously. Human beings are “crossed in love;” but we do not perceive the distinction immediately. Again—

“Who says the whale's a bird?”

Why, no one—certainly not we. Because we have never heard of that prodigious aerial supernatation which a whale's flight would imply; although Pope the poet has hazarded the remark that, in regard of a certain fancied world, it might happen that—

“Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.”

The Prince of Wales might certainly “sport in woods;” but the dolphin (“Delphin” or “Dauphin,” who stands as that same personage—first-born to the Throne—relatively to France as the Prince of Wales is to England) would clearly have found,

in his retirement (to an “elsewhere”), but cold comfort—“cauld parritch”—in the “skies”—that is, the Scotch skies. As to Pope, when he talked about “whales sporting in woods” and “dolphins in the skies,” we think that he must have been partaking too freely—for so wise a man—of some of the Earl of Oxford's *eau medicinale*—(Pope was a valetudinarian)—or rather, of a beautiful ruby drink, and so have become elevated far above mundane things: mounting on the wings of wine.

As to the question how much a man feels, or how little; how he may labour in agonies, in the difficulty to express; how the rustic and the ignorant suffer horrible torment in the want of words to make known their meaning; how curiously, and by what strange means, they come to express comically what they feel in all seriousness intensely—all this, on the part of those who have not made rhetoric their study, or the crafty arts of talking and of writing—dangerous gifts both—all this wild side of language, or the *stammering* of life, as we shall call it, might form the subject for the distinctions of a volume; and the volume, after all, if not informed with soul and spirit—fire, in fact—might be flat stuff. But our task shall be not so much to teach as to exemplify. The eyes, after all, are the best servants to apprehension. A grimace conveys a very great deal, in a very few—not words, because these refer to the tongue—but wrinkles or quirks of the visage. “In quires and places where they sing”—here followeth, perhaps, the making a face, which hath a great deal to do sometimes in getting out a good note; as you can see in high oratorio sometimes, and other places where muscles are even as musical means, and the body or contortion brings out harmony strikingly.

It may be very true that the educated and refined feel to a much greater extent than the rustic and the untutored; but it is a hazardous decision for the one class to settle such a question, authoritatively, in regard of the other. The means of expression are doubtless nothing to the feelings themselves. We falter when we feel most. You may appear dumb and insensible, and all the time feel bitterly—bitterly. At times of great excitement, words are denied. But they recur with a thousandfold force when action is demanded; and notably so on the part of great minds. Battles are

lost and won, in secret worlds, in the imagination of the man of real genius;—perhaps true enough amidst the populations of the Invisible, though people can see these latter not. But all is not nonsense that is denied as impossibility of this world. "Thinkest thou, fool! that those skies have forgotten to be in earnest, because thou choosest to go grinning through thy world like an enchanted ape?" There is a silence of indifference; there is a silence of despair; there is—beyond all, and more than all—the silence of impossibility, to account for the "how" in which we "men" have contrived to get into this *tremendous world*—of whose loneliness and unmatchable mystery the world, after all these thousands of years, has not yet succeeded in realizing the—not terror, not alarm, but the astonishment and the prodigious, immortal awe at! For Life, Man, the World, the Universe, ALL is lonely—lonely beyond idea, or the possibility of thought; and without God—nay, without the intervention of the True Saviour who has redeemed this relegate or abandoned race, and laid the Bridge from the plains of darkness to that path of light, over which Himself, the Martyr, passed first—this state of man and of the world would abstractedly be intolerable. But we must not mix such high matters with such small matters as the subject of our present discourse. "Let us to the court, for we cannot reason"—at least, reason in this way just now—"court or no court."

But to speak of men, and the things of men. There are emotions which will find their escape irregularly, and without their proper licence, as we may say. Words would be a very unfortunate means to elect to be judged by. Our best thoughts find very poor words; our poorest thoughts are those coming forth sometimes clothed in words in the best manner—because we are cunning enough; and we dress them up—putting on them, as it were, fine gilt buttons, and consulting art—and the advice of the best tailors—in their fashion; and then "setting up the collars and turning down the cuffs" of these thoughts—to speak in the tailoring way of them. It would be a great pity to adjudicate upon our feelings by the tests which might be supposed to be afforded by our speech; by our manners; by that which we did express, or by that which we failed to express—for a large

amount of all this is mere accident. It would be very perilous attestation if our words should be accepted as our interpreters; because that which we say may be quite wide of the mark—emotion having a sad betraying, paralyzing character. When our hearts are most stirred, and when the mind is most excited, then all exterior signals are widest and most at "loose-ends;" wild, contradictory telegraphics are flung out instead of the due rendering of consistent meanings—cool themselves, because the place from whence they issue is cool. Expression—that is, natural and really representative expression—is entirely an art. We have seen it ventured as an hypothesis explaining their ridiculous awkwardness, that the ignorant and the "unaccoutred" in learning, in their confusion and perplexity to express duly their strong feelings, suffer untold-of pain. Having no means to present to us the properly finished picture of their minds, they, as it were, thrust into our hands the palette, with the wrong side coming first, the *flat* blurred with all the colours running together; still, with the clownish indiscreet profusion, giving all that they have lavishly. A rustic smooths down his hair, fumbles about the tips of his ears, stands first on one foot and then on the other, simpers mysterious confidences into his cap, and half grins and half whimpers in his unexpressed groaning trouble in the presenting of his meaning. And we have no doubt that the poor fellow could really *cry*; drop metaphorical leaden tears at his own metallic stupidity, if the good-natured observer did not hasten to his relief, partaking sympathetic—however self-possessed—pain, and did not correct the wild oscillation of this pendulum of the clown's mind, reducing it to the correct timely alternation, and making it speak truly, and beat as if of the true Christian, human clock.

All the passions disturb; but the unfortunate passion of love is the most gnatlike and worrying. We all know how this wandering from the right course—this love—will make a fool of a wise man. His senses, his education, even, then seem to forsake him. His Latin will have very false quantities, and his Greek will be all "stuttering and stammering"—certainly not good, consistent, reasonable Greek, such as self-possessed schoolmasters teach good boys; such lovable Greek as the fair one can understand—though in translation—should her

admirer be a learned man; therefore, likely to go down the deeper depths in his love; for very many learned men are wonderfully accessible to the influences of beauty, and prove the greatest fools—as the easiest conquered—when the artillery of the eyes opens upon them. Men are reduced to pitiable straits, therefore—in truth, to mad, contemptible straits, although it seems harsh to say so—reaching hither and thither for their recommendations, just when all these ought to be marshalled at their best, to strike home; for love is a desperate rivalry. But courage in love oozes out of us when we need it most; failure and embarrassment beset us just when we want to shine at the brightest. We are dummies when we would be heroes: having our own fine words taken out of our mouths, and spoken instead—as his own—by some whipper-snapper who is cool. Alas! how should a truly loving man be equal to the stress of warfare! The very sight of his mistress alarms him: the poor young lady coming down the street is a terrible object. A man that shall prosper when in love must be well schooled, and very *sly* in the ways of the world; he must be, therefore, a hypocrite more or less consummate; he must hold the object of his attachment lightly. Then shall he get on—for disdain is the best inspirer of another's love.

Women secretly despise men who cannot conceal their love; for knowing what feeble, foolish things they themselves in the great majority are, they can conceive nothing high in the understanding of a man who approaches them like a goddess—as which, indeed, they do not wish at all to be approached or regarded, but quite in another way. But no schooling, no scolding will avail to set a man deeply in love fairly on his feet, so that he shall stand up “like a man” before his mistress, and defy her. The poor wretch fingers tenderly the axe, as it were, for the cutting-off of his own head. His legs seem inclined to run away with him. His arms either are projected nervously, like a child's “Jack-a-dandy,” or they cling close to his sides, fumbling and feeling for some futile, invisible help. His voice dies away in a flutter, with the feebleness of a badly blown rheumatic flute. His heart beats sonorous clacks, like a water-mill. Perhaps the right words come to him, but they come at the wrong times; and the wrong words thrust themselves for-

ward at the *right times for other words*. The wandering lover addresses piteous appeals to lamp posts; his eloquence is wasted in at the wrong street doors; he can talk by the half-hour beautifully to the admired one's grandmother, but he has not a syllable for the adored one herself—just when, perhaps, he has a good chance. In truth, a man in real love is an idiot that ought to be knocked down out of hand, and bound hand and foot, and laid aside until the fit has gone off him, and until he has subsided again into the state of a “reasonable creature.” When the man in love ought to look, his eyes avert. At the wrong time for looking, his eyes will absurdly fix the harder. He will be eager when he ought to be careless. Some dumb-devil will possess him when he ought to speak. He is indifferent, and takes himself away, when his opportunity has just perhaps come; because the very opportunity is tremendous to him, and takes away his breath. His mind is in such confusion, that all his talents—if he has these—have taken wings. People—interested relations, perhaps—put trump cards into his hands; but the simpleton is in a haze, and he can't play the game, and he loses all his tricks.

The man, therefore, who is really in love longs all day to be in the company of his mistress—all sights else are “weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable;” when, however, he has his desire, such is the glamour about him, that he wishes himself away again. Actually, it becomes an indulgence to the wretch to let him go. When he has his heart's desire, and he is sitting face to face with her—like a placid, beautiful Sphinx, with her coils of hair—or side by side with her, which is better, because he is then saved some of his confusion, though the very touch of her elbow in his side will make him tremble;—when he is thus placed in, as I suppose, his heaven, he wants to get out of it. A terrible conviction will perhaps come over him that he is looking like a fool—doubtless a truth—and that, somehow, to his consternation, all his chances are slipping away from him. He does not know what to do, but feels distressfully that he wants to get out. He is as afraid as Robinson Crusoe, in his desolate island, was of the savages. Such is the bewildering, and the disarranging, and disorganizing magic of the young creature's presence—for we will suppose that she must be a *young creature*; few or no men, either

wise or stupid, going these lengths and becoming thus horribly enchanted except for youth and beauty—that the lover is struck as an image—a great piece of clockwork whose hands go all sorts of wild ways—so that any chance applicant for the true time stares! Thus ensconced, even in his elysium, the lover wishes himself safe outside the house—to talk (*to himself*) of what he has seen. If in the open air, and with the awful chance of meeting his mistress in the street—she coming down so demurely, perhaps, and so unconsciously—the lover, if there be the probability of meeting her (terrible encounter!) face to face, will almost run away for his life, such is his nervous confusion, round the corner or anywhere; when he will grow wonderfully eloquent suddenly to nobody, when he thinks himself safe. The lady that is loved has really the whole street—while she is in it—to herself. Street!—nay, everything in it, even the whole parish, to herself. Such are the wondrous powers possessed by this absurd youngling—this Cupid with his bow—who is clearly a terrible deity, small as he looks; and whom we would advise by some bold ones to be himself shot by the “Sparrow’s” long arrow, through and through, which spit or needle of death was so fatal to poor “Cock Robin.”

Heedless young men, looking hither and thither, should take warning as to these terrible risks; for the consequences of falling in love are sometimes frightful—even, in some instances, there is the retaining the mark for life; for love is greatly like a disease which passes through one, and of which we must get cured in the ordinary way if we would walk through the world enjoying our proper selves, and not being to be pointed at like so many zanies. “When Philip takes Methone, he will hang up Aster.” When the author of the present paper has the proper justifiable white beard, he will “hang up” Cupid—demolishing and getting rid of the ruthless little insane god, and “frying his heart” in the grand square before the King and Queen of Hearts and all the Court of Hearts, in the midst of the city of the Kingdom of Hearts; nay, within the toll of the cathedral of the blessed St. Valentine himself, Patron of Pairings; whose should have been the “sermon to the birds” in the appropriate February, and not that of St. Francis, to be preached by the good, benevolent bishop, liking his species.

Away with too much reserve, say we, in the true interest of lovers.

“Be no shame-faced, pining lover.
Call aloud, and hint not wide;
And you’ll win all parties over—
And you’ll carry home the bride.”

In the extreme cases of love, there are only certain strong measures which we can see as at all applicable. If a young man is a fool in very many respects when he falls in love, what shall we say to an old one when thus afflicted? Should he pine, should he whine, surely he deserves all that he gets. There is only one resource that we can advise as to be taken—to get him out of the pit into which this superannuated donkey has fallen. Right things to do at the right moments are blessings. Why should we permit the seniors thus to degrade themselves? Perhaps it is his weakness, the particular old man falling in love. Why should we robust natures encourage women in these triumphs—this unnatural indulgence of their vanity? A woman, however beautiful—and perhaps all the more on that account—should be kept at a certain respectful, proper distance by a man: that is, by a man that is a true man. They should never be permitted to come too near under one’s guard, else it is all over with us. As to old gentlemen declining faintly and foolishly to damsels—doubtless to designing damsels—why, there is this abrupt but sure remedy. Let us apply to two of those sage-looking, serious, strong-handed, respectable-looking, determined men who are called policemen; these familiars will place a hood over the ancient fool’s head, and convey him safely away out of mischief, putting him by in a comfortable asylum for the insane, where he will find many fellows. Yes, love is truly a disease—a beautiful disease, a fine fierce fever; after all, coming from that immortal place where grand and beautiful things abound, spite of all their pains and terrors; for love—and thoughtful, Platonic love, too, notwithstanding all that Mr. Huxley, Mr. Darwin, F.R.S., and others of that twisted “ground-line” way of thinking may urge, seemingly out of the love of mischief—love, of the pure angelic kind, is human, and is proof of that divine descent, to which our very weaknesses bear ineradicable witness, straight through the ages from Adam (and Eve) downwards. Love, therefore, may be called, in a roundabout sort of way, the Great Teacher.

The Physiology of Love has been little dwelt upon. It is a vigorous lethargy, this love; a strong weakness, a languishing ague; a feverous rosiness, and a rosy fever; the very sensations of which trying and debilitating ailment, or affection—caught up we know not how, going we know not whence—are delicious. If it could be supposed of any country that its epidemics are similar to that of love—any unknown, supernatural, invisible “world” or country—who would not essay to voyage to such, or to start at tip-top speed? We do not know. Love may be as one of the diseases of the “fairy country,” reducing all useful things to oblivion except their own delight; and, therefore, dangerous and to be guarded against as intoxicating to the commonwealth. We have had no more than a hint yet of the supernal secrets. Evidently we must go upwards—go into the “invisible” to get truth; for men, in their realism, have been making mistakes about everything all these many ages, perhaps.

We have been drawn, however, into these strange considerations from our main object, which is clearly the analysis of comic expression, and unconscious comic expression, arising from that which is intended seriously, and which may be really very touching of its kind, and only wanting the proper form and the experienced handling even to be eloquent. For eloquence is really a very grand thing. It is truly that torch—that celestial torch—which, applied to it, would “set the Thames on fire!” We would advise you, reader, not to try; but, without being abrupt, we are all the while perhaps very safe in passing you the caution: the river will roll on harmless, and not start into blinding conflagration; to everybody’s infinite relief. For we should not know ourselves if such a portent occurred in London; and we should greatly prefer our good old-fashioned Thames to be not frightening us, but moving on silently and deliberately—majestic, if you please, but still sober—as real water from Isis to the sea, not water turned into fire; for a little of this goes a long way, in eloquence as in everything else.

Very many men have some extraordinarily good ideas, which they strive in vain to express; and yet they have not the sense to perceive their shortcoming. The most experienced writers are those most aware of their own deficiencies; for the more they

learn, the more they see there is still to learn. As to style and manner of composition, it is the very thing that comes last. The true authors are all their lives learning how to write.

“True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn’d to dance.”

We are going to prove our case by producing a most extraordinary epistle—really genuine, because we can supply “name, date, and place”—in which the most amusing unconscious “self-consciousness” shows up; and in which really good and honourable ideas struggle through a jargon and a mingling of ill-assorted notions, needing the castigation of the judgment, but yet comic excessively. We can fancy the labour and pains wherewith this letter was penned. Its author no doubt thought it excellent. He has evidently a great idea of himself—a common case. He has fallen into the delusion—unhappily, only too usual—that he is a vastly clever fellow. When this letter was completed, the writer felt that he was going to make all the people stare. Floating convictions of his wit, his judgment, his excellent heart, his eloquence, his buried talents pining in obscurity—these came as a precious balm. As a poor parish clerk, he had been burrowing in his mean estate like a silver-backed mole, which only required the light to shine on him. He was to be extricated to the surface, like an earth-encrusted jewel, by some recognizing, benevolent hand; and he should thenceforth be the “thing of beauty which is a joy for ever.” As to the thick-headed conceit prevalent in some villages, and as to the self-affirmative, bucolic, personal feeling of magnificence, throwing out its feelers, like the snail, in some bye-corners curiously in country places—why, this self-conceit would never be imagined possible unless it were to crop up convincingly now and then, as it does, to the sharp sight. Ye believers in your own talents, be not always so sure of the admiration even of those who are the loudest and the most continual in your praise. If you wish often to have at once the truest and the most unfavourable character, you may rely the surest for it—to be offered as kindness, in all candour and sincerity, from those who surely “must know you best”—from your best and most intimate friend perhaps, or more completely, in magnanimous unbosoming, from your own wife:

friend and wife, behind your back, will lay their heads together, too, sometimes about you. Don't ask to be told too heedlessly of your faults, or set anybody to begin. This is so frequently the trap set by yourself for an expostulation with you as to the excess of your own talent, and for a glorification of all your grand characteristics, that you must not be offended, nor be so struck to the heart with dismay, at encountering instead an evidently really meant catalogue, not of faults, but of weaknesses and stupidities. To be a knave you would not so much mind, but to be a fool! Oh, this would be unendurable! This—like Sancho—would be to be “cast down truly, and to feel the wings of your heart downright flag.” The moral of our cautions, then, is to seek praise and admiration—if you cannot be content to live without this windy, lying aliment—from those who know the least of you; and to hesitate for applying for it to your “friends and relations,” who know—or probably think that they know—already too much. We scarcely know, indeed, where a man should best apply, in his despair, who seeks appreciation, unless it be to the individual to whom he has just lent five pounds—waving away magnificently, as a matter of indifference, the assurance of repayment on the “following Monday,” and thereby insuring the rapt admiration due to a hero—truly felt, and vigorously and reliably expressed. Be assured, my dear friend, if you want flattery—you will call it appreciation—that you must buy it. Nothing is got for nothing in this wicked world—that which is got for nothing being generally “sad stuff, or sad fluff.” We will now superadd our comic letter—full as it is, too, of plaintive touches, offered in a strange kind of unconscious comic bewilderment; sustained, nevertheless—and, as it were, travelling along safely—all the time, secure of good house at last in the bosom of the reader. This curious epistle was actually sent to his incumbent by the clerk of a parish in the diocese of York, under circumstances which are sufficiently suggested in the letter itself.

“DEAR REVEREND SIR—I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these lines, from which I have carefully sought to extract the blunders; nevertheless, they will stick, like stones in fine cement. But I hope you will excuse them, because—blunders and all—they are the very sentiments of

your humble servant's heart. I ignorantly, rashly—but reluctantly—gave warning to leave your highly respectable office and most amiable duty of your most well-wished parish and place, where I have succoured my father and mother, and honoured and obeyed the Queen, and been supported. But, dear sir, I well know it was no fault of yours, nor from the contrivance of any of our gentlemanly parishioners—religious and gracious kings. It was lucre, sir, lucre! It was because I thought I was not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead. But will I be Judas, and leave the house of my God, the place where His Honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of (extra) silver? No! Will I be Peter, and deny myself of an office in His sanctuary, and cause me to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny to ring the solemn toll that speaks the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintances, which have many a time made me to shudder and think of my mortality when I dig up the remains of some as I well knew? No! And can I so abruptly forsake the service of my beloved Church, of which I have not failed to attend every Sunday for these seven and a-half years, save one? No! Can I leave waiting upon you as a minister of that Being that sitteth between the Cherubim, and that rideth upon the wings of the wind? Can I leave the place where our most holy service nobly calls forth, so that all may hear, and which says—and I being a married man!—‘Let no man put them asunder’—which I have even sometimes wished they would? But no! And can I leave that ordinance where you say thus and thus—as, ‘Thus and thus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,’ and can I cease becoming regenerated and grafted into the body of Christ Jesus? No! Can I think of leaving off cleaning the house of God, in which I take such a delight in looking down her aisles, and beholding the sanctuary and the table of the Lord? No! And can I forsake taking a part in the thanksgiving of women, when mine own wife has returned thanks these eight times? No! And can I leave off waiting upon the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, sir, is my delight? No! And can I forsake the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted for—I should suppose—full thirty times? No! And, dear sir, can I

ever forsake *you*, who have ever been so kind to me? No! And now I well know you will not entreat me to leave, nor return from following after you; for where you pray, there will I pray; where you worship, there will I worship; your Church shall be my Church; your people, my people; and your God, my God. By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep, and leave thee and my Church, and hang up my harp upon the trees that grow thereabout? No! One thing have I desired of the Lord which I *will* require: even that I may dwell in the House of the Lord for ever, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple; more to be desired by me than gold—yea, than much fine gold; sweeter to me than honey or the honeycomb. Now, sir, this is the very desire of my heart to wait upon you; which, I hope, you will find to be my delight, which hitherto it *has* been; but I unthinkingly and rashly said I should no longer keep with you, for which I have cried great cries since, in the very disquietude of my heart. Now, if you, dear sir, think me worthy to wait upon you again, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled. And, if not, I will get me away into the wilderness, and hide me in the desert, in the clefts of the rocks. But I still hope to be your Gehazi, dear sir; and when I meet my Shunamite, to have to say, 'All is well.' And I conclude my mistakes and errors, begging pardon and hoping reinstatement; ending all, dear sir, after you—and when you have graciously done—with my usual and proper—'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.' With all my heart, 'Amen' to this trouble!

"Now, sir, with your permission, I shall go on with my fees and apportionments the same as they were before we had that little disagreeable separation; and I will make no more trouble about them; but I will not—I cannot—leave you, nor my pleasant duties—going away, and the place knowing me no more!—Your most obedient servant,

"G. G."

The above curious letter is a genuine document—which, in spite of its blunders and eccentricity, proved very touching in some parts, because it came from the heart of a very good and faithful man, who, we have reason to believe, was fully reinstated in his

position; owing his restoration no less to his evident earnest feeling—speaking through his strange, unconscious comic letter—than to his deservings and respectability of character, notwithstanding his hasty quarrel and the speedy repentance, and the better second thoughts which condoned it. And thus, in all verity, we give it to the reader.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"IT IS ALL OVER."

DIANA had not long to wait. The next morning's post brought the letter that she had been expecting for some days, and that she now felt half fearful of receiving. Jasper watched her as she took it up: a cold, ashy look came into her face, the colour fled from her lips, and her hands trembled. She did not open it, but sat down at the breakfast table, and tried to eat.

"We shall have to go to the south for you as well as for Jasper, Di," said Mrs. Seaton. "Your cough is no better, and you've looked as ill as you can possibly look for the last week. And you don't seem to eat anything. I dare say you want change; for you have never been away from Broadmead since you came here."

"I don't think I want change," answered Diana. "I am quite well here, and Broadmead is beginning to look so beautiful that it would be a pity to go away now."

"Why, you were arguing just the other way only a few days ago. How changeable you are."

"Oh, I had forgotten about Jasper. Of course, if it is better for Jasper, I shall be very glad to go too; but it is not needed for myself. I was not thinking of Jasper."

Mrs. Seaton shrugged her shoulders, and murmured something in an undertone about people only thinking of themselves, and Jasper's wearing himself out. But Diana did not hear her; she was wondering what was in the letter, and how soon she could leave the breakfast table, so that she might go away and read it.

This morning, however, Mrs. Seaton seemed determined to talk; and every time Diana was going to make a move, she asked some question, or started some fresh topic, until Diana despaired of ever getting away. And Jasper did not come to her assistance, as he usually did. Perhaps he had some

intuition of what the letter might contain; for he was by no means insensible to the fact that there was a probability, if all things worked as he would have them work, that the engagement might be broken off. On the other hand, every letter that Diana received cost him a bitter pang. He could see the soft light come into her eyes as she saw John Carteret's writing, and he felt that another stone was laid to the upbuilding of the wall that was shutting out his happiness. And yet his determination was as strong as ever to overthrow it—if he had only time. Time was all he asked for, all he looked to; and with time on his side, he believed that he should win.

Jasper had, as usual, observed Diana narrowly when she took up her letter. He saw the bright flush that for a moment overspread her face give place to an involuntary look of apprehension, almost of terror. He saw how nervously her fingers closed upon it, and that she laid it aside, not offering to open it—seeming rather to feel that it was something that might do her harm.

He watched carefully, and every throb of pain, of anxiety, that he knew she was suffering gave him a strange kind of pleasure: the beginning of the end was perhaps coming that should set her free; and, if once free, who could tell what the rest might be? Nevertheless, part of the pain rebounded on himself; for there was something maddening to him in the thought that John Carteret could thus so deeply move her.

Diana still sat at the table—no longer even pretending to eat, but as one who, having wrought her courage up to the point of endurance, was prepared to answer all Mrs. Seaton's questions patiently. And this she did with curious preciseness; and, as she did so, felt even a sort of relief that the time had not yet come when she should be obliged to open her letter, and read what was in it.

At length, Mrs. Seaton grew tired of talking, and Diana was released; but now that she was at liberty, it appeared as if she did not care to take advantage of it, for she moved slowly to the fireplace, and stood there for some minutes; then she walked to the window, and looked out over the landscape, that was growing greener and fuller of beauty every day. Perhaps it was the last time that she should look at it in the full happiness that had long been hers; and she continued gazing, not wishing to run

the risk of bringing that joy-time to an end.

Then she walked slowly out of the room, and went upstairs.

No sooner had she gone, than Jasper, whose mind was almost as agitated as hers, sprang up hastily.

"What is the matter, Jasper?" asked Mrs. Seaton, startled by his vehemence.

But when she looked into his face, that was almost ghastly, she did not try to detain him.

"It's that letter," she said, when he had left the room. "I wish I had taken a firm stand, and had dismissed Mr. Carteret altogether. I had it in my power that night, and I temporized, thinking that matters would linger on to a natural death. And now, it's killing Jasper by inches."

When Diana reached her sitting-room, she did not open her letter at once. She sat down and looked at it, wondering what was inside it. She would prepare her mind for the worst; and, if John Carteret no longer cared for her, she would try to be brave, and be content if his happiness were secured. She thought she loved him well enough to bear anything for his sake.

Then she half laughed—a low, hysteric laugh. What was she thinking of? What absurd idea had come into her head? She had decided last night that all that Miss Pycroft had said in her letter was false, and what reason had she for thinking otherwise this morning? Where was her faith? There was no cause for fear—none at all.

But her fingers trembled as she opened the letter, and a chill shiver ran through her. Nonsense!—there was no cause for fear!

She read through the letter, and when she came to the end it seemed to her as though she did not understand it; and yet the words were familiar, as though she had heard them before—as though John Carteret had spoken them to her.

Then she read it again; and as she did so she remembered how, before he left Broadmead, John Carteret had argued these same points with her: that he was a poor man; that their engagement was likely to be a very long one; that he was now, after considering it carefully, willing to release her from it; that, perhaps, it was the right thing for him to do.

But it seemed clearer and harder now it was written down on paper—more as if he

were in earnest than he had been the day that she had reproached him for his want of faith. But then, he had cared for her then—he had not been at Linthorp.

She clasped her hands tightly together over the letter.

He did not love her now. If he did, he could not have written that letter. All that Miss Pycroft had said was true—all that Captain Stanfield had said was true; and again she saw how it was that Charles Stanfield had placed so little confidence in the report he had heard at Broadmead. And now the letter itself sealed John Carteret's condemnation.

"He does not love me now!"

The words forced themselves upon her: they would not be thrust away. What should she do? The light had gone out; and it seemed to be growing so dark around her, that she could not see her way. Very sudden it was, though she thought she had been preparing herself for it. Very sudden, as all blows are when they fall. Preparation does not make so much difference, after all.

She sat in a stupefied state for some time. She wished she could die. She wished she were far away from Broadmead, and should never see any one she knew again. She wished she had not been sent from India, then all this would never have happened; for English children do not live in India.

She read over the letter. She did not yet quite believe in it. Then she looked at her watch, and found it was nearly one o'clock.

What should she do? Whom should she tell about it? Whom should she speak to? Not to Mrs. Seaton. Perhaps to Signora Neri? Yes, she could tell her. She would go to her; then she should be out at luncheon time, and should not have to hear Mrs. Seaton talking.

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Jasper has sent to know if you will ride out this afternoon, Miss Ellis?"

"No, Hester, I shall not ride out to-day. I am going out."

Jasper! Diana had not thought of Jasper. Her heart had yearned for womanly sympathy in her present distress. Yet Jasper was her guardian. He was good, kind; he had helped her on that night when she had first heard the rumour of John Carteret's faithlessness, and he might help her now; for she had come to look upon him as a

brother. He must know some time. She had better go to him at once. So she changed her mind; and instead of going to prepare for her walk, she went downstairs, with the letter in her hand.

Jasper started as she entered the room which he used as his study; for, though he had been in some measure expecting something unusual in connection with the letter, he had not made up his mind whether it was in his own favour or not. But the doubt was put to rest at the sight of the set, fixed look of the white face.

He sprang up, and, closing the door, asked—

"What is it, Di?"

Although he knew as well as she could tell him.

But her power of speech seemed to have left her now, and she merely held out the letter to him.

He took it, and laid it down on the table beside him; and again asked—

"What is it, Di?"

And she, still dumb, pointed to the letter; and covering her face with her hands, she sank down on the nearest seat. Jasper came and sat down by her.

"You must tell me, Di, for I cannot read the letter."

She looked up with a mute, pleading expression, and shook her head: it seemed as though her voice would never come to her again. But after a little time she managed to say—

"Read it—you must!"

Then Jasper took up the letter—though there was little need for him to do so, for he knew exactly what would be the contents, what the line of argument; and more, the causes of John Carteret's adopting that line of argument. He knew how everything appeared to him in a false light as regarded Broadmead; but what affair was that of his? If people were blind, why should he open their eyes? Why was he to dispel delusions by which he was to be the gainer? He had spoken no word that could be brought against him as a falsehood—he had simply omitted to speak altogether. Why need he make explanations now? Let events take their own course. Why should he interfere?

Diana watched him anxiously as he obeyed her request, as if perhaps he might throw out some ray of hope; but he read through the letter, and laid it down again without speaking; and a deep stab went to her heart,

for she knew her doom was sealed. Jasper would say something hopeful if he could—she was sure that he would.

“Jasper!”

It was almost a shriek—so piteous in its wailing appeal, that he shrank. He could not bear to hear it.

“Will you tell me at once, Jasper? Please do.”

And this time the voice had modulated itself to a low, measured tone.

“What can I tell you?”

“That—that he wishes our engagement to be at an end. Is that it?”

“He seems to say so,” replied Jasper, evasively.

“But,” said Diana, grasping at the straw of indecision, “do you think that he quite, quite means it?”

“Do you consider Mr. Carteret a truthful person?” asked Jasper.

“Yes,” she replied, unhesitatingly.

“And these are his own words.”

Her countenance fell.

“His own words!” she repeated to herself. “Yes, he wishes the engagement to be at an end. Why?” Then she asked aloud—“Why does he think it best, Jasper?”

“How do I know, Di? He does not decidedly say.”

But Diana’s heart told her all that was needed. Miss Pycroft’s letter, and the reports she had heard, too clearly told her the reasons. Yet she could not realize what had happened; and she passed her hand over her forehead, as if to drive away the mist that had gathered.

“Will you tell me what to do, Jasper? I do not know.”

She was a strange contrast to the passionate child of old, who had given way to violence whenever she was thwarted. She stood there calm, and too much stunned by the blow to think of rebelling, or even murmuring against it.

“As he pleases—for his sake,” were the words in her heart.

Jasper, looking upon the despairing face, knew that one word of his could make it bright with hope again; and once he wavered—once his heart smote him, but only for a moment. Why need he fear? The tide would flow back again, the sea be as smooth as ever when the wind had gone down. Time—only time! And then she would look back upon this love affair as a folly; and he, a better man through her love, would

guard her tenderly from the cares and troubles of life.

“Jasper!” Again that despairing cry.

“What can I do, poor child?”

And, at the words of pity, Diana’s tears started for the first time; but with a great effort she restrained them, and in a tremulous voice she said—

“You will do all better than I shall, Jasper. Tell him it is best—but I cannot write.”

She was going away, but turned back.

“You will tell Mrs. Seaton,” she said, wearily, “it is all over.” And she went away.

Had he no pity?

For a moment he bowed his head upon his hands, as her hopeless look of misery struck him. But the next he raised it, and a gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. What he had laboured for, had watched and waited for, had come to pass. Diana was free, and the great act of the drama played out. There was no fear about the end.

“Mother,” he said to Mrs. Seaton, after he had told all to her, “we must leave Broadmead for a time. Diana will betray herself to every one. We must go away till this has blown over a little.”

“To the south?” said Mrs. Seaton.

“No,” he replied; “we are not safe anywhere in England.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY PECHFORD’S DIPLOMACY FAILS.

DIANA never recollected how that first day passed. It seemed as though she waked at midnight from a long dream; and wondered, in the dead hush of the night, whether she were still Diana Ellis, living at Broadmead, or whether she had been there, and something had happened to change her into some one else—for she did not seem to be the same person. Everything had all at once become different. The only feeling left that she at all recognized was the old longing to flee away somewhere—she did not know where—and be at rest: not the active rest that had of late entered into her imaginings as the glorious perfecting of the immortal; but the rest of forgetfulness, of everlasting sleep, with no awaking.

Curiously, in that hour came to her the history of herself—her soul development. Items of bygone incidents returned with odd minuteness; thoughts that had occurred to her in childhood, but had since slipped

away from her memory; scraps of songs the sailors had sung on board the *Arethusa*; the sound of the great booming waves surging round the vessel; the motion of the vessel itself; and more than once, the jovial face of the good-natured captain smiled upon her—and the desolation returned upon her heart that she had felt upon her arrival at Broadmead, when she had uttered her wail—"Me wants my captain!"

Everything and every one came into her mind excepting John Carteret. He seemed to be obliterated as entirely as though she had never heard of him. All the rest came crowding upon her oppressively, and in such confusion, as to give her the longing feeling for escape for ever from some undefined terror that was pursuing her.

She lay for some time trying to comprehend where she was, and what had happened; and suddenly, through the half-drawn curtain, a straggling ray of moonlight stole in, and made visible some of the objects in the room. She roused herself—yes, she was at Broadmead, and awake now; and, as she opened her eyes wider, she started—for the moonlight rested on her hand, and on the curiously chased ring of gold, unadorned with any precious stones, that John Carteret had given her.

It was as a talisman recalling her to herself—and, in an instant, all that had passed came clearly before her. She traced it up from the beginning; she seemed to see how everything had been gradually tending to this culmination. She felt glad that it had been, in spite of the ending; for she knew that her knowledge of John Carteret had developed her best impulses, and had brought her to a certain point in her soul-life, where it had left her stranded upon the barren shore—a wrecked vessel, beaten by the breakers. She reviewed it all very calmly, for the strong agony-time had not arrived. She was numbed, paralysed—too much paralysed to feel pain as yet. In the morning it would come, after the fitful, feverish night dreams and shadows were over; and the great, white, blank time would set in;—the ghastly blank days that trouble of all kinds makes for man, at one epoch or another of his life, if his life has been worth aught to himself or to his fellows;—that blank time, wherein seed of some kind or other is sown—almost while he sleeps—to grow up and bring forth fruit, according to the hand of the sower.

And how had John Carteret, who loved so truly, so faithfully, brought such sorrow about? Why had he believed the "whispering tongues" that had so "poisoned truth"? Why had he not come himself, and told Diana all his doubts and fears, and have set all right in one simple and straightforward word of explanation?

Simply because John Carteret acted like many other people, who, through some indefinable cause, are prevented saying the one simple word at the right moment. Hundreds—nay, thousands and thousands there are who, in years to come, seeing with clearer eyes, have had the knowledge revealed to them of the mistakes they have made—the misconceptions that they have countenanced, that one word would have prevented—mysteries that one word would have cleared up—wounds that one word would have healed over long, long ago. But the opportunity is gone for ever—and with some, even the knowledge of its possible existence; and so they go on and on to the grave, and the world says, What matter? In the grave, there is an end of all that has troubled one on earth. As though this world and the next had nothing to do with each other;—as though the men of this world were not the men of the next;—as though the hearts and intellects of this world were crushed out in the grave, and fresh souls arose that had no remembrance of the sojourn in the earthly tabernacle;—as though the impulses that had borne them heavenward were a mere earthly inspiration! So must they believe who hold anything to be unimportant in man's life upon earth. Men's lives are, for the most part, made up of trivialities, so called; for it is not the one action—that all have not the opportunity to accomplish—that accomplishes a man's hereafter.

When John Carteret received Jasper Seaton's letter, he was not surprised—he was more prepared for it than Diana had been for hers; still, he wished she had written herself—he should like to have heard from her once more. And yet, perhaps, it was as well: it would have been harder to see the separation decreed in the handwriting that had, so far, said only pleasant things to him.

And so he resigned himself, and he turned to his work more earnestly than ever; and his hearers listened eagerly to the eloquence that flowed from his lips, and believed that the young preacher was not long for this

world. No one with cheeks so pale, or eyes so bright, or earnestness so intense, had ever lasted long.

People recalled instance after instance of fervent ministers called away in the midst of their labours, just as one would think they were sowing, and planting, and even reaping for the Master: men whose piety was almost angelic; of whom they said, these were too good for earth. It might be so, since none could otherwise solve the mystery of their removal.

Lady Pechford called to mind a young Catholic preacher she had heard one afternoon at the church of St. Andreas, at Cologne—full of fervour, of spirituality; whose heart was pouring forth its love and anxiety for the salvation of those around; and who had probably noticed the entrance of the English strangers, since he had specially prayed for a blessing on the English. She thought of the young preacher as she looked upon John Carteret, and she wondered if he were yet alive.

John Carteret, however, seemed as strong and as able to work as ever. There was no lack of firmness in his step, no lack of strength in his voice; yet Lady Pechford knew that some change had come over him, though she knew not what. If Miss Wardlaw were the cause, she could not understand it; for Miss Wardlaw was as constant as ever in her attendance at church, at the small school belonging to it, and in looking after the choir.

And Lady Pechford, on the strength of her prerogative as a relative, and an elderly woman, took upon herself to sound John Carteret, and to find out where the trouble lay. She did not succeed in this; but she succeeded in discovering that John Carteret was not thinking of Miss Wardlaw.

"You really ought to think of marrying," Lady Pechford had said to him. "No clergyman should be without a wife. He is ten times more valuable with a good help-mate."

"If he can find one."

"I do not think that that is a difficulty which need exist in your case," she answered.

"I am too poor a man to marry. I leave that to the richer ones in the church," he said.

"Nonsense; you have nothing to do but to marry some one with money—which is the easiest thing in the world for a curate

to do; and, moreover, a very proper and natural one. What do you think of Miss Wardlaw?"

John Carteret looked steadily at Lady Pechford, to see whether she were in earnest.

She misunderstood the look, and answered accordingly—

"I am quite in earnest. You have no need for fear in that direction. Indeed, I may almost assure you to the contrary."

"I hope not—I trust not," he returned, startled by a possibility that had not before occurred to him. "I hope not."

"And why?"

"Because I shall never marry."

"Not marry!"

"My dear Lady Pechford," said John Carteret, "it is a matter that can only concern myself, and is not worth talking about. It is very unimportant to the world at large what a poor curate does, or does not do."

"But not to individuals," persisted Lady Pechford. "It is a pity you did not make your intentions more clearly known when you came to Linthorp. Men do more harm than they imagine by attentions that mean nothing."

Lady Pechford was annoyed at being thwarted in her design. What was the use of all her diplomacy, if this was to be the end of it? A girl with a fortune like Miss Wardlaw's, who would have "made him for life," being thrown away by him! Many men would have caught at it—would have been thankful for it. But it was always the way with these theoretic men, who aspired after what other people could not understand—they were always filled with absurd crotchets, that prevented their rising in the world. She might almost have known it by his sermons—so she began to think now; they were, some of them, quite inexplicable to her; but she had hitherto looked upon them as mere crude eccentricities of genius, covered with so fair a garment of eloquence that she had not thoroughly discerned their ruggedness. She felt very much provoked. She had liked John Carteret, and had laboured energetically and willingly in his behalf.

John Carteret looked grave and sad. His eyes were suddenly opened to what, had he not been so entirely preoccupied, he might have perceived before; though even now he was loath to believe that the

insinuation was more than one of Lady Pechford's imaginations. Still, his mind was not at ease; and he began to wish that he had never come to Linthorp. After all, a fashionable congregation was not one that he had cared to preach to: there was something almost heartless in the sight of the stiff silks, and flowers, and feathers, and elaborate toilettes that met his eye Sunday after Sunday. Yet it might be that he was unreasoning in his logic—for there must be rich as well as poor in the world, and the rich are in want of preachers just as badly.

However, John Carteret began to take it into his head that Linthorp was not the place for him; and before long it began to be rumoured about that Mr. Carteret was going to give up his curacy at St. Botolph's—that he had heard of something else—that this something must be better, or he would not take it: perhaps a living from some one who had heard him in the Linthorp season. And then people began to discuss whether this living were three hundred or eight hundred a-year—probably the latter; in which case, Mr. Carteret would certainly not enter upon his duties as a single man.

Whilst these speculations were going on at Linthorp, Mrs. Seaton, acting up to her new character of diplomatist, had put the cause of a sudden move from Broadmead upon Jasper's health, and the necessity of an immediate change for him; and taking advantage of the hint suggested by the large bottle of cough syrup that Miss Letty did not fail to send up for Diana, she had given out "that it would do Di no harm to go to a warmer place, for her cough would not leave her. And," added Mrs. Seaton, "I shall not let her leave the house for the next fortnight, for the beginning of spring is the most trying time of the whole year."

And so Diana's sorrow was shielded through diplomacy; and by the end of the fortnight, the Seaton's were on the wing for a warmer climate. Where they would go, was yet undecided. Nice, Mentone, San Remo, were all spoken of. And when Miss Pycroft returned from Linthorp, she found the Manor House deserted, and its inhabitants on the other side of the Channel, travelling no one knew whither, no one knew wherefore—unless the Neris had a shrewder guess at the state of matters than

as foreigners they might have been expected to have.

For Diana had slipped down to the cottage, to say good-bye to Signora Neri, and to tell her of all her trouble.

"You are nearer to me, Signorina, than any one else," she said. "You always comfort me—and I must tell you all."

And the Signorina had listened; and her young life came back to her, and step by step she followed Diana's narration, and Ercole seemed very present with her once more; and all the fear and wondering, the fitful hope, and then the utter blankness of despairing certainty, rose up as freshly as though forty years had not intervened, so closely did she follow her darling's heart through the sorrowful narration.

When Diana had ended, Signora Neri asked—

"And the letter, *carina*?"—for by some intuition she doubted, though she did not dare to express her doubt.

"I have not got it."

"What have you done with it?"

"Jasper did not give it to me again. He destroyed it."

Signora Neri looked at her intently.

"I could not have read it again," said Diana, with a little shiver. "It was like a knife, Signorina, cutting through my heart."

"Perhaps not."

"What are you thinking of, Signorina?" asked Diana, as something in the look struck her.

"Of nothing, my poor child, that will help thee."

Yet, after Diana had gone, she had asked her brother—

"Giuseppe, is there not false play?"

"Orsola, who could have the heart to do it? Who could look into the child's eyes, and have no pity upon her?"

"I should not have thought Mr. Carteret would have acted thus!" and she looked anxiously at her brother.

"Nor I. It is strange."

"There is something hidden, Giuseppe. I dared not tell the child my thought, but it rose up like a great wave of hope out of the troubled sea. If I had only seen the letter—but Mr. Seaton has destroyed it. Giuseppe, thinkest thou not that there is false play?"

But he was unable to say more than—

"Thou must wait, my Orsola. Time will show."

And Signora Neri was constrained to wait, and to guard Diana's secret carefully. No one in Broadmead had known definitely of the engagement. No one should know of its end.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER III.

"IS this the hand of Providence, or only what sceptics call coincidence, or chance?"

Andrew Winearls, when he asked himself this question, was sitting on a rough garden chair, on a terrace at the back of his villa-châlet—his cheek resting on his hand, and his eyes gazing dreamily over the magnificent scenery which stretched before him. The glories of the long summer day were reddening into sunset, and parts of the deep valley had for some time been covered by the dark shadows of the giant hills. For years he had been content to survey the peaceful scene—so green and luxuriant in summer, so calm and white in winter; but now he knew that it would all assume a different aspect for him—for he had made up his mind that Lilian should, for many reasons, accept the invitation she had received. He had lain awake nearly all night, thinking at one time that he could not bear to part with her; at another, that he must not let her waste her life any longer in a place so out of the world as Schwartzbad.

And yet, how sad and solitary he would be without her! And she, too, so ignorant of the world's ways, so accustomed to his tender care—would she, indeed, be happier in the society in which she would be placed? But then—as the moonlight slowly waned before the splendid dawn, and the great sun rose in all his grandeur above the eternal snows—he took heart, and determined that her time was come: the time that he, indeed, had long anticipated, though it had come upon him so suddenly at the last. And when they met at breakfast, he told Lilian that it was all settled, and that she was to go up that morning to the hotel, and if Miss Prestoun really wished to take her back to England, her uncle had no objection to offer. All day long he went about his usual occupations like a man in a dream; and the dreaminess was still on him

when he sat down after dinner on the rough garden chair upon the terrace.

"Is this the hand of Providence, or only what sceptics call coincidence, or chance? For nearly twenty years I have shunned the world; and yet here, in this secluded spot, I hear a name which brings back to me, in all their bitterness, the sad memories of youth. Miss Prestoun! It seems but as yesterday, the time when that name was ever on my lips and in my heart. And *this* Miss Prestoun has taken such a fancy to my Lilian, that she would take her back to England as her companion. Ah, sceptic!—there is more than mere coincidence or chance in this. And I know that I am right in deciding that she shall go. What am I, that I should strive to battle against the will of Heaven? What right have I to decide where wealth shall be, and where poverty? Have I, indeed, wronged her all these years, meaning but to bless her? Oh, no—no! Go, Lilian—go! You shall mix with the heartless world—panting and struggling in the race for wealth—and time will win for you your proper place. For me, my part has long been irrevocably chosen. I shall say no word to help you."

He rose from his seat; and, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, he paced up and down the terrace. His meditations were suddenly interrupted by a cheery voice exclaiming—

"Good evening, Mr. Winearls. I had intended, as I told Miss Grey yesterday, to come up and see you this morning, but circumstances prevented me. I am come to say good-bye to you."

"Are you going to leave Schwartzbad, Mr. Chinnery?" said Mr. Winearls, shaking his visitor's hand warmly. "Surely your departure is sudden, is it not?"

"Not exactly. I have had it on my mind to go away for the last ten days, only I have been too lazy to pack up."

"Then may I ask what has brought your resolution to a crisis? I shall be most sorry to lose you. Conversation with you has been a great boon to a recluse like myself."

"You are very kind to say so. I am afraid I can hardly give a satisfactory reply to your question. I had expected to go away for mountain expeditions with our friend, Edmund Brydon; but he has suddenly made up his mind to go back to England—I believe, to-night—and I am in no

such hurry to get back to my native clime. So I must go expediting myself."

"Mr. Brydon's departure is very sudden," said Mr. Winearls.

"I fancy it is. I think he will shortly be here to bid you his adieu, and I leave him to explain his reasons."

"Well, I am glad to think that I have been able to put you in the way of getting some tolerable angling, Mr. Chinnery; and as I see you are an ardent lover of the sport, I hope that you will wander hither another year."

"I certainly intend to do so," replied Chinnery; "only I am afraid we shall not much longer be able to keep the sport to ourselves. Schwartzbad is no longer as inaccessible as it used to be."

"Indeed, it is not. I originally came to live here with my niece; thinking that here, at least, I should rarely see an Englishman."

"Not very complimentary to your countrymen, Mr. Winearls."

"You are right—and perhaps I was wrong. But I had my reasons, and I thought them strong enough to sanction our withdrawal from the world."

"And the world, disapproving your reasons, has come after you, Mr. Winearls, and insists upon your returning to it."

Mr. Winearls shook his head.

"That is quite impossible."

"But your niece, at all events—" urged Mr. Chinnery.

"Ah! that is another matter. Shall you think it very strange if I ask a favour of you?"

"My experience of life is such," returned John Chinnery, "that I have for some time past given up considering anything strange. Pray go on."

Mr. Winearls motioned him to a seat; and Chinnery's practical mind, presuming that he was in for something rather long, induced him to sit down at once, and mechanically produce his pipe.

"You think, doubtless," began Mr. Winearls, "that you and I were entire strangers to each other when first we met accidentally on the shore of the lake, some few weeks ago."

Chinnery intimated by a nod that he certainly had been under that impression; but the same nod seemed to imply that he should not be astonished if Andrew Winearls turned out to be an old and early friend.

"Now, that is not quite the case. Your

name is one that is very familiar to me; and from what you have let fall in the course of conversation, I gather that you are well acquainted with Yorkshire. Am I right?"

"With parts of that large county—yes, certainly. An aunt of mine—my father's sister—is content to live in a Riding."

"Not very far from a place called Estcourt?" pursued Mr. Winearls.

"Miss Prestoun's place—close by. You are quite right."

And John Chinnery began to exhibit an amount of interest that, for a moment, suspended the occupation of lighting his pipe.

"There is no necessity for me to enter into any further particulars as to how I came to know anything of Estcourt, and I am sure you will not ask me. But you are, perhaps, aware that Miss Prestoun—the new owner of Estcourt—is anxious to take my niece Lilian back with her to England as her companion."

"Yes. And you have consented?"

"I have. And the favour I have to ask of you is, that you—who will, I have no doubt, have many chances of seeing her—will befriend poor little Lilian, should she ever stand in need of some one upon whom she may rely in the difficulties that may beset her in her new position. In years gone by, I knew your father—knew him well. He was an upright, honourable man; and I see the same character in his son's face. Will you promise me that you will do this?"

"Mr. Winearls, I am not usually a man of many words, and I can only say that I feel honoured by your confidence; and you may rely upon it that Miss Grey shall always find a friend in me."

"I thought you would say so," exclaimed Mr. Winearls, as he grasped Chinnery's hand warmly. "And you are really going to leave Schwartzbad? Well, the only wonder is, I suppose, that you should have already stayed here so long."

After a little further conversation, in which Mr. Winearls again expressed a hope that Mr. Chinnery would pay him a visit another year—a sentiment which the latter reciprocated by saying that he should be very glad to see Mr. Winearls in London at some not far distant period—Chinnery bade his somewhat mysterious acquaintance farewell, and returned to the Belle Vue, not a little anxious as to the responsibility he had taken upon himself with regard to Miss Grey, and just a little curious as to what degree of intimacy

had existed between his late father and Andrew Winearls.

Mr. Winearls was, indeed, very sorry to part with his recent acquaintance. Chinnery's society had been a great pleasure and boon to him, and the prospect of his future solitude now seemed doubly drear to him. Again he sat down upon the rough seat, rested his cheek upon his hand, and dreamily gazed over the splendid panorama.

But his thoughts were far away. The space of sad and silent years that stretched between his age and youth was for the time annihilated, and memory wandered down the weed-grown paths of long ago, and led him to the door of that well-remembered home where vain hope had once promised him a calm and happy life. O pass, fond visions of unfulfilled reality, that only vex the wearied brain—pass to the shadowy realms of things forgotten, and leave the troubled heart in peace!

Peace! Her angel wings seemed folded on the summits of eternal snow, whose white chastity the ruthlessness of man had never marred—whose silence the discordant echoes of the noisy world had never broken—where political warfare and religious strife were all unknown. They spoke to him—those mighty mountain-tops—of the everlasting rest which unquiet spirits yet may find; and their unchanging symbolism preached in voiceless beauty the glad gospel of a tranquil haven beyond the waves of this world's wild unrest.

A gentle touch upon his arm awoke him from his dreams. Lilian was beside him. She had just returned from paying a farewell visit to some neighbours. She sat down at his feet, and looked up lovingly into his face. His hand wandered over the soft brown hair, and he said, softly—

"And so it is quite decided, darling. You are going to England."

"Dear uncle, I have left it all with you. I owe everything to you—you have been everything to me. You are poor, you have often told me, and I am penniless; and you have often told me, too, that some day or other I might have to work for my living. Whatever you now think best, I think best."

"Have you been happy in our quiet home, my Lilian?"

"Happy!" she exclaimed, as a bright look overspread her face. "How dare you ask me such a question? Oh, uncle, have

you not forestalled my every wish? and through all my waywardness, have you ever spoken one harsh word to me? Happy! Can you doubt it?"

"And now it has come to an end. Your quiet and uneventful life must be exchanged for a restless and noisy one. Tell me, darling, have you any fears—any misgivings? Shall you feel very solitary in the great world?"

"I shall feel most sorry to think that you are left alone, dear," she answered, as the tears started to her eyes. "I am sure that you will miss me dreadfully—and oh, how I shall miss you, uncle! There will be no one to pet me as you have done."

O eyes, reflecting back the light of other days! O voice, tuned to the same tones that once had thrilled his heart! O Present, faithful image of the Past! What might the Future have in store for both! He shuddered, as an awful remembrance chilled his heart. But, as he looked at the pure young face turned up to his, he stroked the wavy hair again, and said—

"So young, and tender, and innocent! It seems hard to part! But it must be done. What right have I to keep you any longer to myself? Why, you might as well be in a convent, my own, as mewed up in this small Swiss village—scarcely seeing a soul beside a few retired shopkeepers from Zurich!"

"But I am quite happy, uncle."

"I believe you are, sweet Lilian. But look, I am getting old, and you know my health is not good. What if I were to die before I had put you in the way of providing for yourself?"

"What matters that?" she exclaimed, passionately. "Let me stop here, and take care of you."

"No, darling," he answered, firmly. "My mind is thoroughly made up. I cannot be so selfish as to keep you here with me. It is right that you should go with Miss Prestoun."

"And have I no relations in the wide world but you, uncle?"

He looked at her steadily for a moment, and then replied—

"No one in England is aware of your existence even. There is not one single person that knows you—not one hand ready to grasp yours warmly—not one heart open to take you to itself."

"But shall I not make friends, uncle?"

"Friends!" he echoed, bitterly. "Oh, yes, my darling, doubtless you will make many. And yet you may find great difficulties to contend with in your new position. Do you think you understand what they will be?"

"I know nothing but what you have told me, uncle. What can I know of English life and English manners? Yet, I am not afraid. Tell me what the difficulties will be."

"The rich young English lady who has been passing a fortnight at the Belle Vue has accidentally become acquainted with you—has taken a great fancy to you, and is anxious that you should return to England with her as her companion. We have both agreed to her proposition. Now, she will probably treat you as better than a servant, but possibly not as an equal. How will you bear such treatment?"

"If I have to work for my livelihood, uncle, I must take the bitter with the sweet."

"But what if it be all bitter, Lilian?"

"Oh, it cannot be all bitter, uncle. I expect I shall get on very well with Margaret Prestoun. You see, I take a more hopeful view of my future than you do, dear."

"But you don't know what social life in England is, my child. Least of all can you guess what London life is. I can only speak from the recollections of many years ago. Would that I could believe that life was better now!"

"Was it so very bad then, uncle?"

"It was very, very different from the life—the innocent life—that you have been accustomed to. Here, everything is what it seems to be. In that life, you can know nothing for certain: its faith and friendships falter; its smiles are more than matched by its sorrows—its palaces by its prisons."

"Oh, uncle, you must not talk in so sad a strain! Ah, here comes Mr. Brydon. I am so glad—he always makes you cheerful."

Truly enough, Mr. Brydon appeared at the door of the châlet, which opened upon the garden, and came slowly forward; but the expression on his face was not such as to favour the notion that he intended to make anybody cheerful. But Lilian did not notice this as she said—

"Mr. Brydon, you are just come in

time to prevent my uncle from falling into low spirits." She involuntarily paused as he advanced, when she saw his unusually serious countenance, and then she continued—"But what is the matter? You look as if you wanted cheering yourself!"

"I am come to say good-bye to Mr. Winearls, and to you, Miss Grey," he answered, in a low, sad voice.

"You are not going away?" exclaimed Lilian. "Going away so suddenly! I thought you intended staying here another month at least. You have not finished half your sketches."

"Indeed, I had hoped to stay longer," answered Edmund Brydon, in the same tones as before. "But now, that has become impossible."

Mr. Winearls regarded him keenly for a moment, and then observed—

"Something unpleasant has occurred, I fear. You have heard some bad news?"

"That has occurred," returned Edmund, "which makes it impossible for me to stay any longer in this neighbourhood. Ah, Miss Grey, you are going to London under the auspices of Miss Prestoun. I may say good-bye to you in real earnest, for you will be much changed when next we meet."

"Much changed! You speak bitterly, Mr. Brydon."

"What wonder? I feel bitter—without reason, as usual, no doubt. If we are disappointed occasionally, we have only ourselves to blame for having been too hopeful."

"Come, Mr. Brydon," said Andrew Winearls, cheerfully—"you must not be desponding, whatever may have happened. You are full of energy, talent, and—above all things—youth. You cannot have much real cause to complain."

"Oh, not more than others, I suppose," returned Edmund, with a hollow laugh. "Energy, talent, youth—of what avail are these, if they do not work out the fulfilment of your brightest dreams? We prostrate them before the idol that we worship, and they are trampled in the dust. Once more, good-bye, Mr. Winearls. Many thanks for the kindness and hospitality you have shown me."

"You are determined to go, then!" said Mr. Winearls. "Which route do you take?"

"I am going back to England. I must waste no more time. The poor younger brother has to work. My baggage goes by

the *cil-wagon*, and I mean to walk on this evening, and catch the diligence at the post-bureau—which, you know, is some three or four miles from this.”

“Then you must pass this house again on your way from the hotel. Will you permit me to accompany you—you know how fond I am of walking—a little way, or would you rather be alone?”

“I should enjoy your society much, Mr. Winearls. I must start at nine, if that is not too late for you. Good-bye, Miss Grey. Ah, if it should chance that we should meet in London, may I trust that I shall find you, at least, still the same?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Brydon, I think you may trust to that.”

He grasped her hand warmly; and, saying that he should call for Mr. Winearls shortly before nine, he hurried away.

Lilian looked after him for a moment, and there was a sad expression in her face which her uncle noted. Then she sat down in her uncle’s chair, and in her turn gazed down the valley.

“Yes,” said Mr. Winearls, after a few minutes’ silence, as if answering her thoughts—“yes, he is a fine, honest, manly fellow. And some young lady, with nothing better to do, has amused herself by trifling with his generous heart. Are you sorry Mr. Brydon is going away, Lilian?”

She was very busy examining a flower she had just plucked; and she replied in a low voice, without looking up—

“Yes, uncle. I took great pleasure in his society.”

“And never dreamed he was in love? Nay, my child, there is no need to blush. Ah, Lilian, you carry your feelings in your face. You will have to alter that when you get to London. You must learn to hide them there.”

“And so he should find me changed,” she thought to herself. “No, I will keep my word.”

SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

A*n on dit* is going the rounds of the press that our brethren across the Border are about starting this month an illustrated satirical periodical—in other words, a Scottish “Punch.” The title is to be “The Dawn”—which, with all due deference to the powers that be on the staff of the new venture, we think a bad one. Yet perhaps, after all,

there may be in this a latent satire—a scintillation of that dry humour which characterizes the North Britons more peculiarly over their Southern neighbours. England has long had her “Punch”—a title, by the bye, which has never yet been equalled—and “Punch” has been forced in recent years to share much of his satirical glories with other rivals in the field of wit and humour. But Scotland has never as yet been able to boast a “Punch,” or “Judy,” or even a “Fun.” Is the name, then, of “The Dawn,” as adopted by its editors, a quiet satire on their countrymen for their backwardness in not producing before this a periodical budget of that humour, so truly their own, which, for want of a fitting channel, is lost out of its immediate sphere, and for all practical purposes, to parody the sweet old words—“Wastes its salt upon the desert air”?

We all know the old joke of Sydney Smith, that it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke. But Sydney Smith, although he said many clever things, was not deep; and Scotchmen are. The Irishman has his rollicking wit—and, curiously enough, neither has Ireland, if we are not very much mistaken, any “Punch” of her own; but in the genuine Scottish humour—which has been very aptly called *dry* humour—there is a depth of quiet, caustic, yet amusing satire which is ever congenial, even to Southern imaginations. Between wit and humour, some writers have drawn a wide line of difference. The word “wit” originally signified “wisdom;” but wit, so called, has so many forms and variations—as in puns or playing upon words, and other quips and cranks of a like kind—that, after all, we cannot help thinking that humour is the truest wit or wisdom. Real humour always has a basis to work upon. It conveys no random dart which, shot on the spur of the moment, may excite a passing laugh among a company—at the expense, too often, of another man’s feelings, and too often, moreover, of a valuable friendship; but rather, by a certain droll “changing of the position,” if we may so call it, raises a smile while it conveys a moral. The famous Duke of Buckingham reckoned humour to be all in all. “Wit,” he said, “was never to be used, save to add a pleasantry to some just and proper sentiment which, without some such turn, might pass without its effect.” Humour is an especial gift of the Scottish nation.

The Scotch are essentially stern and hard in their manner; yet under all this lies a vein of deep and kindly feeling, which gives a placid force of pleasantry even to a rebuke, and, while it forces a laugh, cannot offend. Take, for instance, the story, as told by our old friend Dean Ramsay, of a clergyman who thought his people were making rather an unconscionable objection to his using a MS. in delivering his sermon. They urged—"What gars ye tak' up your bit papers to the pu'pit?" He replied that it was best; for really he could not remember his sermons, and must have his paper. "Weel, weel, minister—then dinna expect that we can remember them."

We will cite just one more specimen from the same source, by way of additional example:—

At an examination by a minister of the flock, previous to the administration of the Communion, a man was asked, "What kind of man was Adam?" "Ou, just like ither fook!" The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the respondent, "he was just like Joe Simson, the horse couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got onything by him, and mony lost!"

Of wit combined with pathos—deep, sensitive feeling; which, perhaps, is the best definition of humour, after all—the richest store is found in Scottish poetry, more especially in the quaint old ballads for which the North is so eminently famous. Before going any further, it would be heresy to pass by Robert Burns—a man whom, whatever his faults, every true lover of genius adores. Burns, unfortunately—owing to the drawback of dialect—was for a long time but sparingly appreciated this side of the Border; but there is a greater fund of real, honest, genuine humour in the poems of the Ayrshire bard than in all the productions of British poets put together. It may be said, perhaps, that we do not expect humour in poetry; but, surely, that humour which raises a smile and a reflection at the same moment is a feature of poetry too rare and valuable to be lightly dispensed with.

Burns is now, however, better known than formerly. Of that special humour of which we have been speaking, there are no better specimens to be found than in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," or that masterly satire on the *unco guid* of the Pres-

bytery, "Holy Willie's Prayer." Epigrams are the truest vehicles of condensed humour, and for that reason are the most difficult feats of versifying to attempt; but Burns was remarkable even in this respect. Take the following, written on a pane of glass in an inn at Moffat—

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it."

Or this, to a lady who was looking up the text during a sermon:—

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels, such as you."

Most of our readers are tolerably well acquainted with Sir Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," the ballads in which, even when relating some lawless act of wholesale free-booting, display a humour—grim though it may be, yet undeniable. But humour which touches upon social topics is always more agreeable than that which is drawn from the recital of the acts of free-lance borderers of old days. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and what is romantic to-day was a murderous reality yesterday. We prefer, therefore, to pass on to some of the social pleasantries of the older Scottish humourists. One of the best books in this vein, perhaps, is one entitled "Whistle Binkie; or, the Piper of the Party," a collection of songs for the social circle. Of the amount of real genuine Scottish humour in these songs, it would be impossible to speak too highly. Here is one which we cordially recommend to the notice of Exeter Hall:—

"I had a hat, I had nae mair,
I gat it frae the hatter:
My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,
Ae nicht when on the batter.
An' sae I thocht me on a plan
Whereby to mend the matter;
Just turn at once a sober man,
And tak to drinking water."

"My plan I quickly put in force—
Yea, stuck till't most sincerely;
And now I drive my gig and horse,
And hae an income yearly.
But had I still kept boozing on,
'Twad been anither matter:
My credit, cash, and clothes had gone
In tatter after tatter."

* * * * *

"Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,
Clear head, an' health o' body;

A thriftie wifie, cosh and kind,
 And bairnies plump and ruddy.
 Hence, I'd advise each wairless wight
 Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,
 To try my plan this very nicht,
 And tak to drinking water."

There is a pathetic humour and honest good sense in this old Scottish song, we think, which might find a response in the heart of many an honest but too bibulous working man, even at the present moment.

We cannot find space for more than another excerpt from a book which we recommend to all true lovers of Scottish humour:—

"Be honours which to kings we give,
 To doctors also paid;
 We're the king's *subjects* while we live,
 The doctor's when we're dead.

"Tho', when in health and thoughtless mood,
 We treat them oft with scoffing,
 Yet they, returning ill with good,
 Relieve us from our *coughing* (coffin).

"At times they kill us, to be sure,
 In cases rather tickle;
 But, when they've killed—they still can *cure*
 Their patients in a *pickle*.

"But when at last we needs must die,
 The doctors cannot save
 From death—they still with kindly try
 To *snatch us* from the *grave*."

We need scarcely remind our readers that the allusion in the last line is to the practice—now happily superseded—which obtained so alarmingly in the days of the notorious Burke and Hare—namely, body-snatching.

TABLE TALK.

WE HAVE OFTEN WONDERED how many of the numerous writers of current literature at the present day are troubled with the pangs of composition during the small hours of the night. But, apart from jesting, it is a well-known fact—at least, among those who have experienced it—that ideas often come into a man's mind during sleep which he would have been utterly unable to embrace when up and awake. Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusion of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which in his waking moments sorely puzzled him. Sir John Herschel—so lately deceased—is said to have

composed the following lines during a dream:—

"Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with
 feeble denial;
 Sure of his love, and, oh! sure of his mercy
 at last.
 Bitter and deep though the draught, yet drain thou
 the cup of thy trial,
 And in its healing effect, smile at the bitterness
 of the past."

Coleridge, too, composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" during a dream; and Goethe even testifies in himself to this curious faculty of dream-thought.

WE LATELY DIRECTED the attention of our readers to certain very curious "Tales of Old Japan," translated by Mr. Mitford. If they would now like to become acquainted with the light literature of China, we would recommend them to glance over the late numbers of the *Phoenix*, a monthly magazine for China, Japan, and Eastern Asia; which, in addition to many important papers on geography, ethnology, &c., contains two amusing stories, translated by Mr. Carroll, entitled "The Pearl Embroidered Garment" and "A Cure for Jealousy."

A CORRESPONDENT: At this season of the year, I am reminded of an error that sometimes finds its way into print, and is not uncommonly used in conversation. I allude to "Whitsun-Monday," "Whitsun-Tuesday," &c. Whitsuntide, as most people know, is the Jewish feast of Pentecost, or Feast of Weeks—receiving its name from the fact that it was held at the end of a series of seven weeks, reckoning from the Passover. It was also called the Feast of the Harvest, at the end of which it fell. The festival lasted eight days. Pentecost, therefore, is derived from the Greek *pentecoste* (fiftieth), signifying that the festival was held fifty days after the departure of the Jews from Egypt. In the early ages of Christianity, the favourite seasons for administering the rite of baptism were Easter Sunday and Whit-Sunday. Baptism being supposed to confer spiritual purity, the recipients of the holy rite were clothed in white, the emblem of purity; hence we have White Sunday tide or time, afterwards corrupted into Whitsuntide and Whit-Sunday.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 180.

June 10, 1871.

Price 2d.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.



WHEN, between the years 1769 and 1772, a series of remarkable political letters were published at intervals in the then most popular paper of the day, the *Public Advertiser*, they commanded, no less from their ability

than the subjects which they discussed, universal public attention. The author of these letters, who concealed himself under the pseudonym of Junius, attacked the Government hip and thigh, and was not particular as to royalty itself. Who this Junius was the Government spared neither money nor artifices to discover, but the real Simon Pure was never unearthed. Junius, whoever he was, is dead and gone long ago. But the interest in his secret—which, for all real certainty, died with him—survives at the present day as strongly as ever. Like the Man with the Iron Mask, he is a mystery, and all mysteries have a peculiar charm about them to mortal minds. Men of that time, without number, have been credited with the authorship of these famous letters of Junius. Burke, Hamilton—or, as he used to be called, Single Speech Hamilton—John Wilkes, Lord Chatham, Dunning—afterwards Lord Ashburton—Lord George Sackville, Samuel Dyer, and last, but not least, Sir Philip Francis, have all been identified by different inquirers with Junius.

The generally received opinion, we think, to which most people assent, is, that Sir Philip Francis is the guilty party. The late Lord Macaulay—with a logic which was, perhaps, more impetuous than correct—maintained that the arguments in favour of Sir Philip were sufficient to “support a verdict in a civil—nay, a criminal proceeding.” But the mystery is solved, and the ghost of Lord Macaulay—if that distinguished member of the world spiritual has any interest in the matter—must be delighted. Sir Philip Francis is the man, after all. What neither Lord Stanhope, nor Lord Macaulay, nor Mr. Merivale, nor whole troops of critics could decide, has been settled at last—by whom?—a Frenchman. We have a famous “expert” amongst ourselves, Mr. Netherclift, and his evidence a long time ago was in favour of Sir Philip Francis, to a certain extent; but now a French expert, in the person of M. Charles Chabot, has taken the trouble, by a minute and exhaustive examination of the Junian manuscripts and of the letters of Sir Philip Francis, to lay this unquiet ghost once and for all. Such, at least, is the opinion of the advocates of the “Francis” doctrine; and although, in all serious sense, we are afraid the mystery will never be satisfactorily solved, yet we think that M. Chabot has made out as good a case for his client as was ever made yet. The book which M. Chabot has just put forth under the title of “The Handwriting of Junius professionally Investigated,” with a preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. Edward Twistleton, is a curious and interesting addition to the hundred and one treatises which have appeared upon this long-vexed question.

The history of the reasons whereby this new link in the chain of evidence in favour of Francis has been forged, is best told by Mr. Twistleton. In the Christmas season of 1770 or 1771, when Mr. Francis was on a visit to his father at Bath, he danced at

the Assembly Rooms more than one evening with a young lady—by name, Miss Giles. This lady, born in 1751, was daughter of Daniel Giles, Esq., afterwards governor of the Bank of England; and in January, 1772, she became Mrs. King by marrying Joseph King, Esq., of Taplow. It was the custom at balls a hundred years ago for a lady to retain the same partner during the whole of the evening; so that the fact of Miss Giles having thus danced with Mr. Francis would imply more of an acquaintance than would necessarily be involved in a young lady's dancing with a gentleman at the present day. Subsequently, she received an anonymous letter, enclosing anonymous complimentary verses, both of which she believed to have been sent to her by him. The note was in the following words:—

“The enclosed paper of verses was found this morning by accident. The person who found them, not knowing to whom they belong, is obliged to trust to his own judgment, and takes for granted that they could only be meant for Miss Giles.”

We give our readers the benefit of the verses in question, which are certainly, we think, worth reprinting:—

“When Nature has happily finished *her* part,

There is work enough left for the Graces.

'Tis harder to keep than to conquer the heart:

We admire and forget pretty faces.

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,

Belinda improves every hour;

They tell her that beauty itself may be mended,

And show her the use of her power.

They alone have instructed the fortunate maid

In motion, in speech, and address;

They gave her that wonderful smile to persuade,

And the language of looks to express.

They directed her eye, they pointed the dart,

And have taught her a dangerous skill;

For whether she aims at the head or the heart,

She can wound, if she pleases, or kill.”

The verses and the note are each written on a separate sheet of common letter paper, and the handwriting of the two is different. The reason of this is obvious. The humour of the compliment required such a difference. The two documents, though wholly unconnected with St. Valentine's Day, must be regarded in the light of a Valentine—the essential idea of which is, that whereas certain verses in praise of a young lady had been found by accident, Miss Giles alone merited such praise; and the verses were therefore sent to her as to the person for

whom they were intended. Hence it would have been out of keeping with the plan of the Valentine if the verses and the note had been in the same handwriting.

On the discovery of these two documents, and the comparison afterwards instituted by Mr. Twistleton between them and the other writings of Junius, the whole of the newly revived interest in the discussion really depends. The train of reasoning on the subject was this:—The anonymous note was in the handwriting of Junius; Francis had evidently sent it; therefore, the anonymous verses were in the natural handwriting of Francis. This, at least, was the firm opinion of Mr. Twistleton and many other literary and legal gentlemen, and it was confirmed by the external evidence, and the tradition among the descendants of Mrs. King. Mr. Twistleton, however, to make himself and others more satisfied on the point, placed the anonymous note in the hands of Mr. Netherclift, the well-known expert. But that gentleman, from illness, could not follow up the investigation. Not to be baffled, Mr. Twistleton now applied to M. Chabot, another professional expert; and the verdict, as finally given in by M. Chabot, is contained at great length in the work before us. It consists of two elaborate reports, occupying one hundred and ninety-seven quarto pages—one on the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis, and the other on the handwritings of Lady Temple, Lord George Sackville, and others. The great merit of these reports is, that they give an analysis of the handwriting by examining separately the elements or letters of which it is composed. But, as it would require the lithographed plates with which this costly work is embellished to explain the method pursued, it would be useless to enter here too much into minutiae.

One fact pretty generally acknowledged is, that the letters of Junius are written in a feigned hand; and M. Chabot, speaking of this phase of the evidence, says: “Upon examination, I find that the principal features of the disguise consist of the very common practice of altering the accustomed slope, and, in many cases, of writing in a smaller hand; whilst that which is of more importance—viz., the radical forms of letters—is repeatedly neglected. It is difficult, whilst the mind is engaged on the subject-matter of the writing, to avoid occasionally—indeed, frequently—falling into some of the habits of

writing peculiar to the writer. The simple expedients of altering the usual slope and size of the writing may be maintained without difficulty, but it becomes very trying to attend to details at the same time. I have never met with a writer who could do so, and sustain a consistent and complete disguise throughout a piece of writing of moderate length."

The feigned hand in the "Letters of Junius," M. Chabot decides, then, to be no other than that of Sir Philip Francis. He brings forward two distinct classes of evidence to support his decision—one dealing with the formation of letters, taken independently; the other with habits of writing as peculiar to everybody. On the question of the formation of the letters, as we have said, this cannot be explained properly here without the help of plates; suffice it to say, that the minute and wonderful analysis made by M. Chabot under this head would seem to satisfy all but the most incorrigibly sceptical that Francis was Junius, and that no other but Francis could be Junius. But with regard to instances of habit common alike to Junius and Francis, M. Chabot cites ten such, which are worth repeating:—

1. The mode of dating letters.
2. The placing a full stop after the salutation.
3. The mode of signing initials between two dashes.
4. Writing in paragraphs.
5. Separating paragraphs by dashes placed between them at their commencement.
6. Invariable attention to punctuation.
7. The enlargement of the first letters of words.
8. The insertion of omitted letters in the line of writing, and not above it; and the various modes of correcting miswriting.
9. Mode of abbreviating words, and abbreviating the same words.
10. Misspelling certain specified words.

In fact, speaking for ourselves, we can hardly think that any one who glances at the contrasted specimens of the two handwritings of Junius and Francis, which are given so copiously in M. Chabot's reports, can have any reasonable doubt—although not experts—that the two are the work of the same hand, but with a very unsuccessful attempt at disguise. Some letters especially are formed in such a peculiar manner, that no mere accident could make the similarity so great. It may be worth while to repeat the following anecdote, for which Mr. Twistleton was indebted to Mr. W. J. Blake, of Danesbury, to whom it was told by his father, the late

Mr. William Blake. After the publication of "Junius Identified," Mr. William Blake was in a country house with Sir Philip Francis, and happened to converse with him on the poetry of Lord Byron, to which Sir Philip expressed his aversion. This induced Mr. Blake to single out for his perusal the well-known lines in the "Giaour," beginning with—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead."

Sir Philip read them, went to a writing-table, seized a piece of paper, wrote down on it a string of words which he extracted from those lines, ending with "nothingness" and "changeless," added below them the word "senseless," and then rapidly subscribed his initials between the two dashes. On observing the signature, Mr. Blake said to him, "Pray, will you allow me to ask you, Sir Philip, do you *always* sign your initials in that manner?" Sir Philip merely answered, gruffly, "I know not what you mean, sir," and walked away.

Many other proofs are given by M. Chabot in defence of his theory—such as in the case of two sheets of paper on which two letters were written, one by Junius and the other avowedly by Francis, Francis's letter having been penned about two months previously. Here the device of the water-mark is found to be the same; the initials of the maker are the same; the two sheets of paper are so exactly of the same size and shape—both having been cut slightly out of truth, whereby the top edge of the paper is not mathematically parallel with the bottom edge—that there is no doubt they have been taken from one and the same quire of paper. Moreover, the colour of the ink with which these two letters have been written is the same in both. Where the ink lies thinly, the writing is pale and somewhat brown; but where the writing has been written with a full pen, it is quite black.

But one fact remains yet to be related which is perhaps of greater importance than any adduced in the whole of the mere collateral arguments. The original proof sheets of the "Letters of Junius" are preserved in the British Museum, and several of them are lithographed in M. Chabot's volume. As in the case of all proof sheets, they contain various obliterations. These M. Chabot found to conceal precisely the same words and figures as those which now stand in their places, and which are made to appear

as corrections of the obliterated writing. The words obliterated are in the handwriting of Francis. The words written over them are in that of Junius. The dates were not inserted in the original MS., but were added in the proof sheets. Francis, it would seem, being less careless in correcting the proofs than in writing the original copy of the "Letters," inserted the dates in his natural handwriting. On discovering his slip of caution, however, he carefully blotted out these dates, and replaced them in the feigned hand of the original manuscript as first sent to the printers. We have not entered, in this brief article, into the endless personal political arguments which have been put forth on this question, from time to time, *ad nauseam*. M. Chabot has, we think, settled the controversy pretty nearly; and the long-accepted opinion that Sir Philip Francis was the veritable Junius has received a further confirmation at the hands of the skilful and laborious M. Chabot.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER IV.

WHETHER the Belle Vue Hotel owed its yearly increasing popularity to Schwartzbad, or whether Schwartzbad was sought for on account of its unquestionably comfortable and reasonable hotel, may be an interesting subject of inquiry to some future Buckle or Froude, but would not be particularly so to the ordinary reader. The landlord was a great man in the canton, and was a member of Parliament. He possessed a winter residence at Nice, as the Swiss climate in winter did not happen to suit either him or his wife—at least, they neither of them thought it did; and so, when the tourist season was over, and the inhabitants of Switzerland retired into their shells for their winter, mine host and his family shut up the Belle Vue, and retired with a portion of the season's receipts to the shores of the Mediterranean.

But now, however, in the month of June, the Belle Vue was in all its glory; and English people, as usual, were distributing some of their superfluous moneys in Schwartzbad in general, and in the bureau of the Belle Vue in particular. And not the least profitable of the guests at this particular time were Miss Prestoun and Lady Dobcross,

and two gentlemen who had arrived with them, and whose names appeared, by the *livre des étrangers*, to be Lord Grasmere and Mr. Stalker.

The *table d'hôte* was over; and several of the diners, in various stages of indigestion, were lounging about in the gardens of the Belle Vue; and in one shady nook, from whence a magnificent view was attainable, sat Lady Dobcross, knitting some impossible garment. Lord Grasmere reclined in a rocking-chair, smoking; and Mr. Stalker was stretched upon the grass, engaged in the same occupation.

"This is very lovely, you know, and there's no mistake about it," observed Lord Grasmere, contemplatively. "But, upon my soul and honour, here's June, you know, and one *ought* to be back in town."

"Ascot next week," put in Stalker. "I tossed up between a sojourn at Isola Bella and the Derby, and the island won; and I don't suppose I was ever so bored in my life. And I must be back for the Cup—I must indeed."

At this moment, John Chinnery sauntered up with *Galvani* in his hand; and catching Stalker's last remark, he said gravely, as he sat down upon the grass—

"You really must, Stalker. The thing wouldn't be perfect without you."

"Lord Grasmere is quite right," interposed Lady Dobcross. "There are certain duties which one owes to society, and they must be fulfilled." (By the bye, how extremely fond some excellent people are of talking of the debts they owe to society. What a pity it is all debts are not as easy to discharge!) "I assure you, Mr. Stalker, I positively could not expect to spend a happy Christmas if my conscience told me that I had shrunk from taking my part in the social labours of the season. We leave this to-morrow, and go back to England on Monday."

"Ah, it's a grand place, England," said Lord Grasmere. "Take it all round, there's nothing beats it, you know."

"A very nice and proper sentiment," exclaimed Lady Dobcross. "I am so glad to hear you say that, Lord Grasmere. It is so pleasant to hear the—the—patrician fathers expressing a proper devotion to their motherland."

Anybody looking less like a patrician father than did the noble lord to whom the speech was addressed, it was difficult to conceive.

So, at least, thought Chinnery, and he observed—

"Quite true. And we commoners always expect to have a good example set us."

"Precisely," ejaculated Stalker. "The refined and educated wisdom of the country is concentrated in the House of Peers—is it not, Grasmere? Talking of wisdom, you always are getting tips from somewhere or other. Are you inclined to do anything about Lady Juliana for the Cup?"

"I don't know anything at all about her," returned Grasmere. "I don't get tips as often as you think. And I don't see the fun of betting, unless one is sure to win."

"What you call a 'moral' on the turf, eh?" said Chinnery. "Almost the only moral there is there, I should think."

"Chinnery, you are too severe—you really are," remonstrated Mr. Stalker. "It's wonderful how sharp some of you briefless barristers are!"

"Only not quite so sharp as those that are not briefless, I am afraid," returned Chinnery.

"Dear me, are you really a briefless barrister, Mr. Chinnery?" exclaimed Lady Dobcross, putting down her knitting for a moment, and regarding that not unusual animal through her glasses. "Really, now, how very delightful! I have heard so much of that sort of person, and I have always thought he must be such an interesting creature—such a dear, disappointed kind of thing!"

"Thank you, yes—that's just about what we are," returned Chinnery. "I don't know that, on the whole, we are worse off than other folks. You see, there are a great many people about, Lady Dobcross; and of course we can't all be Kings, and Queens, and Lord-Chancellors."

"It's what you call a 'liberal' profession, isn't it?" said Lord Grasmere, lazily.

"Very much so. By a pleasing and intelligible fiction, we are supposed to do everything for nothing."

"Ah! but you don't, though," retorted Grasmere. "I had a little job at the assizes not long ago—a dispute with a tenant—a matter of five and twenty pounds, really, I believe. I lost it."

"So much the worse for you," said Chinnery, coolly.

"And I had to pay double the amount in counsels' fees alone."

"So much the better for counsel," re-

torted Chinnery, as before. "But what has become of Miss Prestoun, Lady Dobcross? Not tired, I hope, after our walk this afternoon."

"I think she is arranging with her maid and the courier. Impetuous darling!—she made up her mind at dinner-time to start off the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Chinnery. "That will be rather sudden for Miss Grey, will it not?"

"She sent the porter off with a note the moment we left the dining-room, to tell her to be ready. Ah! it's a great responsibility, taking care of a beautiful heiress," sighed Lady Dobcross.

"I shouldn't mind undertaking it myself, all the same," observed Stalker.

"Dear, dear—how shockingly mercenary you men are!" said Lady Dobcross.

"Not at all," interposed Chinnery. "Heiress-hunting is merely a not unimportant branch of the great commercial genius of our beloved country, Lady Dobcross."

"That reminds me," said Lord Grasmere. "I wonder if Wade will turn up again."

"Do you mean that you think that pleasant Mr. Wade is an heiress-hunter, Lord Grasmere?" inquired Lady Dobcross.

"I can't say I think very much about him, or of him; but I shouldn't be struck dumb with astonishment if he were. Where did you and Miss Prestoun pick him up?"

"He was introduced to us at Baden by Mr. Brydon, of Bartry," returned Lady Dobcross; "and we met him again, accidentally, at Strasbourg or Basle—I forget which."

"He isn't a fool, that Wade," remarked Stalker. "He made a lot of money at the tables. When he left us a week ago, for a mountain expedition with those three young Englishmen who turned up, he said he should be back in a day or two."

"He has found them pleasant companions, I have no doubt," observed Chinnery. "I knew them all by name, and they are all men of means. The night before they went away, Wade joined them in a rubber; and my opinion is, it can't have been his fault if they haven't played one, and probably two, every night while they have been on their mountain expedition."

"Now, I am not going to hear a word against Mr. Wade," said Lady Dobcross. "I think he is an extremely amusing and pleasant person, and quite a gentleman."

"Oh, no doubt!" said Lord Grasmere,

rising. "He would not get on quite so well as I expect he does, if he wasn't. I tell you what, Stalker, these early dinners don't suit my internal arrangements at all—they make me thirsty. Let's have a pint of Champagne. I don't suppose they know how to make a cup here."

"But I do!" cried Stalker, jumping up with alacrity. "You order the materials, my dear Grasmere, and I'll undertake the manufacture."

A waiter was forthwith summoned, the necessary order was given, and Mr. Stalker was soon employing all his faculties in the concoction of a pleasant beverage. To do Stalker justice, he was not without his usefulness in the world.

"Live ten thousand lives, and you will never be so opportunely engaged as you are at this moment, my precious Stalker!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "For many years past, I have thought that I knew as well as most men what thirst was. I was mistaken. I never realized the fearful pang till now! Lady Dobcross, pray forgive this brutal exhibition of feeling; but you have no idea how thirsty, now, I am." And the speaker threw himself upon a bench, and faintly adjured Stalker to look sharp.

"I must say, you look rather like a high-road in August, Wade," said Lord Grasmere. "You want watering."

"Now, you know, this is really astonishing," said Lady Dobcross, placidly smiling. "Quite prophetic, if I may say so. We were speaking of you only a moment or two ago, Mr. Wade."

"An illustration of the old saying," observed Chinnery, as he nodded carelessly to Wade. "Talk of the — angel, and you see his wings."

"And now, do tell us where you have been, Mr. Wade," said Lady Dobcross. "I am dying to hear."

If that was Lady Dobcross's manner of dying, thought Chinnery, she was likely to have a remarkably peaceful end, for she pursued her knitting with the greatest calmness. Stalker, with a deep appreciation of the wants of a thirsty soul, which even his devotion to Lord Grasmere could not conquer, handed Wade a huge goblet, from which that gentleman, without apologies, appeared to receive a new existence. Indeed, he stood up, and said as much. At Lady Dobcross's request, however, he sat down again, and gave a vivid and rapid

sketch of his brief tour about the mountains.

"But where is Miss Prestoun?" he asked abruptly, in conclusion. "Not ill, I hope? Or does she fear the evening air, Lady Dobcross, that she keeps within doors?"

"Dear child!—she is quite well, I am happy to say; and I do not think that she fears anything," was the reply.

"Miss Prestoun has taken a wonderful fancy to that queer little Miss Grey," remarked Lord Grasmere.

"How *queer*!" asked Chinnery, looking up from his paper.

"Oh, I don't know. Foreign in her manners, yet English in her speech—yet neither Swiss nor British."

"What a vulgar person might describe as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl," suggested Stalker, as he handed round his delectable concoction.

"Yes," returned Chinnery—"a very vulgar person."

"Oddly enough, I have never seen this enchanting young lady," said Wade, laughing. "I heard her name mentioned several times before I went away. I hope to-morrow I shall have the happiness of seeing her."

"You will have to get up very early, then," said Lady Dobcross; "for we all start soon after daybreak, I believe." And the good lady could not repress a yawn as she thought of the premature farewell which she would have to pay to her bed.

"To-morrow—so early!" exclaimed Wade. "You are not going away to-morrow?"

The bright and happy look that had smiled upon his handsome sunburnt face since he had joined the party died away as he said these words; and whatever lamentation Lady Dobcross might have been on the point of giving utterance to was effectually silenced by the appearance of Miss Prestoun, as she advanced into the garden from the glass doors of the *salle-à-manger*, which opened to the garden.

"We were exhausting our inventive faculties in wondering what had become of you, Miss Prestoun," said Lord Grasmere, lazily.

"Were you really?" replied Margaret. "Dear me, how fatigued you must be!"

"To speak more accurately, we were regretting your absence," said Wade, advancing to her. "And I regret still more," he added, in a lower tone, "that I find you are going to leave Schwartzbad to-morrow morn-

ing. When I started for a mountain expedition, at the solicitation of my friends, I quite thought that you intended to stay here at least a fortnight longer, or I should have hesitated in accepting their invitation."

"Oh, but what a pity that would have been," said Miss Prestoun, with a cold smile. "There can be no doubt that you have had a most enjoyable excursion."

She sauntered up to the low wall that separated the garden from the lake, and sat down upon a chair. Wade followed her, and half seated himself upon the wall. Stalker and Lord Grasmere busied themselves with experimental examinations of the big goblet, and then lighted cigars. Lady Dobcross dropped several stitches, and went through agonies of calculation in recovering them; and Chinnery was absorbed in *Galignani*.

"You have been out on the lake to-day, as usual, Miss Prestoun?" inquired Wade.

"Yes—but we did not stay long, it was so dreadfully hot."

She answered constrainedly, and seemed to avoid meeting Wade's eyes, which were bent upon her.

"You should have persevered," he said, in a sweet, low voice he knew so well how to use. "You should have gone right across the water to that spot I showed you once, where the huge chestnuts shadow the margin of the lake. Hard by, a mountain torrent rushes down, bringing with it—even in the most sultry days—a sweet, fresh blast. There, on the soft green moss, you may repose, and gaze upon the calm, majestic brows of the mighty Alps, set in the cloudless blue; and marvel that, throughout this restless, struggling world, there seems no peace nor purity save there."

"Really, you are quite poetical this evening."

"He must have but a dull heart that does not feel poetical at times, Miss Prestoun. And if the fair landscape by itself be not enough to move him, how can he resist when he sees in the foreground that which gives perfection to the picture—the choicest form of matchless womanhood?"

Margaret rose hastily.

"I suppose you mean that for a compliment, don't you?" she said, with a contemptuous smile. "I am sorry, as it is such a pretty one, that it should be thrown away upon me. But it really is quite lost."

"Pardon me," rejoined Wade. "I merely

asked a question. You can answer it, or apply it, as you will. And even if I did mean what I happened to say as a compliment, Miss Prestoun, forgive me if I add that the smallest and most worthless gift, if honestly offered, deserves a better fate than to be thrown back at the giver."

So saying, he strolled up to where Grasmere and Stalker were sitting, and in his turn made acquaintance with Stalker's mixture.

Margaret stood irresolute for a moment, and could not prevent herself from glancing eagerly after him.

"Why do I suffer this man to speak to me as I should allow no one else to?" she thought. "There are times when I feel as if I positively hate him, and yet he has a strange power of silencing the words I long to utter."

Chinnery threw down his paper, and, rising from his chair, said—

"Upon my word, it is getting chilly. Come, Stalker, put your name into practice. Be sentimental for once, and climb with me the grassy slope, and contemplate the evening lights and shadows!"

"And spend the night," returned Stalker, "in the torments of an insulted digestion, I dare say."

"Rubbish! Those organs of yours will be all the better for a little wholesome exercise. Grasmere, you are young and supple, and don't know what digestion is. Come along."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," said the noble lord, lazily rising. "But Lady Dobcross must accompany us. You don't object to a gentle walk up-hill?"

"Not at all," answered her ladyship, as she began to consign her knitting to a portentous bag. "But I always think that sort of thing looks so much better from the level."

"Then we will leave Lady Dobcross at the bottom of the hill, and compare effects afterwards," said Wade, gaily. "What do you say, Miss Prestoun—will you come too?"

"Thanks—I am tired, and prefer remaining in the garden."

"Won't you come, my dear?" urged Lady Dobcross. "No! Shall I remain with you? No! Then do wrap up if you remain in the garden, there's a darling."

And with this request, Lady Dobcross turned away, and hooked herself on to Mr. Stalker's arm in an uncompromising manner, which rather disconcerted that gentleman.

As the others slowly left the garden, Wade paused irresolute for a moment, and then approached Miss Prestoun.

"Might I venture to ask to be allowed to remain?" he said, in a low voice.

"I can have no sort of control over your actions, Mr. Wade," she replied, coldly. "You are, of course, as free to remain in this garden as I am to retire to my room."

"Oh! forgive my presumption," cried Wade, bitterly. "I will not intrude upon you. I understand that you leave this place early to-morrow morning, and I shall therefore have neither time nor opportunity for repeating my mistakes. If to admire you is a crime, Miss Prestoun, it can only be atoned for by my future absence. Will you not accept my apologies, and say good-bye to me?"

"I am not aware that any apologies are needed, Mr. Wade, and of course I will say good-bye."

And as she said these words, she turned away from him, and advanced towards the hotel.

"But you will not let me take your hand!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh! really, you are too exacting," she replied, scarcely turning her head as she spoke, and in another moment she was gone.

Wade looked after her passionately for a moment, and at first he seemed madly inclined to follow her. Then he turned back to the table where Grasmere and Stalker had been sitting, and drank off the remains of the Champagne cup at a draught.

"Yes!" he muttered, furiously. "And I shall be more exacting ere we part for ever. I, Vipan Wade, love you, Margaret Prestoun! and will win you—proud, beautiful heiress though you be!"

He hid his face in his hands, and so remained for some minutes lost in thought. When he looked up again, his eyes met those of a man who stood close beside him, and who was contemplating him with a sneering smile.

PAST METROPOLITAN PAPERS.—

No. III.

THE "COURIER."

BY JAMES GRANT.

IN 1811, Mr. Stuart delegated the management of the *Courier* to his partner, Mr. Street. Several of the more prominent contributors to the paper began from this time

to withdraw their allegiance. I give, for example, the name of one. Mr. Stuart, from the year 1816, resolved, he tells us, gradually to withdraw from the *Courier* altogether; and, at the end of that year, he took steps accordingly.

But I am anticipating my narrative. I must return, in order to make it consecutive, to the time, at the close of the last century, when the *Courier* fell into other hands. In the course of a few years after this, the French Revolution lost, in a great measure, the popularity which it had acquired among the masses in populous towns in this country; and whether for that reason or for some other reason it is difficult to decide, but the *Courier* abjured the Liberal principles with which it had identified itself in the earlier years of its existence. It became a Tory, or what would now be called a Conservative journal. As the French army, under Napoleon I., was making extraordinary progress in its aggressions on the dominions of Continental sovereigns, and the alarm had become general of an invasion by Bonaparte of this country, all who felt for the safety of the land and the preservation of social order speedily rallied around the new standard erected by the *Courier*. It devoted itself to the special support of Church and State. That, indeed, became its motto. The clergy everywhere, not only became its patrons by "taking it in," as the phrase is, but sounded its praise from the pulpit as well as in private. It has been stated—and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement—that at one time no fewer than five thousand clergymen were subscribers to it. Indeed, Toryism generally, I ought to mention, was at this time in all its glory; and it was then quite a rare thing to meet with a man, with a decent suit of clothes on his back, who would have had the moral courage to avow himself a Liberal. Under these circumstances, it will surprise no one to be told that the *Courier* became a source of much greater profit to its proprietors than it had been in the most prosperous period of its Liberalism. Its circulation every evening is represented as having been, in these the palmiest days of its history, about 12,000 copies. This was at that time deemed an immense circulation for any paper—one, indeed, which had never been reached by any daily, not even by any of the morning journals. My belief, indeed, is that no other daily paper, morning or evening, could boast

of a circulation amounting to the half of 12,000 copies.

But while this was the stated circulation of the *Courier*, its sale on special occasions, when it contained important intelligence respecting some important events in connection with the progress of the French war—which being now a recognized organ of the Government, the information which the Foreign Office habitually furnished to it was exclusive—was often much greater than it had ever received before. On one occasion, when it published exclusively some war intelligence of the greatest importance, and of a very exciting kind, the sale of the *Courier* was 16,500 copies; and would have reached from 30,000 to 40,000, had the necessary mechanical power existed for the printing of that number of copies. It was a frequent occurrence to lose the sale of thousands of copies for the want of the necessary mechanical power to produce them. It will be remembered that the process of printing by steam was then unknown; and no printing by hand, even the most improved mode, could throw off more than 750 copies per hour. With the view, however, of supplying the demand for the *Courier* to as great an extent as possible, four duplicates of each impression were set up, or “composed,” as the printers say, and four presses were kept constantly at work.

The *Courier*, as will be inferred from the statements I have already made, displayed, as a rule, an amount of tact and energy, in conjunction with a liberal—I might almost say, a lavish—expenditure where an object was to be gained, which had no parallel in the previous history of the newspaper press of the metropolis. It was the first evening journal to publish second and third editions; and the sale of these later editions was sometimes incredibly great, even when there was really no additional information of the slightest importance in them—sometimes, indeed, when there was literally not a single word of additional information at all. It was no uncommon thing to publish a third edition, simply to announce that no additional intelligence had been received in relation to whatever may have chanced to be the most exciting news contained in the second edition. Yet the public, not knowing beforehand that this was to be the sole purport of the third edition, and the heading of the subject attracting most attention in the first or second editions, announcing

in flaming letters the words, “Third Edition,” in no less gigantic type, and hundreds of boys blowing horns and bawling out in all parts of the town, “Third Edition of the *Courier*!”—“Important Intelligence!”—the sale of these third editions, with literally nothing in them, was often so great as only to be limited to the productive capacity of the printing machinery to throw the newspapers off. Then, again, to minister to the intense desire of the public to obtain the latest information which could be procured in relation to some event which had occurred, and had absorbed public interest, second and third editions of the *Courier* were published, containing some additional intelligence, but often of ludicrously little interest. Probably nothing of this kind ever occurred equal to an incident in connection with the murder, in 1812, of Mr. Perceval, in the lobby of the House of Commons, by Bellingham, who was insane. That tragedy is known to every one. When shot, he fell into the arms of Mr. Vincent Dowling, afterwards editor of *Bell's Life in London*, who repeatedly related the occurrence to me. Of course, so terrible a tragedy created a great sensation in London, so great, indeed, as to exceed almost anything ever before known. The *Courier* of that evening published a second edition, the occurrence not having taken place in time for the first. As the dreadful deed was but the matter of a moment—Mr. Perceval's death being instantaneous—there was, of necessity, but little to be said on the subject. All that could be said was said in the second edition. But the public longing for more particulars was insatiable; and in order to gratify it—so far, at least, as the publication of a third edition could do it—the people of the *Courier* felt that a third edition must be published. Accordingly, a third edition was placarded in the windows of the office, in letters sufficiently large to be read across the street—“Third Edition! The Dreadful Assassination of Mr. Perceval! Further and Exclusive Particulars!” The third edition might have been bought in myriads, if there had existed the requisite machinery to print them. And what does the reader suppose the purchasers found in their third edition? Simply this:—“We stop the press to announce that the sanguinary villain, Bellingham, refuses to be shaved!”

The *Courier* was—as I have already mentioned—at this time a most successful com-

mercial enterprise. I speak from what I regard as good authority when I say, that its annual profits ranged from £12,000 to £15,000. As circumstances have given me a specially intimate knowledge of newspapers, I can easily believe this. First of all, the paper consisted of only four pages, of four small columns each page, only a little larger than each of the eight pages of the *Globe* in its present form. Then there was the largeness of the size of the greater part of the type used, the number of the advertisements, while there was hardly anything to pay for contributors, correspondents, or reporters. The price, too (I ought to add though, fourpence nominally, but in reality threepence three-farthings only—a discount of twenty per cent. being allowed by Government—had to be paid for the stamp) was sevenpence. With, therefore, the amazingly cheap manner in which the paper was got up, its large circulation, and the number and the price of the advertisements, I can easily believe that the yearly profits of the *Courier*, before the conclusion of the peace of 1815, must have been nearer £15,000 than £12,000 per annum.

But on the conclusion of the war with the great Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo, the circulation, and consequently the profits, of the *Courier* began to decline. Still, the circulation continued to be relatively great; so great that, finding it impossible to meet the demand in time for the post, they were obliged to resort, at great expense, to the purchase of new and greatly improved machinery, in order to ensure a more rapid printing of the paper. This was accomplished in the year 1823; and after the increased power had been tried and found successful, an intimation was made, on the 14th of November of that year, that they had procured machinery of such extraordinary power that they could now throw off 2,000 copies an hour; and that they had, on emergencies, succeeded in throwing off 2,800 impressions of their paper in an hour.

In four years after this, on the advent (1827) of Mr. Canning to the office of Prime Minister, the *Courier*—which had up to this time, ever since its abjuration of its Liberalism in its earlier years, been an uncompromising supporter of Toryism—identified itself with the principles of his Administration. These were what might be called a Liberal-Toryism, or a Tory-Liberalism, just as we have now Conservative-Liberalism, or

Liberal-Conservatism; but that would not suit the thorough-going Tories of the time. Mr. William Mudford, author of "First and Last," a series of powerful tales which had appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and were exceedingly popular, was at this time editor of the *Courier*, at a salary of £1,000 a-year, the highest salary perhaps ever given to the editor of an evening paper. He supported the Administration of Canning—with whom he was on terms of personal friendship—with much more zeal than discretion; and the consequence was that he placed his editorial position in peril. On Mr. Canning's interposition, however, according to information which I received soon after that time, he was allowed to remain at the editorial helm. Meantime, headed by the Duke of Wellington in the Lords and Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, the Opposition to Mr. Canning, and the semi-Liberal principles on which his Government was based and conducted, hastened his own death, as well as the death of his Administration. This, speaking commercially, was one of the most unfortunate steps which the proprietors of the *Courier* could have taken. The whole of the ultra-Tory party denounced and deserted it. Soon after this, on finding the circulation falling off rapidly, it returned to the advocacy of Toryism, the more especially because as, on the death of Mr. Canning, the Duke of Wellington, after the interregnum Ministry of Lord Goderich, acceded to the Premiership, and formed a thoroughly Tory Administration.

With these changes of policy on the part of the *Courier*, there was, as might be supposed, a change of editorship. Mr. Eugenius Roche succeeded Mr. Mudford. Mr. Roche was appointed, with a salary of £1,000 a-year—a large salary to receive as editor of an evening paper. Mr. Roche, one of the most amiable and respected gentlemen that ever filled an editorial chair, father of Mr. Roche, one of the present registrars in the Court of Bankruptcy, was the first gentleman with whom, on coming to London thirty-six years ago, I formed an intimate friendship. Mr. Roche was editor of the *New Times* when he was appointed to the editorship of the *Courier*; but, unfortunately, he had been part proprietor as well as editor of the former journal, by which partnership he lost a large amount of money—large, at least, for him, who, like the generality of editors, was the reverse of rich. It was, too,

a condition of his purchasing one out of the twenty-four shares into which the proprietorship of the *Courier* was divided, that he should receive the appointment of editor. The price of the one twenty-fourth share of the *Courier*—which was 5,000 guineas—was provided and paid through friends, and Mr. Roche was installed in the editorial chair at, as I have said, a salary of £1,000 a-year. This was in 1827; but Mr. Roche only survived a few months to discharge the duties which devolved upon him as editor of the *Courier*. I pause here for a single moment to call attention to the valuable property which the *Courier*, up to this year (1827), still was, though greatly diminished from what it was twenty years before that time. If one of the twenty-four shares into which the property was divided brought, when sold to Mr. Roche, 5,000 guineas, the entire property must have been worth nearly £120,000. Yet, in little more than twelve years, the *Courier*, hitherto so valuable commercially, became ruinous in that sense. After carrying it on for some years at a great loss, it was discontinued.

I cannot speak positively to the fact that Mr. Roche was succeeded by Mr. John Galt—who, as the author of "Laurie Todd" and various other works of fiction, was second only at this time in reputation, as a novelist, to Sir Walter Scott; but it was somewhere about this time that he accepted the position of editor of the *Courier*, at a salary of £800 a-year. Mr. Galt only remained in the editorial chair for the brief period of four months. It was my good fortune to meet with him in the year 1833, at his house at Brompton, although he had had no fewer than fifteen successive attacks of paralysis, at intervals sometimes of a week, or month or two, which had unfitted him for seeing friends; and on those occasions he used to discourse freely with me in relation to his four months' editorship of the *Courier*. He told me that the sole reason why he quitted his editorial connection with that journal was, that he persisted in the advocacy of a policy much too Liberal for the then proprietors; and, having quarrelled with them on this account, he severed his connection with the paper. Several other editorial changes took place after this, which was about the year 1830. Soon after that year, Mr. James Stuart became manager of the paper. This, curiously enough, was the third manager of the *Courier* of the

same name, and yet neither having the slightest relationship to each other. The last Mr. James Stuart, with whom I was on terms of personal intimacy, was a gentleman well known and much respected in Scotland, and a near relation to the Earl of Moray, a Scottish nobleman. He was a Whig of the kind of which Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith were types sixty years ago, and of which the "Edinburgh Review" was the quarterly organ, and the *Scotsman* a twice-a-week newspaper. Sir Alexander Boswell, son of Mr. James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, assailed Mr. Stuart in the coarsest and most personally offensive manner, in a scurrilous Tory Scotch publication called the *Beacon*, conducted in the same manner as, in London, the *Age* and the *Satirist* were forty years ago. Mr. Stuart challenged him to a duel. It was fought, and Sir Alexander Boswell was killed. This was in the year 1822. The event created a great sensation in Scotland at the time; but the sympathy for Mr. Stuart was all but universal, because the provocation which he received, was so great. Never before was such deep and universal execration felt among the better classes of society in Scotland as burned in their bosoms at the course which this journal pursued. It was only able to survive for four months the intense indignation everywhere shown in that country at its publication. What made the feeling all the stronger was the fact—which, though it was sought to be concealed, was soon discovered—that Sir Walter Scott was the principal proprietor. Many, indeed, believed—and believe to this day—that Sir Walter provided for it the necessary funds. He was an ultra-Tory, and might have taken pleasure in seeing the leading men of the opposite party unsparingly attacked. But it is due to the memory of Sir Walter to say that no one—not even his bitterest political opponents—would ever have imputed to him a deliberate intention to start a journal for the purpose of assassinating the private characters of those who were opposed to him in politics. In the exercise of charity, we are bound to believe what was said by Sir Walter's friends in relation to this unfortunate affair—that he had been led into it by very different representations as to what the character of the *Beacon* would be, from what it actually was. Mr. Stuart soon afterwards went to America, and remained there for

several years. On his return, he wrote a very interesting work, in two volumes, on the United States. On becoming manager, about the time I have mentioned, of the *Courier*, he made great exertions to recover, were it only partially, the ground it had lost; but without effect. In 1833, he mentioned to me that he had made up his mind to try an experiment which had never been made in the history of the evening press. That was, to publish on a particular day a double sheet, a sheet of eight pages, instead of the usual four pages. He added, that he intended to make it a feature of that particular number to devote an entire page of the eight pages to reviews of books; and asked me if I would undertake the duty. I agreed, and received handsome remuneration for my labour; but the result of the novel experiment did not realize Mr. Stuart's hopes.

The truth was, that the frequent changes in the politics of the paper and its editors—of the latter, there were four in little more than two years—had inflicted upon it a blow from the effects of which it could not be recovered by any amount of ability, or any number of expedients, however ingenious. Mr. Stuart continued to conduct the *Courier* till the year 1836, when he received from Lord Melbourne the appointment of Inspector of Factories, in which office he continued till his death. I cannot permit this brief statement respecting Mr. James Stuart to pass without adding that he was eminently a gentleman, both by birth and by the constitution of his mind. And he was as kind as he was courteous. He was a man of warm and open heart, which was manifested to all persons and at all times, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes—some of them of a nature calculated to restrain displays of kindness—through which he was called to pass. His nature, indeed, often showed itself to be too generous to be compatible with prudence. Mr. Stuart died in 1849, in the seventy-fourth year of his age; and no one who was numbered among his acquaintances, as I was, could fail to regard his memory with other than feelings of the warmest affection.

On Mr. Stuart's retirement from the editorship of the *Courier*, in 1836, Mr. Laman Blanchard was appointed to that office. Like Mr. Stuart, Mr. Blanchard belonged to the Liberal party, and during his *régime* conducted the journal on Liberal principles;

but his reign was very brief. The paper was again sold to the Tory party; and, as a matter of course, Mr. Blanchard was at once released from the editorship. The paper staggered on for a year or two longer, under a new editor, whose name no one ever knew—at least, it was not known to the public; and then, after a very eventful and chequered life, it passed away for ever. It expired after an existence of close upon half a century.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XL.

DRIFTING.

MISS PYECROFT departed from Linthorp just before John Carteret had received his letter, and had made up his mind that he must stay there no longer.

For that was the conclusion at which he had arrived after reviewing all that Lady Pechford had said to him; and, as he began to look around him, with the veil that had been blinding him rudely torn away, he came to see with different eyes, and to perceive that there might be some truth in what she had suggested; and he reproached himself for the unintentional harm of which he had been guilty.

He was not a vain man, or surely the probability might have occurred to him before. He was single-minded, and presumed that others, working with the same interest with which he worked, would also have the same motive to impel them.

He would have pursued his duty irrespective of Diana's appreciation of it; and as he judged others by himself, he would have disdained to attribute Miss Wardlaw's gradual withdrawal from the gayer amusements of Linthorp, and her increased zeal for church affairs, to any other cause than the one that would have animated himself. Indeed, as he did not frequent these gayer haunts, Miss Wardlaw's absence from them was a matter of which he was entirely ignorant.

The more he reviewed the subject, the more he deplored the unconscious part he had acted—if, indeed, what Lady Pechford suggested were true; and once it occurred to him whether, as the hope of his life was over, he might not let matters at Linthorp take the turn that people had supposed them to be taking, and so make one less

sorrowful heart in the world. And yet, what right or actual reason had he to believe that Miss Wardlaw so regarded him, since it had never been apparent to himself? Lady Pechford was a person of lively imagination, and it was probable that she had greatly exaggerated facts, if she had not to a certain extent invented them. He knew how much value she placed upon wealth and position; and he knew, also, that she possessed a genuine interest in himself, and would be anxious to promote what she would consider to be his welfare by any means in her power. And so, having received a warning from her words, he could not but see that it was advisable to leave Linthorp before matters became more serious.

This was just after Miss Pycroft had left Linthorp; and as she had one or two visits to pay on her way homeward, she did not arrive at Broadmead until a fortnight after the departure of the Manor House party; and her friends having also quitted Linthorp, she had heard nothing of John Carteret's decision, nor the gossip consequent thereupon.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford were, therefore, the only persons to whom she could recapitulate her Linthorp experiences, which were shorn of some of their interest through her later visits. She had heard Dr. Fennithorne again. She had spoken to him—shaken hands with him; and she regarded with a sort of veneration the glove that he had touched;—not that Miss Pycroft was a person ordinarily given to sentiment; “but,” as she observed, rather indefinitely, “there are some occasions upon which our feelings overflow.”

Miss Letty and Miss Sophia, who had faithfully kept house according to rule, rendered an account of all their doings, and delivered up the keys; and in them, perhaps, Miss Pycroft found the most satisfactory listeners to her accounts of Linthorp.

“And whom is Miss Wardlaw like? And when are they to be married? And where are they going to live? And does he really preach well?”

To which latter question Miss Pycroft replied, “If he were Dr. Fennithorne, he would be a bishop.”

It sounded a little enigmatical, but the sisters understood it. John Carteret only wanted a reputation; and in this world, given a reputation, one may almost do without talent.

Miss Pycroft called upon the Neris, os-

tensibly to tell them about their friend, Mr. Carteret; but, in reality, in the hope of learning something respecting the movements of the Seaton, and the immediate cause of their sudden departure, and any of the little odds and ends of information with which Signora Neri might be able to supply her.

But if Signora Neri were able, she was not willing; and if willing, she was not able. Either way, the result was the same; and Miss Pycroft learned nothing at the cottage.

“That woman *terribile* has come home, and makes my heart bleed afresh for my *carissima*,” said Signora Neri to her brother. “Somehow, it seems to me that all Broadmead is in a plot against the child. I wish I could see Mr. Carteret.”

“Orsola!”

“Giuseppe! thou dost not understand the heart of a sorrowful maiden. Remember Ercole. I have dreamed of him so often lately—and it is years and years since I have done so. He looks just as he did, only more beautiful and younger—so young, and I am old! Giuseppe, will he remember, dost think, when I enter that other world? How will it be, Giuseppe?”

“It is the husk that is withering, Orsola—the ripened fruit, whose bloom is over; but the seed remains, to spring up fresh as ever. The perishing frame decays, and counts its threescore years; but the soul holds those threescore years but as a moment of its immortality. The wind passes over the flowers, and they are gone; but the root remaineth. Thy soul is fresh, my Orsola: so should we keep our inner life green, despite the outer storms.”

“But, Giuseppe, thinkest thou not that these dreams of Ercole have some significance?”

“Only, that thy quick sympathy has brought him vividly to thy memory.”

But Signora Neri shook her head.

“What can I do?” she said. “If I could only see Mr. Carteret!”

“You might do harm, Orsola. Wait a little, for the child will wait—”

“She may marry.”

“Whom?”

“Mr. Seaton.”

Signor Neri smiled incredulously.

“Thou talkest but wildly, my Orsola.”

“Not so. Remember Ercole.”

But Signor Neri was not to be convinced.

"She will never care for any one but Mr. Carteret. I know it by the tones of her voice. Her soul has revealed itself to me through the divine harmony. She will love no other."

"Yet she may marry—for Mr. Seaton loves her, and Mrs. Seaton loves her son. Giuseppe, what can I do?"

And the fair, delicate features flushed until the glow of youth seemed almost to return to them; and her eyes lighted up, and her whole face appeared to be transfigured; and there was something prophetic in her manner as she said—

"If I cannot prevent this evil, Giuseppe, I can at least prophesy woe—woe to them who have caused this evil to come!"

The passionate Italian blood was roused, and Signora Neri forgot age, sorrow, poverty, trials; and the spirit asserted its power over time and circumstance.

Signor Neri gazed in astonishment to see his sister—who was so frail, so subdued, so calm and gentle—thus agitated. But he did not speak; and in another moment Signora Neri's vehemence had died away, and she sank into her chair, her hands covering her face, and sobbed out—

"I am but a poor old woman, Giuseppe."

And Diana, like a swallow, was flying south—south, through the Rhineland and over the Alps, never resting for long together until her foot touched Italian soil. There Jasper decided that they were safe, and that they might wander at leisure from city to city, and sojourn for awhile at each. Continual motion was most likely to divert Diana from her trouble, and in new scenes and new interests she might learn to forget.

John Carteret's name was never mentioned; and yet Diana felt that it was ever present both with Mrs. Seaton and Jasper, and that she had the sympathy of both—for Mrs. Seaton had altogether changed in her manner, the cause of irritation being removed; and there was even an occasional tenderness that Diana had never noticed before.

Perhaps it was that Mrs. Seaton was now beginning to look upon Diana as her daughter, and trying to draw her towards her with those cords of love she had neglected for so long. Perhaps, also, she felt a sentiment of compassion as she saw the girl suffering so patiently, and endeavouring, in a spirit of which she had never supposed her capable,

to be cheerful, and to take an interest in the scenes around her.

Perhaps, as she stood beside the beautiful Italian lakes, and saw the blue of heaven reflected in the tranquil depths below, some visions of a boundless peace might rise before her; and, as she watched the darting birds soar upward, the old longing might steal over her—"O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!"

And Jasper, as he stood beside her, felt, in the midst of his selfish love, a touch half of remorse as her trusting eyes looked up with all the confidence of a child—for she clung more to him as a friend than ever. He had been so gentle, so thoughtful. But it was only as a friend—a brother—that she had regarded him; and Jasper did not deceive himself—he only said, "In time, in time!" And time was before him, and there was none to thwart and hinder him. They would stay abroad until she had learned to love him better. Time—time—it was all that he had ever asked for.

Mrs. Seaton was less selfish in her love towards her son than he in his for Diana; for she would willingly have given up anything for his sake—feeling no jealousy of Diana, as some mothers would have done, but trying to love her because she saw it tended to Jasper's happiness. And perhaps this touch of unselfishness was the one small point of noble feeling that Mrs. Seaton possessed; otherwise her love was the intense instinctive affection that a wild animal feels for its cubs. There was nothing exalting in it, neither did it lead her to elevated acts; on the contrary, it simply induced all the cunning and vigilance that the dumb creation exert in defence of their young. Anything for Jasper; and as Jasper's spirits rose, and his fears subsided, and he grew less gloomy and fitful, his mother felt that what she had strained her utmost energies to accomplish was prospering as she could wish. She even ceased to hate John Carteret now that he was fairly out of the way, and no longer an obstacle to Jasper's happiness.

So, under blue skies, and amongst vineyards, olive gardens, and orange trees, and in the shadow of old palaces—the halo of whose past grandeur was even more impressive than any modern magnificence could be—Diana strove to be content. She did not try, she did not even wish to forget. John Carteret had been to her a light, a revealer

of herself, a guide, a help—and she could carry that memory to her life's end; and hereafter she might perhaps learn that it was one of the beacons set up by no human hand, to shine upon the sign-post pointing to the right road.

The dead past! There is no dead past. The past lives on, breathes into the present, and colours the future. She could never bury the day on which she first saw John Carteret: it would live on with her eternally.

And so the days wore on, and summer arose in all its glory, and southern lands became too warm, and then the travellers journeyed northward—but not to England—England was not safe yet. Old impressions must not be revived—new feelings must not be checked in their growth.

Again the summer passed away, and autumn kissed the land until it blushed crimson; and then again the hand of winter was stretched forth, driving the Seatons southward. And they remained in Italy until the spring blossomed forth once more, when they journeyed northward yet a second time, but not even yet to England.

Jasper's hopes were steadily progressing. He was letting the old love have time to die out ere the thought of a new one should be made manifest. He was cautiously dealing with the time upon which he had set so much value—not wasting it, not trying to hurry it; but letting everything glide down the current, apparently without sail or oar, and yet keeping a tight hand on the rudder.

Surely his perseverance would meet with its reward. Had he not deserved it?

CHAPTER XLI.

A TOWN CURACY.

NO more wide open sea, stretching miles and miles away, and giving a sense of freedom in its far-off horizon line. No more ruined castles, no more great cliffs and green meadows, no atmosphere unsullied by the breath of smoky manufactories, no romance—save what the poverty-stricken and sordid lives of thousands of people, made pathetic through suffering, might give.

Instead of the murmur of the waters, the busy hum of a busy town; instead of the roar of the waves, the crunching, thundering sound of vast engines, and the noise of hammer, of wheel, of shrieking machinery, in almost every street. And the blackened houses, the smoke-begrimed faces, the pallid children, the anxious, worn expression of

many of the people, as though their lives were hurrying on so fast that they were scarce able to keep up with them;—these, and a multitude of other differences, John Carteret perceived between the place he had left and the one to which he had come. Nothing to remind him, when he arose in the morning, of the Saxon monk who dispersed his paraphrases among the people. There was nothing to suggest that monks had ever existed in these parts; neither were there ancient associations with the place which were patent alike to the stranger and the inhabitant. It was a town whose associations rested rather in the bosoms of the townsfolk—in homely traditions that made old men remember antiquities that were now no more, but were lost, buried, built upon—for the town had risen to its present dimensions almost within the memory of man.

True, there had been a genius here and there who had left a trace of his life in the old town—or rather, thrown a part of his mantle over it; so that the men whose fathers had been dwellers in the place could call up names that deserved to be held in reverence by their sons. But beyond this, and a few old buildings that were rapidly disappearing, there was little to attract the attention of the lover of the past.

The student of the present might here find a field for his labours. He might work out, or try to work out, the question of progress, and settle whether human nature was improved by the vast aids that had been brought to bear upon mankind. He might note the men who yesterday were of no account, high up to-day. He might see earnestness and intellect wearing themselves into the grave; or, rising above the level of all opponents, he might see the poor, the rich, the vulgar, the refined, the submissive, the dominant, the arrogant, the unobtrusive, the worker, the idler, the honest, the thief, the true, the false, all in one massed vortex of humanity, and question whether it were possible, through dint of any earthly power, to shape the aggregated material into a solid form of beauty and perfection.

But of this, at present, John Carteret had taken no thought.

It was surprising at first sight, considering how short a time, comparatively, the present town had stood, to see how black and time-worn many of the houses looked; though, perhaps, if one took into consideration the amount of smoke puffed out by the tall and

short chimneys, it was not, after all, so very wonderful.

But neither of this had John Carteret at present taken any heed. He had arrived rather late in the evening, and had driven through the still crowded streets to his lodgings. He had not noticed what turnings he took, nor how many of them. He was only conscious that the flash of lights from shop windows was somewhat abated, and that the lamps were fewer and farther between, when he stopped at a door in a narrow street; and the landlady, who was evidently on the watch for her lodger, welcomed the new curate.

His luggage was brought in, the cabman was paid, and he himself shown into his sitting-room with a rapidity which astonished him, after the slow and deliberate ways of Linthorp; and seemed to suggest to him that he had come to a busy place, where grass did not actually or metaphorically grow under people's feet.

"The late curate, the Reverend Derrington," said the landlady, "had been quite down-*arted* at leaving his lodgings. He had never been so comfortable anywhere before. 'You have the *hart*, Mrs. Penfold, of making me feel at home,' he used to say. And, reverend sir," pursued Mrs. Penfold, "I hope what the Reverend Derrington said may be said by you also. This is the apartment in which many and many a sermon has been composed—for I've let to curates ever since I took to lodgers, after the death of Thomas Penfold. A widow must maintain herself, sir; and lodgers, if respectable and paying, is paying and respectable also."

"I dare say we shall get on very well, Mrs. Penfold," replied John Carteret, looking round the room, which was scrupulously neat and clean, and boasted of rather a handsome bookcase and an old-fashioned sideboard, upon which his eyes involuntarily dwelt for a moment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Penfold, following his glance, and gratified by his apparent appreciation—"those pieces of furniture *is* handsome, and reminds me of better days in the lifetime of Thomas Penfold. I put them in this room, reverend sir, because I hold it fitting that the clergy should have the best. I'm Church and State, sir, as my mother and grandmother was before me, and never wish to change."

John Carteret sat down in the great easy chair.

"And my son's clerk at the church, sir, and can give you all information as to time, and place, and services; and has been mentioned in the papers, not long ago, as having his accounts right to a farthing. Very gratifying to a mother's *art*."

"Certainly, Mrs. Penfold."

"More so than perhaps you think, in these defaulting and fraudulent times; for of course, being a curate, you don't know anything about business: curates never do. The Reverend Derrington was a babe at accounts, and Joshua had to put him right continually. But you're looking tired, sir. You'd like a cup of tea, I dare say."

And Mrs. Penfold departed, leaving John Carteret to muse over his new position. He was tired and a little bewildered, yet he foresaw that the change would be even greater than he had anticipated. But it rather pleased him than otherwise. He would become, as it were, isolated, and lost to what he had hitherto deemed the world; and should find himself in a new and untried sphere of which he had hitherto formed but a small conception.

Already he was beginning to recognize truths and facts that had been far off and misty to him; already he had taken a stride in his onward path that had left his last halting-place miles and miles behind him; already a new glow was infused into his veins, and an enthusiasm for his work awakened as it had not been before. For, all unconsciously to himself, he had been impressed with a sort of awe, something of solemnity, as he drove through the many-peopled streets, and heard the hum of the thousands of voices and the tramp of the thousands of feet—tramping whither? For the many-toned roar spoke to him of the hereafter—of the destiny, of the sovereignty, the majesty of man, as he had never thought of it before.

In living thunder, it seemed that a voice cried out, telling him, despite the littleness, the poverty, the meanness, the sins of humanity, that man was over all in the world—immortal, and that he had been "made but little lower than the angels." Higher than the world, higher than the things of the world, the pomps, the vanities, the glory—so called—rose up the divine cry, "Is not the life more than the meat, and the body than raiment?"

And John Carteret knew that it was "the life" he had come to seek and to work for

in this great town, and that the work was a great one.

In a shorter time than might have been expected, Mrs. Penfold returned. She preferred waiting on the new lodger herself to-night, until he was "less strange to the place." And John Carteret had no reason to be dissatisfied with her ministrations; and if she were somewhat garrulous, she did not seem to require any answers; and if she dropped her *hs*, and revelled in remembrances of the life and times of Thomas Penfold, the one was simply a national peculiarity among the uneducated, the other a harmless peculiarity of her own.

"He does look consumptive, Joshua," said Mrs. Penfold to her son; "but he's no cough, which is a sign that I may be mistaken, as I hope I am. But he's as pale as marble, though a fine-looking man enough. He must look lovely in a surplice. I hope the surplices are clean, Joshua?"

"Pretty well. I don't know how it is that they get dirty so soon, but everything does in a town. The smuts and the blacks seem to come in at the doors and windows, whether they're open or not."

"I don't think he'll visit much, Joshua," continued Mrs. Penfold. "He's not the least like the Reverend Derrington, who was as lively as a cricket. This one is quiet like, and made to his work, as it were; and he'll speak best in the pulpit, for he's not given to many words out of it. We shall have to take care of him, Joshua."

And Mrs. Penfold's heart—more refined than her outward bearing—divined intuitively what John Carteret would like and what he would not like; and he came to find that Mrs. Penfold's testimonials in her own favour had not been entirely devoid of foundation, notwithstanding the counter-assertions of the old proverb.

John Carteret found himself in a new world with regard to the congregation of St. Anne's, for it was composed of a class of people with whom he had never before associated—and who, indeed, were not strictly qualified to enter the *salons* of Lady Pechford and her associates. Their manners, their speech, their dress even would have caused them to feel singular to themselves, if they had been suddenly ushered into so uncongenial an atmosphere. They were essentially of the lower middle classes, and were content with the position they occupied, partly through long custom, partly

through the general belief they had grown into of their own importance to the world around;—a development of the great "*me*," which is so wisely bestowed upon men individually making the "*me*" and its belongings above all other "*mes*;" and being one source of the general contentment that, on the whole, exists in the world.

It never entered into the minds of the congregation of St. Anne's that they were open to criticism; though that the new curate was a fair subject for it—that it was a duty to criticise him—was a fact perfectly obvious to their minds—and was, consequently, the spirit in which they went to church on the first Sunday after John Carteret's arrival.

"I shouldn't put on my spectacles just at first, if I was you," said Mrs. Betterton to her husband. "Knowing, as he will, that you're churchwarden, it may make him feel a little timorsome—and we must make allowances. You can take a good stare at him when he's reading his sermon. Eh, dear!—it will be long enough before Mr. Derrington's place is filled up."

"I don't know that, Betsy. They say that this one is a swell preacher, and made quite a sensation at Linthorp; and there's a deal of good company at Linthorp, so they say."

But Mrs. Betterton did not seem disposed to take her husband's view of the case.

"Folks say a good deal that is not true," she replied. "If he was a swell preacher, he'd be off to London or somewhere where he would be heard, and not to a poor parish like this, with only ourselves and one or two others worth preaching to, out of the common."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes, you see; and we can't tell what's true or what isn't true till we've heard him."

So Mr. and Mrs. Betterton waited, and the other upper people waited and wondered, and the lower half did not think much about it, one way or the other. These latter supposed curates to be pretty much alike. Mr. Derrington had been a pleasant, lively gentleman, and kind in his way; but he did not understand them, and they did not understand him; and so they came to the conclusion that there was a natural bar between classes that prevented people ever doing anything more than just look over the top of it.

But when John Carteret stood up in the pulpit on Sunday, a new feeling came alike to rich and poor. Here was a man who so

thoroughly meant what he said, that they involuntarily believed him—whose heart was so thoroughly absorbed in the words he was giving out, that he forgot himself altogether. "There was no sham about him," was the general verdict. And if a man can place himself above the suspicion of "sham," he need have no fears as to the hold he will maintain over his hearers.

"He'll do," said Mr. Betterton; and he congratulated his fellow-warden on their acquisition. "Why, we shall have all the pews at St. Anne's let before three months are over."

For Mr. Betterton was a commercial man, and did not set aside a money-value view of the new curate. And perhaps he was right, to a certain extent; for if places of worship are not supported, they must go down—at any rate, in large towns where they are mainly dependent upon pew rents.

So John Carteret's *début* was successful. Every one was satisfied; and the vicar, being of an easy turn of mind, and not given to envying his more eloquent curates, determined that, in the matter of preaching, John Carteret should have his full share.

And so it came to pass that John Carteret became popular in the parish, and strangers from the better quarters of the town came to hear him. And in time he had offers of more advantageous curacies, and even of a good living in an eligible neighbourhood. But he clung to St. Anne's. He had come there to work. He had found a new world—he had seen poverty and misery such as he had not dreamed of—and he would not desert it. He was digging at the lowest stratum of humanity, and he was filled with sorrow—with wonder. He even began to speculate why such things were permitted on the earth.

And in the midst of his work, there came often and often a vision to him; and, like Diana, he did not try to drive it away. And sometimes the picture was of the flash of sunshine that had burst upon him in the old organ loft; sometimes of a figure moving about in her oddly furnished *Paradiso*; and sometimes of the last time he had seen her in the beautiful room that had once been Madame de Mouline's. All through his work she accompanied him; and at last he began to think of her as an angel who had once appeared to him, and revealed to him the light. All the wild waywardness of her girlhood faded from his mind—all that was earthly fell away—and he saw only a

soul struggling through earth-storms to a higher, purer atmosphere.

So at least he imagined he thought of her and he went on working and dreaming. And none but the poor amongst whom he laboured knew how ceaselessly and patiently the curate of St. Anne's toiled, excepting Mrs. Penfold.

"It's more than mortal man can stand, sir," she would sometimes say.

And John Carteret would answer—

"I am young and strong, Mrs. Penfold."

"Ay, so *were* others, sir."

And month after month passed away, and John Carteret still laboured at his post. He was strong, as he had said, and his strength seemed indomitable.

Work, work, work.

What would man do without it?

CHAPTER XLII.

TIDINGS FROM ENGLAND.

THE world is full of outward contrasts: the life of man full of inner as well as outward contrasts, if he can only perceive them. Here a false note, there a perfect harmony; here a stab of pain, there a thrill of joy. Side by side run the black line and the golden thread, knotting themselves into each other in inextricable and inexplicable twists and twinings.

Such had been Diana's experience, even in the midst of her sorrow—for it is not all grief, or man could not bear it; and she had come to find that her soul's wings were stronger, and that now and then a mysterious breeze wafted her along and carried her to realms of peace, where she snatched an olive branch, and felt a transient rest.

She thought often of John Carteret, and wondered where he was and what he was doing, and whether he would soon be married; little imagining that whilst she, on that lovely July morning, sat gazing from the balcony of the hotel at Thale, he was toiling in dingy, dusty streets, still faithful to her, and carrying the dream of the past into his present life, as something that still belonged to it, and whose light he should never lose—even when he should lie down to sleep his last sleep on earth; for it would be one of the bright rays that had shone upon and purified the path along which he had travelled.

Diana continued to gaze and muse. And truly, very fair was the scene that lay outstretched before her; and fairer even than its

fair promise, when it came to be explored, and the windings of the sparkling Bode stream followed through its romantic prison walls. To the right, the Ross-trappe rose hundreds of feet above the valley; and to the left, the Hexentanzplatz towered even higher. And tier on tier rose the luxuriant growth of foliage, beech, birch, and feathery elder; and in and out among the brushwood twined the tangling creepers, weaving a labyrinth of delicate stems and leaves, that dropped a-nigh the shining waters, and almost bridged them over in their narrower twistings, and looked down into them, only to see fringes as fair rising up from the placid depths. Or they turned aside their straggling outshoots to let the leaping, foaming torrent—as it dashed over an unexpected impediment of huge stones—pass by without carrying away any of their graceful tendrils.

Not that Diana saw all this, as she looked upon the entrance to the valley: she only knew it was there; and she looked into the green, and purple, and gold that the sunlight painted by turns on the masses of fairy forest in the distance, until it would have seemed no miracle to her if she had heard the horn of Oberon sound, and seen an elfin hunting train dash forth from the glowing woods. For Diana seemed to be living in an enchanted land, so lovely was the picturesque Harz region in which she found herself.

The hotel in which she and the Seatons were staying was the largest in Thale, and there were no English there but themselves. Most of the people came from Hamburg, or Berlin, or Brunswick, or from some of the large towns northward; whole families—fathers, mothers, children—all enjoying themselves with that contented happiness that is so pleasant a trait in German life. Some of the children odd-looking enough, and with excellent appetites, and full of the careless, thoughtless, reckless happiness that only comes in childhood, and which the older heads and older hearts should be so chary of dispelling. Diana was fond of children, and would sometimes lure a stray child for a few minutes' conversation; and with childish ingratitude, having received its bon-bons, it would hurry away after its more congenial playmates, and leave her smilingly saying to herself—"Such is the world!"

The Seatons had journeyed northward once more; and Jasper had avoided, as

much as possible, the routes frequented by English travellers—his object being to keep Diana completely in the dark respecting all home affairs; and the world was so small, that there was no knowing how information that would be prejudicial to his designs might accidentally become known to her through meeting with English strangers. For Jasper knew that John Carteret had left Linthorp without any intention of becoming engaged to Miss Wardlaw. He did not, however, know where he was at the present time; and therefore he lived in constant apprehension of what might unluckily transpire.

Diana's only correspondent was Signora Neri, and from her Jasper did not fear much, since he knew that Broadmead was the last place that John Carteret would be likely to visit, and also that the Neris were not on sufficiently intimate terms with the rector and his wife to hear from them of his movements, even if Dr. Crawford—which was not probable—should happen to hear anything about them.

At Thale, Jasper felt more at ease than he had done at most places; and, moved by Diana's extreme admiration of it and its surroundings, he determined to remain there for some time longer.

This morning had been so warm, that Diana had prevailed upon Mrs. Seaton to have breakfast brought out upon the large balcony, as so many other people did; and she was sitting sipping her coffee, and looking out upon the tangled woods, changing with the different lights that sun and cloud cast over them, and now and then peeping from under the awning high up into the blue sky, and then covering her eyes, half blinded by the dazzling light.

Jasper was watching her; and the thought in his heart was—

"Is it peace and content at last—has the storm quite died out?"

Diana, suddenly looking up, found his eyes fixed upon her so earnestly that they seemed to be asking her a question.

"What is it, Jasper?" she asked. "Is it anything that I can tell you?"

"I was wondering what you saw in the distance, Di, that made you look so thoughtful."

But she made no reply; for at one of the tables near her there was a sudden movement, owing to the arrival on the balcony of a tall, slight English girl, whose voice

brought the colour into Diana's cheeks, and sent her thoughts so far away that she did not attend to Jasper's question.

And yet she had never heard the voice before, though it sounded so familiar to her; neither had she ever seen the speaker, a tall, slight girl, with dark brown hair, whose face she could not see, but who was bidding good-bye to an elderly German lady whom Diana had before noticed on account of her benevolent countenance. She, too, spoke in English. But the English girl's voice was the voice that Diana heard; and it seemed to carry her home to Broadmead, to her *Paradiso*, to John Carteret.

Jasper Seaton half started at the sound of an English voice—he had believed himself to be so safe in that remote German village; and though he had no associations with it, yet it made him feel sufficiently uneasy to forget to repeat his question. But there was nothing in the words to cause him alarm; and yet a vague apprehension took possession of him, and he listened eagerly, though he appeared to be engrossed in the newspaper that had just been put into his hands.

"Both going to leave Thale on the same day," said the younger lady. "Mine has been a very flying visit this time, only I felt that I must have another peep at you before going back to England. Where shall you be when I next hear from you?"

"In my own home, at Leipsic. You must think of me there, with Lotta and all the grandchildren."

"And you must give them a thousand kisses for me; and tell them that some day I shall return to have another game of play with them. Ah! I am sorry to leave this German land of yours. I have been very happy in it. The streets of London will seem so dark and misty after your clear, bright skies."

"Tell thy mother that I should like to see her once again. Will she not come? I am too old to go so far as England. I have so many grandchildren now—so many to leave; for all my sons and daughters are married, and but one of hers."

"One at present. But you forget that I am going home to my brother's wedding. I shall have another sister soon—a very pretty one, I hear, though I have not yet seen her."

And Diana, though she sat looking upon the fairy forests dreamily, saw them not;

her ears were drinking in the tones of the speaker's voice, which had so strange an effect upon her.

At length the farewell came; and the elder lady rose to accompany her friend into the house. As they passed Diana, she looked up, and the younger lady half paused—for an involuntary gleam of recognition shone in Diana's face as the two gazed for a moment steadily at one another. But there was some mistake, and the strangers passed on—the younger one saying to her companion when they were out of hearing—

"What a sweet face! I almost seemed to know it; and it is one that will not be easily forgotten."

And, in the same moment, Diana was wondering to herself if she had seen a vision of a familiar face. Yet it was unlike it in its likeness: the eyes were dark, the hair was dark, and the face brilliant in colouring—a brunette complexion, tinged with the bloom of the peach—a sparkling, handsome face, whose accidental expression of interest, aided by the voice, had reminded her of John Carteret.

And now it was gone, yet still the old memories swept by, making more vivid pictures for her than ever, and bringing out the golden patch in the past that made all that went before, and all that had come since, so dark and desolate: an olive garden in a desert land. And she lifted up her eyes, and they fell upon the forest-clad heights and the blue sky above, looking so calm and beautiful that nature seemed to breathe peace and quiet into her soul, and to carry her far away into more blessed regions beyond the earth. Jasper was watching her from behind his paper. Had an English voice such power over her still?

"Di!"

Then she was recalled; and she remembered that Jasper had asked her a question that she had never answered; and she asked, as before—

"What is it, Jasper?"

But it had faded from his mind also, and other thoughts had entered there.

"Do you feel fit for a ramble to-day, Di? Do you think you could manage our long projected walk up to the Ross-trappe?"

"I should like it of all things, Jasper. I should not be in the least tired." For she felt as though action would be the best thing for her, and help her to get rid of the vain regrets that were stealing over her.

"Besides, we can take our time, and rest on the way. Yes, I am certain I shall enjoy it."

She drew nearer to the side of the balcony, and looking over, she watched the departure of the English girl. The railway station was close by. She saw her cross the open space lying between it and the hotel; she saw the door close upon her. The train was waiting, it would soon be off, and the dim vision would be at an end; but she felt that she could not move away until she had watched the train start.

"I wonder who she is?" burst unconsciously from her lips. "I should so like to see her again. I almost spoke to her, Jasper."

Jasper Seaton laughed a slightly nervous laugh: some of his up-buildings were coming to pieces again, he feared.

"I will try to find out, Di," he replied.

"She could not have been staying here, or we should have seen her before," said Diana, meditatively.

And Jasper went away, and did not return until near dinner-time.

"You have found out her name," said Diana. "What is it—and how do you know?"

"How can you tell that I have found out?"

"By your face—you cannot deceive me, Jasper."

Jasper instinctively shrank back. Then, recovering himself, he answered—

"Yes, I have found out the name. The lady, as you supposed, was not staying here, but at the Hubertusbad; and her name is—"

He paused; but Diana, moved by a sudden intuition, filled up the blank—

"Her name is Carteret!"

It was the first time she had spoken it for many months, and it sounded strange to both of them.

"How did you know?" asked Jasper, in some surprise.

"Then I am right," said Diana.

And the words of the English girl fell with a heavy chill upon her heart: "I am going home to my brother's wedding!"

The tidings she had waited for from England had come at last; and how strangely! She had seen John Carteret's sister, and had heard from her lips of his approaching marriage.

She did not speak for a minute; then she turned her white face to Jasper, and asked—

"What time will you like to set off after dinner?"

"Di!—my poor, poor child!" exclaimed Jasper Seaton.

And perhaps, as he looked into the white face now that it was all over, he might have felt a touch of remorse, a shadow of repentance.

But Diana was gone, and Jasper was left to wonder over what he had heard; and his heart was lighter, for time was working marvels in his favour.

TABLE TALK.

THE QUESTION has long been agitated by naturalists whether animal life could exist at very great depths below the surface of the ocean. Several scientific men, of great eminence, who had carried on a series of investigations with regard to the nature of the animal life at different depths, had arrived at the conclusion that none would be found at a greater distance below the surface than 300 fathoms. This opinion was long accepted as decisive; but later researches have evidenced some remarkable results. During the summer of 1869, a Government vessel, the *Porcupine*, was placed at the service of the Royal Society. Without going into full scientific particulars, we may state that the fact of the existence of animal life at the depth of 2,435 fathoms was fully established. Another important fact connected with the expedition was the discovery of the formation of a vast chalk bed at the bottom of the Atlantic. Examination of the ooze proved conclusively that, at the present moment, a great chalk formation is being gradually deposited in the depths of the Atlantic; and not only is it *chalk* which is accumulating in the ocean-bed, but it is *the* chalk of the cretaceous period.

EVERYBODY, WHETHER WITH admiration or not, according as tastes go, remembers Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." But few are aware, perhaps, that the French have their proverbial philosopher also—namely, M. Philarète Chasles. But the proverbial philosophy of M. Chasles is of a different order from that of the English "philosopher." Chasles traversed almost every field of literature, and initiated the French reading public into the mysteries of Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, Cervantes,

Dante, and innumerable other writers. His great book, however, was his "Questions." Written in a terse and epigrammatic style, it is a summary of his researches and meditations. The following extracts, as more particularly opportune to the present moment, will illustrate Philarète Chasles more than all the comments that could be made. Speaking of revolutions, he says:—"Stimulants do not give strength; comets do not give out heat; and revolutions do not give liberty." Again—"Nations which have suffered too many revolutions do not preserve the remembrance of any duty." And here are two more of his aphorisms, which are worth their weight in gold:—"In France, revolutions are purely theoretical." "In England, social revolutions are practical."

THE COMMUNISTS OF PARIS are crushed, but art has suffered an irreparable loss by their mad excesses. We do not hear that the great library of Paris has been burned; but its safety is due more to accident than to the reverential feelings of the gentlemen of the pavement. And, talking about books, we cannot help thinking of the old plan pursued by our forefathers when their treasured tomes were in peril—viz., that of brick-ing them up in closets and walls. Edward Underhill, the "hot-gospeller," had recourse to this plan himself. He tells us that, just after the coronation of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, there began "the cruel persecution of the preachers and earnest professors and followers of the Gospel, and searching of men's houses for their books. Wherefore I got old Henry Daunce, the bricklayer of Whitechapel, who used to preach the Gospel in his garden every holy day, where I have seen a thousand people: he did enclose my books in a brick wall by the chimney side in my chamber, where they were preserved from moulding or mice until the first year of our most gracious Queen Elizabeth."

A CORRESPONDENT: In a recent number of ONCE A WEEK, there are some notes on the existence of frogs and vipers in Ireland. The following passage, bearing on the same subject, is copied verbatim from the "Political State of Great Britain," for July, 1733; and may, perhaps, interest your readers. It is headed, "A Pernicious Piece of Virtuosity":—"It is surprising to observe in how many methods and ways that passion of

mankind called ambition, or a love of fame, breaks out. The passion is in itself good and necessary, but it often takes a wrong turn, and becomes hurtful to mankind—or, at least, not any way beneficial. One would little think that the same passion that incites one man to fight battles and conquer kingdoms should incite another to collect shells and hunt butterflies. These last sort of ambitious men we have called *virtuosi*—who, indeed, are generally very innocent creatures; but even of them there are some who take a most vicious turn. Such was the famous Dr. Guithers, who propagated in Ireland that species of animals called frogs; but we have lately heard from Ireland of a *virtuoso* whose ambition has taken a much more malignant turn. This gentleman lives in a country (*sic*) that lies northward of Dublin, and some years ago carried over some boxes full of poisonous vipers, which he sent out at large to breed in his gardens; and it is said they have bred so fast that they have already got out of the garden and spread over the neighbouring country, and are like to spread much further and multiply extremely—one of them having been lately killed in the country which had no less than sixteen young ones in her belly. So that, by this whimsical piece of virtuosship, this idle philosopher may have planted a plague in his country which they may never be able to rid themselves of."

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the late librarian, the reading-room of the British Museum was made, in its new shape, one of the finest places for students in the world. Before the present magnificent building was erected, a certain old lady—who still frequents the new room—had the privilege of supplying coffee to such of the readers as might require it. Just about the time when the present edifice was out of the hands of the builders, our hitherto privileged dame was invited to see the grand architectural novelty. "Yes, yes," she said—"it is very fine—very fine indeed. But where is the place for my fire and coffee pot?" She could not see the improvement.

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ONCE A WEEK

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HUMBUGS.



I DO not believe that society can produce a more delightful, agreeable, estimable, precious article than the pure and simple humbug. No doubt we are all humbugs, more or

less; but I allude to the creature who regularly goes in for taking you in under false pretences, and really believes that you are his dupe. That there should be no mistake in the minds of those of my humbugging acquaintance who have been, and are, continually practising their arts upon me, as to the amount of success they obtain, I propose selecting a few of the choicest—though not the most uncommon—specimens from my cabinet, with which to delight, and at the same time admonish, my readers.

Step forward, young Lackland; make your best bow; and display, for the benefit of an interested audience, the advantages with which a liberal worship of the mendacious goddess has endowed you. This gentleman has a small place—half farm, half villa—a few miles from the fashionable watering-place of Sewerton-by-the-Sea—which, from its vicinity, and ready communication with the metropolis, affords him capital opportunities for the display of his peculiarities. He is great with the visitors. He invites them up to "his place;" but, if they

accept, puts them off shortly afterwards, or some pretext or another. He offers fishing and shooting—which he hasn't got. He talks of "my keeper," who is the cow-boy and certainly cleans his gun for him. I you will come up to-morrow to lunch, he will drive you over in his dogcart to see some dogs he is going to buy. He is not going to buy dogs, and he hasn't got a dog cart: he borrows one—when he can—from his neighbour; as he will borrow money, books, rods, flies, guns, powder, shot, &c. if he can. You have, perhaps, put off an important or agreeable engagement to keep his; and, in the morning, you receive a note saying that his grandmother has just arrived from Samaria, or he has got the lumbago, or some such excuse. If, in spite of being put off, you were to call, you would probably find him digging potatoes in his garden, nor would your arrival disconcert him in the least.

"Glad you didn't take my excuse, old fellow. Granny has just gone out." Or "The doctor says digging is the finest thing for lumbago. Have some bread and cheese and beer. I am afraid the beer is nearly out, and the cheese is rather mouldy—my new supplies have not yet arrived. But, never mind, you shall have the best I can give; and I have got some ripping 'bacca just down from town."

He did me—especially with the tobacco which makes me sick. I left, not caring to wait to have so elegant an hospitality dispensed to me. Beshrew me, 'tis a cunning knave!

There is nothing to me so disagreeable as being in contact with a man who is continually trying to impose upon you, or get the advantage of you in small matters. My friend will never bet or play, except for a certainty. Supposing you want to play billiards, and you ask him to give you fifteen points, he will immediately haggle with you and say he cannot afford to give you—im

plying that you are a very fine player—more than five. Flattered, perchance, by the soft impeachment—or, more likely, bored by his specious chattering—you yield, and he gets his game for nothing. You can feel the animal is chuckling at having cheated you, and gloating over his cheap triumph. True, it is only sixpence; but I vow I would rather lose a dozen pieces to Bojueur than a penny to him. It was on one of these occasions that the horrid little pick-thank proposed himself as a guest at Rovington—I don't think I have ever informed my beloved readers before that that is the name of the ancestral halls of the Gadabouts—where I was about to put up a new billiard table; and volunteered his services in superintending the skilled labourers of Messrs. Kewtop and Co. His impudence is quite equal to his humbug. I urgently declined, foreseeing that he would establish himself in that room, and bring all his "friends" to play there. Poor Grote was taken in; and now, not only can't he call his billiard table his own, but not even his cows, pigs, plate, cigars, trees—or self. He is like Mr. Fechter in the "Duke's Motto"—"I am here!" But whereas that admirable actor was only there when he was wanted, Lackland is always there when he isn't wanted.

To me the most sickening kind of humbug is that displayed by old women towards parsons—especially to the young ones—and *vice versa*. If I were a good-looking young curate, I shouldn't care about being spooned by these old girls. Let me assure them they have—let them ask themselves if they have not—lost an enormous deal of influence of late years from the palpable humbugs they are, and allow themselves to be made, in society. With what belongs to their sacred calling I have nothing to do, and certainly would not meddle with it in these pages; but I wish to remind a reverend gentleman, who sat next to me at dinner the other night, and who remonstrated with me because I expressed a great regard for the drama and its exponents, that that was not the place to read me his homily; especially with his mouth full of turbot and crab sauce, and two glasses of our host's supernacular Madeira, which the unctuous and pious epicure had insisted on from the butler, one after another, before the rest of the guests were served. There is no more harm, my good sir, in seeing a good comedy well acted than in seeing a reverend gentleman making a

glutton of himself at dinner; and if you tell me that, by doing so, I imperil my *saluté*, why you know, as well as I do, that you are as big a humbug and hypocrite as his Imperial Highness the Emperor of all the Germans. Be natural, my young friends, and enjoy yourselves honestly. Who and what forbids it? What! do we expect a meek saint in young Bridlemeré, who led the "drag" for two years; and think that it is wicked for him to bestride that charming little mare of his after the day's work is over? Why should croquet not be as wicked as a valse? and is port a greater stumbling-block than dry sherry?

It is the women that encourage the poor fellows in their nonsense and humbug. Men, naturally, won't stand it; and I am sorry to be obliged to add, that a great many of them are exceedingly ill-bred and impertinent. They will interfere in affairs that don't concern them; they will direct the reading of their dupes; and, I fear, will not recommend the wise sayings of Gadabout to their notice. I was at a musical party not long ago, where my wife had been singing a harmless little song about a maid of a mill, and angels, and Heaven; and when she had finished, a fat Irish curate, who had been sitting by listening, said to her—

"Do you think that a prawper song to sing in public?"

"Certainly," replied Lucy, with great spirit, and whisking off indignantly. "Do you suppose that I should sing anything improper?"

"What's that," I said, rather angrily—for it were better for that man that he had never been born who would put an insult on my Lucy—"what's that about my wife singing an improper song?"

"I was merely goan to remawrk, that I think the inthrojuction of sacred subjects, such as angels, onsamely in saycular music."

"Oh! it's angels you object to, is it? Well, you shall have the other things presently."

And when my turn came—I had swallowed two or three voice lozenges just before—I sang, with a *brio* and an effect I never surpassed, in the magnificent baritone a beneficent nature has given me, Edgar Poe's marvellous creation, "Annabel Lee."

When the applause was over, I approached my friend, and said—

"I hope, sir, that 'the demons down under the sea' are more to your taste!"

The fact is, that my temper has been suffering a good deal lately from irritability, and I have been pitching into everybody, more or less. I fear I have been living not wisely, but too well, and that a somewhat severe attack of gout may leave its traces in this paper. And that at once suggests doctors, and the enormous humbugs they are. Capital fellows, no doubt—pleasant companions, full of information and anecdote; and they are never so amusing as when they are laughing at themselves, as they invariably do, and tell you they are humbugs, if you are of the *male gender*. Accompany Dr. Blupil into Lady Gripe's apartment, and tell him some absurd anecdote that, at other times, would send him into shrieks of laughter, you would not see a muscle of his countenance move—nothing expressed upon it but the deepest sympathy and compassion for her ladyship's disorders, which have proceeded from a surfeit of lobster salad, and which a *petit verre* of spirits of lavender or cognac will speedily remove. At the same time, I should like to have as my daily income what that passing imprudence of her ladyship will cost her in visits from the great doctor.

"My dear G.," he said to me one evening, when we were dining at the club together, and I had been chaffing him good-humouredly, "I owe all my good fortune—for good it is, and I deserve it—to the discovery I made that alcohol—in small quantities, mind; pray remember, they must be very small—is an invaluable agent in restoring the natural functions which have been overstrained either by sorrow, anxiety, or fatigue. I am sent for by a lady of quality. I find her pale, with a weak pulse, no appetite, in a prostrate and depressed condition. She bursts into tears, and says—'Mr. Doctor, I can't stand this life any longer—it is killing me. But what am I do? Those dear girls must go out? Can't you give me some kind of tonic?' Of course I can. What better tonic can there be than what is in the cellaret downstairs. I exhibit, as I told you, in-fi-ni-te-si-mal doses"—the doctor taps the side of his nose in a very significant manner at every syllable—"of the best *fine Champagne* cognac. The effect is wonderful! You would scarcely believe the enormous quantities of ladies there are in London whose pleasures are a toil and burden to them; and who send for me, having heard from their dear friend, Lady So-and-so, that

I had a marvellous receipt for the vapours. Well, this claret will keep *me* going. I should never want any greater stimulant," said the doctor, winking his eyes and changing the conversation.

To make one's fortune by prescribing cognac may appear odd. Nevertheless, it is true.

But we mustn't single out the doctors and curates. How about barristers? That celebrated counsellor, Mr. Serjeant Knattie, had different "effects" for every kind of case he was engaged in. Thus, in a trial for breach of promise, where he was counsel for the plaintiff, he used to wear a very elegant pair of lavender kid gloves, sewn with black—typifying, we used to think, that although the deceived one's sorrow was undoubted, still it was subdued, and ready to be consoled or comforted, either by thumping damages, or by the substitution of another and more faithful swain for the miscreant who had blighted her youthful affections. When proposing damages, he had a habit of taking off his right hand glove, and displaying a handsome diamond ring he wore, and twirling it round his finger, alternately placing the plain side in front to look like a wedding ring, or flashing the diamond into the eyes of the foreman of the jury till it made them blink again. In divorce causes or murders, black gloves were adopted; and in mercantile cases, blue spectacles. Envy whispered that he wasn't good at figures, and hated investigating them; so a timely attack of ophthalmia made it necessary for his junior to propound them to the jury. He was certainly very great with the gentlemen of the box. His humbug was harmless, and yet profitable to himself—profitable to such an extent as to enable him to give excellent little dinners, at which he was a bigger humbug than ever on the subject of wines.

And here I would ask the vinous reader, if there is a more intense humbug than himself? From the undergraduate of tender years, who has never left his father's parsonage, where the choicest vintages he ever partook of were sour cider and the meagre beer—brewed by Zimon, parish clerk and ploughman, at the rear of the reverend premises—who savours a glass of horrible port, imported from the neighbouring vineyards of Mrs. Logwood in the High, and pronounces boldly on its merits, its bouquet, and so on, "Worth half a guinea a bottle, old fellow, have another glass; plenty more

where that comes from"—to the bulb-nosed old Silenus, who winks and trembles over a marvellous Lafitte—and who, to do him justice, does know what good wine is—and whose hands shake with emotion and former vintages as he endeavours to lift a glass of priceless d'Yquem to his purple lips, lest those chalk-stoned fingers should betray their trust and relinquish their prize—what nonsense men prate about wine! Now, this one can at once tell the twang of '98; that one, the aroma of the year 1. Yes, that's Noah's claret, no doubt—but it was Noah *filis*, not the *père*—I can tell it at once by its colour, or smell, or what not. For my part, I don't pretend to understand these delicacies of palate, though I have drunk as much good wine in my time as most men—and intend to do so for the future, as long as there is a grape in the world; but I know what I like, and I like good wine, and I know good wine when I drink it; and woe to the traitor host who would foist a grocer—or grosser—vintage down my throat! I believe a man would prefer having a reputation for being a great judge of wine than for being the finest painter, author, lawyer, or orator of the times. Who is a greater man than the leader of the wine committee at the club? True, no man is so frequently cursed; but that is only by the shabby fellows who are content with a half-pint of the house sherry at ninepence. You don't suppose HE condescends to taste that, I hope. A pretty opinion you would have of the Areopagus if you did. No, no! We have a Léoville of '48—price 9s. 6d. per bottle; not a sixpence too much—whose silky softness, long drawn down, lubricates the throat of the jaded voluptuary as oil comforts the fowl barrel of the sportsman's gun. There is a Madeira, whose chaste — there! you see, the moment I begin to talk on the subject, I become as big a humbug as you are, my beloved friend, and am no more guiltless than the best of you.

When my revered parent, who departed this world under the melancholy circumstances mentioned in a former paper, during his last days—before he had his fit, I mean, of course—in those conversations to which I shall ever look back with, I hope, a not unmanly grief, and a proper pride in having carried out, as far as I could, his latest wishes, informed me that, with the exception of a few dozens he had reserved for my

special use as a gift, he had ordered the whole of his valuable cellar to be sold for the benefit of some young and distant connections with whose relationship I had never up to that moment been acquainted, I confess to having experienced a certain pang, which was hardly modified when he told me I might have it all, if I took it at the price it had been valued at.

"I am a moderate man, my dear father," I said; "and, I am sure, the kind manner you have remembered me in your cellar-book will suffice for the wants of a young barrister—at least, until he has attained that position to which his name and talents entitle him. Then, he will not be afraid to devote a small portion of his income—say twenty per cent.—to reviving, if possible, the glories of the Gadabout cellars. But at present, my dear sir, the allowance you make me, even if continued after your lamented decease—and that that may be a very distant event, who prays more fervently than I?—would hardly warrant me in investing my capital in a speculation which, though no doubt legitimate, and probably highly profitable, might nevertheless prove a source of great anxiety, and possibly of loss, to me."

"Well, my boy, do as you like. There are a few dozens of that '20 Port and old Madeira you like so much"—(This, then, was what I was to have. Oh, rapture!)—"and I thought you might like to have some of the other lots. However, as you like! Here, Lappe"—Growler's successor—"bring a bottle of that Madeira. I dare say, Mr. Gorham won't mind having one with his old father."

"Oh, my dear father!"

"Well, well, we are selfish sometimes; not that I say you are, my boy. Ah, how fine that will be ten years hence! You won't have your old father to crack a bottle with you then, Gorham, will you? However, I dare say you will think of him sometimes, when—" and he gave a meaning look towards the bottle.

"Any time, and always, sir."

But here he was seized with one of his fits of coughing; and Lappe had to come and pat him in the stomach, and undo his girths, and carry him up to bed.

"Fith borrel, Gor—ugh! — ugh! — ugh! — ugh!"

I am not quoting this to introduce the infirmities of a too early lost and lamented

parent to an unsympathetic public; but to prove how we may be disappointed in the best of fathers, and how a humbug of a wine merchant may be humbugged in his turn.

Never shall I forget when, a few days after the funereal pomps, Lappe brought down to the Temple four large hampers, apparently very heavy, and told me that it had been the particular desire of my father that I should have them as soon as possible after his death. With tears in my eyes, I gave him a sovereign—which, with a piece of ten shillings, were the last coins I had to last me till I had come to an understanding with the family solicitors.

"I don't know what they be, Mr. Gorham. I never opened one for master; but they look very old, and he was main particular about having them packed properly."

So, as one always is generous on acquiring a new treasure, I sent for two dozen oysters and Lackington—resolving to crack one of the bottles of Madeira at lunch, and to astonish the latter with as fine a bottle of his favourite wine as he had ever tasted. We were both going to dine that evening in the Temple with a brother-barrister, who had just thrown up his profession in order to join a celebrated firm of wine merchants, in whose service he was to make his *début*, travelling in India to solicit the favour of orders from the various messes—to many members of which we had been enabled to present him with letters of introduction. He had informed us that he had been invited to join the firm, not so much for the sake of the capital he introduced—which we knew to be infinitesimal—as for the remarkable powers of palate which a kind Nature had bestowed upon him.

The oysters and Lackington arrived. The former were unexceptionable, and the cobwebs on the bottle looked as if they—

"In musty bins and chambers,
Had cast upon its crusty side
The gloom of ten Decembers."

Through this gloom appeared—as we held it carefully up to the light—a golden liquid, like molten topaz. A corkscrew was then brought, reverentially. For some time we debated which of us was better qualified to wield that instrument. Lackington said he was. I said he wasn't—but yielded. It was an anxious moment. A splendid "kloop" was heard. Lackington put the

bottle down on the table, and eyed it lovingly. Suddenly, he advanced one nostril to its edge. A look of horror and despair overspread his features; and I heard a voice exclaim—in which there was more of sorrow than of anger—

"Corked by—"

"My grandfather, Lack," I said, seriously, "over sixty years ago."

"Smell it—taste it!" he shrieked. "What witches' stuff is this? Madeira!"—the final *a* was continued into a fiendish laugh—Ha!—ha!—ha!"

I smelt it—tasted it. It had at least the merit of being unlike anything I ever tasted before. It was strong—even fiery; warming, certainly; but not a wine one would care to drink much of. What was it? Mrs. Blackall, the laundress, was in the next room. She might be a connoisseur. We filled a glass, and handed it to her—telling her it was a very old and peculiar wine; and did she know what it was? She smacked her lips after the first taste, and then tossed off the remainder at a draught; looked at each of us, and held the empty glass in the direction of the bottle; but declined to commit herself at that moment to any decided opinion.

"Perhaps you will be better able to judge after a second glass, Mrs. Blackall."

"Thank'ee, sir. Well, I seem to know it, somehow. I've drunk lots of it when I was a girl. There! I thought it was—it's prime old GINGER WINE, and worth two shillings a bottle, if it's worth a penny."

"Ginger wine!" I groaned.

And then I remembered having heard my grandmother say that she had bottled no end of currant and ginger wine, years and years ago. My late dear father had made a painful, but not unnatural mistake. It was the wine my grandmother, and not my grandfather, had bottled. What would he have said if he could only have known of the catastrophe? Well, well, dead men hear no tales; and may he rest quiet in Kensal-green! After a short time, we fell to laughing, and proposed appointing a brother in misfortune. I gave Mrs. Blackall the four hampers, after having clearly ascertained that it was red-currant and not port in the others, with the exception of one bottle of the ginger, which, with all its cobwebs, we sent to the chambers of the Amphitryon of the evening, to be drunk after the fish, as a curious and valuable wine on which his

opinion was requested. When the time arrived he made three guesses—1st, Bucellas; 2nd, Sauterne; and 3rd, a peculiar wine of Cyprus, which the confounded humbug said he had tasted but once before, and therefore couldn't be sure about. He was very angry when we told him what it was, but confessed afterwards it was a good sell. I didn't tell him what I thought about it in my own case.

Political humbugs are as bad as any; so bad, I wonder no one has written impartially about them. To me, the term politician conveys the idea of a man who goes through and eats a great deal of dirt to obtain money or place. What do I care about Tweedledum or Tweedledee? Am I such a fool as to suppose that the one ousts the other out of pure patriotism, and not for the pecuniary advantages to be obtained, and the loaves and fishes to be distributed? Is the country any the better for the administration of either? This one cuts down the army and navy, and offensive and defensive resources of the country. Hurrah! cry the Tweedledumites—a halfpenny off the income tax! The next year some petty State thinks we won't fight—insults us. We do—much to our surprise and consternation—and threepence is added on. The other, when in office, “restores what a niggardly, improvident, unpatriotic,” &c. policy has cut down—when, perhaps, only twopence in the pound is required; and then, hurrah for Tweedledee, and that policy which combines economy with efficacy! Pray don't think that I am pharisaical, and thank Heaven that I am not as other men are. If I wanted anything particular, I should join that side which I thought would be most likely to give it me, and I should not be the least ashamed of saying so; feeling perfectly certain that my beloved country, in whose behalf I would die nobly and decorously if she required it, would get on exactly the same whatever my political opinions might be. Gambetta and Co. have been raving, and even poets have been using indecent language against Emperors and Imperialists lately; but I never heard that the latter tied defenceless though obnoxious persons to planks, and murdered them in broad daylight by throwing them into the river, or flogged and ill-treated unfortunate women who had spoken to the enemies of their country. These virtues have been reserved

for republicans. What does the gentle Odger say to this, or the fiery Beales? Oh! humbug, humbug—all is humbug!

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BAFFLED.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON THE ROSS-TRAPPE.

SOON after the early dinner, Diana appeared equipped for the expedition to the Ross-trappe. There were some friendly clouds that every now and then floated athwart the sun, making a pleasant eclipse of its warmth and brightness.

Jasper and Diana walked on in silence, and gained the entrance to the Bode Valley; and when they came to the little foot-bridge that led to the Hubertusbad Hotel, Diana paused for a moment, thinking perhaps of how John Carteret's sister had crossed it, and had brought her the tidings she had so long feared and expected.

It was better that it was all over—that she was quite sure about it now; for, almost unknown to herself, she had been treasuring up a tiny ray of hope that perhaps—perhaps—there she paused, for she could not quite express the “perhaps” in words, even to herself. She scarcely, indeed, had known what it implied, and came nearer realizing it to-day—now that all shadow of hope had faded away—than she had ever done before.

With a little sigh, she turned away and resumed her walk; and every moment the stream grew wilder, and the heights assumed fresh phases of beauty. They passed the Wald-Katze, where the trees grew thick around in bowering canopy of green, and the feathery grasses dipped down into the water, and the delicate water-plants and great shadowing dock-leaves painted their images on the glassy stream; or, higher up, the twining creepers straggled among the briars and glossy dogwood and elder bushes, until the profusion of interlacing verdure made one dream of sylvan walls of defence that a fairy army had thrown up over the rocky outworks of their wild fortresses.

And still Diana and Jasper had not spoken.

There were visitors lounging about on the rustic seats near the Wald-Katze, and one or two light carriages standing at the door of the inn. Jasper looked sharply at

the guests—for, since morning, he had become suspicious—but there were no faces that he knew, and he and Diana passed on to where the streamlet made a slight bend.

There was a bench against the rock, and Diana seated herself. She looked up at the opposite heights—cumbered, it almost appeared, with the verdant wealth that wreathed their upright walls—and then she spoke—

“How lovely it is, Jasper! Nature is always beautiful—always the same—the same,” and she repeated the word, as though drawing some mental parallel. Then she asked suddenly—“When are we going home to Broadmead?”

“Do you want to go?”

“I don’t know. I have been thinking whether I wish to go or not, and I can’t make up my mind. It will be very different—like a new world—after this.”

Whether the “after this” applied to the scenery around, or to the accidental knowledge that she had acquired that morning, Jasper did not inquire. He also had been having his thoughts since morning, though he was not ready to speak them yet. He was beginning to tire of a rambling life, though he had determined not to return to England until all fear of John Carteret was at an end.

To-day it seemed as if this fear were over, though he was still in wonder at it—for he had received a letter from John Carteret, in answer to the few lines he had written for Diana; and from this letter he had gathered that there was no chance of John Carteret’s marrying. Still, that was two years since, and strange things happened.

In that last letter, John Carteret had plainly spoken of the possible engagement of Diana with himself, and had expressed his fervent hope that it might be for her greater happiness. To this letter, Jasper had made no reply. If his rival chose to be deceived, it was no affair of his; he had simply to deal with matters as he found them, and not to give explanations that might order things differently from what he wished them to be.

Still the doctrine of omission—for, with strange perversity, as long as he kept from the actual perpetration of a fraud, he, by some curious anomaly, felt at ease in his conscience, and was willing to take advantage of the most crooked policy. Still pas-

sive. He had positively done nothing—he had simply permitted. Silence was all he could be accused of. And the end justified the means, he argued; for Diana could not have married a man without money, after all the luxury in which she had been brought up. As for Anne’s legacy, that she should have in time; he had no intention of defrauding her of it, and she had no legal claim to it. Besides, Anne had meant it for Diana alone; therefore he was best carrying out her view by withholding it at present.

Thus Jasper reasoned, and his strong diplomatic and casuistical turn of mind enabled him curiously to dovetail accidents, incidents, and circumstances in a manner that would have been utterly impossible to John Carteret. But self reigning in Jasper Seaton predominant, enabled him to set a despotic government over the workings of any rebellious conscientious feelings that might feebly endeavour to struggle into existence. And to-day he simply felt more thoroughly easy and sanguine than he had felt before, and more confident that success was in store for him, to crown his patience and his love.

“A new world is the best, Di,” said Jasper, as they proceeded on their way. “There should be no looking back. All in man’s life should be forward—forward.”

“It is the only way to reach the goal,” returned Diana, thoughtfully.

And fairer grew the narrow valley; and crossing a bridge to the other side of the stream, soon they began to ascend the zig-zag path that led high up to the projecting rock. When they had gone some little distance, Diana turned to take a view of the scene beneath her, and a cry of rapture burst from her lips.

“Oh! Jasper, can it be more beautiful in Heaven?”

And she looked adown at the Bode, winding away into the blue depths of the foliage; and the tips of the hills rose farther and farther away—a wondrous tier of ridges, pine-clad, beech-clad, shaded in changing colours; and she listened to the soft murmur of the water, with a distant ring as if of water-bells swinging over the rocks; whilst now and then a sudden burst, like to a peal of thunder—as some guide awoke the echoes for the benefit of Ross-trappe pilgrims—startled the wanderers in the valley.

Still they ascended, every now and then stopping to rest, yet both disinclined to

she with her heart full of the tidings she had heard that morning, weaving themselves in with the soothing majesty of nature, and all the while feeling more grateful to Jasper for his constant thoughtfulness and tenderness.

Perhaps the flying princess came along this path when she fled from the giant—for Diana had been reading the story. But that she knew could not be—it must have been some other way that she was riding; and then Diana half smiled to find herself so thoroughly impressed with the legend.

"Are you not getting tired, Di?"

"No."

"We are not far from the Ross-trappe now."

"I am sorry for it. I could walk on and on for ever."

At last the topmost height was gained.

"There are the hoof-prints quite plain," said Jasper, pointing them out to her. "It was a great leap, was it not?—a leap of desperation. Think of the horse springing right across the valley, and so delivering the princess from her giant persecutor. No wonder that his hoofs struck deep into the rock!"

Diana stooped to examine the marks.

"I wonder how they came here."

"Wonder after reading the story, Di? Where have your fairy senses strayed? I feel bound to believe the tale—one can afford to be a little romantic sometimes."

Diana had seated herself on one of the huge stones, and was looking over the wide expanse of hill country before her. She had climbed the steep ascent without thinking of the toil, so had she longed to gain the summit; and now she rested, gazing with wistful, loving eyes upon the beauty that lay around. Perchance she might think of the pilgrims who looked far off at the glories of the land of Beulah, as her eyes fell upon the scene of enchantment. Perchance, through the misty gold the sun was flinging down, she visioned something of celestial things, and pictured the shining forms of white-winged seraphs holding forth to her an immortal crown.

Very beautiful was the landscape. Opposite to her rose the Hexentanzplatz; and beneath, like a silver thread, the Bode trickled between the wreath-hung terraces. Far to the south the mountains reared their heads, till they looked like the forest-crowned waves of a giant sea, that rolled

away in green, and purple, and amber. The Harz regions were sleeping in summer beauty beneath the calm summer sky. Peace—peace—there was something almost unearthly in the exquisite scene, unlike anything she had ever seen before. Something of enchantment veiled the whole—something of a perfection she had never dreamed of. And yet she had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping silently.

Jasper looked down, and in a moment was seated beside her.

"It is so beautiful, Jasper. Why is it so beautiful that one can scarcely bear it?"

"You are tired, Di," he said, soothingly.

"No," and she sprang up suddenly. "I am not tired, Jasper. I shall never be tired again. It takes a great deal to tire people."

And yet she looked wearied enough, and her face was whiter than ever in the great light that shone around.

Jasper was reading her heart, though she knew it not. He was reading the desolation that had come into it anew, which she had thought had gone by long ago. And again his heart smote him, as it had done two years since. He half repented. One little touch of conscience came, and then it was over. And now it was too late—the past could never be undone. John Carteret was going to be married.

"You ought not to have come here to-day, Di—it is too much for you. I ought not to have brought you."

"I am glad I came: it has done me good," said Diana, looking up at him steadily. "Everything you do is right, Jasper. I have been learning day by day how good, how kind you have been, and how little I have deserved it."

"Nonsense."

"Not nonsense at all. I shall never cease to be grateful."

"Grateful!" and he echoed the word so bitterly, so despairingly, that Diana looked up in amazement. "Grateful! Can you give me no more than gratitude?" he said, impatiently. He had not intended to say it; and the moment the words had passed his lips, he had repented of his haste. Nevertheless, the words were spoken, and could not be retracted; and remembrance upon remembrance came crowding into Diana's mind. Yet it was such a new thought, that it seemed quite impossible. Could she have understood aright? And still the recollection of Jasper's devotion to her of late, and

of all his kindness to her—fitful as it had been in earlier days—rose up. After a time she said—

“Jasper, I had no thought of this.”

And all the hills before her, and the story of the princess, and even the remembrance of the morning tidings, vanished away in her surprise at the new knowledge that had come to her, filling her with fresh trouble and perplexity.

“I did not know,” she repeated. “How could I?”

There was no embarrassment in her tone—she felt grieved, surprised; but she turned to Jasper with all her old, confiding friendliness—

“Do you really care for me, Jasper? It appears so strange! I did not think of it.”

“How should you,” he asked, “when you were thinking of some one else? Who was I in comparison? Di, I loved you better than I even knew myself. And yet I knew, as I know now, that you did not, and that you cannot care for me. Let us say no more about it. Every heart has its own bitterness, and there is no happiness in the world. But what matter?—it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Life is not so very, very long, and the grave lays everything to rest.”

He spoke with more agitation than she had supposed it possible that Jasper could have evinced. He was so calm, so impassive generally—or rather, had been of late years; and now his old self seemed bursting forth with the vehemence she remembered so long ago.

“I am so sorry!” she said.

And she seemed all at once to change places with him, as though he wanted all the help bestowed on him that he had lately given to her.

Yet what could she do? She knew her own heart, and that she had no love to give. Jasper went on—

“Never mind, Di. I ought not to have said anything. It’s only the old story with me—everything turning against me, as it has done all my life. It is hard for a man to fight when every good influence is removed from him. I have always been a reprobate, an unbeliever. It is useless to talk of adverse circumstances disciplining and softening. It may be so with some characters, but not with all; and mine is one of those that harden. I always eschewed everything

good—and, I suppose, evil is my portion, and will be to the end of my days.”

And he laughed one of his old scornful laughs.

“Oh, Jasper, don’t say that! It is not true. You are—” she stopped.

“Or, rather, I was—improving, I suppose you are going to say. You were carrying on the good work that Anne had begun; but there’s an end of it now. Perhaps hope had something to do with it, and I have cut myself off from it to-day altogether. If I had not spoken so rashly, I might have gone on in my delusion a little longer—perhaps even till the good work was completed. How long do you suppose it takes to turn a sinner into a saint?” he asked, somewhat contemptuously.

“Hush, Jasper! You know you do not mean what you are saying. You are not speaking in earnest.”

“Why should I not be? When a man’s hope goes, and it is all despair with him, it is not much that he cares for or believes in. You can’t understand it, and it is not of the slightest importance. You must just leave me to my fate. I am not the first, nor shall I be the last, that has split upon the rock. Pray, don’t trouble yourself about me, Di—I am not worth it,” and again came a half-scornful laugh.

“That is not true, Jasper. You are more than worth it. Besides, it is no trouble to me to care about you—I can’t help it.”

And Diana’s face grew more sorrowful and thoughtful.

“So I suppose Anne thought; but she was mistaken, it appears.”

“What did Madame de Mouline think?” asked Diana, quickly.

“I can only answer for what she hoped,” returned Jasper.

Diana turned crimson.

“Did Madame de Mouline—?” began Diana, and then she stopped.

“Some time I hoped to tell you of my sister’s dying wish—her earnest, more than once repeated wish; but it is useless now. Perhaps it may some time occur to you what that wish was, without my having the pain of telling you.”

Diana’s face dropped lower: there was no need for Jasper to tell her what that wish had been. But she made no answer. She rose slowly from the stone where she had been resting, and, without looking again at the glorious landscape, she said—

"Let us go home."

But Jasper saw his advantage. He knew what would be the workings of her heart—what would be the influence that the wishes of Madame de Mouline would exercise in his favour; and he left the new idea to take effect; and he hoped that with time he should be successful—in fact, he more than hoped, for he had no fear.

And the sun sank lower and lower, and the hills turned purple, as Diana and Jasper descended into the valley. Their walk was as silent as it had been on setting out; and the stream rolled on, its song unheeded, and the beauty of the leafy ravine was all unnoticed by them.

"How late you are—it is almost dark," said Mrs. Seaton, when they arrived at the hotel. "You must be tired and hungry."

Diana slipped past her. She was not hungry—she was not tired; yet she lay down to rest, though she did not close her eyes for many an hour. She thought of Madame de Mouline—of all that she had felt for her—of how she had almost worshipped her, and would have done almost anything for her sake.

"What makes you so late?" asked Mrs. Seaton of her son.

"We were talking, and forgot the time. Don't say anything to Di about it."

Mrs. Seaton looked inquiringly at Jasper.

"Not yet, mother; but I do not despair—all with time."

"How long a time, Jasper?" asked Mrs. Seaton, half incredulously, yet half soothingly.

"Not so long now, mother. She has begun to think about it."

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOME AGAIN.

AS Jasper had truly said, Diana had begun to think of it; and though the subject was not again alluded to, he knew that it was ever present to her. She rambled out alone, and he did not offer to accompany her; on the contrary, he devoted himself entirely to his mother; and so completely did he appear to be absorbed in the passing interests of the place, that he might have forgotten the matter altogether.

But Diana knew differently. She knew Jasper too well to imagine that possible; but, at the same time, she believed that he wished to place her at her ease, and give her to understand that he never intended to

recur to the subject, and that he wished her to consider it as quite at an end.

Probably, Jasper was aware that he was pursuing the best course for his own interests; for Diana, thrown entirely upon herself, and left to brood over and wonder at the position in which she found herself placed, could not drive the subject from her mind. Now it presented itself in one phase, now in another. Now she seemed to hear Madame de Mouline's gentle voice, beseeching her to help her brother as she would have done had she lived.

And Jasper was so changed of late, she thought, for she had but read him superficially—or rather, she had been deceived by the strong self-control that he exerted over himself. Little did she know that he had watched her day by day—was watching now, and noting how her impulses were being moulded according to his will. And thus moved, pity, gratitude, and a sense of duty were pleading with her to fulfil the wishes of the dead, and to prevent a life so full of promise as Jasper Seaton's from being cast back upon the wild waves that had heretofore threatened to bear it to destruction.

Suddenly she called to remembrance the paper that had fallen at her feet that evening at Broadmead, and which Jasper had snatched away so hastily. Perhaps it contained Madame de Mouline's dying wish to her; and she felt that she should like to see it—to see the request in her friend's own handwriting. She did not doubt but that Jasper still kept it carefully. Poor Jasper! If she had never seen John Carteret, perhaps Madame de Mouline's wishes might have come to pass.

She understood now why Jasper had disliked and had opposed her engagement. Then she recollected how he had softened down, and had offered to settle a marriage portion upon her in order to secure her happiness; and how John Carteret had refused it—and she gave a deep sigh. She felt that Jasper had cared for her the most—that there had been something noble in his conduct; and now it seemed that it was in her power either to draw out that nobleness to its utmost, or to throw him back into the slough of former years—where she might also have been at this present moment, had not her life been shaped by propitious circumstances, her soul drawn upwards through the mysterious influence of another soul.

Thus she reasoned day by day; and Jasper, watching keenly, knew that his cause was prospering. But he abstained from any allusion to their conversation on the Ross-trappe.

Mrs. Seaton was very kind; of late she had, for Jasper's sake, been more than usually considerate to Diana. The girl's proud spirit had been broken down by her sorrow, and she had done her part by being less defiant, and had accepted the kindness even more cordially than it had been bestowed.

And the days passed on, and still their stay at Thale was prolonged; and Diana dreamed away among the Harz, until it seemed as though a spirit-influence had fallen upon her, and she was in a land of enchantment.

One day Jasper told her that they were going back to Broadmead.

"I think my mother has been long enough abroad," he said.

Going back to Broadmead! How strange it sounded.

"I am afraid you will be sorry to leave Thale, Di."

"No. Thale is very beautiful, but I think I shall like to be at home again."

Yet there was a little hesitation in her tone.

"You are not quite sure?"

"One cannot be exactly certain of how one will feel. We have been abroad so long."

"And you half dread the quiet, monotonous old life at Broadmead?"

She shook her head; she knew that the old life would never come back again. And yet she answered—

"We can go on with the old life, Jasper. There are no changes in the place."

"No, we cannot, Di—that is over for ever. If I had not spoken, something like the old life might have gone on; but now it is impossible. The past must be a past that the future has nothing to do with."

"But that cannot be."

"I dare say, I shall not like Broadmead as well as I used to do," he answered, noting Diana's heightened colour, and her trembling fingers as she clasped them tighter together to keep them still. "But I shall probably not be much at home. It will be pleasanter for both of us."

And still he kept his eyes upon her face, wondering what effect his words might have.

Jasper an exile upon her account! She was weighing the thought, and he knew it; and when she glanced upward, she saw a stern and grave face, with eager eyes, bent upon her.

"It could not be otherwise," he said, as though he had taken it into consideration; and yet there was a questioning tone in his voice.

"What can I do, Jasper?" she said, almost in a whisper. "I could not give you my heart. I cannot forget."

She did not waver in her old love, but he saw that she wavered in her decision. He knew that the new thought was paving the way for him, and he answered—

"Not yet, Di—I do not ask you to decide now; but when all the past is still farther away, perhaps, in the future, you might try. In time—all that I ask is, that you will some time try to think of it—only try."

Then all the past uprose, pressing very heavily upon her, facing the future with its blank, and the present with its possible duty. A life's good or evil was in her hands. Was it for her to throw away its chance of safety?

"I could try, Jasper. I will try!"

And Jasper knew that it was enough, and that the end was certain. Time, to which he had trusted, would still befriend him, and he was satisfied.

And so they lingered through the summer, and into the early autumn; and when the leaves were falling from the trees, and the glowing asters were blooming in the Manor House garden, the Seatons returned to Broadmead.

And the first news that Miss Pycroft heard was, that Jasper and Diana were really engaged at last.

"Just as we expected," said Letty and Sophia to one another.

Miss Pycroft recalled the evening she had taken chocolate at Signor Neri's, and said—

"I never had much faith in that other engagement."

Signora Neri drew Diana closer and closer to her as she sobbed out her experiences of the last two years; and, when she came to her engagement to Jasper, and spoke of his kindness and goodness, the Signora clasped her to her heart.

"The blessed Virgin watch over thee, *carissima*, and bring all things right with thee!"

Yet a great fear stole into her heart, and she wondered how all should have happened as it had done.

"Giuseppe," she said to her brother, "if I had only seen Mr. Carteret, I should have been satisfied."

"Still suspicious, Orsola?"

"Thou art no less so than I myself, Giuseppe. Mr. Seaton is no favourite of thine. I distrust him."

"But Mr. Carteret is married."

"Yes—I marvel how it came about. Yet Ercole was married, and there were two weary hearts instead of one."

A SECOND PAPER ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE phenomena of spiritualism, electro-biology, and mesmerism, are so closely related to each other, that probably they are modified effects resulting from the same fundamental cause. By the sceptic, these phenomena are considered mere collusory tricks, performed with the chief object of obtaining money from a wonder-loving public, and imposing upon their credulity. Whatever may be the opinion of the sceptic, the writer is thoroughly satisfied—after careful investigation—that these phenomena are veritable facts, resulting from natural laws as yet but imperfectly understood; and consequently well worth the consideration of clergymen, medical men, scientific men, and all persons who may be desirous of extending the bounds of human knowledge, and thereby promoting human happiness.

Mesmerism, as generally understood, is the being in a peculiar kind of drowsy unconsciousness; and, whilst in that state, performing actions corresponding to those nominally performed by the particular phrenological organ of the head that may have been touched by the finger of the operator, lecturer, or other person who brings about the drowsy state.

The peculiar drowsy state is produced in various ways. Some persons are brought into it by the mere volition of the operator; others are brought into it by placing a cork attached to a cord on the forehead, above the middle point between the eyes, and then looking steadily at the cork for some time. A third class of persons require—in addition to the employment of these means—that the middle of the forehead and the hollow part of the back of the head, imme-

diately below the organ of philo-progenitiveness—as it is called by phrenologists—be pretty strongly pressed by the fingers of the operator or lecturer before the drowsy state is produced. A fourth class of persons possess such energetic wills, that the means already mentioned will neither jointly nor severally be adequate to produce in them the drowsy state. In this class, the state is generally produced by placing softly the back of the left hand in the palm of the right, and then putting in the middle of the palm of the left hand a disc of silver—in size about the diameter of a sixpenny piece—through the centre of which a small copper wire is driven; the faces of the disc and the ends of the copper wire being polished to the same convex surface, so as to fit closely to the middle of the palm of the hand. By this means—in addition to the pressure of the middle of the forehead and the hollow part of the back of the head—persons of the strongest and most energetic wills are reduced to the drowsy state. When in this state, the operator or lecturer has only to touch with his finger any organ of the head, and an action corresponding to the nature of the organ is performed by the person touched, of which action he is himself generally unconscious. If, for instance, the organ of benevolence—which is situated on the top of the forehead—be touched, the person touched will probably take his purse out of his pocket, and give all the money it may contain to the operator or lecturer. If the organ of veneration—which is situated just behind the organ of benevolence—be touched, the person touched will probably kneel down and pray; or if the organ of music—which is situated in the forehead, some distance above the outer corners of the eyes—be touched, the person touched will probably sing his favourite song; and so on of the various other organs of the head. "But if all this be true," exclaims a modern writer, in a tone of indignant contempt at such a view of the constitution of human nature—"that the mechanical pressure of a human finger upon an inch of human cuticle, propagated, it may be, through an inch of subjacent bone, and impressed upon an inch of the mental organ—if it be true that such pressure excites emotions of piety, and evolves sentiments of devotion, thus summoning into active existence the noblest functions of the soul, then is that soul but an aggregate of dust—a lump

of kneaded clay, which will die at man's death, and crumble at his decline." The author from whom the preceding quotation is taken should rather be astonished at the fearful and wonderful mechanism of the human system, which makes manifest such powers by the mere touch of the finger; thus proving that in "an aggregate of dust" stupendous powers may reside, having close relationship with the highest order of angelic beings, and partaking of the attributes of immortality.

The electro-biologic state is produced in many persons by the mere volition of the operator or lecturer; or by the same means employed for producing the drowsy state of mesmerism in the fourth class of persons already referred to. The chief difference between the mesmeric and the electro-biologic states or conditions is this—in the mesmeric state it is necessary that some organ of the head be touched by the operator or lecturer, in order that an action corresponding to the nature of the organ be performed by the person touched; whereas, in the case of a person in the electro-biologic state, it is only necessary for the operator or lecturer, without touching any of the phenological organs or other part of the person, to will that a certain action be performed, and that action is immediately performed, or attempted to be performed. And not only is this so, but if the operator or lecturer wills any imaginary thing whatever, and desires to impress the idea respecting that imaginary thing on the mind of the person in the electro-biologic state, the latter becomes as thoroughly and completely impressed with it as if the imaginary thing had really and truly occurred, or had a real existence. For instance, if the operator or lecturer will that the person in the electro-biologic state is eating roast beef and plum pudding, the latter would be impressed with the idea that he was doing so; when he, at the same time, was eating nothing. Or if the operator were to will that the person in the electro-biologic state is drinking Champagne, the latter is fully convinced that he is doing so, when in fact he is drinking nothing at all; and so on. Hence we find that the will or mind of the person in the electro-biologic state is completely powerless—or, so to say, non-existent—in so far as it has any influence or control over his own thoughts and actions. The mind or will of the operator or lecturer becomes for the

time being, to all intents and purposes, the mind or will of the person in the electro-biologic state. The latter has no power of thought or action in himself, as of himself; he is nothing more than a mere puppet, governed completely and absolutely, both in thought and action, by the invisible cord which binds him in the most complete subjection to his lord and master, the operator or lecturer.

And not only are the powers of thought and action of the person in the electro-biologic state derived from the operator, but the sense of touch in the former may be completely suspended by the latter. If the operator cause the other person to extend his arm, and the operator were then to move his own hand from the fingers towards the shoulder of the former, catalepsy, or a condition or state in which it is entirely devoid of the sense of touch, is produced in the arm of the former; and if the arm, whilst in that state, were pricked with pins or any other sharp instrument, or even if a rifle ball were fired through the arm, he would not feel the slightest pain. More—if the arm were actually cut off, he would not feel the slightest pain during the operation. This is a very important fact in its bearing on surgical operations when amputation becomes necessary; for the process of producing insensibility to pain is much safer, as regards the person about to undergo the amputation of an arm or a leg, than the use of chloroform or any other anæsthetic agent. The operator has only to move his hand the reverse way—that is, from the shoulder towards the fingers of the person whose arm is in the cataleptic state—and the sense of touch or feeling in the arm is immediately restored to its normal condition.

A great deal of prejudice prevails in the minds of many educated persons on questions connected with mesmerism and electro-biology, on account of the report drawn up by the royal commission of French *savans* who, about a century ago, investigated Mesmer's experiments. The tenor of that report was to the following effect:—"That the only proof in favour of animal magnetism was the effects it produced on the human body; that those effects could be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations; that all these manipulations and passes and ceremonies never produce any effect at all if employed without the patient's knowledge; and that, therefore, imagination

did, and magnetism did not, account for the phenomena." The writer has no desire on the present occasion to defend mesmerism, or electro-biology, under the name of animal magnetism, as distinguished from the power of the imagination. He is well aware of the fact that the imagination exercises great influence over those whose reasoning faculties are not well developed; but where the reasoning faculties are well developed, the imagination holds a subordinate place. Although "the imagination," in the words of Shakspeare, "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," the writer is not aware that any one has ever lifted himself to a height of six inches above where he stood, and kept himself suspended between earth and heaven at that height for a period of eight seconds, by the power of his own imagination alone.

The phenomena attributed to spiritual agency are generally considered to be either mere tricks of legerdemain, or imaginary delusions which are unworthy of the consideration of any serious thinker or man of science. The writer would beg leave to observe that he has good reason for thinking that the so-called spiritual phenomena are veritable facts, produced by natural causes which are but very imperfectly understood. Many diligent investigators of spiritual phenomena have been led to think they are produced by some powerful natural agent, distinct from electricity or magnetism, although somewhat allied to these forces. This powerful natural agent has been called "oddylic force." It is, probably, a peculiar manifestation of electro-magnetic force. The diligent investigation of the phenomena ascribed to it is sure to lead to important and very useful results. It has been often said that the age of miracles is gone. This statement may or may not be true—according to the sense in which we understand the meaning of the word "miracle." What, let me ask, is a miracle? It is, according to the sense in which it is understood by some persons, a violation of the laws of nature, or an act above the laws of nature. But how can any one tell whether this or that act is a violation of the laws of nature, or above the laws of nature, unless he is thoroughly acquainted with all the laws of nature throughout their infinite ramifications and operations? This thorough acquaintance no human being has ever attained to, and never can attain to: it is pos-

sible to God alone. Therefore, in the sense here implied, no human being can reasonably and consistently say that this or that act is a miracle. It is perfectly true that we may constantly approximate nearer to omniscient knowledge, but can never reach it. If by the word *miracle* we only mean something wonderful and unexpected, or what may be different from our ordinary experience—in this sense, a miracle may be neither a violation of nor above the laws of nature.

The invention of the steam engine, and its application to manufacturing purposes, may logically and truly be considered a great miracle. The propulsion of steamships across vast oceans, against the combined forces of wind and tide, may be logically and truly considered a great miracle. The invention of photography, and its application to the taking of pictures of things in heaven, as well as of "all creatures that on earth do dwell," whether animate or inanimate, with a precision and clearness previously considered impossible, may be logically and truly held to be a great miracle. The invention of the locomotive, and its conveyance with such celerity of millions upon millions of human beings every year from place to place, on business or on pleasure, as well as the conveyance of countless tons of merchandise and other materials valuable for the purposes of utility, of trade, or of commerce, may logically and truly be deemed a great miracle. The invention of the electric telegraph, and the conveyance by its means of messages from one part of the world to another in comparatively a few minutes of time, is a most extraordinary result of human knowledge, and may, both logically and truly, be considered at present as the miracle of miracles.

Let us consider briefly the conditions and materials requisite for conveying a message by means of the electric telegraph from one part of the world to another. The materials necessary for the performance of this act are *batteries*, composed of small plates of metals placed one above another, with certain acids between them. These batteries are the immediate source of the power which conveys the messages. Suitable instruments are also provided at the extremities of the conducting wire or cable. The batteries generate the electric power: the instruments direct that power. If a message be sent from Valentia, Ireland, to

Newfoundland, by means of the Atlantic cable, a counter-current of electricity brings back to Valentia the same message in nearly the self-same time. This counter-current of electricity, which travels back, completes what is technically called "the circuit."

Now, every human being is in himself a kind of electric battery. The different metals and acids in the body compose this battery. The mind or will is the instrument that directs the force generated by the metals and acids. If the metals and acids in the body be of a superior kind, and arranged in due degree, and the mind be of a high order, the man is capable of sending a message to the remotest part of the earth, and may be sure of receiving back the answer by the counter-current. This, I opine, is the true philosophy of spiritualism. When a gentleman sat in Mr. Mansfield's room, in New York, to write a message to any spirit with whom he wished to correspond, Mr. Mansfield himself became aware of the contents of the message addressed to the spirit, by the battery power of the writer conveying the message to Mr. Mansfield's mind. Even though the Christian name of the spirit was only written in the letter to the spirit, the surname was present to the mind of the writer, and was conveyed by the battery power of the writer to Mr. Mansfield's mind as completely as if it had been written or spoken in his hearing. Therefore, no difficulty occurred to Mr. Mansfield in giving the spirit's reply—*alias* his own reply—or in writing the spirit's surname, although it had not been written in the letter to the spirit.

By the electric telegraph, then, we see daily and hourly performed before our eyes phenomena closely analogous to those of mesmerism, of electro-biology, and of spiritualism. In mesmerism, some phrenological organ or bump has to be touched, in order that the person touched should perform an action corresponding to the nature of the organ. In the action performed by the electric telegraph—that is, in the action conveying the message—the electric instrument has to be touched in order to bring the battery power into action in conveying the message.

Here it may be stated that messages have been sent through bodies of water several miles in extent, and also through the air for a distance of several miles, without any electric cable or wire being laid between the

points of departure and arrival of the messages; the water or air having itself served as the conducting medium—the only things necessary being that the batteries and electric instruments at both termini be suitably arranged. These cases are precisely analogous to what takes place in electro-biology. In the experiments or manifestations of electro-biology, no touch or—so to speak—connection by the nerves or wires is necessary. It is only necessary that the will of the operator or lecturer should exert its volition, and the battery power of the body external to the will of the operator—that is, the person in the electro-biologic state—performs an action corresponding to the nature of the volition of the operator. If the operator wills no action—that is, no motion of translation in space—but simply wills that the person or subject in the electro-biologic state is eating any kind of food, or drinking any kind of drink, the latter fancies he is really and truly doing so, when at the same time he is neither eating nor drinking anything whatever. These are curious and deeply interesting phenomena, and are convincing proofs of the wisdom contained in the following lines of the philosophic poet—

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

The phenomena already described as having occurred at the séance with Miss Kate Fox, of New York, who is reputed to be the most powerful medium in the world, will be readily understood from the explanations given in the course of this article. The movements of the musical box about the room, and the playing of that instrument, as well as the discharge by the table of bright luminous bluish lights, were nothing else than the effects of the power of the combined batteries of those persons who formed "the circle"—that power having been chiefly, if not wholly, directed and governed by the will of Miss Kate Fox.

From having devoted no inconsiderable amount of attention to the study of the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and the cognate subjects of mesmerism, electro-biology, and spiritualism, the writer has been led to conclude that it is not impossible to invent an apparatus, or psychographic camera, by which the thoughts that may be passing in any person's mind at a given time may be clearly indicated. By this apparatus of the future, mental por-

traits may be taken with as much facility and accuracy as physical portraits are at present taken by means of photography. The art by which the mental portraits may perhaps some day be taken may be called psychography—that is, a delineation or portraiture of the mind by the mind itself.

THE TWO PORCHES.

UNDER the porch, entwined with jasmines and roses;
Under the porch, in the sweet-scented midsummer twilight—
Watching the first pure light of the star of the gloaming,
Pure as when first it rose on the nightfalls of Eden—
Wait the young squire of Dene, and Maud, the gardener's daughter,
Weaving the old, old story of love and its pledges.
Rich is the bloom of the clustering jasmines and roses,
But richer the charms of the maiden in love's first awaking;
Sweet is the hymn of the evening bells in the distance,
But sweeter the voice of Maud, in its silvery cadence.
Tranquil the hour, for love and its first sweet trystings,
For opening of hearts, confessions, and lovers' confidings:
And the breezes, lightly blown from the listening meadows.
Waft them, for weal or woe, to the still gates of Heaven.

Under the porch of a mansion, frigid and stately,
Busy within to the town-bred voices of fashion—
Frowning without on the silent squares in the darkness;
Under the porch, in the cold and bitter December,
Broken at heart, disconsolate, sitteth a maiden.
Deep is the sob of the dripping rain from the gables,
But deeper the moan of her alone in her anguish.
Sadly the echoes pass through the desolate city,
Answering alone to the prayer of utter despairing;
Till weary, worn, the last sweet mercy of slumber,
Calls her to dream of home and its faces familiar—
Of happy days, in the sunlit morning of childhood,
And the evening bells like the summoning voices of angels.
The morrow may break on the world, with its joys and sorrows—
On the tears of truth, and the loud-voiced laugh of the scorners;
But never more on the sleep of the gardener's daughter.
For the breeze of dawn has wafted the tale of sorrow
Unto the all-recording watchers of Heaven.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

By SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER V.

“**M**R. BRYDON—here!”
“Ah, you scarcely expected to see me. It is a pleasant surprise, is it not, Mr. Vipan Wade? I changed my mind, and put off my tour in South America, and came straight to Switzerland instead. How sud-

denly you disappeared from Baden. We missed you very much, I assure you. Some people actually thought we should not see you again in a hurry, and went so far as to condole with me, because it was known that you owe me the trifling sum of ten thousand francs.”

Wade remained spell-bound, it seemed, as the only man in the world he really feared and hated stood over him, looking down upon him with a contemptuous smile. And he answered, in a low voice—

“I have not forgotten it, Mr. Brydon.”

“To be sure not,” replied Brydon, with a harsh laugh; “nor would you have forgotten it if, instead of being your creditor, I had been your debtor—as you originally intended I should be.”

“There is nothing very strange,” returned Wade—still sitting, and hardly looking up—“in the fact that when a man plays at cards he should try to win.”

“Well, it depends so much upon how he plays,” said Brydon, laughing as before. “I know your style of play, Mr. Wade; and I was more than a match for you. May I ask, without offending, when it will be convenient for you to pay?”

“Oh, very shortly. I am expecting remittances from England in a few days.”

“Ah! Unfortunately, I am only here for the night.”

“Then I do not quite see how the affair can be arranged just at present,” said Wade, still without looking up.

“No? At the risk of appearing in the unpleasant character of a dun, I am afraid I must endeavour to stimulate your energies. You see, Wade, you live in a certain style wherever you go, and, to all appearances, are blessed with plenty of ready money. When you were at Baden, you talked a good deal about family estates and racehorses. Surely you have about you a few thousand francs—or, at all events, the means of raising them.”

Wade rose from his seat.

“Excuse me, Mr. Brydon,” he said, coolly.

“I owe you a certain sum of money; but I don't need your advice as to the means of raising it, and I shall pay you at my convenience.”

“Just as I expected,” said Brydon, sternly. “Now, listen to me. Since we parted, I have made it my business to inquire a little into your career. Yes, Wade, and those inquiries have not been altogether unsuccess-

ful. I find you here, associating with persons of rank and position. I see you enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with a wealthy and beautiful young lady, whose estates are close to my own in England. I have long had my suspicions about you, and those suspicions are confirmed. Ah! you needn't look big at me—you won't frighten me, I assure you. Now, mark my words. I am just about to dine. After dinner, I shall be strolling along the cliff overlooking the lake. You will find me there; and if you wish effectually to dispel my suspicions, you will come to me, and bring with you at least five thousand francs."

"And if I fail to bring them?" asked Wade, hoarsely.

"In that case, it will be my unpleasant duty to expose you as the adventurer and impostor that you are."

"That is your threat, then?"

"You can take it as you please. Ha! ha!" continued Brydon, with his harsh laugh, "I would give a trifle to see the proud Miss Prestoun's face when she hears she has been flirting with a professional gambler."

As he said this, he quietly sat down in the seat Wade had just vacated.

There was a dark look on Wade's face, a bolder man than Brydon might have disliked to see; but Brydon scarcely regarded him as the other said, as he turned to go—

"I will meet you at the time and place you name."

"I thought I should bring you to your senses. You will remember for the future, Vipan Wade, that Matthew Brydon is not an easy man to cheat."

There was an emphasis on the last insulting word that made Vipan Wade pause as he slowly walked up the garden, and turn round and look at Brydon, and raise his hand menacingly. Whatever his momentary inclination might have been, he checked it; and, with a fierce expression on his face, he turned away again, and disappeared in the now deepening shadows.

"Infernal scoundrel!" muttered Brydon. "It is impossible to get money out of such fellows without bullying them."

He sat still for some few minutes longer; and then, thinking that it was time the dinner he had ordered on his arrival should be ready, he rose and walked towards the hotel. As he got close to the door of the *salle-à-manger*, which opened on the garden, a young man came out slowly, and Brydon

paused and looked at him. The other gazed hastily, and started in astonishment.

"Matthew!" exclaimed the latter. "Is it you indeed? Why, I thought you had left Europe!"

"And hoped I had fallen among thieves in some queer republic in South America—eh, my gentle younger brother? No—Bartry is too pleasant a place, and the rent-roll much too ample, for me not to take good care of myself. Yet it would be a fine thing to unite Bartry and Estcourt, would it not, Master Edmund?"

"Matthew," returned Edmund, sadly, "you always sneer and laugh at me—though, Heaven knows, I give you no cause to do so; and if you do me such monstrous injustice as to suppose I wish you dead, in order that I may inherit your estates, I cannot help it. But, at least, you might leave Miss Prestoun out of the question."

"Oh, of course! The high-souled and single-minded Edmund could never think of such dross as Margaret Prestoun's mines and broad acres! No—he loves her for herself alone. I know the story. But don't flatter yourself, my dear boy—you haven't the ghost of a chance. If a Brydon is to rule at Estcourt, it won't be *you*, dear brother."

At this moment a waiter appeared at the door, and, addressing Matthew Brydon, said—

"Monsieur's dinner is served."

Matthew nodded, and the waiter disappeared.

"I fear I shall not have much time to spare for the indulgence of that fraternal intercourse which otherwise I should so much enjoy," said the elder brother, with a cold smile. "I regret to say that I am only passing through Schwartzbad—the business that brought me here being accomplished—and I leave to-morrow morning."

"And I to-night," said Edmund, as he stood on one side, and allowed his brother to pass him.

"So soon?" said Matthew, as he paused on the threshold of the doorway. "Ah! I begin to comprehend. I fear I have been chafing a sore place. Good-bye, then."

And, without further ceremony, he passed into the *salle-à-manger*, and Edmund caught the sound of his harsh laugh.

"And poets and preachers tell us of a brother's love!" thought Edmund. "Does such a thing exist? I never knew it."

And, with a deep sigh, he was turning away, when he heard a merry laugh not far from him which he thought he recognized; and, in the shadow of the thick shrubs that lined that part of the garden where he was, he paused and listened.

He had not been deceived: it *was* Margaret Prestoun's laugh. And she and Lillian Grey passed beside him without seeing him.

"And so you have quite made up your mind, and your dear old uncle has made up his mind too, that you are to do as I wish, and come back to England with me, dear Lillian?"

"Yes—if you have not repented of your offer to take me. It is most kind of you. I shall surely be far happier with you than if I were a governess. Ah, you do not know what it is to be poor, Miss Prestoun."

"Indeed I do," returned Margaret. "I was comparatively poor for a long time; for it is only quite recently that it was discovered that I was a rich heiress. For years and years, I was quite poor. Ah, I was very different then!"

"True," said a sad voice behind them. "That is quite true—you were different, indeed."

"Mr. Brydon!" exclaimed Margaret.

"It was Edmund once—Edmund when you were poor," he returned, bitterly. "One moment, Miss Prestoun. You told me this morning all I had to hope from you. You remembered the past—you could not help it; and you quickly saw that words of love were quivering on my lips, and as quickly you gave me to understand that they would not be welcome; and you suffered me to speak no more."

As he said these words, a fourth actor appeared unnoticed upon the scene. Vipan Wade, wandering in the garden, absorbed in contemplating his own situation with regard to Matthew Brydon, had heard Miss Prestoun's voice; and he stealthily drew near to listen, in hopes to be forewarned should his enemy have said a word about him.

"I am now come to bid you adieu for ever," continued Edmund; "and I must speak my mind. Before you knew you were the heiress of Estcourt, Margaret Prestoun, you encouraged the love you saw dawning in my heart—you gave me to think that love was returned. I left you for a little while; and good fortune broke suddenly upon you, and

the poor younger brother seems far beneath you now."

"Are you aware, Mr. Brydon," asked Miss Prestoun, coldly, "that some one else is present?"

"Perfectly. And I am further aware, that Miss Grey is going back to England as your companion. Oh, do not think that I would say one word against you! Doubtless you were mistaken in your passing fancy, and never cared the value of a pin about me. In Miss Grey's presence, I desire to tell you, if you ever even hinted at a promise to me which you could in any way be called upon to keep, I now release you from it. If ever words passed between us which might seem to give me the shadow of a claim upon you, I cancel them, as far as in my power lies. I bid you farewell, Miss Prestoun; and if, in the chances of life, we meet again, it shall be as strangers to the past."

He lifted his hat, in constrained courtesy, to both the ladies; and, without another word or look, passed away from their presence.

Margaret, with a sigh of relief, threw herself into a garden chair.

"That is over!" she exclaimed. "What a comfort! Oh, my dear Lillian, you have no idea what troubles men are!"

"But did he love you so very much?" asked Lillian, gravely.

"Not more than usual. If he really loved me so distractedly, do you think he could leave me in this sort of way? Besides, at the time he referred to, we were both almost children."

"But still, it could not have been the mere fact that you became rich that could have made any alteration in your feelings, if you had loved him," urged Lillian, doubtfully.

"We are talking of things you know nothing at all about, Lillian," exclaimed Margaret, impatiently. "How should you, brought up in this desolate hole?"

"Hole! I have been very happy here."

"Ah, but you will be much happier in London. You have no notion what gaiety and excitement are. Happy—here! About as happy as an oyster in its bed, I should think!"

"But is excitement always so full of pleasure? Do you never get tired of it? Do you not sometimes long for a little rest—even though it is to be sought for in such a desolate hole as this?"

There was an accent of pain in Lilian's voice; and Margaret replied, quickly—

"Oh, you must not think that I really meant to say one word against the place where you have lived happily for so long. I only meant— There, it's no use my talking now," exclaimed Margaret, petulantly, as she rose from her seat; "that man has upset me a little, and you wouldn't understand, dear Lilian. It is getting chilly—let us go in."

As the two girls entered the hotel, Wade emerged from the shadow, and gazed after them.

"Brothers, eh?" he muttered. "And she will have nothing to say to the poor younger brother! She is rich, and has thrown him over for his poverty, thinking that some one better soon will be at her feet. How he must wish that Matthew Brydon had been strangled in his cradle! How he must wish that he was wealthy, and could bid for her on equal terms! And this elder brother threatens to tell her what I am—the penniless adventurer, the Bohemian, that lives upon his wits; and yet who dares to love her, with a passion such as that boy could never dream of! Ah, you peerless Margaret! If at first I thought of the boundless wealth with which society credits you, and sought you for that alone, I have learned to love you with a love that would cherish you though you were a beggar girl that asked her bread from door to door! And yet you treat me with indifference, and perhaps contempt! The name of Vipan Wade figures in no fashionable guide; the *Court Journal* does not register his entrances and exits from the mighty city; and yet he has dared to set his heart upon you! And to be threatened with the publication of a tale that would destroy every chance! No! Come, Matthew Brydon, take your stroll upon the cliff that overhangs the lake; and, by the God that made you, you shall receive payment to the last farthing!"

He slunk away into the shade again; for, as if obedient to his invocation, the elder Brydon at that moment appeared upon the threshold of the door that led from the hotel into the garden.

He opened his cigar case, and carefully chose the most promising Havannah, which he deliberately lighted.

"A more contemptible repast I never met with," he thought. "Somehow or other, they

can't cook in Switzerland. And the wine—faugh! the sour produce of their own bleak mountain sides. Now to see if my friend the swindler has any sense of what is best for his own advantage. He is a thorough-going scoundrel, he is. After to-night, I will never have anything more to do with him."

He lit his cigar, and strolled leisurely across the garden towards the cliffs.

A solemn stillness was reigning over all, as night came on. One solitary cicada chirped upon a branch, and ever and again paused wonderingly, as if astonished that he found no mate to echo back his shrilly cry. The great, full moon had risen, and shed its calm white beams upon the high deserts of untrodden snow, and made deep shadows in the valley far beneath, and marked a path of broken gold upon the wavelets of the broad, deep lake. What was all the calm beauty of the scene to him? Nothing but an additional zest to the flavour of his tobacco.

And what was the warm serenity of the summer night to that other man—who, after standing absorbed in black thought for some minutes after Matthew Brydon had passed by him, cautiously followed in his track? What was it but an awful contrast to the storm of passion in that other man's breast? Vipan Wade crept out of the garden after his foe, not knowing what would be the end.

Lilian Grey bade Margaret a hasty good night, not feeling altogether comfortable in her mind after what had passed with regard to Edmund; but as she passed from the hotel into the garden, intending to hurry home, she paused, and her thoughts ran something in this wise—

"Poor Mr. Brydon! Is he very unhappy, I wonder? It can only have been a passing fascination. Margaret can never have cared much about him, or she could not treat him as she does now. Why, if I had been she—I mean, if I had loved somebody when I was poor, and then I suddenly became rich, I should be thankful for my wealth, if he was poor too. What a nice voice he has—and how tenderly he spoke to her! But I suppose I don't understand these things. Margaret says I don't, and I suppose she must know best."

Hark! was that a cry? She started slightly. It sounded like a smothered shriek. No; she heard nothing but the musical rippling of the waters of the lake upon the beach.

Hush! what was that? Oh, only the splash of a large lake trout: she had heard them often enough.

"I wonder if I shall ever see Mr. Brydon in London? Not at her house, at all events. And if I do see him, will he remember me? What can it matter? How late it is! But uncle is walking with Mr. Brydon, and will not be at home for some time. Who is this coming from the cliffs? He is looking about him like a thief! Who can it be? A gentleman, apparently—but how strange his manner is!"

Almost involuntarily, she retired within the deep shade behind her, and watched the swift but stealthy approach of a man whose white face she did not recognize.

He came on—looking, indeed, as she had fancied, like a thief. Looking ever over his shoulder with a frightened gaze, as if he thought that something followed him, he made across the garden towards the door of the hotel. Then he paused, and seemed to draw a breath of deep relief. He drew himself up, and looked all around him. Lilian, in her excitement, emerged slightly from the shade, and the moonlight rested full upon her face. Then their eyes met. He started violently, and averted his gaze. She hastily shrank within the gloom again. He made another step towards the door; and then for an instant looked fearfully back, and seemed relieved at seeing no one. Then he entered the hotel; and, when he had disappeared, Lilian hurried home.

TABLE TALK.

HAVING REFERENCE to Mr. Grant's first article on "Past Metropolitan Papers," Sir John Taylor Coleridge requests us to say that the author of the article was in error in stating that he was a contributor to the *Representative*. Sir John Taylor Coleridge informs us that he was never a writer for that journal.

DURING THE LATE Whitsuntide holidays, an amusing incident occurred at one of the favourite resorts of holiday-makers—to wit, the British Museum; and the incident is the more amusing because it is authentic. A stout, portly dame, of decidedly domestic aspect, made her way up to one of the attendants who keep guard, staff in hand, over the public treasures. "Can you tell me, sir, where I can find little Jimmy?" Now, it hap-

pens that a certain other official connected with the building is known by the familiar and affectionate *sobriquet* of "little Jimmy." The natural idea of the official thus appealed to was, of course, to introduce the old lady to the "little Jimmy" within his own range of information. It was clearly a case of a "country cousin" and a London relative. But, alas, between "little Jimmy" and the old dame no signs of recognition were exchanged. It was plain there was a mistake. It must be some other "little Jimmy." After some further trouble, the question was finally solved by the old lady herself. "Well, you see, sir, little Jimmy and I were both servants at the same place a good many years ago. But he left before I did, and I have not seen little Jimmy since; and I thought he might be dead. For little Jimmy was one of the oddest men I ever knew; and master often said that when he died he would be stuffed, and put in a glass case and sent to the British Museum. So I thought I might find him here."

"A CORRESPONDENT," in a recent number—June 3rd—is, I think, in error about the proper name for the Feast of Pentecost. Most people nowadays are agreed that Whit-Sunday, Whit-Monday, Whit-Tuesday, are wrong. The real "White Sunday" is the octave of Easter, otherwise called "Dominica in Albis." It is not Whit-Sunday, but Whitsun Day, as Easter is Easter Day; and the season is Whitsuntide, not Whit-tide. And in Scotland, Whitsun Day falls always on the 15th of May, Sunday or no Sunday. In several parts of England, the feast is commonly called Whissun Day; and the two days following, Whissun-Monday and Whissun-Tuesday, the accent being strongly thrown on the first syllable. Mention is made in Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law" of Whitsun farthings or pentecostals.

A FEW YEARS AGO, civilization was the order of the day. Everybody was shaking hands all round, and we were all congratulating one another that at last the millennium was approaching. Wars and rumours of wars were to be no more, and universal peace was about to dawn upon the long night of intermittent bloodshed and ruin which the ages have endured. But from a pleasant dream we have awakened upon a dread reality. As fierce jealousies between nations, as bitter wars, and, last but not

least, as bloodthirsty a revolution as ever shattered the social fabric of a nation have all fallen upon us since this halcyon delusion of only a few years ago. And this brings us to a curious reflection. Amongst ourselves, revolutions, properly so called, are very rare. Our revolutions are but *reforms*. We do not deem it necessary, when we think the machine of State is getting somewhat out of gear, to cut one another's throats, kick the ruling monarch off the throne, erect barricades, and resist the powers that be for the time being, until we are effectually crushed. But in this matter of revolutions, our French neighbours seem to the manner born. It might be worth a phrenologist's while to investigate whether a true Frenchman—especially a Parisian *ouvrier*—has not a certain bump of *revolution* largely developed in his cranium. And intellectual Frenchmen are candid enough, for all their national characteristic of vanity, to own the faults of their countrymen. The man whom they worship above all others—Voltaire, said a bitter thing of his compatriots when he laid down the dictum that a Frenchman was a compound of the tiger and the monkey. But a truer and more sober view of the French temperament is taken by the proverbial philosopher of France, Philarète Chasles, of whom we gossiped in a recent number. He says, amongst other things—"The sure way to miss success in France is to miss the opportunity." "The *à propos* governs the French: any delay makes them angry and impatient." "The Frenchman cannot wait: to him time is as if it were not. He will not even be made to wait for the end of a sentence in order to understand it. It must from the very first be intelligible, and fix itself in the mind with the speed of an arrow." "With such a heroic temperament, one soon gets to extremes. Then one must halt." Never, we think, was truer, keener philosophy enunciated than this; and the events of to-day only exemplify it too painfully.

WHILE UPON FRENCH TOPICS, it may not be uninteresting to turn back from present distresses to the old *régime*, when Le Grand Monarque was king. The priests in France have always been a difficulty; and Louis Quatorze seems to have been somewhat pre-Napoleonic in his ideas, if we may believe our old friend Pepys. Here is a note from the "Diary":—"April 26, 1667. Then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with

whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock. . . . He tells me mighty stories about the King of France—how great a prince he is. He hath made a code to shorten the law; he hath put out all the ancient commanders of castles that were become hereditary; he hath made all the friars subject to the bishops, which before were only subject to Rome, so were hardly the king's subjects; and that none shall become *religieux*, but at such an age; which he (Evelyn) thinks will, in a few years, ruin the Pope, and bring France to a Patriarchate." This, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*, for Pepys was not particularly well-informed in foreign matters; but Evelyn was a more cautious gossip, and not much given to freaks of imagination.

THE IMPORTANCE OF our having the gas which we burn in our houses as pure and innocuous as possible cannot be overrated. It has long been an opinion among scientific men that there must be something in chemistry capable of denuding gas of its impurities. A private gentleman, residing at Clifton, claims to have made the discovery. He collected the best books upon chemistry, and sought to discover the exact properties of gas-flame; and he found that all its constituent parts had the strongest and most marked affinity for "pure water," and that no other ingredient had in itself such effect on these constituents as this simple and natural element. Another important result of his investigations, which must not be forgotten, was that the gas-flame should be evolved through clay tubes, and that gas-heat should never be passed through, or come into contact with, iron or any other metal. Porcelain or fire-brick pipes are the best for the purpose. This preliminary being attended to, the gas-flame is subjected—by means of a small and cheap apparatus which our amateur chemist has invented—to the mollifying influences of the "pure water." The result is an absence of all unpleasant smell or effluvia; and in the case of bed-rooms, those who are in health or those who are delicate alike breathe a free and wholesome atmosphere. We hope that the benefits of the invention will soon extend to every household where gas is "laid on."

THE GENTLEMAN to whom we have just referred, in a letter to the editor of the

English Mechanic, advocates the use of gas in all household operations, to the utter exclusion of ordinary coal fires. Without endorsing his views altogether, we may notice some collateral remarks which he makes in the course of his letter. He says that, in a material sense, we are an unreflecting people. For instance, we waste and consume that which we have found in the earth—a thing called coal. Every ton of coal we consume has cost, says the writer, some six millions of years to make, and such coal cannot be replaced under the same period—namely, six millions of years; and yet we waste it as if the millennium were at hand, and there was no one to come after us. We waste it, and leave nothing for our great-grandchildren. It is a disgrace to us all that we do not turn our scientific knowledge to better advantage; that we do not economize our fuel, and take our heat from the essence of coals—gas. There is some truth in these reflections, after all.

WE SEE PERIODICALLY in the papers abstracts of the wills of deceased persons who have left more or less of the good things of life behind them, in the shape of worldly riches; and the mouths of some of us have possibly sometimes watered that we had not a place in the corner of some of the said wills. But the most curious will we remember to have read of is one made by an inhabitant of Montgaillard, who died in 1822. His last will and testament was as follows:—"It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited. He, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my hearse shall be hung with black cloth; but that, on the day of my burial, the hearse and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." We should think this funeral was what Artemus Ward would have called a "gay and festive" one.

NO LADY'S EDUCATION is considered perfect at the present day without music as one of her accomplishments. And, happily

for the promotion of the finer susceptibilities, the taste for music has of late years made rapid progress amongst all classes in this country. But it may be curious to note that Lord Chesterfield, in his "Letters to his Son"—the title of which everybody knows—had an opinion decidedly adverse to musical education, for he writes:—"If you love musick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light, and brings him into a good deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time which might be better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin or a pipe in your mouth." This almost rivals Dr. Johnson's contempt for the "fiddle," an instrument which, he said, took a man a lifetime to learn, and when learnt was not worth the trouble which it had cost.

IT HAS BEEN often said of some prose that it is but poetry in a disguised form—notably in the case of some passages in Bulwer Lytton's works. But we do not so often find instances of involuntary rhyming. The most remarkable *lapsus calami*, perhaps, in this way, was committed by the late Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, in his work on "Mechanics." He happened to write, literatim and verbatim, although not in the stanza form as we now give them—

"There is no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
Which is accurately straight."

A little before this, Mr. Woodhouse, in his treatise on "Astronomy," was even more unconsciously a poet. At that time an official residence was being built for him, and some dissatisfaction had been expressed at the expense incurred in ornamenting the grounds. In his treatise, Woodhouse wrote—

"If a spectator
Be at the equator,
At the point represented by A."

And some undergraduate wit finished the involuntary verse off thus:—

"So sings Mr. Woodhouse,
Who lives in the good house."

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIRDS' NESTS.



A PHILOSOPHY attaches to all things in nature. There are philosophies and philosophies, and ever have been since the world was young and men began to think for themselves. So for ages men have been puzzling their brains to search the infinite, to explain the material, and, last but not least, to know them-

selves. But the sweetest, truest, purest philosophy of all is that which deals with the veritable nature around us.

There are sermons in stones; and each of us who, in his rambles, turns aside to examine and reflect upon even the commonest object of nature is a philosopher—perhaps unconsciously. To the unwilling mind, all is barren. As Wordsworth said of the unappreciative peasant—

“A primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And nothing more.”

But to the seeker after beauties or wonders in nature, a newer enthusiasm is ever rising into his heart. To him there is more than mere passing harmony in the song of the lark or the thrush. And this brings us to the subject of our notes. We have all of us admired that remarkable instinct or

innate sense, call it what you will, which directs the feathered creation in the construction of their dwellings; but few of us, perhaps, beyond admiration and wonder at the skill—almost art—displayed by the nest builders, have thought much further on the question.

The time-honoured notion, however, that birds build their nests by instinct, while man constructs his dwelling by the exercise of reason, has met with an opponent. Mr. Wallace, the author of “The Malay Archipelago,” in a series of very curious essays on the theory of natural selection, maintains that men and birds build their habitations on virtually the same principle—namely, that of imitation. He says:—“The habit of forming a more or less elaborate structure for the reception of their eggs and young must undoubtedly be looked upon as one of the most remarkable and interesting characteristics of the class of birds. In other cases of vertebrate animals, such structures are few and exceptional, and never attain to the same degree of completeness and beauty. Birds’ nests have, accordingly, attracted much attention, and have furnished one of the stock arguments to prove the existence of a blind but unerring instinct in the lower animals. The very general belief that every bird is enabled to build its nest, not by the ordinary faculties of observation, memory, and imitation, but by means of some innate and mysterious impulse, has had the bad effect of withdrawing attention from the very evident relation that exists between the structure, habits, and intelligence of birds, and the kind of nests they construct.” Mr. Wallace here boldly throws down the gauntlet. He does not attempt to compare the work of birds with the highest manifestations of human art and science; but he argues that the phenomena presented by their mode of building their nests, when fairly compared with those exhibited by the great mass of mankind in building their

houses, indicate no essential difference in the kind or nature of the mental faculties employed. We, for our own parts, are far from altogether endorsing the author's theories; but it may be interesting to go briefly into some of his arguments. We will first take his contradictions to the original theory of reason, as hitherto supposed to be peculiar to man alone in the erection of his habitation. It has been stated that man, as a reasonable animal, continually alters and improves his dwelling. This our author emphatically denies. Man, he says, neither alters nor improves, any more than birds do. If we take the savage tribes, we find that their habitations, each as invariable as the nest of a species of bird, remain always the same, from generation to generation. The tents of the Arab are the same now as they were two or three thousand years ago. The mud villages of Egypt have scarcely improved since the days of the Pharaohs. It is hardly likely that the rude shelter of leaves which the Patagonian is pleased to consider his house and home, or the hollowed bank of the South African Earthman, were ever more primitive than they are at the present day. And, coming nearer home, the Irish turf cabin and the Highland stone shanty are surely primitive enough; and, in our time at least, have made no advance towards an improvement in their architectural beauties.

This stationary condition, therefore, in the matter of house-building among the ruder tribes, would seem to dispose of the theory of instinct, and to prove nothing more nor less than simple imitation from one generation to another, and that civilization alone is the stimulus to those changes or improvements which make the difference between the rude hut of the savage and our own more pretentious edifices. Touching this question of instinct or imitation, we will suppose an infant Arab transferred to Patagonia or the Highlands. When he grew up, we should hardly expect to see our adopted child of the desert constructing a tent of skins for his habitation. He would follow the example of those among whom he had been reared and brought up. In Patagonia, he would content himself with the orthodox hut of palm leaves; if in the Highlands, he would shiver under the shelter of his stone cabin. But, it may be asked, how comes it that different tribes of the human race, in its primitive condition, have

first adapted to their use styles of dwellings so totally distinct? Some innate *reason* must have suggested the form of edifice necessary for their wants. The answer is at once found in the temperature of the climate in which they were placed; the raw material supplied to them by surrounding nature; and many other collateral conditions.

The palm leaves, bamboo, or branches, the building materials of some tribes, were used because nothing else could be so readily obtained. The form and mode of structure, too, were decided by various considerations, which the rudest intelligence, on the old principle that self-preservation is the first law of nature, would at once recognize. Whether the country was hot or cool, whether swampy or dry, whether rocky or plain, whether frequented by wild beasts or whether subject to the attacks of enemies—all these things had to be considered, and acted upon accordingly. The Egyptian peasant is sadly off for building materials. He has nothing but mud—not even wood—and of mud he must construct his habitation. The Malay races are especially a maritime or semi-aquatic people. A canoe is with them a necessary of life, and they will never travel by land if they can do so by water. Thus, they build their houses on posts in the water, as a security against inundations. And all these different types of building have been the same for ages. The original models have been accepted and copied, with scarcely any difference, generation after generation; and, unless the more cultivated ingenuity of civilization steps in, they bid fair to remain the same for generations yet.

Granting this theory of imitation *versus* reason in mankind to be correct, we now come to the question of that instinct with which our friends of the feathered tribe have always been credited. In the first place, why does each bird build a peculiar kind of nest? White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," says:—"It has been remarked that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a schoolboy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields and woods and wilds; but in the villages around London, where mosses, and gossamer, and cotton from vegetables are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is so beautiful with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is

obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-martin is hemispheric; but when a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or oval, or compressed." White, as everybody knows who has read his charming book—and who has not?—was a strong believer in the old orthodox idea of instinct. It seems, however, that the same remarks which apply to man in his savage state apply to birds. Man uses the materials which he can most readily obtain, and builds in situations which he thinks most fitting for his own security and comfort. The birds do the same. The wren, for instance, frequenting hedgerows and low thickets, builds its nest generally of moss, the material most abundantly found in its haunts. Rooks dig in pastures and ploughed fields for grubs, and thus continually come across roots and fibres; these they use to line their nests. The crow—feeding on carrion, dead rabbits, and lambs, and frequenting sheep-walks and warrens—chooses fur and wool to line its nest. The kingfisher makes its nest of the bones of the fish which it has eaten. Swallows use clay and mud from the margins of the ponds and rivers over which they find insect food. And so we might multiply instances, showing that the materials of birds' nests, like those used by savage man for his habitation, are those which come first to hand. The advocates of the instinct theory argue, however, that it is not so much the materials as the form and structure of the nests of various birds that differ. But the delicacy and perfection of the nest must always depend on the size and habits of the bird. Take a few instances. The wren—remarkable for the neat construction of its nest—has a slender beak, long legs, and great activity; it is therefore able, without any difficulty, to form a well-woven nest of the poorest materials, and places it in thickets and hedgerows, which it frequents in its search for food. The titmouse—haunting fruit trees and walls, and searching in cracks and crannies for insects—builds in holes, where it has shelter and security; while its great activity, and the perfection of its bill and feet, enable it readily to form a beautiful receptacle for its eggs and young. Pigeons, on the other hand,

having heavy bodies and weak feet and bills, construct rude, flat nests of sticks, laid across strong branches, which will bear their weight and that of their young. Taking a few of the sea-birds by way of example, we find that the same rule holds good. Many terns and sandpipers lay their eggs on the open sands of the sea-shore. This is not because they are unable to form a nest; but because, in such an exposed situation, they would most likely have their trouble for their pains, for a nest would be more easily discovered. Gulls, again, vary much in their modes of nesting, according to their habits. Hence they build either on a bare rock, on ledges of sea cliffs, or in marshes or on weedy shores. Here, again, the materials are those easily found, being sea-weed, tufts of grass, or rushes, piled together in the awkward manner which their webbed feet and clumsy bill compel. Returning to the question of instinct, it is generally supposed that a young bird will build a nest precisely like the conventional nest of its species, even if it has never seen one. If this were true, the instinct side would have it; but recent naturalists deny that there is any proof of this. Facts, so far as they have been ascertained, speak to the contrary. Birds brought up from the egg in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even when supplied with the same materials used by that species in building their nests. Often, indeed, they build no nest at all, but merely collect the materials together in a rude misshapen heap.

This would certainly imply that the young birds require lessons from the old ones before they can form the proper nest, and is a striking argument in favour of the imitation theory. But we think that, until a series of careful experiments has been made upon this interesting question, the advocates of the new doctrine can hardly claim a conclusive victory.

Another argument of the imitationists—if we may be allowed to coin a word—we had almost forgotten, and is worth at least citing. Perfection of structure and adaptation to purpose are not such universal characteristics of birds' nests as might be thought. The passenger pigeon of America often crowds the branches with its nests till they break, and the ground below is littered with shattered nests, eggs, and young birds. The nests of rooks are often so badly built that, during high winds, the eggs tumble out. The

window-swallow, however, is the most unlucky of all in this respect. Our old friend, White, of Selborne, tells us that he has seen them build, year after year, regardless of experience, in places where their nests are liable to be washed away by a heavy rain, and their young ones destroyed.

Le Vaillant gives a curious account of the process of building by a little African warbler, which shows that a very beautiful nest may be built up with very little art. The foundation was formed of moss and flax, interwoven with grass and tufts of cotton, and presented a rude mass, five or six inches in diameter and four inches thick. This was pressed and trampled down repeatedly, thus making it into a kind of felt. The birds pressed it with their bodies, turning round upon them at every direction; so as to get it quite firm and smooth before raising the sides. These were added bit by bit, and trimmed and beaten with the wings and feet, in order to felt the whole together, projecting fibres being now and then worked in with the bill. By these simple and apparently inefficient means, the inner surface of the nest was made almost as smooth and compact as a piece of cloth.

Another interesting fact connected with nidification is, that birds alter and improve their nests when altered conditions require it. This alone goes far to prove that the uniformity in the nests of each species of bird, which has always been attributed to a nest-building instinct, is in proportion to the uniformity of the conditions under which each species lives. New conditions of place or circumstances induce modifications in architecture as well with birds as with men. The chimney and house-swallows are an every-day evidence of a change of habit, since chimneys and houses were built; and, in America, this change has taken place within about three hundred years. Thread and worsted are now used by many birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horsehair; and, as Mr. Wallace quaintly remarks, the jackdaw shows an affection for the church steeple, which can hardly be explained by instinct. In the United States, the Baltimore oriole, rather than take the trouble to go farther afield for single hairs and vegetable fibres, prefers to adapt to its use such materials as it can find ready to hand—such as pieces of string, skeins of silk, or the gardener's matting; and with these it forms its beautiful pensile

nest. In almost every village and farm in America, empty gourds or small boxes are stuck up for the use of the purple martin; and several of the American wrens will also build in cigar boxes with a small hole cut in them, if placed in a suitable position. Perhaps the best example of a bird modifying the shape of its nest according to circumstances is to be found in the orchard auriole, also an American bird. When the nest is built among firm and stiff branches, it is very shallow; but when, as is often the case, it is suspended from the slender twigs of the weeping willow, it is made much deeper—so that, when swayed violently about by the wind, the eggs or the fledgelings may not fall out. Naturalists have also noticed that the nests of the same species of birds differ in the Northern and Southern states in the matter of compactness of building. Those built in the warm South are much slighter and more porous in texture than those of the same species in the colder North. We need not go further, however, than our own familiar house-sparrow for a good instance of adaptability to circumstances. This pert little chirper, when in his wild state, away from houses and buildings, and left to his own resources, forms a well-made domed nest, perfectly fitted to protect his offspring. As we know him, however, where he can find a convenient hole in a building, or among thatch, or in any other well-sheltered place, he takes but little trouble, and forms a very loosely built nest. We will here quote a curious example of a recent change of habits which occurred in Jamaica:—"Previous to 1854, the palm-swift (*Tachornis phænicea*) inhabited exclusively the palm trees in a few districts in the island. A colony then established themselves in two cocoa-nut palms in Spanish Town, and remained there until 1857, when one tree was blown down, and the other stripped of its foliage. Instead of now seeking out other palm trees, the swifts drove out the swallows who built in the piazza of the House of Assembly, and took possession of it, building their nests on the tops of the end walls, and at the angles formed by the beams and joists—a place which they continue to occupy in considerable numbers. It is remarked that here they form their nest with much less elaboration than when built in the palms, probably from being less exposed."

Before concluding these brief notes on the

subject of birds' nests, it may not be altogether out of place to cite some interesting facts connected with birds themselves. The differences of colour and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of Paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—our own black-bird, have very dull and unobscure mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parrot, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest-building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that, when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colours, the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal the sitting bird; while, whenever there is a striking contrast of colours, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open, and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those groups of birds in which the female is conspicuously coloured, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species, the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy mot-mots are exactly alike in colour, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gaily coloured. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gaily coloured; and, what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous. The male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of a tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colours, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees; but sometimes in the ground, or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases when the male is gaily coloured,

while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chattering. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world—vivid blues, rich purples, and bright reds being the most general colours. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive families of the warblers, such as thrushes, flycatchers, and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now, throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or underground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts, the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because, with these, brilliant colours are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reasons for this difference in the colour of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that, when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivalling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers," the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while setting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of colour which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction, and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BAFFLED."

CHAPTER XLV.

OVERWORKED.

ONE of the first things that Jasper Seaton saw, in looking over a pile of papers that had accumulated during his absence, was a London newspaper of some weeks before, in which was chronicled the

marriage of Henry Carteret, Esq., barrister-at-law—the ceremony being performed by the Rev. John Carteret, brother of the bridegroom.

The paper dropped from his hand. This, then, was the marriage to which Miss Carteret had, in all probability, alluded. The time corresponded exactly—the date being early in August.

He had been premature in returning to England. How did he know what further revelations were at hand? Fortunately, Broadmead was too sleepy to have its eyes opened very wide upon the outer world; and, as Diana seemed quite passive, it would be easy enough to hurry the marriage, and when that was over all would go well. So Jasper destroyed the paper, and hoped that nothing further would transpire. And again he argued, in the same spirit in which he had argued before, that it was no fault of his if Diana had misunderstood John Carteret's sister. To do Jasper justice, he had been similarly misled; though now he wondered that it had never occurred to him that John Carteret had brothers as likely, or more likely, to marry than himself. If he had not been so thoroughly occupied with the one Mr. Carteret, who had brought him so much anxiety, he might have taken it into consideration.

Even now he argued, though against his own convictions, that possibly John Carteret might be married. There was no evidence to the contrary. This marriage of the elder brother did not set aside the marriage of the younger; and, at any rate, he was not called upon to disprove the belief that Diana had so thoroughly accepted.

Jasper held firm to his doctrine. As long as he perpetrated no active fraud, he held himself blameless, and allowed the tide of misconception and false impressions to flow onward, floating him on its waters to victory.

Nevertheless, he resolved to anticipate any disastrous contingencies that might arise. Diana, since her return to Broadmead, had come to look upon her marriage almost with a sense of relief, as putting an end to all the doubts and misgivings that now and then assailed her, in spite of her decision to carry out Madame de Mouline's wishes; and she listened calmly to all Jasper's plans for the future. Therefore, when he—more anxious now to hurry matters—suggested Christmas, Diana acquiesced; and Jasper determined that they would again

leave Broadmead, and spend the winter in Cornwall.

Mrs. Seaton was content to follow out anything that her son wished, and Diana cared too little about arrangements to dissent from anything. She only hoped she was doing her duty, and that all might turn out for the best.

"She is too quiet," said Signora Neri to her brother. "I have no faith in marriages where the heart is so undisturbed."

"Mr. Seaton is satisfied," returned Signor Neri; "and the child will never have another dream. That is over. Her voice is a true interpreter; and through my art I have discovered much that has been unobserved by thee. She will be happier as it is than in any other way. None will help her through Mr. Carteret's fickleness as Mr. Seaton will: he has known her from a child, and will make all allowances, as none other could."

"I do not comprehend Mr. Carteret," answered Signora Neri. "I cannot believe him to be faithless. There is something wrong, Giuseppe. I know it—I feel it; and yet I dare not hint it to my darling. Why can I not speak, Giuseppe? What holds me back, and chokes my voice? She asks me to come and see her married, and I half give my promise; and yet it seems to me that I must speak out, and forbid this marriage that I dread so much. And still I dare not. What is it, Giuseppe?"

Signor Neri looked at his sister in surprise.

"The old prophetic spirit is returning to the family," he said, half playfully. "The sibyl is coming to life in foreign lands. No, my Orsola," he continued, more gravely; "be calm—all is in better hands than thine. There is no chance in the happenings of this life; there is a plan whose every line is carefully marked out, and man cannot mend it."

But still Signora Neri did not cease to regret that she had not carried out her wish of writing to John Carteret. It was too late now. If she had only obeyed her impulse!

Too late! surely not too late even yet—if she had only known. But John Carteret was lost to the Broadmead world. No one knew where he was—no one cared; and his doings had long been a matter of perfect indifference.

John Carteret, at this present moment, was energetically striving at his work. The gloomy streets, dark with the fog that rain

and smoke produced, looked upon no more careworn a face than his. The hue of health had faded out of it, and it had become thin and sharp in its outlines; and though the earnest soul beamed forth and irradiated it when he preached to his congregation, yet the people of St. Anne's felt that their curate was an altered man.

"As unlike Mr. Derrington as possible, he is," said Mrs. Betterton; "and yet I can't help liking him. But one never gets beyond a certain point with him; and, in one way, one doesn't know him much better than the first day he came; and Mr. Derrington was as much at home at our house as if he was in his own. I can't think what it is about the man that makes me like him almost as well as Mr. Derrington himself, that we'd known for years."

Whilst Mrs. Penfold, dusting her rooms and preparing John Carteret's meals, came to the same conclusion as the churchwarden's wife. Perhaps she went a little beyond—for she declared that the Rev. Carteret was an angel.

"And if any one should know it, it is I as ought to do so, and likewise Joshua. And he's no difficulty with accounts, which was always the Rev. Derrington's failing. Him and Joshua are like brothers in that respect—though, perhaps, not much in others," concluded Mrs. Penfold. For she could not disguise from herself that there the likeness ended—for Joshua, though an excellent son, was "a little short in his temper sometimes," as his mother expressed it, when he came in tired and hungry; which characteristic he had inherited, as she confessed, "from his father, Thomas Penfold, who had his weaknesses as well as his virtues;" whilst, on the other hand, "Mr. Carteret was the placidest gentleman that ever breathed—too good, indeed, to live."

With which sentiment, Mrs. Penfold watched her lodger day by day, and wondered how long mortal man could stand the life he was leading. And yet he appeared to like it, and was very cheerful when he came in—she could not say "lively," as she would have done of Mr. Derrington; and he got through all his work, and did not seem to think of fatigue—though that might be, reasoned Mrs. Penfold, because he had no time to sit down and consider how hard it was.

But, in spite of his contentment, the care lines came into his face, and the sharp out-

lines grew sharper, telling that mental activity and physical labour were wearing away the man.

To-day, Mrs. Penfold had been more impressed with the fact than usual, and had ventured for the first time to remonstrate.

"If you'd only take a holiday, sir, and go into the country to your friends. You are doing too much—indeed you are, sir."

"My friends live in town, Mrs. Penfold," answered John Carteret; "so I think the change would not be very great."

And a slight flush passed over his face as he thought of the one country place that was ever in his memory.

"Any change would be a rest, sir," continued Mrs. Penfold—who, having plunged into the subject, determined to pursue it. "You are working too hard, sir—if you'll excuse me being so bold as to say so."

"Life is work, and work is life, Mrs. Penfold."

"And work is death likewise, sir; and yours is too precious a life to be thrown away."

Again the flush passed over his face. He might himself have thought so once; but that was over now. Then he almost started; for Mrs. Penfold's words opened his eyes to a phase that he had not seen before. Perhaps he had been caring too little about life lately. What right had he to be regardless of it? Life was a great and beautiful gift—not to be got rid of, not to be worn out before the time; but to be used wisely and well, until the time should come to restore it to the Giver—"Until I come to claim mine own, with usury." Possibly there was some truth in Mrs. Penfold's remark.

"I will think about it," he said, meditatively, as he went out.

"Ay, when it's too late," thought Mrs. Penfold. "But whoever would have thought that I should have spoken up as I have done—and he have taken it, too, quite seriously."

It was a damp autumn, and there had been much sickness about. John Carteret, fearless of infection, believed himself to be fever-proof, and took but few precautions. He went into close, hot, unhealthy rooms, and came out of them into the raw, unwholesome atmosphere. He got wet through; and in his wet clothing went from house to house, and came home to take a hasty meal, and half dry himself at the

blazing fire that his landlady never failed to have for him; and then went out again, to minister to the sick and dying.

"Mortal man can't stand such work for ever," repeated Mrs. Penfold—as, having worked herself into a greater state of anxiety than usual, she opened the door from time to time, and peered into the drizzling fog, trying to see whether, up or down the street, Mr. Carteret was yet coming. He was later than ever this evening. He had taken a hurried dinner in the middle of the day, and had gone off again before she had been able to speak to him.

"And he ought to be in early to tea—for this is his sermon night."

And Mrs. Penfold dusted the easy chair anew, and poked the fire; and then went into the kitchen to see if the kettle boiled.

At last he came, looking so ill, that Mrs. Penfold involuntarily exclaimed—

"It's come at last, as I knew it would; and there's no one in all the parish worse than yourself, sir."

"I shall be all right when I have had my tea, Mrs. Penfold. It's my rest night to-night, you know."

And he seated himself by the fire, and shivered violently.

Mrs. Penfold looked at him for a moment, and then retired.

"There'll be no sermon to-night," was her comment; "nor yet on Sunday, nor a good many Sundays. If the doctor were to call in unawares, Joshua, my mind would be better satisfied," said Mrs. Penfold to her son.

"Is Mr. Carteret ill?" asked Joshua, springing up.

"He don't think so, but *I* do," answered Mrs. Penfold. "He'll never send for the doctor of his own accord. What had better be done, Joshua?"

"I'll go for him at once, mother."

And Mrs. Penfold's mind did not misgive her for taking a liberty, even when she heard the door close after her son, and knew that his recall was hopeless. She was not wrong in her surmises. John Carteret was ill, and it would be many Sundays before he would be able to do his work again, if at all. So the doctor said, looking very grave meanwhile. It might be the fever setting in; and if so, he had so prostrated his strength that the doctor feared the worst.

"Fever!" ejaculated Mrs. Penfold.

The doctor looked sharply at her; some-

thing evidently struck him, that he was reasoning out in his own mind.

"Fever," he repeated. "If you are at all afraid, it might not be too late to move him; but it must be done at once. He might be better at home, perhaps," he added, musingly.

"Move him! Turn him out in such a state as he is in, sir! Do you take me for a heathen? After having had such as him in my house for well upon two years, do you think I don't know my duty better, sir?"

"I meant no offence," replied the doctor, seeing that Mrs. Penfold's wrath was rising. "Fever's a bad thing to get into a house, and you've your living to make. And with care, it might do Mr. Carteret no harm to move him; and—" but Mrs. Penfold's face prevented his adding, "and he might be more comfortable at home."

"You leave me to make my living as I please, sir, and to know what's best about it. And as to Mr. Carteret's running the least single chance of a risk through me, he won't do it, sir. If he had fifty fevers, I'd keep him and nurse him through them as well as any hospital nurse or doctor in the town. And Joshua will be as devoted as any slave. It's wonderful how fond he is of Mr. Carteret."

"Where are his friends?"

"In London, sir."

"You had better give me the address, and I will write to them."

"And—"

"I'll be in by midnight, to see how he is. I shall know by then. But in any case, his friends must be written to."

CHAPTER XLVI.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

THERE were four passengers in one of the first-class carriages of the train that ran between London and Marchington. Two of them were ladies, mother and daughter—the former somewhat advanced in years; the latter young, dark-haired and dark-eyed, a very pleasant maiden to look upon. The other passengers were gentlemen: an elderly, sunburnt man, with the traces of a nautical life visible in every action; the other considerably younger, not handsome, but with a countenance of great intelligence, and whose blue eyes had something fascinating in their gleam when they looked up from the pamphlet in which he was deeply engrossed.

The elder lady gazed anxiously from the windows of the carriage—wondering, at each station that they passed, how many more there would be before they should reach Marchington.

The younger lady was unable to answer her inquiries.

"I did not think of bringing a 'Bradshaw,'" she replied; "but I believe there are not many that we shall stop at."

The younger gentleman looked up. There was something very attractive in the speaker's voice, though he had been hitherto too much absorbed in his studies to notice his fellow-passengers.

"We only stop twice between here and Marchington," he said; "and we ought to be there before four o'clock."

"Thank you," said the young lady, bowing, whilst the elder one leaned forward.

"Do you know anything of Marchington?" she asked, eagerly. "Are we likely to have any difficulty in finding a comfortable hotel there?"

"None at all, I should think, mamma," interposed the younger lady, with an English aversion to entering into conversation with strangers; "the place is so large, that there must be numbers of hotels."

"The very size of the place may create a difficulty, Alice," returned Mrs. Carteret; whilst Charles Stanfield answered the question that had been addressed to him.

"I am afraid I cannot give you much information; but my father has been to Marchington several times, and knows the place tolerably well."

Captain Stanfield, thus called upon, began to enumerate the principal hosteleries of the town, giving a rapid sketch of their relative positions, merits, demerits, and all other circumstances connected with them; to which Mrs. Carteret listened with attention—but which, in her present agitated state, had only the effect of bewildering her.

"Do you know Belford-street at all?" she asked, when the captain had ended his description. "We wish to be near it."

"Belford-street," said Captain Stanfield, meditating. "Yes, I believe I remember a street of the name; but it is in a very poor out of the way part of the town. Are you quite sure that it is Belford-street?"

He hesitated; for there was something so incongruous between the street, as he faintly remembered it, and the two well-dressed women opposite to him, that he thought there

must be some mistake. Perhaps the idea of incongruity that he felt transferred itself to Alice Carteret; for she answered quickly—

"I have no doubt it is the street we mean. My brother is curate at a church near, and he described it as a poor district."

Mrs. Carteret, who felt as if she remembered nothing with any certainty, had taken a letter from her travelling bag, and was looking at the date as if to reassure herself—though she knew the address as well as she did that of her own house.

In so doing, she dropped the envelope on the floor of the carriage, and Captain Stanfield stooped to pick it up. As he did so, his eye caught the address, and he exclaimed involuntarily, "Carteret!"—for his thoughts suddenly went back to Linthorp; and he looked inquiringly at Alice.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I couldn't help seeing the name on the envelope; and your mentioning that your brother was a curate made me think of a Mr. Carteret I met at Linthorp."

"That was John," said Alice Carteret, eagerly. "Did you know him?"

Mrs. Carteret turned round.

"Then you know my son?"

"Well, I can't exactly say that I know him; but I met a very handsome young curate at the house of a Lady Pechford, an old friend of mine—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Alice Carteret.

"The admiration of every one at Linthorp, as far as I could make out; and going to marry the prettiest girl I ever saw—if it is the one I mean."

"It must be the same," returned Alice Carteret. "I suppose Miss Ellis was very pretty; but the engagement is at an end."

"Ellis!" said Captain Stanfield, with a bewildered look that had something ludicrous in its hopeless perplexity; whilst Charles Stanfield's face went crimson, and he held his paper a little higher, in order to shade it. "No—I meant Miss Wardlaw, daughter of the vicar of St. Botolph," continued Captain Stanfield, slightly emerging from the dazed state into which he had fallen.

Charles Stanfield—still apparently absorbed in his pamphlet—was listening attentively.

"Oh, that was just an idea—a wish of Lady Pechford's, nothing more."

Captain Stanfield was mentally calling himself an idiot for having been misled by Lady Pechford's intimations. If he had

only remained at Linthorp, Charles, insensible though he had seemed to be, might have been won by Miss Wardlaw's attractions.

"But that woman completely deceived me; and there's no telling what other mischief she may not have done," he reflected—little imagining how near he was to the truth. "I always felt that there was too much of the diplomatic in all her actions."

And once more he was plunged into a chaos of bewilderment, in which he mentally struggled, hopeless of emerging. All at once he ejaculated—

"Diana Ellis—my god-daughter!"

And no sooner had he spoken the words, than he recollected what Dr. Crawford had once casually said upon the subject.

Alice Carteret started, and drew herself up a little.

Captain Stanfield saw the movement, and understood it; and it made him undecided as to what to do or say next. But Charles Stanfield, who had recovered his equanimity, came to the rescue in a manner that would have surprised Lady Pechford had she seen it.

"My father has only seen Miss Ellis once, and was quite unaware until that time that he had a god-daughter living. When my father saw her, she was engaged to a Mr. Seaton. You must pardon our having unwittingly occasioned unpleasant remembrances."

Alice Carteret bowed; but there was a degree of stiffness in the bow. And a silence fell upon the occupants of the carriage; who, from beginning to feel that they were almost acquaintances, relapsed into a state of distrust. Mrs. Carteret withdrew into her corner, and wrapped herself more closely in her shawls and rugs. She felt aggrieved at finding herself in company with the god-father of the girl who—though her son had not admitted it—had cast, as she knew, a blight upon his opening life. And for the first few minutes, Alice Carteret felt it, perhaps, almost resentfully; but when her first surprise at Captain Stanfield's exclamation was over, she began to consider that he was in reality quite blameless, and that it was absurd to have any feeling of enmity towards him, simply because he was godfather to a girl of whose existence he had been in ignorance until after she had given up her brother.

Captain Stanfield anathematized himself for having made people uncomfortable; and

the more innocent he felt himself to be, the more awkward and dissatisfied he became. It was not a matter for apology or explanation; all he could do was to do nothing; and he sat glancing occasionally at Mrs. Carteret and Alice, as if to watch for some sign of relenting on their part.

"I suppose there are good doctors at Marchington," said Mrs. Carteret, half in soliloquy, when they had gone on for some distance without speaking. "And there will be no one to meet us at the station," she added, after a pause. "What shall we do? I am afraid John is very bad, or the doctor would not have written himself. What is the name of the place we have just passed, Alice? We must surely be near Marchington now. I never felt so tired of travelling before."

Captain Stanfield's eyes were closed—perhaps he was asleep; but as Alice looked up to answer her mother, she and Charles Stanfield instinctively looked at one another, and their eyes made a mute deprecation of the position in which they were all placed.

"If you will allow my father and myself to assist you in any way, we shall be most happy to do so. My father is an old traveller; and perhaps, on the strength of our acquaintance with your friend, you will accept our services."

"Thank you," said Alice, "we shall be much obliged. Mamma is not accustomed to travelling; and to-day we had to start at a moment's notice, without making any arrangements, for I fear my brother is very ill."

"I trust not," said Captain Stanfield, suddenly rousing up. "I hope your son is not seriously ill."

Mrs. Carteret was a gentle and amiable woman, and the tone of sincerity in which Captain Stanfield spoke had its effect.

"My son," she replied, "is threatened with fever, which, it appears, has broken out in the neighbourhood in which his duty lies. The doctor who writes says there is no occasion to be alarmed, as there is no immediate danger; only he thinks it advisable that his friends should come to him."

Captain Stanfield looked grave.

"And are you and this young lady about to run the risk of going into a house infected with fever, madam?"

"I must go to my son," answered Mrs. Carteret, simply.

"And it is not as though one were running a risk needlessly," interposed Miss

Carteret—seeing the doubtful expression on the captain's face. "This is a case in which we could not possibly do otherwise than we are doing."

"I suppose not," he answered, deliberately. "I suppose not. Still, it's a risk."

"One puts risks aside when love comes into the question," said Alice Carteret, a little warmly; for Captain Stanfield seemed to her but a cold, calculating sort of man, and she wondered whether his son was of the same nature. Suddenly, she met the dark eyes, gleaming very pleasantly.

"My father is not so hard-hearted as you would imagine, Miss Carteret. He has nursed me most tenderly through two fevers."

Alice Carteret glanced back at the captain, who was becoming much interested in the companions thrown in his way. As usual, he was beginning to build castles in the air on his son's account; and he wondered if he were sufficiently awake to perceive what an exceedingly pleasant face the younger lady possessed, and whether the time would ever come when Charles would fall seriously in love, and he should have a daughter. But his son was once again absorbed in his pamphlet, and Captain Stanfield half regretted that he had allowed him to follow his military tastes. "Love" certainly did not "rule the camp" in his case; and he feared it never would.

Mrs. Carteret having accepted Captain Stanfield's further offer of services, that worthy man set to work to contrive how he might make the most of his permission.

"I shall be in Marchington for some days," he said. "My son is wishing to see about guns; and, as I have leisure, I shall be glad to be at your service."

He felt, he knew not wherefore, a sort of interest in John Carteret; partly, perhaps, through a reproachful feeling at the injustice he had done him in the matter of Miss Wardlaw—partly through the admiration he felt for John Carteret's sister, and his anxiety to provide for his son's future welfare.

Charles Stanfield, unconscious of his father's meditations in his favour, continued calmly to peruse his paper—now and then listening to the conversation, which was becoming animated; for Captain Stanfield, having wedged in his oar, was working down the stream gallantly, and had so inspired Mrs. Carteret with confidence, that she was beginning to believe that Providence had sent her a guardian angel; and when, upon

their arrival at Marchington, he proposed seeing her safely to Belford-street, she did not decline the offer.

"I shall be at the hotel, Charles, in less than half an hour," said Captain Stanfield. But though he promised, and intended to keep his promise, he did not carry it into execution; for John Carteret had become rapidly worse, and Mrs. Carteret's distress was so great that it was all her daughter could do to calm her.

"He has worked out his strength," said the doctor to Captain Stanfield; "and it will go hard with him."

Then Captain Stanfield's mind was made up; and, accustomed to authority, he took matters in his own hands.

"I've been a sort of doctor myself," he said; "and I shall sit up with Mr. Carteret to-night."

Charles Stanfield, waiting at the hotel, wondered what had become of his father, when a note was brought to him.

"Don't wait dinner for me," it said. "I've had a chop and a glass of wine at an inn near. Mr. Carteret's as bad as he can be. Doctor's made a mistake. Fever upon him for days. Shan't leave him.—Yours, "C. S."

Perhaps, as Charles Stanfield sat down to his solitary meal, a thought of knight-errants, culminating in Don Quixote, might have haunted him. The kindly, child-like, straightforward nature of his father caused him to fall into many adventures that would not have been met with by other men. How oddly things turned out! Who would have thought of Captain Stanfield's nursing the curate of St. Botolph's through a fever! Not Lady Pechford, certainly. Diana Ellis's rejected lover! Charles Stanfield began to feel a little sympathetic. His own little disappointment had been the only secret he had ever kept from his father. But it had faded away—it was a thing of the past. Diana was a flirt, not worth thinking of. Yet who would have expected it from such a seemingly natural and unsophisticated girl?

THE WINDING LANE.

A COCKNEY PASTORAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."

COME, Lillian, to the winding lane
Beyond the turnpike gate,
Where linnets warble, and the strain
Of skylarks cheers the plodding swain;
And where the shrieking, snorting train
Startles the muttoms on the plain

And grazing kine sedate;
Come, Lilian, let us once again
Visit the green, suburban lane.

The cit and *gamin* there repair,
To rob the hawthorn of its pride;
The child of London angles there,
Or bathes in unpellucid tide.
Rare perfumes fill the mellow air,
By sheds Augean well supplied,
Whose cows propitious fill the pail
At morn and eve—and, if they fail,
There stands a cow with iron tail
Whose stream is ne'er denied.
There blooms the cowslip—there the rose,
Chickweed and groundsel, flax and tare;
There sanguinary sorrel grows,
Bachelors' buttons flourish there;
Wordsworthian daisies there abound,
And broken bricks adorn the ground,
And plates and pans no longer sound,
And pots beyond repair.

I know a bank where wild thyme never grew,
Wasted and wan, where we were wont to woo.
'Twas there I gave thee, love, that first epistle,
Confessing all; and knelt upon—a thistle.
'Twas there, 'twas there, unseen by mortal eye
(As I supposed), I heaved the first deep sigh,
While Romeo adorations from my lips
Burst forth profuse as blackberries or hips;
And there, while waiting for the bashful "Yes,"
Which was my palpitating heart to bless,
Impatient for the accents which should cheer
My aching breast, and dissipate my fear,
I heard a voice—alas! not thine!—a voice
Exclaim, in accents the reverse of choice—
"I say, young fellow, hi!—are you aware
This meadow aint a public thoroughfare?
You're trespassing! so, please to cut your sticks,
Or you may find yourself, sir, in a fix."
Ah me! the barbarous ways of rustic minds,
And the rude manner of uncultured hinds.

We sought again the lane, and wandered up;
And having wandered up, we wandered down.
I plucked a solitary buttercup,
And did compare its fate unto mine own:
For in that it was lonely—so was I;
'Twas yellow—my complexion's yellow too;
'Twas seedy—I was seedy; it would die,
Nipped in the bud, as I proposed to do.
And, then, my Lillian, I with ready wit,
Culling a daisy growing close at hand,
Vowed that thy heart was symbolized in it:
By prudence closed, yet ready to expand.
Sweet simile! Within my inmost vest
I thrust the floweret; when you heaved a sigh,
Grew flushed, turned pallid, troubled, look'd dis-
tress'd,
While crystal tears escaped from either eye.
"'Tis thus," you cried, "ah, me! 'tis ever thus—
The fair, frail flowers so much resemble us!
We grow, as they do, on the parent stem,
A scented pearl of price, a flawless gem,
Till cruel man upon a fatal day
Espies the treasure—seizes, bears away!
Adieu our native joys, a long adieu!
Like yonder daisy, we are lost to view!
Thrust out of sight like this—our spirit crushed,
Bruised, battered, beaten down, for ever hushed!
For men are false!"

"Oh, love—be calm, be cool,
Confiding—I'm the exception to the rule!"
I cried, and flung me prostrate at your feet;
Prayed that the mud might be my winding-sheet;
Craved for annihilation in despair,
And bade you slay or trust me, then and there.
A thousand deaths was I prepared to die;
Prepared to face a thousand mortal foes
Ere thou should'st doubt; when, with a piercing cry—
A shriek, I rose: a wasp had stung my nose!
'Twas thine to pity then, and thine to assuage
The wounded heart and the proboscis' rage;
Thy woman's sympathy was thus displayed,
The beating heart and throbbing nose allayed:
"Antonio, I'll be thine! oh, brush away
Those tears. I'm thine, for ever and for aye;
Through life, through death, still faithful to thy side,
Unflinchingly I'll share whate'er betide!
Danger shall never daunt my fearless brow,
Nor death itself. Oh, heavens! here comes a cow!
Help! help!" You fled in terror and amaze,
My Lilian, darting through the tangled maze
Of hedge and ditch, till half a mile at least
Lay betwixt you, your lover, and the beast.

Can'st thou remember, too, the green,
Umbrageous, cool, sequestered pond,
The fount of all my hopes serene,
The muddy slough of my despond?
'Twas there, my Lilian, that you bade
Your lover cull forget-me-nots
That grew beside it in the shade—
Small turquoise flower with yellow dots.
(Forget-'em-nots! by Jove, I bet
I never, never shall forget!)

I strove to reach the dainty prize
That grew in clusters—threes and twos;
I strained to—pash! o'er ears and eyes
I sank into the slimy ooze!
Lethe itself it seemed—and yet
Forget-me-nots I can't forget;
And mourn, besides my fright and fret,
My patent leather shoes!

Oh, Lilian, wife!—a score of years
And children ten have cooled and cured
The high romance, the hopes and fears,
The agonies I then endured.
The winding lane which now I tread
Is not the winding lane of yore:
Down Chancery-lane with solemn tread
I walk, and reach my office door.
The golden flowers which now I pluck
Are clients; and my happy time
Is most when others run amuck
In muddy law suits—art sublime!
'Tis mine to lead with careful pains
My neighbours, with more cash than brains,
Adown Law's labyrinthian lanes
Into litigious slime:
Or fix him, helpless and forlorn,
Impaled on a dilemma's horn,
And leave him—when he's fairly shorn
Of all his fleece so prime.

And thou, my Lilian, thou art changed;
For *embonpoint* forbids the light
Aërial step with which we ranged
The winding lane in love-lorn plight.
No grassy slope thy muse excites,
No woody copse thy haunt conceals—

An ottoman thy form invites,
And soothes thee daily after meals.

Changed is the lane, too—rows on rows
Of stucco villas hedge it now.
No cattle browse; no herdsmen doze;
No linnets sing; no daisy grows;
No lark soars there; no hawthorn blows,
And ruminates no cow.
All's changed! The world is older grown;
Romance and poetry are flown!
—Pshaw! 'tis not so! The world's still rife
With dear romance! 'tis we, my wife,
Have turned the motley page of life,
And transformation known.
Our boys and girls will don the chains
Of love ere long—its joys and pains;
And rove, like us, down winding lanes,
Lonely, yet not alone.
They'll weigh love's losses and its gains;
Encounter trials, and their train
Of aching hearts and throbbing brains;
And grow as we have grown.

FAITH AND FORTUNE.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG.

CHAPTER VI.

THE London season was at its height. Noble lords, right reverend prelates, and honourable members were absorbed in the great work of increasing the existing number of Acts of Parliament, and, by consequence, creating remunerative work for the learned gentlemen next door, whose business is supposed to consist in originating curious and complicated interpretations of verbose statutes. The Right Honourable the First Lord of the Treasury contemplated the remnant of the session with satisfaction. That great creature had contrived to ward off any great catastrophe to his party—and therefore, of course, to the nation—during the irritating east winds that had added something to the keenness of Parliamentary amenities during the spring; and he could look forward—now that the heat of summer rendered anything like argument an intolerable bore—to a succession of easy victories; while in “another place,” the noble lord who represented the Government put down an aristocratic or gingerbread Opposition with elegant epigrams, or an appeal to the ultimate triumph of what he called common sense. Rotten Row of a morning was thronged with elegant equestrians; and the chairs were unceasingly occupied from twelve o'clock till two by those useful members of society who come to see and to be seen, and whose lives would probably have been blanks with-

out the interesting occupation of exhibiting in public the well-fitting garments and æsthetic tastes of tailors and milliners, and that capacity for small talk which so distinguishes the brilliant but superficial mind. It was very hot, to be sure—rather too hot to be altogether pleasant, perhaps; but the willing wearers of social chains bore this further trifling inconvenience remarkably well, and courageously refused to shrink from the action of the July temperature, even when it was assisted by the gas, candles, and crush of a Belgravian ball-room. No doubt there is something heroic in the way the votaries of the season perform their rites. The shrines of society ought to be decorated with triptychs bearing the names of those who have fallen in the social cause. We should hang about the festive scene the withered wreaths and soiled gloves of the brave confessors, as incitements to the novices who, in their turn, look forward to being crowned with the aureole of social martyrdom.

Mr. John Chinnery, however, had no ambition whatever in that direction. He took his pleasures very easily, as a rule; and rarely permitted the giddy whirl to keep him unduly from his proper amount of sleep, or to interfere with the regularity of his meals.

A year had passed since Mr. Chinnery's last visit to Switzerland, and an increase in his professional practice, which had surprised him considerably, had prevented him from leaving his chambers as easily as before; and he was obliged to content himself with the relaxation afforded him by dining out, and occasionally charming a ball or *soirée* by his presence. And one evening he found himself at the third ball given at Miss Prestoun's house in Belgrave-square, Lady Dobcross being the responsible guardian of the temporalities for the time.

Mr. Chinnery wandered from the ball-room—where the crowd and heat bored him excessively—to a pretty little boudoir at some distance; and, as he found nobody there to talk to, he examined, with listless curiosity, the various works of modern authors that were scattered about; and finding that he was acquainted with most of their title-pages, at all events, he took a turn at the nick-knacks which were spread upon a small table near the open folding doors by which he had entered. At last his eye rested on a beautifully executed minia-

ture, which he could not help regarding with admiration.

"One of Miss Prestoun's ancestors, I suppose. It is a sweet face; but I can trace no resemblance in it to the present heiress of Estcourt. And yet it reminds me of some one—I cannot at this moment say whom. It seems to bring back faintly to my recollection a pure and innocent face that I have seen somewhere—a face unruffled by the countless bothers of the world—unversed in the arts of flirting and deceit. Ah! I have seen it in my dreams. I am not in the habit of really seeing such a face in these days, when nature is nothing unless largely assisted by art. I can only recognize this portrait as the fulfilment of some very youthful ideal. I am not a marrying man; but, upon my word, if I were to see a living face like this, I really do believe I could fall in love with it—that is, if I were to try very hard."

At this crisis of his reflections, a side door in the little boudoir opened, and a young lady entered noiselessly.

"Mr. Chinnery—all by himself!" she exclaimed. "Are you tired of dancing already?"

Instead of at once answering the question, the gentleman addressed started slightly, and then gazed again for a moment at the miniature, and then at the young lady; and ended by ejaculating—

"Good gracious!"

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the young lady, laughing. "You quite alarm me, Mr. Chinnery. Is my hair coming down, or what?"

"Oh, nothing half so dreadful, I assure you," he replied, still holding the portrait. "I was merely struck, as you entered, by a fancied resemblance between this miniature and yourself, Miss Grey—that is all. I was wondering of whom it reminded me, and was puzzling myself much; and then suddenly you appeared—and, lo! the mystery is solved."

"Is that all? May I see it? Oh, this is a portrait of Lady Catherine, Miss Prestoun's grandmother. She was a great beauty in her time; though I ought not to say so, since you say you find a resemblance to me in it."

"Indeed!" said Chinnery, thoughtfully, as he replaced the miniature upon the table. "So that is Lady Catherine Prestoun, is it? Humph! And how do you like the London

season on the whole, Miss Grey? Do you prefer it to your old life in Switzerland?"

"Oh, I see very little of it. Remember the position that I occupy. Margaret is very kind, and always wants me to go everywhere with her; but I much prefer being quiet, and I only see society in this house."

"And Miss Prestoun herself—she goes out a great deal, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, yes!—she is scarcely ever at home of an evening."

"And yet this kind of life must be almost as great a change for her as for you," said Chinnery, musingly. "You know her story, of course?"

"I only know that she came into her fortune rather suddenly," answered Lilian.

"There is more romance in it than that. I happen to know the particulars—as an aunt of mine resides, and has resided for years, close to Estcourt."

"Do you mean Mrs. Chinnery, of Moor Cottage? I saw her once or twice last winter."

"The same. Have you any curiosity to hear the story, Miss Grey?"

"Well, I am a woman," returned Lilian, laughing; "and I should like to hear a romantic story, if there is no reason why it should be kept secret."

"There is no reason whatever, so far as I am aware. The facts are briefly these. Mr. and Lady Catherine Prestoun had no son; but they had two daughters, Catherine and Margaret. These two girls grew up very beautiful; but they were very wild and self-willed, and their parents appeared to have but little control over them. Both Mr. Prestoun and her ladyship had proud notions about birth and family; and it was hoped that the eldest girl, Catherine, would make a good match. As it happened, she fell in love with a gentleman who was merely a subaltern in the army, and who had little or nothing beyond his pay. Her father—who, of course, could have dowered her handsomely if he had wished to do so—would not hear of an engagement; and, in the end, she left her home, and married this officer. Her parents sternly refused to see either of them; and when they heard that she and her husband and child were almost in want of the necessaries of life, they would send her nothing. Catherine, wild and self-willed as ever, soon discovered that this life of poverty and hardship was more

than she could bear. Her love for husband and child soon disappeared, and one day she left them—in company, it is said, but I do not know how far it is true, with some nobleman who had come across her path; and shortly afterwards she died. Her husband—who had loved her blindly and passionately—was almost heart-broken; but he laid the blame of all that had happened at the door of the hard-hearted parents, and left England for ever; and Mr. and Lady Catherine Prestoun soon afterwards learned that he and his child had perished at sea. The other daughter, Margaret, married a distant cousin bearing the same name; and they had one daughter. This cousin was also a poor man; and Mr. Prestoun, as you may suppose, was not much better pleased at this match than at the other; but he allowed them a small income, though he persistently refused to see them. When these two daughters had both left home, as I have related, it is said that Mr. Prestoun made a will, in which he directed that his estates should be sold, and the proceeds disposed of in a manner which would have benefited none of his relations except his wife. At her death, however, he destroyed this will—intending, I suppose, to make a fresh disposition of his property; but, as it happened, he died suddenly, and an old will was found which had been made when his daughters were about eleven and thirteen respectively, and this will now came into operation. In this, he bequeathed Estcourt to Catherine and her children; and if she died without issue, to Margaret and her children. As, then, Catherine and her child were dead, the estates came to her sister's child—who had been living in comparative poverty, I forget where, and had been an orphan for some years. That child is Miss Margaret Prestoun. There is the history, Miss Grey—what do you think of it?"

"I think it is a very sad one," replied Lillian. "How can people make such a fuss about money? Instead of using it for making everybody happy, some people seem to think that it is only meant to be rolled up, and put away. They look upon a large fortune as an end and object in itself, not merely as a means of happiness. Oh, dear! I don't believe these very rich people are so very much better off than we are, after all. I am sure, they are never half so cheerful. Hush!" she exclaimed, starting up

from the sofa, where she had sat while Chinnery was relating his story—"I hear that dreadful Mr. Stalker's voice, and I know he is looking for me, to ask me to dance. Don't tell him I have just run away, Mr. Chinnery."

And without waiting for an answer, she hurried away by the door she had come in at.

The skirts of her dress had hardly disappeared, when Lord Grasmere and Mr. Stalker lounged in.

"Now, 'pon my soul!" exclaimed the latter, looking eagerly around the room, "this really is the most extraordinary thing. Where the doose does Miss Grey hide, I wonder?"

"I can't imagine," said Chinnery, as he took up an evening paper, and composed himself comfortably to read it. "Can't think."

"Silly, fluttering angel," said Lord Grasmere, taking up the theme; "she's as timid as a hare. 'Pon my word, you know, it is too bad of Miss Prestoun not to bring her out more. Do you know, Chinnery, she is actually afraid of me!"

"What—Miss Prestoun?"

"No, no—by Jove! fancy Miss Prestoun being afraid of anybody! No—Miss Grey, I mean. I seriously believe she is afraid of me."

"Oh, impossible."

"Not at all. I pledge you my honour, she positively avoids me. It is quite absurd, you know."

"Oh, monstrously ridiculous!" said Chinnery, gravely. "But, after all, Grasmere, you have such a reputation among the ladies, that discretion sometimes is the better part of valour. You see, you are a sad dog."

"Chinnery, you have got a knack of saying things as if you did not mean them."

"Have I really? Well, it's a bad habit, I dare say, and I will try and get over it."

Any rejoinder Lord Grasmere was about to make was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Dobcross, who looked, upon the whole, extremely hot and crushed; but her usual good-humour was none the worse for that.

"I am really quite ashamed of you three gentlemen!" she began, and raised her huge fan, and shook it menacingly at Mr. Stalker—"quite ashamed, I assure you. All young and active, yet wilfully retiring from the ball-

room! I really don't know what is come to young men nowadays—they seem to think dancing a positive nuisance. I am sure, it was very different in my young days."

"Ah, but that was a long time ago. No, no—I didn't mean that," said Stalker, confusedly.

"In your young days, Lady Dobcross," said Chinnery, rising, "there was certainly a great incentive to the energy of the young men when you were in the ball-room."

"Oh! Mr. Chinnery, you are always talking nonsense. By the bye, I haven't seen Mr. Brydon yet."

"I saw him at the club this evening," said Stalker. "He will turn up sooner or later. You see, he is somebody now. What an obliging elder brother that was to go and tumble over a cliff, and get drowned."

"And yet, I don't think Edmund Brydon was so very pleased about it," observed Chinnery.

"By George, I should hope not!" exclaimed Lord Grasmere. "I have got five younger brothers myself. I hope they are not anxiously expecting me to tumble over a cliff; for I shall certainly do my best to disappoint them."

"Pray don't talk of such dreadful things," said Lady Dobcross, with a little scream. "To think that we were all in the hotel when poor Mr. Brydon was being drowned, and went away without ever hearing anything about it. It was dreadfully shocking. But here comes Margaret, and I hope that she will give you all a good scolding for your idleness."

Miss Prestoun entered the room, looking pale and tired; and she sat down wearily upon the sofa.

"Margaret, my love," said Lady Dobcross, "pray send these guests of yours about their business in the ball-room."

"I, for one, positively refuse to go, unless Lady Dobcross consents to come with me as my partner for the next quadrille," exclaimed Chinnery, gallantly.

"Oh, Mr. Chinnery, I gave up dancing I don't know how many years ago!"

"Then it is high time you began again," retorted Chinnery.

And he insisted on Lady Dobcross taking his arm; and he led her away to the ball-room, in spite of her remonstrances.

Lord Grasmere approached Miss Prestoun.

"Won't you allow me to re-conduct you

to the ball-room? I am sure the waltz you are engaged to me for must be due by this time."

"I think not yet, Lord Grasmere. The fact is, I came in here for a little rest."

"Permit me to fly for some refreshment," said Stalker, eagerly.

"I thank you—no. But pray don't let me detain you here. I shall be quite recovered in a few moments. I am sure you must both be causing great anxiety to the partners who are waiting for you."

Mr. Stalker was about to remonstrate, and declare his extreme unwillingness to leave his young hostess by herself, but a pinch in his arm stopped him abruptly; and Lord Grasmere whispered, as they left the room—

"Stalker, my boy, you don't seem to know a hint when you hear one. Let's go to supper."

Margaret looked round hastily, to assure herself that she was alone. Then she rose from the sofa, and examined her own features in the pier-glass above the mantel-piece.

She looked unusually pale, she could not deny it; but otherwise she looked as beautiful as ever—nay, was she not much improved, if room for improvement there had been a year ago? And yet, *he* would scarcely speak to her.

"We have scarcely met half a dozen times in society since we parted in Switzerland; but he will hardly speak to me. Why did he never come near Bartry all the winter? And now I see him in my ball-room, but the last person he cares to seek is his hostess. The coldest possible bow and commonplace remarks are all that he vouchsafes to me. But I *will* win him back! Can he not forgive a hasty word, the foolish behaviour of a thoughtless girl? Edmund, you *shall* love me again. The remembrance of the old days when I was at the cottage, and Edmund Brydon delighted to come and sit with me, and read aloud whilst I worked or sketched, comes back to me, and tells me I was happy then. Ah! indeed, riches have changed us both. And do I love him now as I used to think I loved him? Pshaw! what does it matter? I have determined to marry him, and I will bring him to my feet again."

She heard footsteps approaching, and she hurriedly resumed her seat upon the sofa. Her back was towards the open folding doors.

The man of whom she had been thinking

appeared, and looked at her quietly for a brief moment, and then said—

"I have scarcely had an opportunity of saying 'How do you do?' to you, Miss Prestoun."

"Ah, Mr. Brydon!" she exclaimed, as she started up, a radiant smile upon her face. "I was thinking you had quite neglected me. I have not seen you for an age."

She held out her hand warmly. He took it constrainedly, and did not retain it a second longer than courtesy demanded.

"I was abroad all the winter and the best part of the spring, and now have not been long in town; and we have seldom met. To tell you the plain truth, I was naturally rather doubtful as to how Miss Prestoun would receive me. I am bound to say that I am agreeably disappointed. I cannot tell you how glad I am to find that, like myself, you have endeavoured to forget the silly talk that passed between us in years gone by, and that most foolish scene in Switzerland last summer—foolish, that is to say, on my part."

"Oh, Mr. Brydon, I was very foolish too."

"Not at all—you showed your extreme good sense. But I was looking for you, Miss Prestoun, in order to present to you an old acquaintance, whom, at his strong solicitation, I ventured to bring with me this evening. I have not taken too great a liberty, I trust?"

"Oh, no—I shall be always glad to receive your friends."

"You are very kind."

Edmund Brydon stepped back to the folding doors, and beckoned to some one who was, apparently, not far off; and a gentleman, with a handsome face and long black moustache, entered the room. Margaret had seated herself upon the sofa again, and did not at first see her new guest. Then Mr. Brydon said—

"Let me recall to your recollection, Miss Prestoun, a gentleman whom you met abroad last year—Mr. Vipan Wade."

TABLE TALK.

"ON SILVER WINGS" will be concluded in the second number of the new volume; and it is the intention of the editor to present his readers with an old-fashioned story of Queen Anne's time, from the pen of Miss Julia Goddard, in its place. Not only will the new novel be

found of unusual interest, but the high estimation in which Mr. Thackeray's "Esmond" is held, and the favour with which Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" has been received, have caused the editor to think that a well-written story of the same period would be generally pleasing to the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

A CORRESPONDENT: I met the other day with a manuscript note in a copy of the *Guardian*. It was in paper No. 10, containing a letter signed "Simon Sleek," wherein is mentioned—"I have prepared a Treatise against the Cravat and the Berdash, which I am told is not ill done." The manuscript note says—"A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold them were called *haberdashers*." This may be known to many, but will probably be new to some of your readers.

THERE IS NO MORE popular speaker at public dinners than the Prince of Wales. This power, however, of his Royal Highness is hereditary. During the year 1749, the tragedy of "Cato" was performed at Leicester House. The prologue of the play was spoken by Prince George, afterwards George the Third, who was then eleven years old. It ran thus:—

"What though a boy, it may with pride be said,
A boy in England born, in England bred;
Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,
For there the love of liberty's innate."

It is curious to contrast this with the passage in his first speech from the throne when King, when he said:—"Born and bred in this country, I glory in the name of Briton."

IN THE PREFACE to a new work, under the title of "The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eyesights and One Object," some curious facts are given as to the varieties of vision among different people. Spiritualism, with its almost inaudible manifestations, has long been a subject of mingled doubt and fear in society generally. But when we are told—as we are in the work to which we refer—that a man can, in plain language, see a thing without looking at it, we come down to material facts, dealing with our own living selves, even more remarkable, because more practical, than the peculiar privileges which seem to be accorded to "mediums" in their conversations with the departed spirits of

Socrates, General Washington, Sancho Panza, or any other distinguished characters of by-gone days. We are told, for instance, that the Poet Laureate has no need to fix his eyes upon anything; and, indeed, has been found sometimes to have seen the whole of an exquisite piece of landscape when apparently looking inwardly, as in a walking dream, and lost to all around him. This astonished Mr. Moxon, on a certain tour with the Laureate, who naturally thought that the poet ought to have been looking earnestly on all sides to take in the whole scene. Hazlitt, the great essayist, had a peculiar gift of vision: he could see behind him. A good story is told with regard to Hazlitt in this respect. One day he went to see Northcote, the famous but penurious painter. It was in the depth of winter, and the room in which Northcote received his visitor was miserably cold. Hazlitt casually, during the conversation, placed some coals upon the fire. Presently afterwards, Hazlitt's back being turned while looking closely into a picture at the opposite side of the room, he saw Northcote stoop down to the tongs, take off the fresh coals one by one, and softly replace them in the scuttle. Descending from Tennyson and Hazlitt to less dignified characters, we will quote one more instance of this peculiar power of the eye, or instinct, whichever we may like to call it. A constable once reproached a cabman, the last on the stand, for not attending to his business. "Oh, you're mistaken," replied the cabman. "I'm attentive on all sides. I've one eye on my horse's head, and one eye for passengers. I could see a man eating oysters on one side of the street, and a woman pick up a pin on the other, and still never lose sight o' the horse's ears."

WHEN PEOPLE are perversely rushing to their own destruction, it is common to use the expression—"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat." We may note, however, *en passant*, that this is not the correct reading, which is—"Quem Jupiter vult perdere dementat prius." It is not, however, perhaps generally known that Dryden has adopted the sentiment in his "Hind and Panther"—

"For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind."

FROM A VERY interesting paper in the "Phoenix," entitled "A Month in Mon-

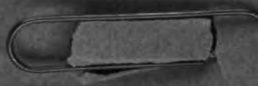
golia," by Mr. Parker, of H.B.M. Legation at Peking, we learn a new use of sugar:—"We have been frequently asked for a white foreign sugar, and I had to make scrutinous inquiries before I could understand what it was wanted for. At length, a very agreeable girl, about twenty, said they had no powder so white for the face; and, besides, 'it tasted nice when she was kissed.' I was sorry I could not oblige her with any sugar, but instead—horrible to relate—I gave her a dose of brandy and some English tobacco."

TO ACCOUNT FOR the use of laurels, we must go back to the Greeks. Austin and Ralph, in their "Lives of the Laureates," give a pretty explanation of the reason:—"What symbol so appropriate to indicate the immortality of verse as the unfading laurel? A myth was readily supplied. The tree was at one time a nymph, seen and beloved by Apollo. The bashful Thessalian—that is, the nymph—fled before his eager pursuit; and, ere overtaken, an interposing power shielded her from harm, and the virgin stood transformed into a bay tree. The disappointed god wreathed for himself a garland from its boughs, and pronounced it for ever sacred to himself."

UMBRELLAS IN THIS CLIMATE of ours are a *sine qua non*—as bosom friends, to whom in a weak moment we happen to entrust our best "gingham," unfortunately often think; judging, at all events, by the "slow returns" which ensue. When, let us ask, were umbrellas first introduced into this country? One authority informs us that the first umbrella was seen at Bristol about the year 1780. This particular umbrella was a red one, and occasioned a great sensation. But we think we can go farther back than this. Our old friend, Michael Drayton, writing in 1630, says:—

"Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which, when you please to take the air,
About your head shall gently hover,
Your clear brow from the sun to cover;
And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat shall tan you;
And, like *umbrellas*, with their feathers
Shall shield you in all sorts of weathers."

Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.
Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. *sc*
The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given.



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