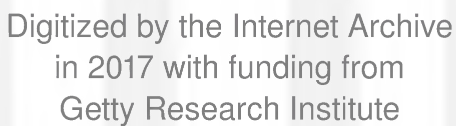
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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER—MAY,

1869.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES

VOL. II.

DECEMBER—MAY.

LONDON
BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11, BOUVERIE ST., E.C.
1869.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

YEAR ago we ventured to modernise *The Gentleman's Magazine.* Our policy has been endorsed by the public in the large measure of success which has attended us. For this encouragement we offer our cordial thanks to old friends, who have graciously accepted the change; and our warmest acknowledgments to the thousands of new subscribers whose acquaintance we have made through the New Series.

Anxious to maintain the high position which the Magazine has taken, and earnestly desirous of evincing our gratitude to an enlarged and increasing constituency, we have made such arrangements for the future as will add further attractions to our work. Immediate proof of this will be found in the present Volume, containing the opening chapters of a new novel by Victor Hugo, the English copyright of which has been purchased by the publishers of *The Gentleman's Magazine.* The interest of the story will be enhanced by pertinent illustrations, and this new and important feature will be supported each month by a variety of matter equal in value to that which has gone before.

In our opening remarks last year, we proclaimed a desire, as of old, to hear of volunteer contributors, who should be fairly tested by our standard, and, if not enlisted, civilly dismissed. Betraying us into many hours of increased labour, we fear this has also beguiled hundreds of ladies and gentle-

men into hopes that cannot be realised. It is impossible that we can read half the papers that are sent to us, or answer one-third of the letters which accompany them. With an author's sympathy for our correspondents, we find it utterly impossible to do them justice. One great difficulty in the matter of rejected manuscripts is the absence upon many now in our possession of any name or address.

Several volunteers plaintively quote our Preface against us. In reply, we can but point to the fact that *The Gentleman's* is not fifty magazines, but one; and that a volume every week, instead of one in six months, would be required for the publication of the writings which they are kind enough to send us. For the future we must claim all the editorial privileges, which include non-responsibility for manuscripts forwarded to us without previous arrangement as to their disposition. In saying this, we do not desire to exclude the volunteer from our consideration; but he must take the risk of his position, and not be angry with us if he finds the path of literature as thorny and uncertain as others have found it before him.

With a filial sympathy for so old an institution as *The Gentleman's Magazine*, our brethren of the newspaper press have evinced great interest in our somewhat daring work of reform. We can assure them that it has been a source of the highest gratification to us that what we have done has met with their approval. Journalist and magazine editor, SYLVANUS URBAN is entitled to their highest respect. His modern representative will never willingly do anything that can lower so historic a personage in their estimation, or curtail the good opinion in which he is held by the world at large.

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USES OF LIFE ASSURANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLES DRAWN FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE principal object of LIFE ASSURANCE is to secure a provision for Widows, Children, and Survivors. The illustrations of its uses in this respect are so numerous, that only a very small selection of cases can be given. Indeed, the difficulty would be to find a case in which the money secured by a Policy of Assurance did not prove useful, either to the assurer himself or to his survivors.

Many persons are reluctant to insure their lives, because they think they can employ the requisite money to greater advantage in business; or because they prefer accumulating their savings directly, and investing them at interest. But it may happen that long before the small sums equivalent to the annual premiums on a Life Policy have become productive in business, or have sufficiently accumulated in an investment, the assured may be stricken down by death, and those dependent upon him may be left destitute.

Suppose, for example, that at the age of 30 a man resolves to lay by £25 a-year, and to invest the successive annual accumulations at 5 per cent. interest; how long will it take for such savings to form a moderate provision for a family? At the end of 20 years the total sum saved would amount to about £868. But if, at the age of 30, a like sum of £25 were invested yearly in a Life Assurance Policy, the result would be a property of £1000, acquired at the very moment the investment began, and available at whatever time the death of the assured might happen. Nor should it be forgotten that in a well-regulated Mutual Office there will always be a considerable addition, in the form of Bonuses, to the principal sums assured. Thus, what Benjamin Franklin long since said is doubtless correct, that a Policy of Life Assurance in a good Office is the cheapest and safest mode of making provision for a family.

CASE I. (*Manchester Agency*). — The assured in this case died after paying premiums for only two years, leaving no other provision for his family besides the amount secured by the Policy; and the widow acknowledged to the Agent when paying her the cheque, that but for it she would have had to depend upon charity.

CASE II. (*Cambridge Agency.*) — The assured was thrown from his pony-cart while out on business, and died in consequence of the injuries he sustained. Though supposed to be in good circumstances at the date of his death, it was found on winding up his affairs, that nothing remained for his widow but the amount of the Policy, the proceeds of which enabled her to maintain herself respectably.

CASE III. (*Southampton Agency*).—The assured, a young man, died after paying on his Policy of £1000 only two premiums amounting to £50 0*s.* 3*d.*; leaving behind him a widow and child, who have been almost entirely supported by the proceeds of the assurance money invested at 5 per cent. interest.

CASE IV. (*Nottingham Agency*).—The assured in this case, having married at an advanced age, died in the course of a few years, leaving to his widow and family the principal sum of £400, and the accumulated bonus of £121 16*s.*, which materially contributed to their comfortable maintenance in life.

CASE V. (*Derby Agency*).— The assured, a farmer, fell ill and died in six months after paying his first half-yearly premium of £11 13*s.* 6*d.*; and it was found, on the winding up of his affairs, that the assurance money (£1000) was nearly all that remained for the support of his widow.

CASE VI. (*Banbury Agency*).—The assured died in 1856, after having been insured seven years, leaving a widow and six children; and the support of the former and success in life of the latter, are known to have been in a great measure due to the help derived

from the amount of this Policy. When in his last illness, the knowledge that the sum of £500 would come to his wife and family at death, was a source of great comfort to the assured. His two sons, recognising the advantages of securing such a provision for their survivors, are now members of this Institution.

Cases such as these might be multiplied to a great extent, being by far the most numerous in the experience of Life Assurance Societies. There are also many illustrations of a similar character, where the proceeds of a Policy have enabled the assurer's survivors to carry on the business for the benefit of his family, and without which help they must eventually have sunk into poverty.

CASE VII. (*Banbury Agency*).—The assured died of lockjaw, occasioned by an accident. His blind and aged father, who had been dependent on him, and the son of the deceased, were enabled, with the help of the sum assured, to carry on the business, and to maintain his widow and family.

CASE VIII. (*Luton Agency*).—A young tradesman, aged 24, died within two years after effecting an assurance of £500; and but for the provision thus secured, his widow and family of five children would have been left almost destitute. As it was, the sum of money which came to the widow enabled her to carry on the business, and to bring up her family respectably.

CASE IX. (*Bristol Agency*).—The assured, who was only in a small way of business, died suddenly, after paying only three years' premiums. The local Agent, on handing the amount to the widow of the deceased, was informed by her that but for the Life Policy, she must have given up the business, and herself and children would have been left without a home.

CASE X. (*Cambridge Agency*).—A young married tradesman was repeatedly urged to insure his life. To get rid of the Agent's importunity, he at length expressed his willingness to do so, but not until the following year. The Agent represented that next year he might be ill, or uninsurable, or dead. At last he consented, saying, "Well, to get rid of you, I will do it for £500." The proposal was accordingly filled up, accepted, and completed. In six months, after paying only the first half year's premium of £6 18*s.* 5*d.*, the assured was attacked by malignant typhus, which carried him off, and his widow received the £500, which enabled her to carry on her husband's business, and maintain herself and family in comfort.

From this case, and many others that might be adduced, it is obvious that the active and persevering Agent, though to some he may seem importunate, is really the widow's and the orphans' best friend. He has to furnish himself with all sorts of arguments to persuade men that it is their duty, while the opportunity is yet open to them, to make provision for their families in the event of death. He has to meet the objections of the indifferent, the inert, and the procrastinating. One says, "I am strong and healthy, and come of a long-lived race. Why should I lock up any portion of my money in an Insurance Office when I may have occasion for it in my business, and when the probabilities are that I shall live to a good age, and see my family all grown up and settled in the world before I die?" But the Agent points out that of all uncertain things the most uncertain is life; and that the strongest and healthiest man may at any moment be carried off from his family in the midst of his health and strength. Thousands of cases might be adduced to illustrate this statement, but only a few will suffice:

CASE XI. (*Colchester Agency*).—The assured was examined in August, 1868, when he appeared to be in perfect health. He was passed, and the first premium of £33 9*s.* 2*d.* was paid. He died in the following month of September, and the £1000 became payable to his survivors.

CASE XII. (*London Agency*).—The first of two Policies for £500 was taken out in 1857, and the second for a like sum in September, 1868. Three weeks after the completion of the second Policy, on which only the first premium of £5 12*s.* 10*d.* was paid, the assured died suddenly when walking in his garden, and the amount of the assurance money became payable to his widow.

CASE XIII. (*London Agency*).—The case of a volunteer, who was assured for little more than a year. He paid only two premiums, when he expired suddenly in the ranks of the London Rifle Brigade on the march home from a review at Windsor.

CASE XIV. (*Luton Agency*).—The assured, a widower, was thrown from his horse about four years after his Policy was taken out, and died from the effects of the accident, leaving a large family of young children, who, but for the assurance money of £1000, together with a Bonus of £67 4*s*., would have been left almost entirely unprovided for.

CASE XV. (*Banbury Agency*).—The assured died of malignant cholera, after paying only one premium, leaving a widow and three young children. The amount of the assurance money, £800, enabled the widow to bring up the family in comfort.

CASE XVI. (*Manchester Agency*).—The assured, having been urged by the Agent to increase the amount of his assurance, at length promised to do so on his salary being increased. On that event becoming known, the Agent renewed his application, and asked the member to keep his promise. "No," was his reply; "I have thought the matter over, and have altered my mind. I am now in excellent health, and I find I can save as much in ten years, as I wish to insure for." He refused accordingly. A few weeks later he was suddenly seized by fatal illness; and it turned out that the £1000 secured by his original and only Policy, was nearly all the provision that his widow and children had to depend upon for their support at his death.

But the most common excuse for not assuring one's Life, even where the duty of doing so is admitted, is the old one of—"to-morrow." To-day it is not convenient, "wait till to-morrow," or "next month," or "next year." "I quite intend," says one, "to insure my life before my next birthday, and I have plenty of time before me." But that next birthday may never arrive. The illustrations of the danger of yielding to this "wait till to-morrow" excuse, are painfully numerous.

CASE XVII.—The Cambridge Agent of the Institution, calling upon a customer, urged him to insure his life for the benefit of his family. The person solicited acknowledged the propriety of doing so, but being in robust health, he decided to postpone sending in his proposal for three months. At the end of that time the Agent called again with the necessary forms to fill up, and was received by the intended proposer's widow, who told him, weeping, of her husband's death, and that when all was paid she would be compelled to go into service, leaving one of her two children to be brought up by her late husband's relations, and the other by her own.

CASE XVIII.—A healthy tradesman at Luton, having been repeatedly entreated by the local Agent to insure his life, at last consented to do so for £500; but the proposal must be postponed until the close of the year. Within less than a month he was accidentally thrown from a vehicle, and seriously injured, surviving only about six months. During the last few weeks of his life he deeply regretted the unwise procrastination which had deprived his wife and children of that great assistance which the proposed assurance would have afforded them, and which he felt it was his duty to have secured.

CASE XIX.—One of the London Agents of the Office, who continued for several years to call upon an intending assurer for his proposal, and was from time to time put off by the excuse that he would "wait a little longer;" at length, on making a final call, found his procrastinating client had died in the interval, leaving his family altogether unprovided for. A widow—not the wife of the deceased —was in possession of the shop and business, which (she informed the Agent) she had been enabled to purchase by means of an assurance which her more provident husband had effected for her benefit in the event of his death.

Agents find from experience that it is the provident and thoughtful who assure their lives the most readily, and the thoughtless and improvident who are the most disposed to procrastinate. It is a great point to *make a beginning*—to begin early, no matter how small the sum assured may be; and to add to the amount as circumstances admit. The first Policy may be regarded as a nest egg, to which other additions may be readily made. Thus many who begin with £100 end with £1000 and upwards. The following may be cited as one of a very numerous class of cases:

CASE XX. (*Tunbridge Wells Agency*).—The assured was a professional man, who relied upon the income derived from the practice of his profession for the support of his family. He began with an assurance of £500; and as his family and means increased, he gradually increased the amount of his assurances. Shortly after effecting the last, he was seized by sudden illness, and died at the age of 44,

leaving a widow and five children, who have since been very materially assisted by the income derived from the investment of the £2000 secured by the Policies.

But besides the advantages of Life Assurance to the survivors of the assured, it often proves equally useful to the assurer himself. By drawing upon the store of savings which he has laid up in a Life Policy (the Office lending money on its Policies), the assured may be able to tide over some time of difficulty; or he may be able to offer his Policy as a security to creditors, and thus maintain his standing in business. There are even cases of assurers living upon their own Policy, as in the following instance:

CASE XXI. (*Manchester Agency*).—This Policy was taken out more in compliment to the Agent, and probably to satisfy his importunity, than because the assured ever thought he should need it, as he held a good situation at the time, with a salary of £800 per annum. A few years, however, after the Policy was taken out, his health began to fail, and after being laid up for several months, his situation was filled up. As he had lived up to his income and saved nothing, debts were contracted during his illness which he could not pay, and an execution was put into his house for about £200. Under these circumstances it became necessary to seek for assistance; and on the circumstance of a Policy of Assurance having been effected on his life being made known, a gentleman came forward and paid out the execution, besides advancing a sum to enable the assured to go abroad in search of health. It was, however, too late; for he died after the lapse of only a few months; but the amount of £500, secured by the Policy, together with the Bonus thereon of £46 13*s.*, not only paid all the expenses of his illness, including debts, but left a sum for the benefit of the widow.

Illustrations such as the preceding might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and probably many of a much more striking character might have been selected; but these will suffice as a sample of the average cases continually occurring in the experience of Life Offices; and they are, perhaps, sufficient to tell their own story, and to teach their own lesson.

The number of distinct payments made on the decease of members, for the benefit of their survivors, since the commencement of the NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION in 1835 to the 20th Nov., 1868, was 3836; and the total sums actually paid, £2,307,528 9*s.* 2*d.*

The benefit thus conferred upon a vast number of individuals, many of them dependent and helpless, by such payments, and the amount of comfort and help thereby provided for widows and children, in times of great family difficulty and distress, must have been very great, though incapable of calculation.

It may be truly said without exaggeration, that of all investments, that made in a Life Policy for the benefit of survivors is one of the most beneficial, as it is certainly one of the most unselfish.

TABLE OF

Annual Premiums for the Assurance of £100 payable at Death, with Profits.

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums.			Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums.			Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
15	1	15	2	34	2	15	10	53	5	1	1
16	1	16	0	35	2	17	5	54	5	4	9
17	1	16	9	36	2	19	0	55	5	8	8
18	1	17	7	37	3	0	9	56	5	12	9
19	1	18	5	38	3	2	6	57	5	17	1
20	1	19	4	39	3	4	4	58	6	1	9
21	2	0	3	40	3	6	3	59	6	6	7
22	2	1	2	41	3	8	4	60	6	11	10
23	2	2	2	42	3	10	5	61	6	17	5
24	2	3	2	43	3	12	7	62	7	3	5
25	2	4	3	44	3	14	11	63	7	9	10
26	2	5	4	45	3	17	4	64	7	16	9
27	2	6	6	46	3	19	10	65	8	4	2
28	2	7	8	47	4	2	5	66	8	12	1
29	2	8	11	48	4	5	2	67	9	0	9
30	2	10	2	49	4	8	0	68	9	10	0
31	2	11	6	50	4	11	1	69	10	0	1
32	2	12	11	51	4	14	3	70	10	11	0
33	2	14	4	52	4	17	7				

Forms of Proposal may be had on application at the Offices of the National Provident Institution, 48, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1868.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY CRITICISM; DURING WHICH THE STORY GOES ON.

"I SUPPOSE you called upon the Wiltons the next day after the party, and left your card?" said my youngest daughter, Cissy, when we all sat out on the lawn for the ostensible purpose of talking about Christopher Kenrick's early life.

"I did call, miss; but as my card in those days was of a purely professional character, disclosing the fact that I was retained by the *Lindford Herald*, I did not leave it; nor should I have called had not Mrs. Mitching taken an early opportunity on that next day to ask me, when I did call, to be the bearer of her compliments and kind inquiries."

"Oh, pa, how thoughtless—and when you were in love with the youngest Miss Wilton, too!" said Cissy.

"I was not up to all the little details of social etiquette, my love, in those days."

"Did you see the young lady?" asks my youngest daughter again.

"No; but I met her in the street, and stopped and spoke to her."

"Did she speak first?"

"No, I spoke first."

"And you stopped her, too. Oh, how rude, papa!"

"Then, you see, I was desperately in love with her, Cissy."

"If the Reverend Paul Felton had stopped me after a mere introduction at a party, I should have cut him," says Cissy, with wonderful firmness.

"Should you, indeed?" says that very gentleman, who had sauntered up behind us whilst we were speaking; whereupon Cissy looks confused for a moment, then laughs coquettishly, and tells the Rev. Paul Felton the incident which we are discussing, with the rules of society for regulating such meetings.

"Bother the rules of society!" says Bess. "The rules of common sense and humanity should have the first consideration."

"Which rules are, supposed," said the Rev. Paul Felton, in his deep bass voice, "to be contained in that admirable code of laws which society has laid down for the general good. I quite support Miss Cissy in the position she has taken. I should think very meanly of a young lady who permitted such a social breach of etiquette as the one instanced by Cissy."

"Oh, Mr. Felton," exclaims my wife, "are you speaking seriously?"

"Most certainly, Mrs. Kenrick. By the way, I have an appointment at the church in ten minutes about a question interesting to Miss Cissy, and I called to ask for her company thither."

Whereupon my youngest daughter trips away for her bonnet, and in five minutes Bess, Mrs. Kenrick, my son Harry, and myself, are left to ourselves.

"Somehow I cannot like Mr. Felton," my son remarks.

"He is too good by half," says Bess.

"Nonsense, nonsense," I say; "it would not be well for the clergy to recognise any interference with those rules of etiquette which bind society together."

In my heart, though, I rather sympathised with my eldest daughter's observation, and in the end we all had reason to agree with her.

"Your friend, Tom Folgate, seems to have been a jolly fellow," remarks Harry, whose objections to the first part of my story have been allayed by the plaudits of a sensible public and the praises of an independent and enlightened press. Ahem!

"Yes; he was in love with Emmy Wilton. I did not know this when he pointed out her house to me, though his quick perception had detected that I was what you young men of the present day call spooney on Esther."

"That miserable creature, Mrs. Mitching, was in love with Tom Folgate; there can be little doubt about that," says my wife, as she pours out the coffee.

"Yes, that is rather a sad story," I say; "but Mitching was such a stupid, fussy, silly, good fellow."

"No; but, my dear," says Mrs. Kenrick, "nothing can be said in her defence."

"Oh, don't say that, mother," rejoins Bess, who is a strong-minded young lady, as the reader will already have observed. "Perhaps her parents compelled her to marry this Mitching, with his everlasting gold-rimmed glasses."

"No matter, Bess; nothing in the world could justify her conduct," says Mrs. Kenrick, promptly.

"She was a bewitching little woman," I rejoin. "I almost fell in love with her myself. I would have done anything in the world for her."

"You seem to have been rather general in your admiration," says Bess. "For my part, so far as the story has gone, I like Julia Belmont best. Did you desert that young lady altogether after you saw Miss Wilton?"

"No, Bess, I called upon Miss Belmont, and also upon the Fitzwaltons during the next evening, and went with the Fitzwaltons to the theatre, where Miss Amelia set about captivating the audience generally, but more particularly favouring the light comedian with her fascinating attentions."

"Do you not think, sir," asks my eldest daughter, "that you take the reader of this story too much into your confidence?"

"You think there is not sufficient mystery in the plot?"

"I fancy the incidents are a little tame, governor," says my son, in an apologetic tone.

"I have heard you say, father, that there should be a certain amount of mystery in a story as well as in a picture. Indeed you condemned that last painting of mine because it was too faithful a transcript of nature," says Bess.

"If there is to be any charm whatever for the reader in this story, it will be the charm of truthfulness. I am painting portraits, Bess, not pictures."

"The old painters made their portraits pictures, father."

"And so shall mine be pictures; but there must be no mystery in the reader's mind as to identity. Now a landscape, Bess, should have a certain amount of mystery in it, as Tom Taylor has recently been telling you, and he instances, I think, the genius of Turner as an example of poetic landscape painting."

"What a pity it is Tom Taylor did not tell us in that particular sketch, 'Among the Pictures,' that capital story of Turner, which is the key to his essay."

"Well, what is the story?" I ask,—Bess pausing, as though she has concluded.

"A friendly critic said to Turner, 'Your pictures are undoubtedly splendid works; but I never saw such landscapes in nature as you paint.' 'No,' said Turner, 'don't you wish you had?'"

"Do you not think," says Mrs. Kenrick, becoming interested in the new turn of our conversation, "that art and literature in the present day suffer by the rapidity of production. I have just been reading Mrs. Henry Wood's last book. They say she writes several novels a year."

"Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood have, I believe, written several stories at the same time, and had them running in different serials."

"What sort of work can you expect under such circumstances?"

"I do not care to criticise my contemporaries, and more particularly when they are ladies," I reply. "Both these women *can* write. I don't think I object to rapid production. Pope said the things he wrote fastest always pleased most. Shakspeare wrote 'The Merry Wives' in a fortnight."

"Shakspeare!" says Bess to herself, as if she deprecates all mention of the bard with any other writer.

I continue my illustrations: "Dryden wrote 'St. Cecilia' at a sitting. Scott penned his novels with great rapidity. Balzac would shut himself up in a room and never leave it until his novel was finished. Dickens writes rapidly, but corrects and finishes laboriously."

"Is our favourite novelist's manuscript hard to read?" asks my wife.

"Dickens's manuscript is what printers call bad copy. Shirley Brooks writes plainly and with very little revision. Douglas Jerrold's copy was almost as good as copper-plate. Lord Lyttelton, who moved a clause to the Reform Bill that nobody should have a vote who could not write a legible hand, writes so illegibly that the clerks at the table could not read the resolution which he handed in. Tom Taylor writes as if he had wool at the end of his pen. It is urged that neat, careful writing often indicates a clear, thoughtful, scholarly mind. Lord Lyttelton and Tom Taylor are marked instances to the contrary."

Then the conversation branches off into the broad question of the character which marks handwriting, and thence we get back to Noel Stanton, a specimen of whose caligraphy I have in my pocket. Bess says it is a pompous, stiff hand; she could read his character in his

t's and y's. And this reminds me that Tom Folgate wrote a big school-boyish hand, Mitching a plain, concise small hand. Miss Julia Belmont's was a free and open style. I have one of her letters by me which I promise to show Bess. Amelia Fitzwalton wrote in a very pointed, lady-like style, and crossed her letters to such an extent that you could not read them. Esther Wilton's was a timid, sprawling style of handwriting. But, oh, how dear to me!

Whilst I am thinking this and lighting a fresh cigar, Cissy returns.

"I want to know something more about Miss Wilton, papa," she says. "What did you say to her in the street?"

"I really forget; but I did a ruder thing than that which shocked you so much, Cissy. I walked by her side until I came to Mitching's shop, and told her how anxious I had been to know her. I stammered this out in a stupid kind of way; but she smiled as if she were inclined to say the same."

"Shocking! Well, and what did Tom Folgate do?"

"Why a week afterwards he came and took rooms in the same house where we lodged, and we went courting together."

"Here comes your lover again," says Bess, interrupting our talk, as Mr. Felton appeared in the distance. "It is getting chilly. I think we had better adjourn to the drawing-room, and make father try over some of those trios with us."

We do adjourn accordingly; but I decline to unlock that old violin case, preferring instead, for various important reasons, to go to my study and write the next chapter in this eventful history.

CHAPTER X.

ESTHER, EMMY, PRISCILLA, BARBARA.

THE Wiltons were a strange family.

Mrs. Wilton, my landlady informed me, had been a woman of considerable fortune; but her two marriages had been most disastrous.

"Disastrous to the husbands?" I inquired.

"To all parties," Mrs. Nixon replied.

"In both cases Mrs. W. married beneath her; and in the second instance her husband drunk himself to death."

"There is no doubt about this, Mister Kenrick," she continued, in her loud way. "They're a queer lot; the mother is a softy: she lets them two old megs do just as they please; as for the youngest they put on her a good deal; and then there's that married brother a

disgrace to all creation. If I was thinking of marriage, I should be very sorry to get into that family; so there! Mr. Folgate may think what he likes of that remark."

Mr. Folgate had been lodging at Nixon's, in the next rooms to mine, for several weeks when Mrs. Nixon talked to me in this loud and by no means agreeable strain; and we had both visited at the Wiltons. Indeed Tom had established a sort of position in the family as Emmy's beau; and I was rapidly making a position on the strength of my undisguised admiration for Esther.

The first difficulty which had presented itself to me on my visits to the Wiltons was in a strange delusion which had taken possession of the virgin mind of Miss Priscilla Wilton, the eldest of the two "megs" alluded to by Mrs. Nixon. Miss Priscilla (who was thin and melancholy, and required frequent tablespoonfulls of brandy to sustain her delicate frame) insisted upon believing that I came there to see her. She was always the first to come forward and greet me, and the last to shake hands with me at parting, following me more than once to say a tender word or two in the hall.

Miss Barbara, the other meg, as Mrs. Nixon persisted in calling the two, even at the risk of losing her lodgers, was a morose beauty, who read cheap novels, and played fiercely at whist or loo, invariably winning, whosoever might be her opponents. She regarded all of us as fools, though she showed some little extra consideration for me.

It was speedily made tolerably clear to my mind that Esther Wilton occupied in this household very much the position of Cinderella in the fairy tale. She waited on everybody; she seemed to supplement the two servants; she was at everybody's beck and call; and both Barbara and Priscilla would often address her in anything but a respectful or sisterly manner.

We talked about this many times, I and Tom Folgate. He said if it had not been at Emmy's solicitation, he should have kicked up a row about it before now. One day he had told the old woman that it was an infernal shame she should allow her eldest daughters to put upon the younger ones; but this had only resulted in Esther and Emmy being more shamefully treated than before.

"Why, hang it," said Tom, in his rough way, "I caught Emmy cleaning the doorstep one day; and I kicked the bucket to the devil. Mrs. Wilton wanted to gammon me that Emmy did it of her own accord."

Had I not been so desperately in earnest about Esther, the *naïveté* of the spinster Priscilla would have been highly diverting.

I had often made up my mind to tell Esther that I loved her, and ask her mother to let us be engaged like Tom and Emmy, with whom we occasionally went for a walk.

At length the opportunity offered itself. On a pleasant summer evening I encountered Esther alone, at the farther end of the High Street, by the common. She had been to see a married sister, and take her little niece a present.

"Will you let me escort you home, Miss Esther," I said, "and go across the common?"

Esther said she would; but we must walk quickly.

When we had reached that long clump of tall wavy rushes which shuts in the sluggish river, and makes a shady path for happy lovers, Miss Wilton asked me if Miss Birt was quite well.

"Yes, I believe so," I said.

"Emmy says she is dreadfully jealous of Miss Belmont, the actress."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because you take her out so often."

"I really do not understand you, Miss Esther," I said.

"Emmy thought you were engaged to Miss Birt," said Esther.

"I engaged! and to Amelia Birt. Why she makes love to everybody. I am not engaged, Miss Wilton."

It was in my mind to say I wished I were engaged, and then say to whom. How is it a fellow in love finds it so difficult to say out and out to a girl, "I love you," when he can flirt effectively and say all kinds of desperate things to one whom he does not love at all?

"Emmy says she hears you are nearly always at the Fitzwaltons', and she often sees you boating when she and Mr. Folgate are out together."

"Fitzwalton is one of my dearest friends," I say.

"Dearer than Mr. Folgate?" asks Esther.

"No; but I have known him longer."

"Emmy says Mr. Folgate loves you as if you were his own brother."

"Ah, he is a good fellow," I say, and I take Miss Esther's hand to lead her out of the way of two staring sheep that come down to seek the shade of the rushes.

"We must walk quicker, if you please, Mr. Kenrick," says Esther, whose hand I still retain.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" I inquire, bringing my voice down to her own soft tones. "Will Priscilla be cross?"

"Priscilla! I don't know that she will."

Esther, it was clear, did not mean to say anything against her sisters; but I gradually and deftly draw from her quite enough to endorse my views of her position in the family; and a strong desire to be her protector takes possession of me. She is a forlorn maiden in my mind, from that moment, a persecuted, patient, soft-eyed Ariadne fastened to that family rock in Beverley Crescent, and I am destined to rescue her.

I lead the conversation again and again into this channel, until at last Esther looks up at me with her confiding blue eyes, and confesses that she is not so happy at home as she might be.

"But I shall soon be away from home now, though I don't like leaving Emmy."

"Away from home?" I say.

"Yes," she says.

"Tell me all about it, Miss Wilton; perhaps I may advise you."

She declines, however, to say more, and prefers to hurry faster and faster homewards; but I beguile her with the imaginary story of two young people; one a boy, the other a girl. The boy was miserable at home, and he ran away. Two years afterwards he met a girl who was unhappy too. Upon this foundation I base a vague but romantic story of love and happiness.

By-and-by I win her confidence, and she says she is going to take a situation as nursery governess.

"But is this necessary?" I ask.

"Priscilla says I must go out—it is time I did something for my living."

"Monstrous!" I reply, seizing in imagination the thin arm of that vixen spinster.

"I am past sixteen; and Barbara, too, says I ought to be doing something. They have procured a place for me at Sheffield."

"This must not be," I say firmly; whereupon Esther looks up at me curiously, and having once commenced to talk freely, goes on.

"If it were not for Emmy I should be glad to go; it will be so much more independent to be away and earn my own living, and not be a burthen to anyone, and——"

And here Esther breaks down with a sob, and then all my courage comes. I stand before her in the twilight, and taking her hand, say,—

"Oh, Esther! my dear Esther, let that precious burthen be mine! I love you with all my heart and soul!"

"Let me go, Mr. Kenrick," says Esther; "you frighten me.

There is some one coming across the common; it is Mr. Folgate, I believe; let us go back. I must go home."

She dried her dear eyes, and we hurried away together, my heart beating at a terrific pace, and my face burning with excitement.

We neither of us spoke until we were nearly out in the road again; and then I said, "Esther, you do not love me!" but I must have said this in a half-boastful spirit; for Esther looked up with such a tender glance of reproach that I need not have cared to force a confession from her lips. It seemed to me, nevertheless, that I must hear her say she loved me; that I must fix her to that confession.

"Your story, Esther, is almost like that of the young lady I told you of; but she was happy at last because she loved that runaway boy. But you do not love me as she loved him, do you?"

"I do," said Esther, quietly looking at me through her tears; and then we spoke no more. We knew that our destinies were fixed for ever; and this was happiness too great for words.

How we moved onwards in the twilight like two people in a happy dream afraid to wake, I remember now, as though the dream had never ended! The lamps were lighted in the streets when we came to Beverley Crescent, and I could see by a glance over the way that Tom Folgate had lighted his candles; it was quite late. How the time had fled! Esther seemed nervous when I knocked at the door; but the colour came back to her cheeks when the servant said there was only Mrs. Wilton at home. The "megs" had gone out to supper, and Emmy was at Mitching's. Mrs. Wilton said Esther was rather late; but she only seemed to make the remark by the way, and she followed it up by inviting me to stay and have some supper.

Need I say that I cheerfully accepted the invitation. I never had been so happy in my life. Mrs. Wilton told me several stories of her childhood, and I listened with an air of interest that quite won the old lady's heart. Esther sat near me, in a quiet, confiding manner, until at length there was a sharp, biting, stinging kind of knock at the door, and soon afterwards Priscilla and Barbara entered, whereupon that happy little party of three broke up; and I wished everybody good night, not forgetting to squeeze Esther's dear little hand, nor to look fondly into her deep blue eyes, the windows of a true, pure, trusting, loving soul.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE PASSAGES.

For the time being my happiness was complete. Mrs. Wilton consented that I should be a frequent visitor at Beverley Crescent. Miss Priscilla treated me with the contempt which she considered I deserved. Barbara contented herself with cheating me at cards out of all my loose silver. Emmy patronised me in a pleasant, complimentary way, and Esther always received me with the same dear smile, and always looked happier when I came.

Protected by many of the privileges of lovers, Esther and I wandered alone on quiet evenings down by the river; but generally Tom Folgate and Emmy were with us. Sometimes we went out on the river, and I call to mind many dreamy, happy days spent on that dear old Lindford water. It was such a lazy, easy-going, steady old river, with high banks here and there, and rushy nooks and feeders full of water lilies and strange weeds. I remember, me sculling gently amongst this aquatic vegetation to gather lilies and rushes for Esther, who steered the boat into her favourite places. I can hear now the sliding, hissing sound of the boat as it carves its way through the tangled weeds; and then I see a sail hauled up, and a youth sitting at a fair girl's feet, and deftly trimming the sail to suit the changing wind. I see the boat glide back again into the open river; I hear the gentle ripples at the bow, making a running accompaniment to the quiet talk of those two happy lovers.

Oh, what a gracious time it was! Did that boat gliding over the placid waters represent the peaceful course of our two lives? Or came there storm and tempest to tear that swelling sail, and wreck the little barque?

I was but a boy and she no more than a girl in this dear old Lindford city; but "we loved with a love that was more than love," and it seemed to change all things to us. The experience of a cold, hard childhood, my early battle with the world, stood me in good stead at this time. This saved me from a mere sentimental passion; it set me planning out the future; it trimmed the midnight lamp, and kept me wakeful over the hardest tasks; it opened up to me new fields of study; it sharpened my ambition; it made me a man.

"I can never hope," I said to Esther one autumn evening, as our boat lay amongst a crowd of fading lilies and half-browned leaves, "to be rich; I can never hope to give you such a home as Tom Folgate will prepare for Emmy."

Esther plucked the lilies, and looked at me, as much as to say, "I am yours, take me where you will."

"Emmy will have a beautiful house. Tom Folgate's salary is not less than five hundred a year."

I was very anxious that Esther should understand my position. I had learnt in the school of adversity to supplement romance with something of the practical.

"I have not one hundred, though I shall have presently. I cannot expect to have more than two hundred a year. But that will provide us a nice little house, a tidy little servant, and love will give us contented hearts. Eh, Esther, my darling?"

"I think a hundred pounds a year, Kenny, a very large sum; but I wish you would not talk of money. I should love you just the same if you had not a penny."

I kiss her fair white brow, gather up the great yellow lilies into a heap, pull taut the sail, and away we go into the autumn shadows.

"We shall visit Mr. and Mrs. Folgate in their grand house, and like our own little cot none the less, I am sure," I say.

Then we land at the boat-house, and go home to Beverley Crescent arm-in-arm, renewing our speculations anent the future that is in store for us.

Latterly Tom Folgate had grown dissatisfied with his course of love-making; his stream not only did not run smoothly, it was ruffled by all kinds of sudden squalls and tempests.

"Emmy," he said to me over that last pipe which he smoked before going to bed, "Emmy is a mystery, Ken. She is everlastingly complaining of some fellow following her home, or of love-letters being sent to her. Yesterday, she tells me, that sneak, Stanton, has been speaking to a friend about making her an offer of marriage."

"Indeed!" I say, with much curiosity and surprise.

"Hang me, if I believe it. I want you to help me, Kenny, with your opinion. You are an honest, simple-minded fellow, and your views will represent those just opposite to my own."

Tom smoked, and pushed his big right hand through his red curly hair.

"You know by this time what it is to love a girl?"

"Yes," I reply, "I think I do."

"Well, I don't love in the way you love. I have no business to love a girl at all. I ought to be going about the world killing women rather than loving them. But somehow Emmy Wilton seems to have tamed all the roaring lion that was rife in my nature before I

saw her. I'll tell you my story some day, Kenny, and you will be sorry for me."

"I should be sorry for anything that gave you pain, Tom."

"Well, I'm awfully perplexed, Ken, just now. You see, women who are engaged, are up to all sorts of manœuvres for hurrying on the wedding-day."

I said "Yes," but I did not quite understand the drift of Tom's remarks.

"Now it has occurred to me, in spite of myself, that Emmy Wilton is working me. She wants to be married, and in order to hurry the business on she tells me all sorts of tales to excite my jealousy, and make me fear I shall lose her, if I am not quick to name the day."

"Oh, Tom, a girl would not do such a thing as that!"

"What would you think of her if she did—if you found out that she lied, Kenny?" Tom asked.

"I should be quite sure that she did, before I doubted her in thought or word."

"Well, I am nearly sure Emmy has told me a lie. What would you do, if you thought Esther had done the same by you?"

"I would not believe it if I knew it; I should be sure there was a horrible mistake somewhere."

"I am a suspicious beggar, Ken; and I know more about women than you do. I have thought Emmy Wilton the best and truest of them all, and under her influence I was becoming a steady, easy-going fellow. If I found her false, I'd whistle her out of my heart with as little remorse as your favourite hero, *Othello*, cut out the image of *Desdemona*."

"To discover at last, Tom, that you had been as unjust as the dusky soldier."

"Maybe, maybe," Tom replied. "I'm a miserable devil, and no wonder. There's no moral ballast in my composition, Kenny. I'm not even an honest fellow, in the proper sense of the term. I should be a thief, if it were not for my infernal pride. I don't do beastly mean things simply because I'm too proud. If it were not for my pride, I should be a liar and anything else that is contemptible."

"Nonsense, Tom; you are cynical to-night."

"I believe you are an honest, plucky, good fellow, Ken; but for the rest of the world, between ourselves, I believe everybody else is a rogue, and Tom Folgate as big a quack as any other fellow. There! good-night, dear boy; we'll resume this subject at some future time. Good-night, Kenny!"

Just as I was going to bed I noticed upon the mantel-shelf of my

sitting-room a letter, which had come through the post. It was directed in an easy-flowing ladies' hand. I opened it; and inside the envelope was written, "With Miss Julia Belmont's kind regards." The contents consisted of a circular, in which it was announced that the following Monday would be the last of the present season at the Theatre Royal, Lindford, upon which occasion the performances would be for the benefit of Miss Julia Belmont, who would appear in two of her most successful characters, supported by the full strength of the company.

The next morning I wrote a glowing paragraph, in which I drew the attention of the readers of the *Lindford Herald* to the important histrionic announcement which appeared in our advertising columns that week; and, when this had duly passed the critical eye of Mr. Noel Stanton, I called upon Miss Belmont.

I found the lady in a loose morning-dress, with her arm in a sling.

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, as I looked at her with an air of sympathetic inquiry. "But I might have killed myself, sir, for all you would have known of the matter."

"I have been so much engaged lately," I stammered.

"No doubt. Studying the violin?" she asked, smiling.

"No," I said. "Have you had an accident, Miss Belmont?"

"Struck my arm against a nail in *Constance.* It is nearly well now; but I rest it like this in the daytime."

"I am very sorry," I said.

"Sorry it is nearly well?" Miss Belmont replied, looking at me archly.

"Very sorry you had an accident," I said, quietly. I felt rather uncomfortable in presence of her sparkling grey eye.

"Well, sir, sit down. I have been thinking about you every day, wondering if I had offended you."

I assured Miss Belmont that it would be impossible she could offend me. She said she was glad to hear it, because, truth to tell, she would be more sorry to offend me than any one in the world.

Of course I felt highly flattered at this, and I, no doubt, looked all I felt. When she asked me in what way I had been so much engaged, I told her of my increased studies; I spoke of Mr. Mitching's party, I alluded to the Fitzwaltons; but, somehow or other, I said nothing about Esther Wilton. My short experience of being in love was sufficient for me to understand that it would hardly be wise to talk to Miss Belmont about Esther; and yet I nearly did so, over and over again.

By a deftly-worded addition to the paragraph in the *Herald*, stating

that Miss Belmont had recovered from the effects of what might have been a serious accident, which happened to her whilst performing the other evening in "King John," some extra interest was felt in the lady's benefit; and there was a crowded house in consequence, Uphill graciously condescending to take several boxes. The Fitzwaltons were amongst the Uphills, and they had Mr. Noel Stanton with them. The Mitchings were Downhills; but Mrs. Mitching outshone her fashionable rivals of both cliques, and sat like a queen in her customary sea of muslin. The Wiltons were neither Uphills nor Downhills; I had the honour of sitting between Esther and Miss Barbara, whilst Tom Folgate sat near Emmy, and was expected to pay particular attention to Miss Priscilla.

How vividly the little theatre crops up in my memory: a little stuffy place, not half so big as the Olympic. It had been redecorated; you could smell the size and glue and paste of the paper and paint that had been dabbed on the front of the dress-circle. New muslin curtains had been tacked over the two dress-boxes on the stage. The proscenium was adorned with florid studies of tragedy and comedy; and the light of the chandelier glimmered upon a circle of young loves on the ceiling. The gallery was very noisy. It entertained the house for some time with running comments upon the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes; it let its playbills fall over into the gas, and quarrelled about front seats. The pit was redolent of sawdust and orange-peel; and ginger-beer was freely indulged in by the younger portion of the occupants. In the dress-circle everybody was radiant. Many faces shone with a ruddy country polish; many damsels in those days at Lindford preferred this healthy gloss to the powder-toned complexions of very high society. I remember what a show there was of fresh bright girls, and how the bucks of Lindford came out in white waistcoats and snowy shirt-fronts. I thought it was quite a grand and festal scene, and I was happy beyond description.

It was a merry play,—"The Taming of the Shrew,"—and we all laughed and enjoyed ourselves immensely, except when Miss Belmont, at the close, delivered a farewell address. The whole theatre seemed inclined to urge the young lady to stay on the promise of their attendance every night. But that was in a moment of excitement, and Julia Belmont knew how transient this is when measured at the close of the week by the pecuniary outlay of a country town in theatrical amusements.

I thought the fair actress's eye wandered to the box in which I sat; and indeed she told me the next day that she had seen me.

I called to say good-bye, and I found her quite moved. She said the reception the night before had much affected her; Lindford has been so kind to her. She had never felt sensations of regret at leaving any place before. Would I write to her, and let her know how I got on in the world? My progress would have a special interest for her. I had been very kind to her, and she never forgot kindness. Her voice trembled slightly when she said this, and there was a little choking feeling in my throat that prevented me from making anything like a lively or cheerful reply. I could not say you over-rate my little acts of courtesy; I could not say I have felt it an honour that you condescended to accept my little acts of service: I could say nothing. I should like to have taken her into my confidence about the girl in the lama frock; but I could not help feeling that this would prove uninteresting to her. At last she said, "Well, good-bye, Mr. Kenrick," and put out her hand. I shook it warmly, looked into her eyes, and said, "Good-bye, Miss Belmont; I hope we shall see you back in Lindford soon." She looked at me very earnestly, and by some extraordinary influence that seemed to be mutual in its action, our heads were drawn close together, and when I left the house it was with a kiss on my lips, and a mental kind of dizziness that made me feel stupid. It seemed as if I was playing the part of a villain to the actress, and that of a "gay deceiver" to the girl in the lama frock: but we are over-sensitive about a kiss in these young days of love making, and we exaggerate the importance of faltering voices and moist eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPINSTERS AND THEIR PRETTY SISTER.

BEFORE Miss Julia Belmont has turned her back upon Lindford, I find myself in that restless but determined mood which brings hot-headed youth into the presence of sober expectant parents, soliciting the honour and extreme gratification of being permitted to provide for one of their daughters.

In this state of mind I propose to Tom Folgate that he shall accompany me on a formal visit to Mrs. Wilton.

"What for, Kenny, my boy?" says Tom.

"I am going to ask her to let me and Esther be engaged."

"It's a serious business, Kenny," says Tom, thrusting his big hands into his pockets, and looking curiously at me.

I always notice his hair when I am talking to Tom; it sticks up

like a plume over his forehead—a red waving plume. Nature evidently intended Tom for a very handsome nigger, and then changed its mind and made him white. He has thick lips, and his hair is one mass of little curls all climbing up into that tuft on the top. But he is a manly, noble-looking fellow, and I feel as if I could go through the world with him and be his lieutenant.

When he says, "It's a serious business, Kenny," that bushy lock of hair nods warningly, and I watch it with modest respect.

"Do you think I shall be refused?"

"Can't say. She's a devilish pretty girl, Kenny; so round, and plump, and happy-looking."

"Oh, she is, Tom!" I exclaim.

"And when do you think of being married?"

"I don't know. How much will it cost?"

"A lot, my boy; but it will be cheaper marrying Esther than Emmy."

"Will it?"

"Emmy's got grander notions. She goes in for doing the swell."

"I have always had a sort of fear of Emmy; I stand in awe of her now."

"You can't marry and set up a house under, say, two hundred pounds."

"Indeed! Well, I haven't as many shillings."

"That's awkward," Tom says; and I repeat, "That's awkward."

"And how are you going to keep a wife, Kenny?"

"Keep her!"

"Yes."

"I don't know what you mean."

"What's your income?"

"About a hundred a year."

"That's no good, my boy."

"Is it not?"

"No."

"Then I'll get more—two hundred, three, five if necessary."

"That's the way to say it, Ken,—spoken like a man! Bravo, Kenny! Come along; let us go and see the old lady."

We go. I pull my hat firmly upon my head and take Tom's arm with a fixed and settled resolution to win a home for Esther Wilton.

"Who is that?" I ask, when we are nearly on the threshold of the Wiltons.

"That swell who has just left the house?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Howard, a rich young gentleman whom Emmy is anxious that Esther should marry. They say he's worth five thousand a year."

I hate the fellow immediately, with a fierce hatred, and begin to dislike Miss Emmy, too."

"Does Esther care for the fellow?"

"Not a bit," says Tom. "But he's a well-looking, gentlemanly person."

"Oh, you think so! I don't."

"Of course not," Tom replies; and by this time we are on the doorstep.

Mrs. Wilton is alone, fortunately or unfortunately, I hardly know which.

Tom takes me in, and makes an excuse to leave us alone.

I say boldly what my business is. Mrs. Wilton is not surprised; but she weeps. I suppose it is proper to weep under these circumstances. She says it reminds her of her own youthful days. Her first husband was no older than I am when first she was engaged to him. But we are both too young, she says, and she cites her experience on the question.

I urge that all I wish is that she should sanction my visits and permit us to be engaged, if her daughter is willing. I own that I am not rich; but hint that I have hopes of rising in my profession.

She has no opinion of newspaper people, she says. It was one of those gentleman who once visited the late Mr. Wilton, and drunk himself into the workhouse. Newspaper persons and actors she fears even more than musicians and betting men.

I say there are glorious exceptions, and mention some great names amongst journalists.

She does not doubt that I shall get on, because everybody says so; but there's Mr. Howard, now,—he's rich, and a gentleman.

"Mr. Howard!" I exclaim. "You would not, I suppose, influence your daughter's choice, even if she selected a poor man in preference to a rich one."

"No, Mr. Kenrick; but it's good to have money, it is hard struggling without it."

And then Mrs. Wilton weeps again, and complains that hers is a trying situation.

I say that I will not press her to do anything which her judgment does not approve. Will she give me leave to hope that if I prove myself worthy of Esther, I may have the family's consent to marry her some day.

Yes, she will give me her word to that extent, she says. I kiss her hand, just as Emmy enters.

"Well, Mr. Kenrick, and how are you, sir?" says this dark beauty, looking first at me and then at her mother.

"Very well, indeed, thank you," I say, rising and returning her look with as much defiance as I can muster.

"I hope you have recovered from the excitement of the farewell benefit?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Emmy."

"And I suppose Miss Belton has gone for good?"

"I think so."

"You will be very lonely now."

She says this just as my own darling comes in, just as Esther comes smiling up to me, and gives me her hand, with a pleasant "How do you do, Mr. Kenrick?"

"Why do you think I shall be lonely, Miss Emmy?" I ask, blushing slightly, much to my annoyance.

"You will have no one to play duetts with you now," Emmy replies.

"I very rarely played duetts with Miss Belton."

"Oh, I thought you were a constant visitor there," she replies, carelessly; and then she turns round to greet Tom Folgate, who comes in with Priscilla, and we are quite a family party now.

"Will you come and give us a little music, Emmy?" Tom says.

He always coaxes her away into the drawing-room if he can.

"No thank you, Tom; not now."

"Do," says Tom.

"I would rather not; ask Mr. Kenrick, he is a great performer."

"I can hear Kenny perform at home," Tom replies. "Come, Emmy, do."

"Yes, come and play something, Emmy," says Esther, in a soft, low voice.

"No, thank you, I will not," she replies; taking some work from a basket and sitting down to sew.

Tom looks savage, as if he would like to stamp his feet and say, "Hang it, you shall play;" and Emmy glances at him tauntingly, as much as to say, "Be angry, if you like;" and then the next minute she looks lovingly up at him, and says, "Come here, Tom, I want to talk to you," whereupon he is by her side, subdued and interested.

Priscilla orders Esther to go and fetch that book off the sideboard. She does not ask her to be good enough to go and bring it, she commands her as if she were a menial. I hate Priscilla. She is

fifty if she is a day; her shoulders are high, she minces in her gait, and affects a simpering smile.

Esther has fetched the book: it is the wrong one.

"You stupid girl," says Priscilla, "if it was possible to bring the wrong one, of course you would do it: go and get the other one."

Esther goes, and I am boiling with rage. Why doesn't Mrs. Wilton prevent these elder daughters from domineering over the youngest, and prettiest, and best of them all?

The second book is the right one.

"Now just go and put my dressing-table in order," says Priscilla.

"And bring me my worked slippers," says Barbara, the fat, and gross, and bouncing sister.

Esther obeys meekly as if nothing unusual is occurring, and I am in agony. I look at Mrs. Wilton, she is dozing on the sofa. Tom and Emmy are talking with their heads close together in the window. Napoleon on a white horse is crossing the Alps at the other end of the room. A great flabby-looking cat is trying to get upon Priscilla's bony knees. And I am alone with my rage and passion.

Esther returns with Barbara's slippers (Barbarian's slippers, I say to myself). I look at her with all the love and sympathy I can; she returns me a timid glance, and is gone. Nobody speaks to me, and I wish I were gone too; but I make desperate, fierce, burning resolutions whilst I am sitting there gazing at Napoleon crossing the Alps. I will be revenged on Priscilla. Barbara shall suffer for her brutality. The fairy shall come and take my Cinderella to the ball. I will be the prince, and the slipper shall fit Esther.

I get up and say I think I must go.

"Won't you stay and have some tea?" Miss Emmy asks.

I say, "No thank you," undecidedly.

"Oh yes, Kenny, you'll stay," says Tom.

"We shall have tea in a few minutes," Emmy adds.

"Thank you, I will stay," I reply.

I sit there looking at Napoleon still; but I am thinking of Esther at the degrading occupation of putting her elder sister's dressing-table in order.

Tea comes at last, and Esther has to put hassocks for Priscilla's and Barbara's feet. If anything is wanting on the table, they do not ring the bell for the servant, but order Esther to get this or that, or fetch this or the other, until my tea nearly chokes me. Tom notices my uneasiness, and at last says, "Miss Esther will get no tea, shall I ring the bell?"

"No, thank you," says Priscilla, tartly, "I will go myself. It is

coming to a pretty pass if it is too much trouble for the younger members of the family to wait upon their elders."

"Oh, it is no trouble," says Esther, getting up in a hurry.

"Oh, yes, it is," says Miss Priscilla. "I can go; pray sit down."

"I did not know Miss Priscilla admitted that she was any one's elder here," says Tom, testily.

"Tom!—Mr. Folgate, don't be rude," says Emmy, looking half approvingly, half in remonstrance, at Tom.

"Mr. Folgate, I thought you would have known better," says Barbara, glancing daggers and toasting-forks and hot-cups-of-tea-in-your-face at me.

"There, there; pray do not let us have a disturbance," says Mrs. Wilton, at last; and Miss Priscilla is heard angrily rating Esther outside the door. They both enter the next moment, Esther struggling evidently to keep back her tears, Miss Priscilla curling up her narrow, bony-looking nose, and crowding her shoulders up, and taking her seat with an air of injured innocence, laughable to behold, if one were not so desperately annoyed. If she were a man, I would kick her in the public street, I think; but that would not be right. Never do to kick Esther's relation.

I explain to Tom my feelings upon this point when we get home. He says there is a brother whom I can kick, if I like—a brother who has not so much compunction as I have about relationship—a brother who kicks his wife, Esther's sister-in-law—a wretched, drunken brother, who has spent thousands that ought to have belonged to those two girls. "The old woman will die a beggar yet, if she does not mind. A house divided against itself, and a mother giving way to those who don't care for her, and neglecting the youngest who do. That old woman would lay down her life for her drunken son, and go through any amount of misery at the command of those two megs, as Nixon calls the spinsters; and here are these two splendid girls, worth their weight in gold—damn it, Kenny, it makes me mad to see the old fool!"

Tom is very angry.

I say Emmy does not seem to be put upon.

"No; she can take care of herself," Tom says. "And a most tantalising, puzzling young lady she is too."

I look for an explanation.

"Ah, never mind now," Tom replies; "let us have a cigar, and go to bed, Kenny. It's a bad world."

We smoke and talk upon all sorts of subjects. Tom says very few people are properly mated. "Look at Mitchings, for instance.

Mrs. M. cares nothing about Mr. Magnificence in spectacles." I say, "Nonsense, Tom." He replies that he knows the world, and he knows what women are. "Then, there's the Fitzwaltons. Mrs. F. is a regular spitfire." I say she is a pretty, agreeable woman. Tom says she's a fiery, bumptious woman; and if she'd any respect for her husband, wouldn't she stop the vagaries of that sister of hers. He insists that very few married people are happy, and for his own part he does not think he should be happy himself. He hates women; they are a hollow, painted lot. Of course there may be exceptions. The proverbs of every country depict women as deceivers, slanderers, liars. Proverbs are the experience of the many; there must be truth in proverbs that agree with proverbs all over the world. I say he is a dreadful cynic. He says he knows that; but I tell him he loves Emmy Wilton, nevertheless; and he says he knows that too.

Then we drift into other topics, and separate for the night. I know which is Esther's room. There is a light in it. I see it from my window, and I watch it until it disappears, making all the while a thousand resolutions to rescue Esther from the thraldom of those spinster sisters.

Acting upon one of these resolves, I consider it necessary to sit up all night and read vigorously. It is necessary that I should read solid books for the purposes of high-class journalism. I take up Burton, and read with all my might, making at the same time ample notes, more particularly upon chapter the sixth, concerning which I begin to think I am in a position to offer an opinion. It is daylight before I have completed my notes, with marginal comments in prose and verse, upon Arria with Poetus, Artemisia with Mausoleus, Rubenius Celer with his lovely Ennea, Orpheus with Eurydice, and I go to bed and dream that Burton has been called upon to mention to future ages the felicity and increasing happiness of Christopher and Esther. I wake to find that I have overslept myself, and missed an important meeting at the Guildhall, which I ought to have attended. I rush off without my breakfast, get there in the middle of an address upon the sanitary condition of Lindford, and proceed to transfer it in Harding's hieroglyphics to that other note-book which is the property of my magnificent employer, George Mitching, Esq. Somehow I fancy it is a stupid world, and this notion is not removed when I have written out for the printer a true and particular account of that most prosy meeting at the Guildhall.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE PUBLISHED IN "BELL'S LIFE."

It was an eventful day, that upon which I left my home without breakfast after a night with Burton.

Latterly, Mr. Noel Stanton had been much less considerate in his dealings with me than formerly. He had strained his authority over me to such an extent that the *Lindford Herald* office was not the paradise it had been.

On this day in particular he was excessively rude to me, not to say insulting and tyrannical. I regret to say that his arbitrary and ungentlemanly conduct towards me brought us into a serious personal encounter.

I see my old friend and enemy now; I count him a friend to this day and esteem him; and what possessed him to provoke that combat in those past days is still to me one of those enigmas which time does not solve. Tom Folgate said it arose out of a double jealous feeling—jealousy at my progress in the duties of journalism, and jealousy of my familiarity with the Fitzwaltons. He was sweet on Miss Birt, and no doubt, Tom said, Miss Birt had played me off against him, to make him the more earnest and prompt in his declarations. Tom insisted that this was the common practice of nearly all young ladies. However that might be does not matter now. Nothing could warrant Mr. Noel Stanton's conduct on this memorable day.

The editorial and reporting departments of the renowned *Lindford Herald* were close by St. Martin's Church. They were only separated from the churchyard by a narrow road that led to the river beyond. My room was the first on entering the building. Next to this was Mr. Stanton's; and here the literary department ended, shut off from the front portion of the building by Mr. Mitching's bedrooms, and other apartments of his private residence. On this memorable day aforesaid I entered my room, and after transcribing certain of those short-hand notes anent the sanitary condition of Lindford, I went to pay my respects to Mr. Noel Stanton.

My room was a very poor place. The furniture consisted of two chairs and a desk, a map of the county, three paper-weights, a metal inkstand, a paste-pot, a piece of cocoa-nut matting, a window-sill full of old newspapers, the window itself filled in with a gable of the old church and half a gravestone.

Mr. Noel Stanton's room was a drawing, dining-room, and library

to mine—Buckingham Palace to a shanty. A set of book-shelves filled with a variety of works of reference; a carpet and hearthrug, paper-basket, two easy chairs, handsome fender and fire-irons, a leather-covered library table, and a leather-covered seat to match; upon which seat and at which table sat Mr. Noel Stanton, looking up through his light, thin-rimmed spectacles at a newspaper which he held high up whilst he leaned back luxuriously, letting the scarlet tassel of his brilliant smoking-cap dangle over the back of that handsome leather seat. It was quite a picture, this room, with the editor in it, and until within the last few days it had never entered my conceited imagination to think for a moment that some day I might sit in as grand a room and with as much authority.

Mr. Noel Stanton was something more than editor of the *Herald;* he took a share of the reporting when this feature of the local work predominated. This was a condescension on his part which was highly appreciated by Mr. Mitching, and was of importance to me. Upon this never-to-be-forgotten day it had been arranged that I should attend at the Guildhall and Mr. Noel Stanton at the Castle, where there was a special magisterial meeting.

"Well, how did the magistrates get on?" said Mr. Stanton, when I entered his room.

"I don't know. I had a narrow escape this morning of missing the Guildhall meeting," I replied.

"What Guildhall meeting?" said Mr. Stanton, laying down the *Times*, and looking at me in a haughty manner through his spectacles.

"The sanitary business," I reply, shortly.

"Hang the sanitary business! What did the magistrates do at the Castle?"

"I don't know. Have you not been there, Mr. Stanton?"

"I been there, sir; no, sir, I have 'not been there, Mr. Stanton.'"

"You were to have gone," I say as calmly as I can.

"Nothing of the kind. I was not to have gone, sir," he replies mockingly.

"I understood so," I say.

"Understood so! Humbug, sir—all humbug!"

He rises angrily from his seat, and repeats, "Humbug, sir!" all the time scowling at me through his spectacles.

I go for the diary which is kept in my room; I show him, in his own handwriting, "Castle meeting, N. S.," "Guildhall, at 10, C. K." These are the arrangements for the day, duly initialed by himself.

"It's a lie, sir, a forgery," he says, getting very red in the face.

I think to myself he is not half a head taller than I am, and certainly

no stronger. It flashes through my mind also that I had many a fight at Stonyfield when I was a very little fellow.

"What do you mean, Mr. Stanton?" I ask indignantly.

"Mean! You are a conceited puppy and a liar, sir!"

Watch your opponent's eye occurs to me as one of the golden rules of pugilistic Stonyfield; have a firm guard, as another; and hit out well from the shoulder whenever there is an opening, as a third. I plant my right foot well down, and get ready for a rapid guard, as I say, "And you are another, sir, if it comes to that!"

"Leave the room, you scoundrel!" screams Mr. Stanton, "or I'll pitch you out of window."

He rushes towards me. I put up my right-hand guard, and stand as firm as a rock.

"Better take off your spectacles," I say, coolly.

"You wretched cur!" he screams, acting on my suggestion at the same time.

"Pooh!" I say; "you are a greater ass than I took you for."

My temerity seems boundless. I don't care for forty thousand Stantons, or forty thousand *Heralds*, at that moment.

Again he rushes towards me. When he is within striking distance, his face being conveniently accessible, I let out with my right, well from the shoulder. He staggers, but recovers himself, and plunges at me again. I then release my left lightly, and down he goes with his head in the paper-basket.

I keep my eyes well upon him: he rises to his feet. I put up my left-hand guard, ready to exercise my right. Instead of coming on again, my opponent seizes a chair, and throws it at me with all his might. Fortunately it only grazes my head, and goes smash into the bookshelves; but this unexpected onslaught flurries me a little, and I find myself on the floor, with the editorial fingers in my neck-tie, and the editorial lips uttering the most murderous threats. I curl my legs round the dastard: we roll over and over, and I feel myself getting the worst of this new phase of the battle. With a sudden exercise of all my strength, I get uppermost once more, and plant my knee upon his chest; his hold upon my throat relaxes; he tries to speak; I seize him firmly by the neck, and then let him say what he has to say.

"I give in, I give in; I cry you mercy," he gasps. I release him, and we both get up; he with serious marks of the conflict between his eyes, I, feeling a little sore about the throat, but otherwise unhurt.

Just as I am leaving the room he rushes at me from behind, seizes the tails of my new blue frock coat, and tears it from one side to the other. When I turn round upon him, he confronts me with a pair of

shears and a bleeding mouth; and I hear footsteps entering my room.

I shut the editorial door, seat myself at my own desk, and receive Mr. Mitching.

"Good morning, Kenrick," says Mr. Mitching. "Is Mr. Stanton in his room?"

My reply was more in Mr. Stanton's interest than my own. It came out instantly, justifying the epithet which the editor had applied to me ten minutes before.

"No, sir; he has just stepped out."

I said this loudly, that Mr. Stanton might hear me, and remain quiet.

My reply was unjustifiable. I believe it was my first lie; if not, it was certainly the first impudent, direct one I had ever told.

Mr. Mitching was satisfied. If he had gone into Mr. Stanton's room, I should have looked foolish indeed. It is a wonder to me that Mr. Stanton did not convict me on the spot. He used this incident against me on the next day.

"Will you come in and dine with us to-morrow, Mr. Kenrick? Mrs. Mitching will be pleased to see you. We shall dine immediately after church, Master Kenrick. As it is communion Sunday, we shall be out half an hour later than usual, as you are aware."

The old gentleman looked at me under his gold-rimmed glasses, pursed up his lips, said "I think we are beginning to appreciate you, eh, eh, Master K.?" and bade me good morning; whereupon Mr. Stanton hurried out—not to follow Mr. Mitching, but to seek an artist friend, as I afterwards discovered, and get him to paint out certain blue marks about his eyes, certain marks of my proficiency in the science of defence, for which I was heartily sorry.

At the same time I cannot disguise from myself that I experienced something like pleasant sensations of victory. I had been assailed in a cowardly fashion; my opponent was a bigger and an older man; but I could have thrashed a couple of Stantons easily, if they had been equally ignorant of those few leading rules of the noble art of self-defence. I had fought scores of boys at Stonyfield, fought them upon the honourable rules of the ring; no kicking, no hitting when a fellow's down, and fair play generally.

Whilst Mr. Stanton went to his artist, I went home and changed my coat, and in the evening I entertained Tom Folgate and Fitz-walton with a full account of the battle.

I had to show them my guard; I had to exhibit how, when Stanton came at me wild, I let drive with my right. It must have taken me

hours to satisfy the curiosity of these two friends. Fitzwalton would be Stanton, and go through the whole thing like a play, rushing at me wild, as he said, and making me let out with my right. Then he would pretend to get up and throw the chair at me, and get me down and roll over, letting me kneel on his chest, Tom Folgate all the time laughing and holding his sides, and flourishing his hair-plume with intense delight. Fitzwalton would go through the whole fight, would cry, "I give in," "I am vanquished," and pretend to tear my coat; then he imitated the pompous arrival of old Mitching, and made me repeat what I had said to him. And, finally, he would sit down, and laugh, and vow it was the best thing he had ever heard of.

I was quite a hero on this Saturday night; but every now and then I felt very sorry for poor Mr. Stanton, who was sitting at home with his wounded face and his wounded pride. I pictured him sitting there moodily, unhappy, and fretful, and wished I had not mentioned his humiliation to Folgate and Fitzwalton.

My fancy picture, however, did not do justice to Mr. Noel Stanton, who was busily preparing on this Saturday night a letter to Mr. Mitching, detailing my scoundrelly conduct, and painting me in the character of a would-be assassin. On the next day, when I was sitting with the Mitchings at dessert, this letter arrived. Mr. Noel Stanton knew well enough when we should be comfortable and happy over our wine, and he timed the delivery of his letter accordingly.

Mr. Mitching opened it, fixed it through his gold-rimmed glasses, balanced them on his nose at it, scowled at it, coughed at it, and looked exceedingly surprised at it.

"What is the matter, George?" said Mrs. Mitching.

"I shall be sorry for you to know, my dear; you, above everybody."

"Dear me! Something dreadful!" said the lady, with a sarcastic smile.

"It is dreadful," said Mitching, looking at me.

"Give me the letter," said Mrs. Mitching.

"No, my dear, I would rather not; it is a serious charge against Mr. Kenrick."

The old gentleman laid down his glasses as he said this, and seemed to be preparing himself for the delivery of an oration; but Mrs. Mitching cut down his aspirations very summarily.

"Don't be silly, George, and don't make a speech until I have seen what it is about."

The lady took the letter, read it, and deliberately said she did not believe it.

"Don't you, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Mitching. "Dear me."

"No I do not, dear me," said Mrs. Mitching, in a mocking voice. "And if it were true, the story might have kept until Monday."

"But Mr. Stanton heard Mr. Mitching invite me here to-day," I said, for I soon guessed what the letter was about.

"Then it is positively mean to send that note at this time," she said. "Never mind it now, Mr. Kenrick; it can rest until to-morrow. One story is good until another is told."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mitching: I was not in the wrong, I assure you."

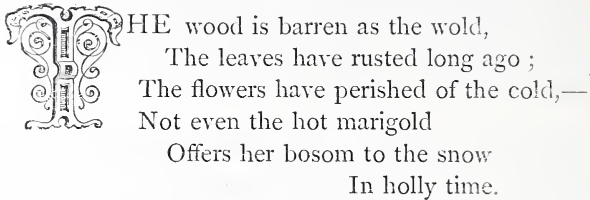
"I quite believe you," she said; but Mr. Mitching looked grave, and said it was a very unfortunate occurrence.

And so it was to all appearance on the next day; for it compelled me to resign my engagement on the *Lindford Herald.* Mrs. Mitching was on my side, and begged me to stay; old Mitching himself thought Mr. Stanton might overlook the matter, and I believe he would have done so, but from the moment that Mitching said one of us must certainly resign, I resigned, and held to it. I told Esther it would be all for the best; I needed extended experience; I would work hard, and seek a higher position than that which I held at Lindford.

Without a moment's delay I began to study the advertising columns of the *Times;* and the day came when I made a very unhappy discovery of a vacancy on the press in a seaport town, three hundred miles away from dear old Lindford city.

(*To be continued.*)

Holly Time.



THE wood is barren as the wold,
The leaves have rusted long ago;
The flowers have perished of the cold,—
Not even the hot marigold
Offers her bosom to the snow
In holly time.

The winds rend out the empty nest,
The robin shivers in his song,
There is no warmth in Nature's breast;
Faint gleams of brightness, at the best,
The glory of the year prolong
In holly time.

Yet sweet as days when skies are blue,
And cherries redden on the wall,—
When blossoms, fed with sun and dew,
Their beauty silently renew,—
Yea, sweeter, more desired of all
Is holly time.

For now, as if the Incarnate Word
Walked it again, the sterile earth,
Remembering the glad tidings heard
Of angels, to its heart is stirred
With promptings of renewing birth,
This holly time.

Joy in life's pulses throbs and burns,
The Hours, star-crested, sweep along,
Shedding delight from brimming urns;
Youth to the heart of age returns,
And fans the ashen brands of song
At holly time.

The sacred hearths, whence yule-flames rise,
  Are altars whereon, each apart,
The households offer sacrifice
Out of the tender sanctities
  And superstitions of the heart,
                    This holly time.

Thus do celestial glimpses bless
  The stricken world, as though its woes,
Its sins, its sorrows fathomless,
Had ending, and the wilderness
  Began to blossom like the rose
                    In holly time!

William Sawyer.

Worcester Monastery and Cathedral.

RARELY have our mediæval monasteries bequeathed to modern times more interesting records or materials for history than St. Mary's of Worcester. And the reason is, that at the suppression of religious houses that of Worcester was not destroyed, but merely changed its name and character. Henry Holbeche, the last prior, doffed his gay vestments and attired himself in the simple surplice, as first dean; and at least five of the monks (who, we may suppose, were not irrevocably wedded to Rome) were placed in prebendal stalls, namely, Roger Neckham, James Lawerne, Roger Sandford, Humphrey Webbely, and Richard Lisle. The library of books and MSS., therefore, probably underwent little if any change, while the monastic rolls and records were preserved, no doubt, as being considered useful for reference in the management of the property of the capitular body. The neighbouring monasteries of Malvern, Tewkesbury, and Pershore, not being attached to cathedrals, were absolutely extinguished, their records destroyed, and their churches would have shared the same fate had not the inhabitants of the respective towns purchased them for parish use. At Evesham, one of the most glorious churches in the kingdom was pulled down and sold piecemeal; there being two other churches there, this "thing of beauty" was not required; while the monastic records are said to have furnished fuel for the neighbouring ovens for many months.

The greatest danger which befel the Worcester records was in the time of the civil wars, when both cathedral and city were given up to

the ferocity of the troopers, and the institutions of bishops, deans, and chapters were abolished. That the cathedral itself escaped entire demolition can only be accounted for on the supposition that Richard Baxter, Hugh Peters, Simon Moore, and other "Godly preachers," deemed it a good arena for holding forth by the hour to larger assemblies of the citizens than could be gathered in any other church. The books and records fell into the hands of the Parliamentary surveyors, Messrs. Palmer, Bonne, Hill, and Mott, and were

with great difficulty regained at the Restoration of 1660; while many of the evidences, which had been dispersed in London, were for a long time hunted up and partly restored by Mr. Dugdale, Prebendary Hopkins, and others, at a considerable expense.

We are now, by the aid of these most valuable archives, in a position to introduce ourselves to the domestic management and inner life of an English monastery; and among them the journal of one of its priors having been fortunately preserved, the details it affords of mortification and jollity, doctrine and ceremonial, discipline, character, and incident, are singularly interesting.

Worcester diocese was one of the fragments into which unwieldy Mercia was divided in the seventh century, and, according to Florence of Worcester, the city was even at that early period surrounded by lofty walls and embellished by noble fortifications, surpassing many other cities in beauty and stateliness. Hence it was made the

seat of the episcopal see, the cathedral being dedicated to St. Peter. Hard by it was soon afterwards founded the monastery of St. Mary, which, by the authority and strategy of Bishop Oswald, aided by Archbishop Dunstan and King Edgar, in the tenth century, swallowed up St. Peter's and its secular priests, who were either ejected therefrom or absorbed in the monastic institution, and a new cathedral built in connection therewith. The order was Benedictine—the dress is shown in my engraving at page 31.

From forty to fifty monks was the usual number in this house, to which extensive manors and subordinate cells belonged; and although the monastery could not claim that consideration paid to other establishments which derived their origin from supernatural causes, or even the personal agency of the Virgin herself, as did, for instance, the neighbouring abbey of Evesham, yet the saintly odour of its patrons, Oswald and Wulstan, the miracles wrought by their bones, and the famous image of "the blessed Mary of Worcester," were ample capital to ensure the pecuniary welfare of any one religious house. When Oswald, of pious memory, was building his cathedral, there was a certain stone which the masons could not move; whereupon the bishop, being summoned, observed a little obscene devil sitting on it, but the saint making the sign of the cross, the imp disappeared, and the builders then found no difficulty! When Oswald's body was brought into the cathedral to be buried, a white dove hovered over it, a globe of fire descended on the bier, and heavenly music was heard! A monk of Ramsey, who had a cancerous ulcer on his cheek, "clapped Oswald's cup to it and was made whole, only that cheek was always a little ruddier than the other"! Nor was St. Wulstan, a subsequent bishop of Worcester, less famous in saintly signs and wonders, for William of Malmesbury declares that on one occasion of the cathedral being burnt, the tomb of this saint and the mat on which devotees knelt were not damaged or discoloured; and a fighting man (Thomas, of Eldersfield,) who had been blinded and emasculated in a pugilistic encounter in a field near the monastery, was, by means of St. Wulstan's relics, restored to sight and virility, which so wrought upon his convictions that he at once took the habit and there lived honourably; whence, says the chronicler, this verse was written on him,—

"Sexu privatus fit vir; videt exoculatus."

The famous image of "Our Ladye of Wyrecestre" seems to have been set up here at the general introduction of images early in the eighth century. Bishop Egwine, foreseeing the importance of so

fertile a source of wealth, hied him to Rome, and declared to the "holy fader" the secret command of the Virgin, received by him, to set up her image for worship at Worcester. The Pope, hearing this "newe wondre" with awe, sent a bull for a general synod of the clergy in confirmation of the said image. There is a local tradition that this celebrated image, after eight centuries of miracle-making and reaping incalculable profit for its masters, turned out, on being stripped at the Reformation, to be a statue of a bishop ten feet high!

Those abominable heathens the Danes more than once brought fire and sword to Worcester and destroyed the cathedral, so that Bishop Werferth was fain to ship himself to France; the citizens, however, had the courage to slay two of Hardicnut's tax collectors, after they had taken refuge in an upper chamber of the monastery; and then, dreading the consequences, they sought an asylum in the island of Bevere, in the Severn, while the fury of the Danish army was wreaked upon the city. But it is comforting to note with what signal and even miraculous punishments the spoliators of the church property were visited. One of the sacrilegious crew of Danes, who had been caught in the act of stealing the sanctus bell from the cathedral, was flayed alive, and his skin nailed to the principal door. I have in my possession a sample of the said skin, which I commend to the inspection of Mr. Gladstone. Then, again, after the Norman oppression, when plate and money were forcibly taken from the cathedral, and Urso, the great bear, who governed this county under the king, had taken a large slice of the monastic enclosure to enlarge his castle yard, he was profoundly cursed by Archbishop Aldred, and although the curse took but little effect during the life of the depredating sheriff, his posterity came to grief and the land was restored. Another great man, guilty of sacrilege, lost all his children and had none to succeed him; while a third was slain by the king's orders and thrown over London wall, undignified by burial—"extra murum Londoniæ ignominiosè projectus." Sir Henry Spelman's tragedies are insignificant compared with some of the judgments said by monkish writers to have befallen the sacrilegious Dane and Norman.

Fortunately for the Church of Worcester in early Norman days, it was presided over by a bishop who could at once be firm and yet respectful to the reigning tyranny, and whose renown for piety was so great as to gain for him the ear of the Conqueror himself, by whose means many of the estates which had been taken from the church and monastery were restored. The favour, however, was conditional, and the condition humiliating; for it was stipulated that the saint (Wulstan) should pray for the soul of William and

all who had assisted him in the expedition to this country. To purchase with a few acres the prayers of such a saint for the absolution of such wholesale robbers must, indeed, have been a triumph for King William.

Wulstan rebuilt the cathedral, increased the monks to fifty, and may be called the regenerator of the institution. It was his wont to appoint watchers, who went round by night with a lantern when the monks were reading or in other devotional offices, to see that there was no talking or sleeping, nor were they to allow any to laugh with impunity, for those who offended in that way he deprived of their drink, or punished them with strokes of a staff on the hand—"ferulæ ictum et plagam manu exciperet." He was most rigid as to the observance of canonical hours, and was himself present at the monks' collation after supper, applying the Word of God for their exercise and silent contemplation in their cells.

In the wars between Stephen and Maud, the Welsh struggles, and the sanguinary conflicts between York and Lancaster, Worcester, its cathedral, and monastery, were often plundered or burnt; but royal visitors, princely gifts, and the grist brought to the shrines of the saints, never failed to restore things to the *status quo*. King John was much attached to the city, was no doubt the cause of restoring the College-green, which Urso had seized, and finally bequeathed his bones to the cathedral, in the choir of which they rest in a tomb, the slab on which is the oldest specimen of a royal tomb in England. There is now no trace of any epitaph on the unfortunate king, yet Roger of Wendover says that the following verse was composed for the purpose:—

> "Hoc in sarcophago sepelitur regis imago,
> Qui moriens multum sedavit in orbe tumultum.
> Hunc mala post mortem timor est ne fata sequantur.
> Qui legis hæc, metuens dum cernis te moriturum,
> Discite quid rerum pariat tibi meta dierum."

A profaner writer thus speaks of departed royalty:—

> "With John's foul deeds England's whole realm is stinking,
> As doth hell too, wherein he now is sinking."

King Henry III. and the Edwards also greatly affected Worcester: brought their queens hither, rowed up and down the Severn, presented gold chains, buckles, buttons, cloths of gold, and great candles to St. Wulstan's shrine. The choir and Lady Chapel, with their aisles, as at present standing, were rebuilt early in the thirteenth century, and dedicated in the presence of Henry III. and a great

company of bishops and nobles. This palmy day for St. Mary's Monastery was of brief duration, for besides the heavy subsidies demanded for the king to carry on the war against his own subjects, and the severe drain on the monastery by travellers, Worcester bridge being then the only highway into Wales that existed between Gloucester and Bridgnorth, the church suffered intensely from internal oppression. The exactions of the popes were so grievous that Bishop Walter, of Worcester, in a council held at London, declared that he would rather be hung than submit to such ruinous impositions. Nor were the bishops less tyrannical over the prior and monks, for, being the legal visitors of religious houses, they would sometimes render their visitations almost ruinous by the large number of retainers brought in their train. Thus Godfrey de Giffard, the haughty Bishop of Worcester and Lord Chancellor of England, at one of his visitations brought one hundred horsemen to feast at the monastery for several days, although his own palace was distant only a few yards; and, moreover, his men behaved by no means like gentlemen—breaking the utensils in the house, and with their swords cutting the table-cloths, *mappas scindendo.*

When a bishop died, and pending the election of his successor, the prior of Worcester exercised the right of visiting all the subordinate religious houses usually visited by the bishop; and as the see of Worcester then included almost the whole of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, these visitations extended to Bristol, Gloucester, Cirencester, Tewkesbury, Winchcomb, Warwick, &c. Procuration fees were substantial in those days, the patronage was productive, travelling pleasant, feasting of the most approved style, besides the dignity of the thing; yet several of the priors had their patience sorely taxed in endeavouring to enforce their right of visitation *sede vacante.* The abbot of Gloucester was especially contumacious, and closed his doors in Prior John's face, until he was punished with the major excommunication, pronounced by the bishop at his court at Kempsey, in the year 1314.

Then the monks quarrelled with the citizens with respect to the privilege of sanctuary and other rights of the priory, and a serious *émeute* took place in 1349, in which, I am sorry to say, the bailiffs (mayors) of the city headed the mob, and so beat the prior's servants that eight of them were unable to work for six months; they also attempted to burn the monastic buildings, and carried off the fish and game from the prior's manors of Bedwardine and Hallow. Simon Gros and Roger le Taverner, the aforesaid bailiffs, however, soon found it convenient to leave home for the benefit of their health;

and being afterwards attached, were committed to prison, in company with others of the rioters, several of whom died in gaol.

But by far the greatest vexation to the poor monks was the advent of the friars. "Oh, dolor!" says a monkish writer; "O plus quam dolor! O pestis truculenta! Fratres minores venerunt in Angliam!" These Cossacks of the religious world professedly attempted to reform the monastic orders, but soon became a greater nuisance than the monks. Chaucer says they were wanton and merry fellows; they had the power of confession, could sing and play well, knew all the taverns and tapsters, and were intimate with yeomen and women in town and country; so that they never were in want of supplies and entertainment:—

> "We give wool and cheese—our wives, coyne and egges,
> When freres flatter and prayse thyer proper legges."

Here is a pair of these lascivious itinerants:—

Both Black and Grey Friars had establishments in Worcester, and soon proved an eyesore to the monks of St. Mary's, who quarrelled with the minors in 1289 respecting the interment of Henry Poche, a citizen, whose body, although he had willed it to be buried with the friars, was secured soon after his death by the sacrist of the monastery, and buried in the cathedral cemetery. A mandate from the archbishop compelled the monks to consent that the body o poor Poche should be exhumed and given up to the friars, on condition that it should be done privately; but the said minors escorted it

through High Street with songs and triumph. Other indignities were offered to the monastery from the same quarter; and to make matters worse, when the monks elected John de Sancto Germano, one of their own number, to the bishopric, the pope, who had himself been a friar, set aside the election and appointed a Franciscan instead. To be sure, whether the king or the monastery elected to the episcopal office, the pope seldom failed to insist on his own candidate.

And now we come to by far the most interesting item of the Worcester records,—viz., the journal of Prior Moore, who presided over the monastery from 1518 to 1535, when, as though prescient of coming mischief, he at the age of sixty-three wisely retired on a liberal pension to the comfortable manor-house of Crowle, where he lived to the time of Queen Elizabeth, thus justifying the old adage with regard to annuitants. On the first leaf of the prior's journal is a memorandum that he was "shaven into ye religion" on the 16th of June, 1488; that is, he took on himself the tonsure that day. Passing through various gradations of office, he served as kitchener and sub-prior, till his election to the highest office in 1518. He now thinks it essential to keep a journal, in which he enters every item of outlay, not confining himself to the larger amounts laid out on clothing, furniture, plate, jewellery, wine, and travelling expenses, but likewise enumerating the cost of herrings, his contributions to church ales and bonfires, the price of his servants' new shoes, what "ye cobler at ye lich-gate oweth," what he bestowed on beggars, his barber's wages, his presents given at the weddings of relatives or friends, the expense of curing his bad leg and broken ribs, with allusions to otter-hunting in the Severn, bear-baiting at the manor-house of Battenhall; visits of players, minstrels, and jugglers; sums spent in entertaining the bailiffs (mayors) and principal citizens, who feasted with the prior right merrily and oft.

Prior Moore spent the greatest part of his time in itinerating from one of his manor houses to another, and also in London, where he laid in stores of things for the monastery. Leaving his "sub" at home to look after the discipline of St. Mary's, he would journey to Crowle, Grimley, or Battenhall, in company with his gentlemen attendants.

William Moore was kind and affectionate to his kinsfolk; employed his cousin to make sheets and table and bed linen for him, paid another cousin's rent, presented coats to his father and uncle, made all of them Christmas and wedding presents, and when his father died at Grimley he provided great store of bread and ale, with 300

white herrings, four salmons, twenty-three stock-fish, &c., for the funeral feast. For his mother's burial he catered still more liberally (it not being Lent), six sheep, three pigs, six geese, two "byffs" (oxen), &c., being included. He liberally rewarded "ye maydens at Grimley singyng on May day," and "ye juggler's childe" for tumbling exploits; presented handsome furniture to the parish church, and, better still, erected a pump in the village, "where was never well there before." When taken ill at Grimley, "Master Blewitt, doct'r of fysike, of Hereford," was sent for, at a charge of 13*s.* 4*d.*; and Thomas Poticary furnished "a preparatuve and two purgacions" for 3*s.* 4*d.* Worcester medical men were not in such repute in those

days as at present. At Battenhall the worthy prior kept a brace of bears for baiting, and an "ambling grey mare" for breeding, recording all her doings in that way, also every fresh production of the swannery, and he encourages the players and singers from Worcester. And when at Crowle (where his curious half-timbered and moated house was remaining till four or five years ago), he seems to have spent considerable sums, and to have attended in person at the villagers' bonfires, weddings, and the "tennants of Clyve pleyng with Robyn Whot" (playing at Robin Hood, a favourite drama in those days).

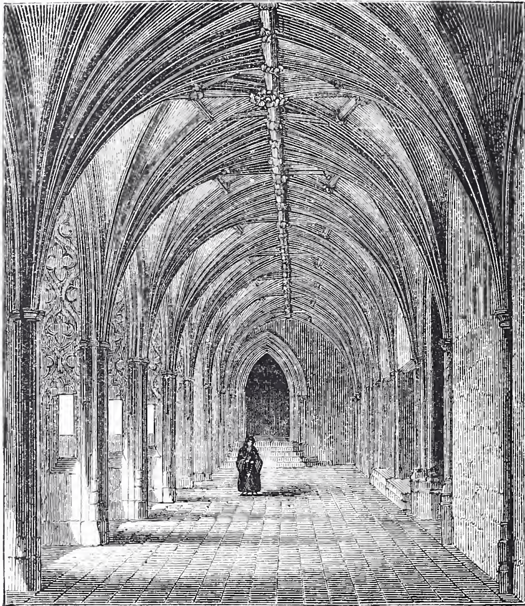
But unquestionably the journey to the metropolis was the great event of the year. Fancy the old gentleman, with his attendants and serving men, pushing through the narrow, gabled streets of the great town, looking out for shops and stores, whereat to satisfy the wants of themselves and the monastery. At one store he buys a stock of spice, groceries, and preserved fruits; at another he picks up a pair

of "kervyng knyffs" and a pair of candlesticks. Occasional stoppages are made for the purchase of calandar for a cowl, sheets, kerchiefs, a carpet of verdure, "lethern bottells," a satin hat and three bonnets; his shopping finishing for the day with a long visit to John Cranks, the goldsmith. This prosperous tradesman was engaged in making a new mitre for the prior, set about with great stones, "medyll" stones, small stones, six ounces of pearls, and embellished with 76 ounces of silver work, besides the result of six weeks' industry on the part of a "broderar," whom Master Cranks paid xii*d.* a day, and furnished with "mete and drynke." His bill for this "item" came to 49*l.* 15*s.*, or more than 500*l.* of our present money,—a piece of extravagance which, with other instances of reckless expenditure, was remembered against the prior when he was driven to resign office.

At Worcester the good prior was not less jovial or hospitable, frequently feasting in the Guesten Hall "ye balis (mayors), and all skarlet gowns," when nine or ten descriptions of wine were usually drunk, singers of carols and tumbling children were introduced, with "popet players," and other players or minstrels from Coventry, Gloucester, and other towns. The Princess Mary (afterwards Queen) frequently visited Prior Moore at Worcester, on which occasions he would himself sing Mass, while at most other times he left as much as possible of the ecclesiastical work to be performed by Frater Neckham, his "sub." The New Year's gifts presented to the prior are affectionately recorded. On one occasion the sub-prior contributed "a case to put pennes and ynke in;" the sexton invariably presented him with a gold ring, which sometimes contained a diamond, and once had "a white head;" sub-sexton gave "two torchetts," probably small torches; cellarer once offered "a pillowe of grene and red silke for my pewe," and on another occasion he brought "a baskett of orreags" (oranges). This fruit, stuck with cloves, was a very popular New Year's gift, as also were gloves. Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor, having given judgment in favour of a certain lady, received on the next New Year's day a pair of gloves, with forty angels inside. In thanking her, Sir Thomas said, "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their lining you will be pleased to bestow otherwise." Gloves, biscuits, capons, peacocks, lampreys, pigs, geese, rosewater, cheeses, larks, trout and roach, sweetmeats, and suyts and teles (suets and tails?), with many other nice things, enriched the prior's coffers and cupboards on the first day of each year.

With all his love for the good things of this life, William Moore

had an eye to his latter end, and gave 10*l.* (equal to 150*l.* now), to a London man for a design for his grave-stone, and laying the same down in Jesus' Chapel, in Worcester Cathedral, where he intended to be buried. He also actually purchased a "sepultur tap'r" for a shilling, and all this was more than thirty years before his death; for meanwhile the prior had brought the monastery into difficulties with



his extravagance, and the original petition of a monk named J. Musard, to the lord visitor of the house, stating many charges against the prior, is now in the Cottonian collection of the British Museum. The result was that Moore resigned, on condition of having his debts paid, a residence for life in Crowle manor-house, two horses and servants allowed, with a long list of other comforts. At Crowle the ex-prior lived till at least 1558, hearing the distant thunder of the Reformation, but being uninjured by the storm; and there he was buried. I hope at no distant day, during the restoration of that church, to have the opportunity of searching in or under its pavement for the good man's grave-stone, perhaps the self-same costly one he had laid down for himself in Jesus' Chapel of the Cathedral.

Before alluding further to the dissolution, let us first take a peep at the domestic life and discipline of the monastery. As before stated,

the sub-prior had the general supervision of the house, and indeed there was a "sub" No. 2, for every officer seems to have had a deputy. The sub-prior's lodging was at the south-west angle of the cloisters, into which (through a doorway still remaining) he could introduce himself at any time by day or night to overhaul the fraternity. Their dormitory and infirmary were west of the cloisters, but have long been destroyed ; the refectory, on the south, still stands, and is used as the College school, and there are in one of its walls a staircase and traces of a pulpit, from which one of the order was wont to read a homily to the monks while at dinner, so that they might not suffer spiritually by being too deeply engrossed with the flesh. On the north is the Cathedral, and on the east are the entrances to the Norman chapter-house and the Norman passage to where the prior's residence and the Guesten Hall (a fine fourteenth century building, only recently destroyed) once stood.

From the preceding cut of the east cloister these entrances will be seen in the wall on the right hand, and the prior's entrance to the cathedral is facing you. The monks had a separate entrance at the north-west angle of the cloisters. The large recesses seen in the wall on the right, were, no doubt, the aumbries or cupboards where books, manuscripts, and other articles, were deposited. Their library was in the triforium, over the south aisle of the cathedral, an immense apartment recently restored to the same purpose. Well, it was in these cloisters, then enriched with sculpture, statuary, and stained-glass commemoration of saints, martyrs, and benefactors of the church, that the monks sat in their carrels, or pews, copying the Scriptures, the lives and miracles of the saints, the works and glosses on divinity, law, and physic, or writing the parchment rolls of receipts and expenditure of the house. These rolls go back to the early part of the reign of Henry III. There is now in the library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, a Bible written in these cloisters by Senatus, who was prior in 1189. There are also in the library of Worcester Cathedral, and in Edgar Tower, many beautiful MSS. which had their origin here, and the illuminations to which are in many instances fine works of art. I have caused several specimens to be photographed and engraved; that which appears in the initial letter to this article belongs to the register of Prior Moore, and is considerably reduced: date 1518. The Virgin is seen in glory, and St. Katharine below, with the arms of the prior probably impaled with those of the priory. The name, Thomas Blockley, which appears on it, was that of the draftsman, and there was a monk of that name in the monastery when Prior Moore resigned. The side

figures are a lute-player, and perhaps a juggler, both at that time much patronised in convents.

In the compotus rolls, before figures were introduced, the mode of adding up long lists of sums expended was by dots, one dot standing at the right on the top of the others, signifying five; if standing at the left on the top, it went for ten; thus—

· | ∴· | ··: | Stands for 1*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*

⁝·· | ·˙ | ··: | Stands for 14*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.*

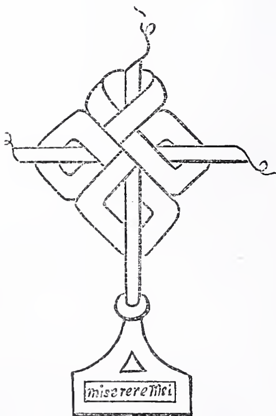
⁝·· | ∷ | Stands for 16*s.* 5*d.*

When the sum amounted to more than 20*l.*, the 20*l.* was represented by one dot alone, and the odd pounds in a separate compartment, thus—

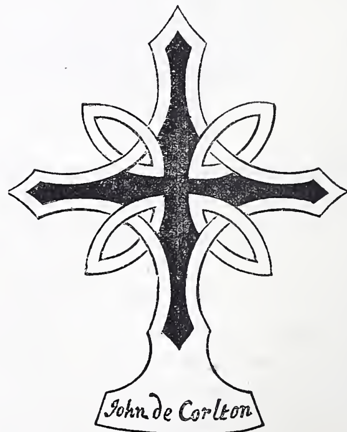
· | ∴: | ··· | ∷ Stood for 32*l.* 3*s.* $6\frac{1}{2}$*d.*
| :

The halfpenny will be seen represented by two farthing dots at the right, below the rest. This plan of counters is somewhat similar to that now adopted at whist.

Notarial marks form another very interesting feature of the Wor-



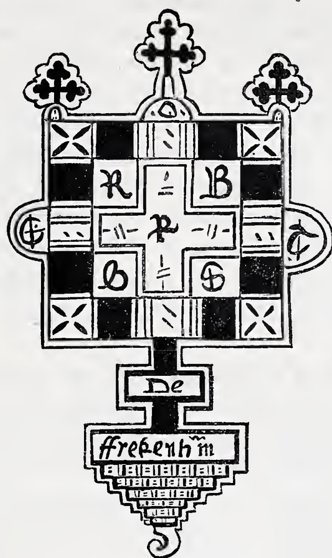
No. 1.



No. 2.

cester MSS., ranging from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The history of professional, trading, punning, and enigmatical marks attached, instead of or with names to ancient deeds, would of itself

occupy a long chapter, and I therefore must content myself with a very brief description of the specimens here presented.

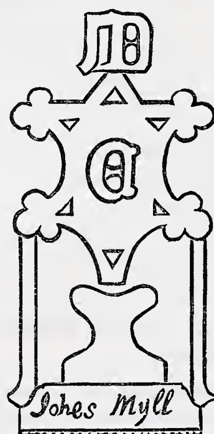


No. 3.

Nos. 1 and 2 are good adaptations of the cross. The first is the

No. 4.

No. 5.



No. 6.

mark of Thos. Edgcombe, public notary of Exeter in 1458. No. 3, the mark of Robert of Feckenham, Worcester diocese, whose Chris-

tian name may be seen fancifully arranged in what may be called the tracery of the mark, is also an elaboration of the cross. Sometimes the Trinity was symbolised, as in No. 4, being the mark of H. de Trecarell, Exon diocese, date 1459. Nos. 5 and 6 partake more of the rebus character, the ox's head being the mark of John of Oxon diocese, *temp.* Queen Elizabeth; and John Myll, of Worcester diocese, exhibiting a fanciful drawing of the ancient mill, or quern, with the two upright handles for turning it round. No. 7 is the mark of Robert Warmstrey, of Worcester, 1587, of an ancient family, whose mansion, overlooking the Severn, is now occupied by the colossal glove manufactory of Dent & Co. The lane leading thereby down to the river is still called "Warmstrey Slip." Lastly, No. 8 is the mark of Stephen Maylard, chapter clerk of Worcester Cathedral in 1612.

Habingdon tells us that the monks rose at midnight to matins, which they sang, ending with meditation, and then reposed till prime. Their third hour, sext and none, with vespers and compline, high mass and private mass, constituted their devotions. In the refectory every one sat by himself, and had his several pittance or portion at the hands of pitentiarius, or the pittancer, and what was left was given to the poor.

Their grace before meat is left on record by Prior Moore, and the following is a translation:—

"Bless, O Lord, what is placed before us, and shall be placed before us; by the word of Jesus Christ may it be sanctified, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"This grace to be said at refection, is composed by the present pope; and to all saying the same indulgences are granted by him for forty years."

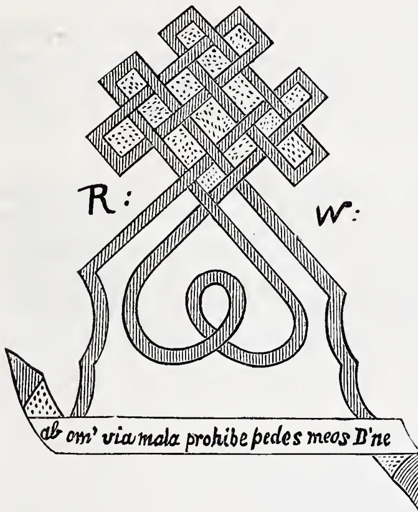
This grace is accompanied by a curious list of rules for thought and demeanour, to be observed by the monks at table as I suppose; it is this:—

"Be oon | refresh 2 | take witness of 3 | a voyde 4 | thyncke 5 | behold 6 | and cal for 7 | "

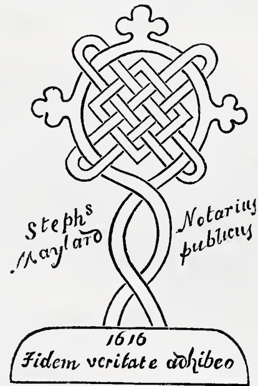
It has been suggested that this is a kind of riddle, and probably means—

Be oon—that is, be one, be united.
Refresh 2—take a refection twice a day.
Take witness of 3—witnesses.
Avoyde 4—you have to say what four things you would most avoid.
Think 5—times.
Behold 6 }
Call for 7 } meaning unknown.

The monks had very decided opinions as to the meats and drinks which created good or bad "juices," and have recorded long lists of these things, to be taken or avoided by persons in health and sickness, as also ample prescriptions for the treatment of the pestilence,



No. 7.



No. 8.

the "boche," the plague, the gout, &c. Here is one specimen out of many :—

"Medicyne for ye gout.

"Take hoote (hot) graynes and sytt in them up to the knees for the space of oon houre and halfe ; then drye your legges and anoynt them before ye ffire with sene (qy. senna ?), then take a wyld catt's skynne and lay the flesh side to the sore."

Much more could be said as to the government and discipline, literature, music, social habits and customs, management of estates, school and monastic buildings of the Worcester fraternity, but having already exceeded my limits I must hasten to the close, namely, the dissolution of religious houses. For several years before that event I find traces of the effects of Luther's "pestiferous and damnable doctrines," which were adopted by several of the Worcester monks, while complaints and petitions went up to the Lord Visitor as to the internal mismanagement and decay of the house. The monastery was visited, Luther was denounced, then followed Cranmer's injunctions for the Scriptures to be read ; next, the smaller monasteries were suppressed, then Prior Holbeche and the

Worcester convent swear to "yield obedience only to our most illustrious king, under Christ, head of the Church of England, and not to any foreign ruler or pontiff;" then Latimer, bishop of Worcester, issued his most uncompromising injunctions for reforms in both root and branch; and lastly comes the following entry:—

> "The surrend'r of ye priory of Worc'r. Mem. That the monastrie and priory of Worcester was surrendred and gyff up by the prior and convent of the same howse into ye kynges handes, Henry the eyght, the xvi daye of Jan'y, upon Seynt Marcell's daye ye mart'r, in the yere of our Lord 1540, and in the 31 yere of the seyd kyng Henry eyght."

The income of the monastery at the dissolution was 1386*l.* 12*s.* 10¾*d.*, and among the relics then in possession of tumbarius, the shrine keeper, were the heads of St. Oswald and St. Wulstan, mounted in silver and gilt; certain other relics of the said saints, and of St. Margaret and the eleven thousand virgins; an arm of St. Edmund the bishop, the brains of St. Thomas of Canterbury, an arm of "Seynt Romane the bysshope," and a large quantity of ornaments and plate.

Sic transit St. Mary's of Worcester!

> "The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
> Grey moss has clad the altar-stone,
> The holy image is o'erthrown,
> The bell has ceased to toll;
> The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
> The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
> Departed is the pious monk,
> God's blessing on his soul."

JOHN NOAKE.

My Last Session.

No. IV.

OUR ORATORS.

MR. GLADSTONE is now and then seen in the Members' Gallery. Broad-browed, abstracted, terribly in earnest, with the lines of thought and care deeply cut as in some chiselled head by Michael Angelo, he seems like some grim face, carved in stone, looking down upon you from the walls of an old cathedral. See him at midnight, hurling his thunders at the Conservative phalanx, and how changed the man! The grim features have relaxed, and are lit up with animation and intellect. The dark deeply-set eye burns like a coal. The manly voice is tremulous with passion and emotion. It rises higher and higher in passionate argument or invective, until you think you see before you the Athenian Thunderer—

> "That ancient, whose resistless eloquence,
> Wielded at will that fierce democratie;
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Mr. Gladstone's oratory has been somewhat overshadowed of late by the sparkle of Mr. Disraeli's wit, and the vigorous declamation of Mr. Bright. Yet he, above all other members of the Lower House, is an orator born, while their oratory is a product of growth, cultivation, and experience. Mr. Disraeli passed through two or three dreary, stammering phases of public speaking after he became the leader of the Conservative party, and it may be said of him, as Macaulay relates of Charles James Fox, that he has "become a debater at the expense of his audience." I am old enough to remember Mr. Bright's hesitation and modest reluctance to address a public audience in the earliest days of the Anti-Corn Law League, and the contrast between the diffident delivery of the brief speeches of 1841, and the calm self-possession and consciousness of strength of 1868, should encourage young speakers as much as Mr. Disraeli's

prophetic declaration—"The time will come when you *shall* hear me." Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, was already an orator when he entered the House of Commons in his twenty-third year. He spoke nearly as well when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, as when he filled the same office ten years afterwards. His later speeches on great occasions have contained passages of more elevated declamation, delivered in tones more ringing than those which he formerly employed. He now stirs the blood on great occasions, but on the other hand he speaks too often and too long on minor subjects. That Mr. Gladstone carefully prepares his greater orations is evident from the point and condensation they exhibit, in comparison with the diffuseness, tameness, and repetition of many of his extempore addresses.

Mere fluent and facile talking is not a thing to be envied or admired. A member of the bar spoke for three days on an appeal in the House of Lords. When he sat down, one noble and learned lord said, "I am glad he has finished," whereupon another quietly remarked—"I don't see why he should have stopped." Mr. Gladstone is sometimes caught in the snare of his own fluency, and on these occasions Homer nods and his audience yawn. The fault cannot be too soon amended, for the example is a pestilent one in a reformed Parliament, where the desire for display, and the wish to justify the choice of constituencies, will probably interfere with the progress of public business. Lord Palmerston's speeches were for the most part models of brevity. He never spoke for the sake of speaking, and when he had said, with admirable pith and conciseness, what he wished to say, he sat down. Of the same order of eloquence were the speeches of "The Great Duke." Mr. Disraeli passes his life in profiting by Mr. Gladstone's errors and mistakes; and his ministerial explanations in matters of comparative unimportance, are studiously intended to show, by contrast, the merit of brevity in saving the time and patience of the House.

Notwithstanding his tendency to diffuseness and repetition, Mr. Gladstone, alike by natural gifts and careful cultivation, must be admitted, even by political opponents, to be the most accomplished and effective orator of the House of Commons. He has the qualities of eloquence in remarkable combination—readiness of argument, fertility of illustration, copiousness and wealth of diction, a perfect elocution, and a fresh, natural, and unaffected delivery. His voice is rich and sonorous, and modulated through tones so musical and varied that it never tires the ear. Lord Brougham had not been attracted to the Commons for many years, until he came in one

evening to hear one of Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches. He described it as "a master-piece of persuasive rhetoric." The illustrative power and charm which can make statistics attractive, and finance a high intellectual treat, are scarcely manifested twice in the same generation. The belief that his eloquence is animated by principle and conscience, as well as high intellect, may seem to belong to the debateable ground of politics, yet it is undoubtedly held by his party, and it is the secret of much of Mr. Gladstone's power. Of humour he possesses little, and of pathos he is less a master than might have been supposed from his remarkable earnestness and sensitiveness of temperament.

It is unnecessary to go through the long series of Mr. Gladstone's oratorical triumphs; but as in sketching our Conservative orators I sought for illustrations in the speeches of the last Session, I will now refer to one or two of the more prominent deliverances of the leader of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone began the Session in good health and high spirits. His first great speech was on the Irish debate, begun by Mr. Maguire, when he sternly declared that after Lord Mayo's speech, he could come to no other conclusion than that the Government had failed to realise the Irish crisis. This was the speech in which, in tones of singular earnestness, and amid the enthusiastic cheering of the Opposition, he declared that "the Irish Church must cease to exist" as a State establishment. Unless, he said, the Premier expanded, as he sometimes did, the barren programme of his Irish secretary, it would be the duty of the Opposition to do justice to Ireland, and to see that the safety of the empire was not imperilled by any further delays. The Fenian insurrection had prepared men's minds for some vigorous action on the part of Parliament, and the hearty cheering of his Liberal followers gave a promise of unanimity and cohesion on the disestablishment of the Irish Church which has been hitherto abundantly verified.

Mr. Gladstone's next appearance was when he demanded a day for discussing his Resolutions on the Irish Church, and when Mr. Disraeli calmly, courteously, and with dignity took up the gauntlet thus thrown into the lists, and arranged to give him not a day only, but a week. When the day came, his skill in debate was shown before he had an opportunity of making the speech he had prepared, for the Protestant members having insisted upon the reading of the Act of Union and the Coronation Oath by the clerk at the table, the Liberal leader turned the cheers back upon the ministerial benches by hoping that the solemnity of the Acts would not be forgotten by those who were about to meet a plain and intelligible proposition by

tricks and contrivances. This allusion to Lord Stanley's amendment provoked taunting shouts and counter-cheers, and thereupon the great conflict of the Session began. But Mr. Gladstone's speech, with this exception, was calm, level, and unaggressive. It had been, of course, prepared and pre-considered, and it was consequently comparatively brief and condensed. In this speech it was he explained that all he asked from us this Session was a declaration of the principle of disestablishment and a suspension of further endowment, until the Irish Church could be submitted to the consideration of the new Parliament. That his case could be opened, and all his arguments ably marshalled in a speech of an hour and forty minutes, shows how much Mr. Gladstone's speeches may be improved by preparation and concentration. When the debate came to an end, it was his duty to reply to a speech delivered in what is known as Mr. Disraeli's "midnight manner." It had contained some dark and mysterious hints of a combination between Ritualism and Popery, imperilling the safety of the Crown; and Mr. Gladstone, with lofty scorn, began by declaring that the Prime Minister's speech was so wandering and irrelevant, that it seemed like the product of a "heated imagination." With admirable clearness, logic, and spontaneity, he replied on the instant to the speech just delivered, and concluded a compact harangue with an impetuous peroration, and amid the heartiest cheering. The cheers were still more prolonged and enthusiastic when the tellers announced the grand and unexpected majority of sixty. Before the House had adjourned that night, Mr. Gladstone's first Resolution was read and put from the chair. It was, "That in the opinion of this House the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an Establishment, due regard being had to all personal interests, and to all individual rights of property." Satisfied with his great victory, Mr. Gladstone did not ask the House to affirm his Resolution, but consented to the chairman reporting progress, and obtaining leave to sit again. We thereupon adjourned for the Easter recess.

The prolonged debate on Mr. Gladstone's first Resolution was brought to a close after another great speech from the Liberal leader. He was not, indeed, allowed to have the last word, and no greater proof will go down to posterity of the dread inspired among his adversaries by his superiority of debate than his recorded complaint of the departure from parliamentary etiquette which denied him the invariable privilege of concluding the debate. The orator's tones ranged from scorn and contempt to lofty indignation, as he denied the Papal-Ritualistic coalition or conspiracy imputed to him. But

the passages which roused the House, as with the tones of a trumpet, were those in which he protested against an alleged attempt on the part of Lord Derby, to overawe and intimidate the House of Commons. Stimulated and inspired by the ringing cheers of his large majority, he indignantly claimed for the representatives of the people privileges and powers which, he said, they had inherited from their forefathers, as much as any Peers of Parliament have inherited theirs. Whether Lord Derby entertained any intention of the kind imputed to him, it would be utterly beside the province of the writer to inquire. It is enough to say that the orator reminded the House, with sarcastic deliberation, that Lord Derby, the presiding genius of the House of Peers, had told the Government that they were on no account to resign before 1869, because an immediate dissolution was impossible, or nearly impossible. Tumultuous shouts greeted the passage in which Mr. Gladstone replied,—" I give fair notice that in the discharge of those duties which the constitution assigns to me as a representative of the people, I will not on any condition consent to receive from another place *the word of command*." The applause was renewed again and again when he sat down, and when Mr. Disraeli rose to reply in tones so sober and deprecatory that they would usually have disarmed opposition, the Liberal benches cried out, " Divide! divide!" It was doubtful at one time whether they would allow him to be heard, after the unusual course of denying Mr. Gladstone the right to reply. This was another night of triumph for the Liberal leader, for when the House divided, the Opposition majority in favour of the first Resolution for disestablishment was greater by five voices than on the motion to go into committee on the Irish Church. When Mr. Disraeli moved the adjournment to Monday, in order to enable the Government to consider their position, we knew that a serious Ministerial crisis had arrived.

The First Minister went to Osborne, and returned to announce that he had obtained the Queen's consent to dissolve the House of Commons, if necessary, on the Irish Church. The Ministerial explanations and their retention of office until Christmas were not believed to be satisfactory to Mr. Gladstone, but he carried his second and third Resolutions without opposition from the Government, who treated them as corollaries of the first. He also carried his Suspensory Bill through the Commons. Its rejection by a large majority of the Upper House, and the feverish temperature and acrimonious wrangling of the Session told heavily upon the Liberal leader in the Lower House. He became irritable and impatient of contradiction. The sword seemed to be wearing out its scabbard, when, just as his

friends were desiring for him an unopposed return for a small borough, and rest and fresh air during the Parliamentary vacation, they were positively alarmed by the news that he intended to fling himself into the heat, turmoil, and excitement of a great county election, and to contest that division of the county palatine in which Lord Derby's influence is greatest, and which contains the Conservative town of Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone is clearly of the school of that divine who said, "Don't tell me about having too many irons in the fire. Poker, tongs, and shovel! Keep them all going!"

It is five o'clock, and a great debate has been adjourned. Or the Commons' chamber is lighted up, and members are flocking in after a late dinner, when a member rises from the third bench below the gangway. No man's face is better known, and yet those who have sat opposite to him for years will regard him with surprise in the new Parliament, if they do not fail for the moment to recognise him. The candidate for a hearing prepossesses you by his fine personal presence. He is rather tall, is robust of frame, and of somewhat burly aspect. His face is broad and full, but the comely Saxon features become almost handsome when, as he proceeds, they are fairly illumined by intelligence. Within less than a year his dark or grizzled hair, which is tolerably vigorous and abundant in growth, has become perfectly white, imparting something of the venerable to a man of florid complexion, very little advanced, as it would appear, beyond the prime of manhood. There is a sudden cheer when he presents himself; then an instant hush. A scout or two leave the lobby to communicate the news to friends in library and tea-room, and in five minutes every seat on the floor is filled. He begins slowly, and with the most perfect freedom from embarrassment. He clears his voice from time to time, but it remains husky to the end. After a few preliminary remarks he addresses himself to the members on the opposite side of the House. There are three hundred of them; they detest his politics; and every man has a cry of "oh!" ready, which will spring into sound probably before he has half finished his sentence. Yet his eye ranges calmly along the serried ranks of his opponents, and what he has to say is addressed directly and almost personally to each individual. "If I were in your place I should take a very different view of this subject. I cannot understand why you, the country gentlemen of England, should adopt such and such a line of policy." Nathan did not speak to King David with more plainness and boldness. Worst of all, this man of plain Saxon speech seldom fails to remind them that upon all the great questions of the last quarter of a century, he has

been right, and that they, sooner or later, have come round to his views. This argument he seldom fails to drive home to a practical application. He asks them whether it is not more than probable he is right also upon this particular question? The ready "oh!" and the indignant "no!" burst forth in one deafening shout, and then, entirely unabashed, and indeed appearing to derive great comfort from their out-spokenness, the plain, robust, comely man of Anglo-Saxon stock goes on to prove his position. He helped, it seems, to pass Free Trade. The Minister of the day has just passed his Reform Bill. An ex-Minister has just passed his Church Rate Bill. Never did a man of extreme and unpopular opinions enter the political arena with such a terrible prestige of past success. To hear any one else talk of "educating" this party when the great schoolmaster himself has the class before him, seems little less than absurd.

If true eloquence may be rightly defined as the apt and forcible expression and illustration of just and noble thoughts, it cannot be denied that Mr. Bright is a great orator. That he is a just and sound thinker would be denied by many who would admit that he is a powerful reasoner. The peculiarity which a stranger first remarks is his calmness and deliberation. His slow and measured style is admirably adapted to the reception of great and weighty arguments. Not a single link in the chain of reasoning is lost by dropping the voice, or by haste in passing on to the next sentence. Every shot tells. The result of this consummate ease and calmness, gained upon a thousand platforms, is, that the audience mentally canvass and discuss every sentence and every proposition. They examine, compare, reject, or approve, as the orator goes on, to a degree impossible with speakers of more rapid utterance. They may utter protesting cries, but they cannot choose but listen, and they thus become familiarised with ideas and modes of thought which, at first repugnant, afterwards cease to be regarded as un-English and revolutionary.

Ask a hundred members who is the greatest orator of the British House of Commons, and the majority will exclaim, unhesitatingly, "Bright!" This opinion may seem to conflict with the estimate above expressed in regard to Mr. Gladstone, and yet the preference would be given to Mr. Bright by those who would endorse all that has been said here in regard to Mr. Gladstone's greatness as an orator, or in a former paper about Mr. Disraeli's wit and versatility as a debater. A Minister and an Opposition leader are in great danger, to use an expressive phrase, of making themselves "too cheap." They must speak on a variety of topics with which they cannot be equally well acquainted. On party

questions, involving party divisions, the party leader is expected to direct and guide his followers. He cannot speak equally well on every subject, and the edge of curiosity becomes in some degree blunted by his frequent entrances and exits. But an independent member in Mr. Bright's position does wisely in speaking seldom. Almost all his harangues may be described as great speeches, *i.e.*, speeches carefully prepared upon momentous subjects. Mr. Bright took credit the other day for avoiding topics which he had not thoroughly mastered and made his own. The list of subjects with which he has identified himself in the public mind is not a long one, but they are all of Imperial importance. The Government of India, Parliamentary Reform, Church Rates, the condition of Ireland in relation to the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill, Land Tenure, and the Irish Church, include almost all the topics which form the staple of Mr. Bright's Parliamentary speeches. Upon these matters, when they form the battle ground of party, Mr. Bright speaks with dignity and power as the leader of the advanced Liberals, and the House listens with zest, first, because of his infrequent presentations, and next, because the topics are the most weighty and important that can occupy the attention of Parliament. To compare Mr. Bright fairly with the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal parties respectively, he must for a series of months stand at the table as a Minister or head of a department, reply to questions, enter into explanations on matters of comparatively trivial importance, and defend himself against caustic and irritating criticisms on questions of detail. At present Mr. Bright stands upon a vantage ground of superiority over those who are obliged to throw themselves into every contest, and, without detracting from his great and undoubted talent, it may be questioned whether many who speak of him as the greatest speaker of the House do not really mean that he devotes a larger proportion of his speeches to great subjects—treating them worthily, no doubt—than any other man in the House.

The slow swing and sturdy blow of the ponderous hammer have ceased, and the great Thor of our English democracy has resumed his seat amid the often renewed cheers of his Liberal allies, when suddenly a sound like that of an alarum running down is heard. A figure like that of Saul, the son of Kish,—"higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards"—has arisen. The hair is even whiter than that of Mr. Bright, but it is not the whiteness of age and of change. The bushy eyebrows are equally white. The eyes, more than half closed, seem unconscious of the objects before them. If the iris could be discerned its colour would be seen to be

red, but this additional proof is hardly needed that the speaker is an Albino. The face is beardless, and the complexion somewhat more florid than is usual in individuals of this type. There is a hush, and complete silence, which only add to the nervousness and embarrassment of the new speaker. He is evidently, by his felicitous phrases, a master of our noble English tongue, and some brilliant introductory paradox or antithesis gives proof of an unusually acute and trained intellect. A practised judge would suppose he had been in early life a recluse, possibly the fellow and tutor of his college, who had thought and written much on political questions, and then, on issuing forth late in life to take a leading part in parliamentary debate, had discovered his want of early oratorical training. He has wit, fertility of illustration, abundant classical lore, and has carefully prepared what he has intended to say. If he could pause—if he could look his audience in the face, instead of turning his eyes on the ceiling or the table—if, in short, he *gave them time*, like the last speaker, the new candidate might dispute the palm of oratory with the best speakers of the House. But his only hope of avoiding hesitation and failure is in evading the echoes of his own voice by a rapid utterance of what he has to say. Thought, diction, and delivery are necessary to make the perfect orator, and he has only two of these qualifications. So the alarum runs down without pause, emphasis, inflection, or rhythm. So great is his nervousness that he cannot stop to inflate his lungs at the end of a long sentence. He begins another in the same instant, and has to stop in the middle to gasp and take breath. From the same cause his hands are usually glued down to his sides throughout a long speech, so that he looks like one of Calcraft's clients, who, after being pinioned, wishes to address a few words to the sheriff and his Christian friends.

But the white head continues to glisten in the brilliant light which pours down like a flood from the roof, and the speaker's rhetorical deficiencies are forgotten in the incisiveness of his style, in his acuteness, his daring, his logic, his originality, and the cogency of his argument. He fears no opponent, and has attacked by turn almost all the men of mark in the House, until the moment has arrived when he feelingly describes himself as a political outcast. Before he has been long on his legs, he will at one moment say so well what is in everybody's mind that he will be rewarded by a general cheer. He will then fix some previous speaker so neatly on the horns of a dilemma that there will be a hearty laugh at the expense of the victim. Many cries of "oh!" arise from one side, and of "hear!" from the other before he sits down. But these interjections are, perforce,

sharp and short, for the orator does not wait for cheers, and dashes through interruptions. The alarum cannot stop, or, to vary the figure, this is an express train that does not stop even at the principal stations. The House is unwilling to lose a single word, and gives him a constrained and eager attention to the end, when a general cheer rewards the orator for the high intellectual treat which has been keenly enjoyed by friends and foes.

The difference between the two styles is altogether in favour of Mr. Bright. The one is like a slow, gentle, fertilising rain, which sinks deep, and penetrates to the root of every plant. The other is like some hasty violent shower which does not "drop fatness," but runs off the surface into turbid ditches and watercourses. Perhaps one reason why Mr. Lowe's speeches have had so little practical influence on the action of the House of Commons is, that his style of delivery might be more correctly described as "jabber" and "chatter" than as oratory.

Many orators on both sides of the House who figure in the front rank of public men, still remain to be described. The difficulty is, that this is "my Last Session," and that next month a new Parliament will have met, and my place will "know me no more." Good! I shall taste the sweets of perfect rest and felicity, and another will take up the pen which I shall gladly lay down.

Carriages! The bell violently rung! Commotion in the hall! What can it mean?

* * * * * * *

A deputation! They ask me to stand again for the county. They refuse to answer for the Constitution, and for civil and religious liberty generally, unless I consent. I have asked twenty-four hours for consideration. Shall I go into Parliament again? Never! But "our glorious Constitution!" And, then, Lady Gertrude "hoped it was not true that I meant to retire from Parliament." Sweet Lady Gertrude! What shall I do? Dear Mr. Urban, give me your advice.

EPICURUS EYDEL, late M.P.

HUNTING.

"Pro Aris et Focis."

NOW that the hedges and woodlands are "stripped for business," *The Field* has its annual list of packs in the United Kingdom. It seems that there are eight packs of staghounds, and nearly one hundred and fifty of fox-hounds, and that fully a fourth of them are hunted by "the master." "Charley is my darling" season after season, despite some churlish game preservers, from Cream Gorse and Crick Village to the steep sides of Helvellyn, and the braes near Teviot Head.

We often think what a strange shadowy troop they would be if we could meet those veteran masters and huntsmen on whose lips, now mute, we have hung for maxims and stories, during the last ten years. It was delightful to sit quietly over the claret with Sir Tatton; and when we had talked of his favourite writer, "Mr. Argus," and had, of course, a word for William Day, to launch out into old times, and the stories of blood sires and mares, and all the associations of the sheriff's coach, when "county families went up regularly to York for the assize week, and Sydney Smith preached before the judges in the minster." Of his hounds, from the time when his brother Mark was master, and the coats of the club had light blue collars with "*Sykes Goneaway*" on the buttons, and the men rode Scrivington's and Camilluses, he very seldom spoke. His heart was not really with them. The shouts of "*Now Tramp! Now Minister!*" still rung in his ears, as they came home, head and head, at York; and he loved to dwell on every incident of the threescore and upwards of St. Legers he had seen,—with only one break, in Charles XII.'s year. He delighted in hunting, only because it enabled him to indulge his passion for riding and tutoring a young horse; and his great maxim was, "Always give your servants good horses, and then they'll take care of them."

Sir Charles Knightley cared nothing for the turf, and never saw a race, except at the Northampton meeting, where he always subscribed to the cup. If he did speak of horses, he went back to Smolensko, and the time when he himself used to form one of "the cavalry" by

the cords at Newmarket, and marked Benvolio or Sir Marinel for his own, over the broad Pytchley pastures, even if they did finish in the ruck. So it was in hunting. He liked to hear at the dinner table each evening, of what Lord Southampton's, and Mr. Drake's, and the Pytchley, had been doing; but his heart still wandered back to the scenes and comrades of his youth, to Lord Althorp and Charles King, the work of every stallion hound, "the beautiful music of fifty couple in Sywell Wood," and the good fellowship of the Pytchley Club, in the heart of the woodlands, when, in his own stirring words at eighty, "the mornings afforded unmixed pleasure, and nectar crowned the night."

Tom Hodgson was a fine "old guard," and we shall never forget his greeting, when we met him in his shirt-sleeves in his hall. He had an unconquerable dislike to a man with a large beard. It was grand to see him after dinner, seated in his high-backed chair, and producing from those boundless lappel pockets, a pile of letters which the masters of hounds had sent him. If his friends had a good thing, their first impulse was to have it in *Bell's Life*, and their second to send it off to "old Tom Hodgson." Hence he was not only a registrar-general of deeds, with huntsmen's sons if possible in his office, but of the northern chace as well. And well he might be, as he and Will Danby, that most faithful of esquires, were "never bet yet," though he had only 800*l.* a year subscription, and thirty-six couple of hounds, and sometimes hardly two horses a piece for himself and Will for four days a-week in Holderness. Then there is Mr. Greene of Rolleston, with his charming narratives, as he drew his red leather easy-chair round to the fire after dinner, and opened about "Gardner," and the old glories of the Quorn. He, too, is gone, and that beautiful spot is left to the bats and the woodcutters. Mr. Morrell, bluff and big-hearted, but nervously sensitive to what backbiters and carpers might say of him and his hounds, instead of brushing it by as worthless. No man understood better the art of pleasant hound shows. He was in his glory, too, among his flower-beds and ribbon borders, or dashing past the Tubney Wood milestone, in his green phaeton, with the dark chestnuts on his way to the meet. You also saw him to perfection on a bye-day, when you could go with him to his farm—over which he had entered many future masters while at Oxford, to the noble science of hare hunting—to have a look at Mrs. Morrell's greyhounds, and hear his odd fears about public coursing.

Mr. Maxse we only saw once—a fine old gentleman with the most courtly, genial manner. He was very modest in speaking of himself,

and hardly liked to acknowledge that, welter weight as he was, he once cleared some stiff bullock rails on Cognac, and then, waving his hat, shouted to John White, and one or two other of his hard-riding friends from Claret Lodge, "*Ah! I thought you were a pair of soft uns!*" Old Sheldon Cradock, who never could quite decide whether he or Dick Christian was the oldest, was full of good stories, as he sat in his house at Leicester, nursing his gout. He always made an effort to come in a chaise to the first Quorn meet of the season at Kirby Gate; but his great theme was the liberality of the subscriptions of men like Lord Cardigan and Sir Francis Burdett, as compared with those of the modern school. Captain White, with his strange unearthly scream, when he saw a note book produced, was a wonder. We shall never again hear such a glorious voice, powerful as ever at seventy, and such an inimitable manner, which knew so well how to hit the golden mean between cheeriness, and horse play or underbred chaff. Tom Heycock was a curious fellow as he sat in his study, under his roc egg, with the Leamington steeple-chase pictures round him, and the lamplight shining on his bald forehead, and telling of his hunting life, which seems to have been one great rollicking meditation and illustration of how to negotiate the most awkward fences. He was a wonder, and he knew it. "*Three hundred*," he said to us, "*shall get a good start over a stiff country, from Cream Gorse, and at the end of four miles, racing pace, there will be, bar accidents, only nine men up—I can name them, and I shall be one of them;*" and there is no doubt he spoke by the card.

Among huntsmen, Tom Sebright was one of those old servants whom Washington Irving might well call "a standard in the family." He was rather jealous of Will Goodall, and his calling so many hounds "stallions," and perhaps rather chary of allowing merit; but still he was a perfect huntsman, and no man gave such dignity to the profession. Dick Burton was a very nice fellow, a rare good rider and capital huntsman, and with tact enough to please Assheton Smith, even in his "lion" days. No man gave us better notes, but Will Goodall was the best in this line. We spent a long evening with him, overhauling his diary, the winter before he died. He had a cold then; and the ominous way in which he struck his chest, and said, "*Well, God be thanked, I'm all right there*," grated on our ear. The idea that his perpetual colds had generated mischief, haunted us so inveterately, that we invented another excuse to come and spend an evening with him; and in less than a month we left the Great Northern mail train at Grantham, between twelve to one in the dead of night, and walked over the ten miles to the inn at Bel-

voir. We rather "guessed the line," and went so far on the road that we had to turn down to the right nearly at Croxton. A church clock tolled three as we skirted the edge of the grave-yard, and it seemed to bring back upon us at that dreary time, the thoughts of poor Will's doom in full force. It was a very happy evening. After tea we had five or six hours over his diary, and read him Dick Christian's second "lecture" in manuscript, in which the part about eating the plums near the gibbet seemed to tickle him most. It was past midnight before he set us with his lantern through that Egyptian darkness—which the woods of Belvoir seemed to cast on the valley below—as far as the road to the inn. We parted with him at the wicket, and stood watching sadly the light, as it twinkled and then disappeared into the house, past Rallywood's grave; and we never saw him more. This was in December, and he was dead by the next May morning, from the very cause we had feared.

Ben Foote was another cheery soul, and we found him, for a chat in his cottage, near Newbury. He was a good rider, as well as a useful huntsman, and he was in rare voice at Mr. Drake's hound sale. They did say that when the words-war grew too hot between two huntsmen on the previous evening, and their comrades (as the custom is at such a crisis), view halloo till the disputants drop it and join in, Ben was a perfect "Old Towler," although he must have been seventy. Will Head was a very quiet, nice little fellow. He had hardly dash enough about him for Cheshire, but the master, Sir Harry Mainwaring, was so sorry to part with him, that both were in tears when it was settled. He was very neat and nice in his recollections of Cheshire and the hunting enthusiasm of "the master of the Donnington;" and it is curious that when infirmity had prevented him, week after week, from running over to the Quorn kennels, to see Jack Goddard and the hounds, they should have killed a fox almost under the windows of the house where he lay in his coffin. Joe Maiden was the pluckiest and most persevering of huntsmen, while suffering from the agonies of a slip into the boiler, which he bore for half a century before amputation of the leg was resolved on. He had some curious scenes when he came to London to try on his new American leg. A one-legged London lady, who had adopted the same substitute, invited him to a banquet, and had him out on the floor to teach him to walk, and then and there challenged him to dance a jig. Then it was announced that "a gentleman wanted to speak to him," and when Joe went, full of importance, to the door, it was a tame fox, which had been specially borrowed from a neigh-

bouring brewery, and which surveyed the revels lazily on the hearth-rug for the rest of the evening. But he is gone, and they all

> "Fall as the leaves fall,
> That wither in October."

My poor old ally, Dick Christian, was bed-ridden for some time before he died, owing to a stumble on the kerbstone.

He had a few mounts latterly on Mr. Gaskell's horses, when his son was head groom, but he did little more than see the meet. Years dealt rather capriciously with him in point of language. In the winter of 1856, it was quaint and good, but when we went down to try him for a second "lecture" in 1857, all his freshness and power of expression seemed to have left him. This suggested the plan, next summer, of having some gig drives among the Quorn, Cottesmore, and Belvoir covers, with him, and that fairly kindled up the old fire. No man had a more funny, infectious laugh when he threw his head back, and you got a side view of his face. He steadily maintained that he never rode a horse so thoroughly his idea of perfection as Corringham, belonging to a Mr. Green. We put the question to him the last time we ever saw him, and pulling himself partially up by the rope at the end of his bed, so as to lend emphasis to his belief, he declared that he would "*retract for no man breathing.*" Dick always used his spurs in preference to his whip, and had a great habit of talking to his horses, especially if the fences were a little bigger than usual. If horses were to carry a lady, he always broke them with a martingale. His hand was as light and beautiful as ever to the last, and Mr. Burbidge often tells what a delight it was to watch him, when he was well nigh eighty, "making" one of them at a ditch on the side of the road to Thorpe Arnold gorse. He was walking, then trotting, then cantering up to it, till the horse could have it all ways. "*I beg your pardon, Mr. Burbidge,*" he said, "*for coming into your fields without asking, but I knew it was such a nice ditch. Do see him jump it again!*"

The farmers and other followers of the Royal Staghounds meet at their annual Windsor dinner, but they do not drink to the memory of Charles Davis. Harry King is a worthy successor, but still the old "king of servants" should not pass out of mind. He was never seen more in his element than when he used to go down with the hounds for their week in the Vale, and stay at the White Hart, Aylesbury. They first came when Lord Errol was master, every November and February, but after Lord Rosslyn gave up the silver couples the custom ceased. The hounds were always vanned down the forty-

seven miles from Ascot; but on one occasion, after taking the stag near Hogston, Dairymaid was missing when they were counted over. An early post brought a letter from Mrs. Davis to her husband, to say that the old dame had arrived home in the middle of the night. Mr. Davis always "kept," as they say at college, in the Crown parlour, where Mr. Sheriff, of Vampyre fame, and a few select friends, would come and spend the evening with him. "Scott and Sebright" have recorded from the old man's own lips how the merry party in the big room once brought a horse upstairs, and tried to "unearth the old badger" from "No. 6 dimity bed," and how, with the drawers as a barricade and the landlord on Mr. Davis's side, they didn't. Lord Jocelyn and Osman Ricardo were very busy in that wondrous horse ascent. It was a new staircase at the back of the house, almost perpendicular; but encouraged by apples and biscuits, the bay went up it at three bounds. When Mr. Davis had repulsed both footguards and cavalry, the storming party began to find their position rather serious, as the horse turned nervous and slipped about on the polished black oak, and sent his heels through a window. Mr. Ricardo stuck well to his head, but "the situation" was one of extreme difficulty. At last straw was laid, and he was blindfolded, and got down the front stairs by gentle pressure at last; but the labours of that night were never repeated.

Count d'Orsay was then in all his pride, and when an extra suit of hunting clothes was wanted, he sent off a horse express to London, and had his valet routed out of his seat at Drury Lane to find them. The Count was very much struck with Mr. Fowler's portly man-cook. "*Come here*," he said to a friend, "*and I vill show you de finest specimen of de English cook I ever do see.*" Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was also a great man at the revels, and his neat retort of "*I'm too much of a tar to care for that pitch*," was long remembered. Earl Errol was a rare chairman, and no one was more vexed, although his sympathies were with the result, than to see his party dwindle down on the week that Manners Sutton, and Abercromby contended for the Speakership. It was hard that those few evenings should be marred by political anxiety, each man of those left looking out for the express which was to decide the composition of the new Parliament in that great party strife. Such divisions did not vex Mr. Carroll's Irish soul, and he was as merry as ever, and alike touching in the thrilling recitative of "My Aunt who didn't leave me a Legacy." He was encored in it nightly, and it seemed to increase in breadth at every repetition. "My lud," he would begin, fixing his eyes on the chairman, and raising a roar before those first two words were

dropped, "I had an aunt when I was young, and she was dam partickler;" and then he went on to dilate on her mental blindness, —how she totally failed to see that a fair exchange was no robbery, and how he was ordered to leave her house in the morning, "after the swatest sleep I ever slept." The solemn manner in which he shook his great shock head, by way of emphasising his woes, and affected to dry his eyes with grief at the loss of his beloved relative—and his legacy—were irresistible, and not a night passed over without its being called for. Sir Francis Grant took care not to leave him out of his "Royal Hunt" picture, and painted him from a keen remembrance of these "mahogany tree" performances, with his hat off, airing his head. The scene of this picture was to have been originally laid in Creslow Great Pasture, which Westcar and Rowlands have made so famous in bullock-feeding annals, and not far from that Creslow Spinney, which attracts such a holiday crowd when Mr. Selby Lowndes draws it. The great field is in the very heart of the grass, and not far from it is Aston Abbotts. Mr. Davis never felt more at home than when he was on his way to uncart a deer there, with the grey Hermit between his knees, and Governor trotting proudly at his side, with his stern tightly curled over his back. He might well care more for the Vale than the close fencing of Berks and the flints of Oxfordshire. Nearly all, save the artist and Lord Wilton, have died out of that picture, but it lives for evermore. Even the old White Hart is taken down, and the jail behind it is turned into judges' lodgings, which open into the County Hall. The centre window of that quaint old assize and quarter sessions home was the one from which Tawell stepped out for

"His leap from the leafless tree."

They still tell how his poor shrivelled little body, in sombre black and shovel hat, swung to and fro in the wind like a lean carrion crow. He did not rest more than fifteen or sixteen years under the jail pavement, but he and another murderer were dug up, and their coffins carried privately through Aylesbury in a truck, with a tarpauling thrown over them, and buried in the new ground. The large figure of the White Hart is now in Mr. Fowler's garden. It arrived anonymously one night, and many years afterwards it was discovered to be the gift of a gallant captain.

Before the old inn was levelled, the mirth was out of Aylesbury. The royal hounds ceased to come, and the golden age of Vale steeplechasing ended. Sir Harry Peyton started the horses for the first one, which was for a sweepstakes of 20 sovs, with a claret jug.

The field were taken to Whaddesdon windmill, and shown the small wooden tower of Aylesbury Church, and told to "hunt the line" there on pain of being disqualified if they went through a gate or along a road. Seventeen were in the big brook at one time, and the Marquis of Waterford's Lancet died soon after from the effects of that plunge bath. Laurestina (Allnutt) got over well, and sailed away three or four hundred yards in front, but Captain Becher and Vyvian reached dry land at last, and reached the mare as well in the winning field. After that, Mr. Davis generally started them, and when the race was over he turned out a deer. To a keen Aylesbury lover of those days, every field seems to have its history. "Yonder is where they started for the light weights, when Vyvian was beaten by Saladin; there they finished for the heavy weights, but Vyvian won that time." They can show you the very place where the unctuous Bill Bean tried to squeeze Rochelle between two trees, and was removed, half Absolom fashion, from

> "The old saddle tree
> Which had borne him of yore,"

and left sitting, with a severe bruise on his knee, which made him limp for life. Then there is the great grass field, near the famous Putlowe's farm, into which Vyvian and Grimaldi jumped almost abreast at the finish; the big double, where "the Marquis" on Yellow Dwarf came to grief, and the point in the hedge where the rail was doctored to no purpose for Jim Mason and The Poet. Strange, hard heroes they were by flood and field, and the little "captain with the whiskers" the hardest amongst them. "*Good-bye, you dear old fellow!*" said one of his friends, as he grasped his hands in the coffin, and took a small lock of his hair as a remembrance; "*we shall never see two such little men as you and Osbaldeston again.*" Jim Mason was not a good finisher, but as elegant in the saddle and with as fine an eye to the line, when he had real horse power beneath him, as he was careful in his toilet. A clean shirt and a toothpick would be about Dick Christian's wardrobe, when he arrived anywhere to ride, but Jim had his valet and his india-rubber bath. After Yellow Dwarf's day, too many people came, and farmers began to complain, and so it came to an end. The Pratt Club still meet once a year to have their fun over a rare steeple-chace course, on one of Mr. Fowler's farms. The late Lord Strathmore pronounced the course to be about the best in England, and won two races over it, and little know anxious parents, "by the pricking of their thumbs," or any other secret intelligence, how their

sons, under divers aliases, "take silk" there annually, without waiting for the Lord Chancellor to offer it.

And now a word for the Rufford country, which, but for the "first commoner in England," who stuck to it when others were slack, would not be a country at all.

Under Captain Percy Williams it had quite a golden age for nineteen seasons, until, in 1860, the game preservers made fair hunting almost impossible, and he would hunt it no longer. A large proportion of it is forest, on a light, sandy soil. Hence it is very difficult to stop, as the foxes can scratch themselves in and out almost anywhere, and make an earth in twenty-four hours, more especially on the Dukery or Derbyshire side. The clays are on that side where there are plenty of detached woods, and if "Charley" is not at home in one, he is in another. Winkburn Woods are also very good for breaking hounds, and so are Ossington Woods, with their good black thorn, hazel, and oak, under-cover. Lord Manvers' woods are also on the clay, and adjoin Ossington, whose owner has indeed been a mighty pillar to the Rufford. Egmonton Wood, near Tuxford, is a very rare scenting one, if the wind serves. The worst of the Rufford clay country is, that part of it is full of "dumbells," or dry brooks in ravines, which are very bad to cross. Bleasby Gorse, which was made by the late Sir Richard Sutton for Mr. Musters, and is held on suffrance, is the only detached gorse in the country, and a pretty sure find. The hunt limits extend as far as Chesterfield, a country which Sir George Sitwell once hunted. It is a very fine, wild country on that side, and they once took a fox from Newton nearly to the lime quarries at Crick, near Chatsworth.

Willesden, by Sir Hercules, out of a Velocipede mare, was one of Captain Williams's very best horses during seven out of his eighteen seasons. Lord George Bentinck bred him, and sold him for thirty sovs., when he had cut up badly in a trial with the Goodwood two-year-olds. He was never fairly done up but once. They had a busy day on the clay from 10 to 5, and at 2 o'clock the captain got off him and got on Lazarillo, and "Jack" fairly galloped Willesden to a stand-still. The horse is especially remembered for his jump of twenty-one feet, with clothing on, over a snow fosse, just outside the kennel-gate at Rufford. Strange to say, Captain Williams was very nearly the first to find Lord George Bentinck, as he lay dead that September morning, in his father's flood meadow. He was "sinking the wind" very early with his hounds in a dense mist to draw "Lord Woodstock's plantation," and just as he got to a bridle-gate, within two or three hundred yards of which Lord George lay right

in his path, a woodman stopped him, and told him that the valet had just found his lordship.

But to resume stable matters. Grey Minstrel and The Bard and Lazarillo, by Jereed, were both clippers, and so was Percy (400 gs.), by Young Priam, but a difficult one to ride, and Lord Henry Bentinck found him above his hands. Locomotive and The Stoker, both by The Steamer, also bore their part, and the latter went to Mr. Percival for 300 gs., ran in a French steeplechace, and was sold for 800 gs. to the government.

Transport by Ranter,[a] out of Tuneful, was the first foxhound the Captain ever had, and he got her, as a seven-season hunter, in 1841. Lord Ducie and Sir Richard Sutton also helped, and Mr. Foljambe was, as usual, a friend in need. The first misfortune was the poisoning of five couple at Annesley; one of them dropped dead on the road before they started, and Planet did not live to get to Mansfield. Two couple were also drowned on the ice in the Duke of Newcastle's decoy wood. Sylphide, by Fitzwilliam Shiner, from Cottesmore Lady, was bought at Lord Lonsdale's sale, and a very good one she proved; but little squeaking Sanguine was the best, and she began and ended well after six seasons, without turning rogue. Playmate was entered in 1844, and hunted six seasons. He broke his shoulder cub-hunting at Osberton, and Chieftain was lamed on the same day. The old dog was a line hunter, and ran to head as well, and scarcely missed a day's work before his seventh season. Caroline, Gossip, Guilty, and Glory, were all by him, and several other kennels used him. The Captain had at one time fifteen couple of the sort in work. He was, in fact, the founder of the pack, and his stock had all nose, but hardly tongue enough. His Caroline could find bread in stones, and would bolt a bit of stone or brick whenever she was let out. She ran to head when she was a ten-season hunter, with the stones rattling inside her, and when she was opened her bowels were like a bag of marbles.

Helpmate, by a Yarborough sire out of Rutland Telltale, was also a rare foxhound, but with less bone than Playmate. He had no chance at the stud, as he was never seen or heard of more, when they had run a fox to Thieves Wood. The Captain could not bear to go home without him, and blew his horn for nearly an hour. No dog was so particular about hunting costume. He would never go out to exercise with anyone but his master; and if *he* wasn't in scarlet he would hesitate, and if he hadn't a hunting-cap on he would

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[a] By Osbaldiston's Ranter, by Furrier.

flatly refuse to come. Telltale had precisely the same habit, and in fact seemed to have learnt it from him. Old Bachelor would never be flogged away from an earth. He only once left his fox, and then under peculiar circumstances. They had knocked the foxes about in Ossington Wood, and had not been able to lay hold of one. Bachelor was a long time answering the horn. At last he cantered up, waving, his stern, and off again. Charles Hamblin put him back to the Captain, but he gave them the slip; so they followed him over four or five fields, and he led them to a drain under a gateway, where he had left a fox, which they duly tolled and killed. Traitor, by Rufford Fairplay, from Belvoir Lass, ranked next as a stallion to Playmate, and Bachelor was by him out of Beauty by Playmate. Jackson, the cricketer, was a great runner with the pack when a lad. He wore a red coat, and led terriers, and was always there when he was wanted. He took Barbara in the draft as far as Nottingham, and put them on the rail for Mr. Davenport's, of the North Staffordshire. In a few days Jack sent for him again, as Barbara had found her way home; and that she did not once, but twice, over a country she knew nothing of, fully seventy miles. She was by Cheshire Bangor, and had been with her sister, Beauty, a gift from Captain White.

The best cub-hunting in the Grove country is at Grove, and Osberton, and Whitwell Woods; but the foxes are generally better on Lord Fitzwilliam's side. It is a bad scenting country, with three soils—sand, limestone, and clay; and they can scramble a day's sport out of the clay when it is no use going on to the forest. It was a mistake to give up a slice of the limestone country to Lord Fitzwilliam, as it was a late country, and kept damp when the clays were baked. Captain Williams, who was once in the foremost rank of our gentleman riders, has not taken another country, and lives at Barnby Moor. His little white terrier, Venom, the last relic of the Rufford pack, died not long ago. Poor Jack, the kennel-huntsman, has been dead for some years.

Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland; and Cumbrians, who never met before, have grasped each other's hands, and joyfully claimed country kindred in the Indian bungalow or the log-hut of the backwoods, when one of them being called on for a song, struck up

> "Do you ken John Peel with his coat so grey?
> Do you ken John Peel when he's far, far away?"

John seems to have come into life only to send foxes out of it, and liked plenty of elbow-room for his sport. Briton was his favourite

hound; and when old John died, and his pack broken up, young John sent the little black-and-tan to Mr. Crozier of the Riddings, near Keswick. This gentleman is the inheritor of the old man's fame; but he hunted the Blencathra pack while old John was still in the flesh, and the hounds joined drags two or three times on the mountains. Saddleback, which was right behind his home, "the tall brow of the lofty Helvellyn," which fills up the distance as you look from his snuggery window, and flanks the vale of St. John, are, along with Skiddaw, two great hunting grounds. Still he is at times all over the lake country, and goes right away into Lancashire. A few years since, when he had been master for more than a quarter of a century, the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountaineers gave him a very handsome testimonial. It was a silver tureen, with a mounted huntsman and hounds on the cover, and round the stem some hounds among the fern running into a fox and a hare. The handle of the punch ladle—for punch, not hare-soup, was its more peculiar destiny—was the brush of a Skiddaw fox. Isaac, the huntsman, was not forgotten; and he received ten guineas and a "new rig out" of scarlet and green. Two old men attended the presentation, who had been, as the Scottish shepherds phrase it, "at a deal of banes breaking" (*i.e.*, breaking-up a fox) ever since childhood; but the senior was a Nimrod of eighty-four, from near "the ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall," in whose parish hounds have been now kept consecutively for more than one hundred years.

Mr. Crozier supports the village charter well, and has quite the goodwill of the lake district. He says that, whether he is benighted or hungry, or feels weak with fatigue on the mountains, he never lacks a welcome from farmer or cottager. The farmers' wives and daughters "walk" the puppies, while the fathers and brothers hunt with him; and Wordsworth tells of the love of the lakers for a hunt. As in Devonshire—

> "what cared they,
> For sheparding or tillage;
> To nobler sports did Isaac rouse
> The sleepers of the village."

The Blencathra pack has been in Mr. Crosier's hands for eight-and-twenty years; and he brings up four or five couple annually. He drafts about two couple, and since the railway ran so near him, he loses two couple on an average. Ten couple form his usual pack. Soon after he commenced hunting, he had a hound named Butler, who is still spoken of as the crack of the district, for carrying a cold scent down a road. Many of the hounds are kept by the neighbouring

farmers; and when Mr. Crozier went into his yard, and wound his horn for the hunt, the unfailing Butler was the first to come cantering up the Threlkeld way, waving his stern with delight at the prospect of another day's fun on the fell. Clasher, Blueman, Briton, Ruffler, and Brewer, were all good hounds, and the last-named would generally lead in his day; and Jilter, White Rally, Fame, Ruby, and Cruel, also supported the honour of their sex.

The pack generally meet between eight and nine in the winter; but from February to May, which is the regular fell season, they cast off at daylight or soon after. Up to Christmas they hunt hares in the vales; but if they do strike the line of a fox, they never refuse to give him a run for his life. The foxes are mostly found on Canock, Saddleback, Skiddaw, The Dodd, Brundholme Wood occasionally, Castlerigg Fell, Hallow Crag, near Derwent Lake, the Amboth and Middle Rocks, the Barfe, as well as Brathwaite and the Newland Fells.

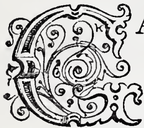
The best runs and the largest number of kills are on Skiddaw. Canock is a great hunting ground, but the foxes are very hard to kill, as there are so many strong bields or rock earths. Of late years Castlerigg and Hallow Crag have been a surer find than of yore. The foxes are generally dug out when it is practicable, and the farmers have been made anxious about their lambs; but there are many places whence they cannot be dislodged, unless the terriers are up before they have had time to get their wind again. On an average, ten brace are killed in the season. The field varies from half a dozen to two score of pedestrians, according to the population of the district. Horsemen seldom venture, as the bogs and fells would be too much for them. Twelve years ago, these hounds ran a fox from Skiddaw, and next morning they were discovered asleep near Coniston Crag. He was found about 2 p.m., and after two or three rings he went away by Millbeck and Applethwaite, past Curthwaite Church and Portinscale, to Sir John Woodford's cover, from which he stole along Catbells, through all the rocky ground in Borrowdale, then away to Black Hill in Ulpha, where he went to earth about midnight. Some of the shepherds in the Vale heard the pack marking him at the earth, but before they got there he had bolted towards Broughton-on-Furness. From point to point, the run was thirty-five miles, and it would be quite safe to add twelve or fifteen more for the rings and the up-hill and down-dale journeys. It was through the most rugged part of the lake district, and no one ever knew whether the fox, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "made a good end of it," in the huntsman's sense of the word. Runs of from three to four hours are not unfrequent, and as the fox,

with the open fells before him, is very loth to leave the one on which he was bred, they run in circles like hares. They are of all sorts and sizes. and nearly all shades of colour, and in pretty settled weather the scent is as good, if not better, on the mountains than anywhere else. Tongue is very desirable, and Mr. Crozier's strain of harrier blood enables him to keep his basses and tenors in perfection. Joshua Fearon was the old huntsman, and the one under whom Mr. Crozier graduated ; and he still lives hearty and well at eighty. He had a capital voice and good hound language, and knew every move of his game, from a fox to a water-rat. Isaac Todhunter, the present huntsman, has "a good deal of Josh's science off," and he is clad in a Lincoln green coat, scarlet waistcoat, and corduroy breeches. Mr. Marshall's "Patterdale dogs" also hunt the Lake district, as also do the Hullbank and the Cockermouth beagles, the Bowness and Mr. J. Hartley of Moresby's harriers. Trail hunts are hardly so much practised as they were. Twenty or thirty years ago, the prizes ranged from 5*s.* and a pair of couples, to 5*l.* The distance was from five to twelve miles, and Threlkeld Hall Rattler and Stark's Towler, Parker's Rattler and Wilson's Gambler (both Caldbeck dogs), Gilkerson's of Carlisle and Rodger's of Preston, were the leading winners.

H. H. D.

THE RETURN OF THESEUS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT GREECE.


AILY the southern breezes blew,
And gaily onward bore
A goodly ship, with gallant crew,
To reach the Attic shore.

In Athens many a vow was vow'd,
And many a victim slain,
When that good vessel, outward-bound,
Was launch'd upon the main.

Upon no common venture sent,
The Cretan coast she sought;
Nor comes she now to Athens back
With common tidings fraught.

Deep in a winding cave of Crete
A direful monster lay;
A human tribute for his food
Was Athens forced to pay.

When last the hated season came
That this dread fine was due,
"Now cast no lots!" Prince Theseus said;
So said his comrades true.

"Send *us!* For Athens we are pledged
To die, if die we must;
The Gods may grant a better fate!
In them we put our trust."

"My noble son!" King Ægeus said,
"I may not thee deny:
Go then; and in the hour of need
Heaven send thee victory!

"But charge the mariners to hoist
One of these streamers twain,
When thy good vessel comes in sight
Of Attic land again.

"If then the flag of white be seen,
'Twill show thy triumph won;
But if the flag of black——farewell!
Farewell, my gallant son!"

The Cretan princess loved the youth,
She help'd him at his need:
He slew the monster, and escaped,
And Athens thus was freed!

When now the vessel homeward drew,
With Attic land in sight,
Prince Theseus charged the mariners
To hoist the flag of white.

But every eye and heart on board
Was fix'd upon the shore;
They hoisted heedlessly the flag
Of black, and on they bore.

Loud shouting was upon the deck—
Loud shouting on the strand—
When Theseus, first of all the crew,
Leap'd lightly to the land.

"Rejoice!" he cried, "Athenians all,
The victory is won!
Haste to my father—bid him share
The triumph of his son!"

Swift messengers to Athens ran;
Behind the hero stay'd,
'Till on the shore his thankful vows
Of sacrifice were paid.

Then he and his to Athens marched;
  A joyful man was he;
No heart beat higher then than his,
  Of all that company.

And when to Athens they were come,
  The crowd that did attend
On Theseus and his company
  With shouts the air did rend.

Right soon another crowd was spied
  In Athens' widest street;
Old Ægeus on a couch they bore
  His victor son to meet.

But sounds of wail and woe were heard
  As onward Theseus prest,
And sadly thus an aged man
  The conqueror addrest:—

"Alas, my king! for king thou art—
  The will of heaven be done!
Yet would thy sire had lived to know
  The safety of his son!

"Outlooking from a rocky steep,
  He saw thy ship draw near;
And saw too well upon the mast
  A sable flag appear.

"Then madly down himself he flung—"
  King Theseus heard no more,
But through the throng he burst, and fell
  His father's corpse before.

"My father! oh, my father! this
  Is then my work!" he cried;
"And yet of thee I chiefly thought
  In all my heedless pride!

"Still, as my vessel near'd the shore,
I stood upon the prow,
In haste to see thy face again—
Thus do I see it now?"

Full strangely joy and grief were blent
That day in Athens' town,
When conquering Theseus on his throne
A mourner sat him down.

Old Ægeus in the tomb was laid,
And Theseus reign'd instead;
But deep within his heart abode
The memory of the dead!

Our Volunteers.

THAT "eaten bread is soon forgotten," is a proverb which some good people in this country require to be reminded of, anent the question of the Volunteers. Here was this great nation of ours, suffering, like a fever-stricken man, from alternate hot and cold fits, the effects of a chronic disease—the dread of invasion. Well, Lord Palmerston, riding as he always did on the very wave-crest of public opinion, proposed to put an end to the perplexing fears—which rightly or wrongly afflicted the country—by constructing an elaborate system of Fortifications, for the defence of our coasts and vital points: his proposal was accepted, the works were designed, and they are even still under execution. But "what's a hat without a head?" or rather, what's a fort without a force? And when the works were ordered, it was roundly asserted by many authorities that one of two things must happen if we were ever attacked; either that our troops would be locked up and frittered away in the new works, or that if manœuvred in the open, the forts would be left empty and useless, for that we had not troops sufficient for both purposes. Here, however, the Volunteers stepped in, and at once, and let us hope for ever, relieved us from the difficulty.

It is true that the present Volunteers date from 1858-9, whereas the Fortification scheme was a year after; but the infancy of the Volunteer movement gave no sort of promise of the noble proportions it was so soon to develop, and it was not till 1860, when Her gracious Majesty reviewed the force in Hyde Park, that our incredulous countrymen, and our astounded neighbours, began to have an inkling of the fact, that a mighty young giant, a veritable young Goliath, a champion all but fit to defy the armies of our enemies, had arisen in our midst almost without our knowing it.

Now there is not the slightest doubt in the world that when the accounts of the Volunteer Review of 1860, and the real truth regarding England's new force, permeated throughout the Continent, a profound impression was created; and no wonder either, for here we had indeed a rare combination of moral and physical force; we had a great army, not called into existence by the iron will of the

despot, or the cruel, inexorable conscription, but self-constituted and self-supported, evolving itself out of the intelligence, the patriotism, and the manliness of that country where alone, or perhaps with one exception, real liberty lives and moves and has its being.

Year by year did this wondrous force, for such in sober truth it is, expand and solidify. "Oh," said the croakers, "wait a bit! by-and-by the novelty will wear off, and the great gourd will wither up." The prophecy of others was, "We are fostering a folly, a delusion, a snare; for in time of trouble the force will crumble away like "a rope of sand;" it has no real discipline, cohesion, or strength; it will, like the broken reed, but wound to the quick the trusting hand that uses it." Nevertheless the Volunteers, with true British pertinacity, stuck to their work; the thing lived, it had struck its roots, it grew; and the strange anomaly was daily to be observed of busy men, who had been at work all day, turning out for drill and exercise at night-fall. Year by year the great rifle meetings at Wimbledon occurred, each one more successful than its predecessor; and at these meetings the men not only showed that they were becoming the first marksmen in the world, but that they were learning that most essential part of a soldier's calling, the art of living in camp. Great reviews also followed and concluded these rifle contests; others were soon organised, and became more and more successful, until they culminated in that at Portsmouth during this year, when nearly 30,000 Volunteers were thrown into that fortress, went through their review and sham fight, having marched six miles from the former to the latter, and returned home by railway the same night.

But an uninterrupted flow of prosperity and adulation, be it deserved or not, is good for no one, not even for a young Goliath; and so, within the last few months, a "change has come o'er the spirit of the dream;" the croakers are for the nonce triumphant. "We told you how it would be," they say; "they're nothing but an armed rabble," "The sooner they're disbanded, the better," &c., &c.

Now there *is* something the matter with the youthful giant, and, as usual, the doctors differ. "He's outgrown his strength, give him cod-liver oil," says one; "give him iron," says another; "steel," says a third; "gold," suggests the fourth. "Confound it, sir," winds up old Stiffstock, "give him the sack!"

Let us, then, examine into the alleged shortcomings of the Volunteers, with the view of discovering where it is that the machine is out of gear, and of suggesting remedies suitable for the exigencies of the case. The first serious hitch which occurred this year took place at the Windsor review. Her Majesty having intimated her intention

of reviewing her "citizen army," for the first time since her overwhelming loss seven years before, the greatest enthusiasm and excitement prevailed in the force, and 25,000 Volunteers assembled in the Great Park, to testify their loyalty to, and sympathy with, the Queen, as well as their zeal for the cause. So far as the actual review itself was concerned, it was a great success, and at its conclusion her Majesty received an ovation, which, in its exuberance and evident heartiness, has perhaps rarely been excelled. On the return home, however, a perfect concatenation of blunders resulted in what must be regarded as a great disaster, unless, indeed, it be viewed as a crisis bringing to light the evil humours which were lurking in the system of the force. The day was most oppressive, like a mixture of Hong-Kong and the West Coast, and as no refreshments—not even water—had been provided for the men generally, they naturally, and like the harts of old, longed for refreshing streams, and small wonder, perhaps, that they strayed from their ranks to seek them. The brigadiers blundered. The officers either deserted their men or neglected their duties. The railway regulations were admirably adapted to cause the greatest possible amount of confusion in the shortest possible time. Many of the corps became mixed up, and rushed for the station. The Inspector-General of Volunteers was disregarded, and even insulted; and thus a portion of the force—not a very large one, however,—rendered itself justly obnoxious to the charge of want of discipline, and of being but an "armed rabble." Now, it is no less remarkable than true that the more people put themselves in the wrong, the more irate they become, and, in fact, wrath is not altogether an unreliable measurer of personal failings. The Volunteers, after the review, were terribly angry; they must in fact have greatly resembled the celebrated army in Flanders; and when it became a question of attending the Wimbledon review, they swore "they did not intend to be treated again as they were at Windsor," and so it came to pass that in point of numbers the Wimbledon review was a complete failure; and, as ill-luck would have it, the War Office officials and the railway again managed to produce most distracting regulations, causing considerable confusion. The authorities, moreover, by inexplicably delaying to investigate the conduct of the offending corps, allowed the stigma to rest upon the whole force, and this was deeply felt and resented; but while entertaining, or even giving vent to their wrath, they were inexcusable in allowing it to take the objectionable shape it did. Soldiers, and particularly "old soldiers," are greatly given to growling, but they never for all that think for a moment of not

fulfilling the services expected of them. It is true that there was no actual obligation on the Volunteers to attend Wimbledon or any other review, but there was a moral obligation that those who could attend, and were in the habit of attending, should do so, for the Review is one of the most potent means of keeping alive and increasing the spirit of the movement, and anything tending to even lessen the interest in, not to speak of causing the failure of, this agency, must act prejudicially on the whole force; therefore the Volunteers should have grumbled and turned out, and, if they pleased, grumbled again; for they may be quite certain that if they have any real grievance to be redressed, public opinion is so strongly in favour of the force, that no ministry could refuse for any length of time to attend to their reasonable complaints.

Having now shown that although the Volunteers are really a magnificent body, they are by no means perfect, and that portions of them are decidedly wanting in discipline and right feeling, let us see what remedies are required, and how they are to be applied. We think, then, in this case that the old saying "good officers make good men" will be found to be true, and that the chief thing required to make the Volunteers thoroughly efficient, is to give them officers who know their work, and who are admittedly superior in military attainments to the men whom they are to command. At present it is generally supposed that in a great measure the men command the officers, and that except for the honour and glory of the thing, and for the money they expend in and upon their corps, there might just as well be no officers at all. The fact is, that money is at the root of the Volunteer difficulty; for as the government grant is insufficient to meet the necessary expenses, it naturally devolves upon the officers to supply the deficiency, and hence, as a rule, they are selected for length of purse rather than for qualifications for command. And here it is where the shoe really pinches.

A great deal has been said about the absurdity and impropriety of the state paying the Volunteers, and it has been urged that if they are in receipt of pay, they cease to be Volunteers. Of course this is nothing but pure nonsense, for they do not receive pay individually; the capitation grant goes for the general expenses of the corps, and the men do really volunteer their time and services, which is all that reasonable people would demand of them. It should be remembered, moreover, that the grant is very small indeed: twenty shillings per year per efficient Volunteer, with ten shillings more for "extra efficients," is but a trifling sum compared with 6*l.* per man in the militia, and 32*l.* per man in the regular army. But it is

said, "Oh, what is the use of paying for men who perhaps won't come out just when we want them, and who would not remain even if they did turn out?" Now this view of the question is totally fallacious, for those Volunteers who enrol themselves as such in times of peace, do so upon the distinct understanding that they are liable to be *called* out, whether they like it or not, in the event of imminent danger to the state; and when they are so called upon, they are placed under the Articles of War and the Mutiny Act, and would for the time being, and to all intents and purposes, be considered as regular soldiers, and be subject to the treatment of such. The cavillers are not, therefore, in a position to quote Hotspur's reply of "but will they come when you do call them?"—to Glendower's mad boast, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep;" for the Volunteer spirits at any rate must come, and stay too if they are wanted! But say the croakers again, "The country should not be called upon to pay for half-disciplined men; if, indeed, they could be relied upon, it might be different:" but, good people, it is exactly this starving system which is doing the mischief, and the men are undisciplined partly and indirectly because of the insufficiency of money.

No, let us give the Volunteers what they require, and then insist on competent officers and thorough discipline; and if after a fair and very patient trial of this plan, they still are found wanting, it will be time enough to talk of disbanding.

But while we must all admit that we have to a certain extent been disappointed of late, with the discipline and feeling of the Volunteers, may it not possibly be that we have been rather *exigeant?* that we have been expecting to reap where we have not sown, or at least have not given the crop time to come to maturity? It is not yet ten years since the movement began in earnest, and many of the corps are of very recent formation. Let us think of the vast difference between the trained riflemen and skilled marksmen of the Volunteers of the present day, as compared with those when poor Leech made his famous joke about a front-rank man, confiding to his neighbour the fact of his having secured his rear-rank man, by "putting a cherry down his barrel!" We have been told over and over again that "Rome was not built in a day," but we still require to be reminded of the fact, and in no particular more so than in this very question of the Volunteers; for even if they are not yet perfect, what has been done is marvellous; at any rate, it is undeniable that the world has, in point of fact, never seen the like before. It is true that when the great Napoleon proposed to annex our little Island, nearly half a million British Volunteers

rushed to arms against the expected invader; but after the immediate danger was over, the movement soon dwindled away, and the force at no time attained anything like the efficiency of the present "citizen army," which, instead of declining, has, on the contrary, gone on steadily increasing in numbers and skill. This difference between the two movements is not to be wondered at; for when the arch-disturber of the continent was for the last time forced from the scene, and securely banished to his isolated prison, there was absolutely nothing to cause us any alarm; whereas in the present day, and since the Volunteers have been in existence, wars have followed each other in rapid succession, the air has been at all times, as it were, thick and heavy with rumours, and fully charged with all the elements of a most fearful storm; in the face of this, and in view of the dread contingencies which might at any moment arise, it could hardly be expected that our Volunteers would abate their efforts, nor, while the present state of alarm and undefined mistrust exists, need we fear that their animating spirit will suffer any diminution. But another, and a very potent cause, has undoubtedly contributed to the permanence of the modern movement, and promises to keep it going even if there were no signs of danger; it is that rifle shooting has taken a firm hold of the Volunteers as a pastime, the love for and the skill in which have grown very rapidly: nor is this to be wondered at, when it is reflected that the modern weapon is one of such marvellous precision. Englishmen have at all times delighted in sports involving keen competition, and even with bows and arrows they carried shooting to a wonderful pitch of perfection, when the nature of the weapon is considered; but who on earth could possibly take any interest in firing with an article like poor old Brown Bess, which, let it be aimed ever so true on the mark at any moderate range, would rarely hit save by chance, and which at 200 yards was utterly useless. Poor dear old lady! You held a bayonet to perfection; very terrible were you at ranges where no fire-arm could possibly miss; but to have thought of firing a match with you, would have been as truly ridiculous, as it would be to compete in washing-tubs from Putney to Mortlake.

In comparing the present movement, therefore, with that at the beginning of the century, it must be remembered that these reasons for the permanence and growth of the former were wanting in the case of its predecessor. Long may rifle shooting flourish and grow daily in favour! but as to the other cause—the feeling of alarm and insecurity—that indeed we can afford to dispense with, even if the effect were to diminish the numbers of our Volunteers.

The Volunteer movement of the present day has been to a great extent nurtured and fostered by the National Rifle Association, to which the country is greatly indebted for its successful efforts; but a younger society has sprung up, which promises to have a very beneficial effect upon the force: we refer to the National Artillery Association, which was started for the purpose of encouraging great gun practice, and which holds, at the great Artillery shooting ground at Shoeburyness, annual prize meetings—Artillery Wimbledons in fact. These meetings, although, not attracting anything like the numbers which assemble at Wimbledon, have been very successful, that which was held this year having been remarkably so. It is very much to be desired that these competitions should continue and increase in popularity, and that the Garrison Artillery portion of the force should be developed. For while there may be some grounds for doubting the efficiency in all respects of the Rifle Volunteers, there is no doubt whatever about their Artillery brethren being in their element in working big guns. Here their intelligence soon causes them to pick up the drill; and not being under the necessity of working in large bodies, and the exercise requiring individual intelligence and exertion rather than combined efforts, they soon become exceedingly expert; and to render them quite equal to any emergency, they only require a small admixture of the regulars, who are necessary in these days of complicated guns and projectiles, and when such great accuracy of aim can be obtained and is absolutely essential. The great Napoleon said he wanted men behind walls, but soldiers in the field. But this is chiefly true as regards infantry, for to man the guns behind walls something more than mere men are required; they must be trained and specially educated men; and hence it is that the Garrison Artillery part of the Volunteers is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory branch of the service. The Field Artillery of the Volunteers is by no means to be equally relied on; and it would appear as if the unavoidable conditions which must be fulfilled to ensure efficiency in this branch, can never be attained: good driving is, for instance, an absolute essential in manœuvring Artillery with other troops, and it is only to be arrived at by constant practice. This, however, it is simply impossible for the Volunteers to have, as time and horses are not at their command, and consequently all that should be looked for or aimed at by the Volunteer Artillery, is to man the great guns in our fortifications, and the "guns of position" in the field; but surely this is a sufficiently noble and extensive part for them to play in the defence of their country.

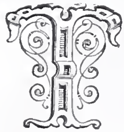
It will be gathered from our remarks that we regard the Volunteers

with great favour as being most useful auxiliaries to our regular troops; that we earnestly desire the expansion of the movement; and that we would gladly see every possible measure for its benefit adopted. What, then, is chiefly required? First, money is wanted; money not only from the state, but from those who "sit at home at ease." The country ought to subscribe a great deal more liberally than it does, because it is the only way in which it can aid the noble movement which has gone a long way to banish the phantom of invasion, and restore the prestige and respect which we seemed on the verge of losing; and because the pecuniary pressure on the Volunteers and on the state is already much greater than is at all desirable. It has been frequently cast in the teeth of the Volunteers that they receive aid from the state; and certainly it would be much better if they could do without it; for, would it not be a splendid thing to be able to say to surrounding nations, "Look, we have a force of a quarter of a million of thoroughly equipped and well-drilled Volunteer soldiers, whose services are rendered spontaneously and freely; whose expenses are defrayed by voluntary subscriptions throughout the country; and who receive nothing from the state, save the arms they bear for its defence"? The provoking part of the matter is, that this might easily be accomplished if only the right people were to set to work about it in the right way. Why, then, should not the attempt be made now? A crisis has occurred in the fate of the movement; evidently it is on the eve of a fresh point of departure, of some considerable change—whether for good or evil must depend upon its treatment. What more fitting occasion, then, could there be for the country to speak out more eloquently than by words? Of the latter the Volunteers have had no lack; good advice and praise have been heaped upon them, till no doubt they are sick of both; but "fair words butter no parsnips." Let deeds be now substituted for words, or if we all must have our say, let us act too.

But besides money, the Volunteers require patient and considerate treatment. We must not have government threatening to disband the whole force if certain things occur again. We ought not to refuse to listen to demands they think just and necessary. We ought not to expect a state of discipline and training, very nearly, if not quite, unattainable under the circumstances, and be seriously disappointed and even angry when we do not quite find it. And we ought to remember that if we allow anything to occur to dispirit the force, check its growth, or endanger its permanence, it would almost amount to a national disaster.

On the other hand, the Volunteers have much in their own power, and they must be up and doing during the winter, which we trust will not be one of discontent. They must see to their officers, and insist on having them good men and true, and up to their work. They must shed off their "larkers," the young men who poke fun at the drill-serjeants; who kiss their hands, and convey other amatory signals, to admiring damsels on their lines of march; and who look upon the movement from a jocular point of view. They must really take into their most serious consideration the cultivation of that indispensable and cardinal military virtue, silence in the ranks; this is a point almost completely ignored by the Volunteers, but one on which it is quite impossible to lay too much stress; they should open their eyes and ears, and shut their mouths, and mark what marvels follow. Talking of opening, they should also open an account at every bank in the kingdom, so that their admirers would receive the necessary hint, and could convert their admiration into the material assistance so much required. And lastly, they should, we think, organise competitions in drill—their shooting is now simply superb, not so, however, their manœuvring; why, may we ask, should not prizes be systematically given for excellence of company and battalion movements? If the Volunteers would, then, attend to these and other similar matters, and if the country and the state would come forward and do their duty, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull *altogether*, would permanently place the force in the unassailable position to which they have so nearly, but certainly not quite, attained.

THE POOR MAN'S FISH.



HE Herring is, undoubtedly, one of our most interesting fishes, while the herring fishery is one of our most picturesque industries; and as the salmon (which has already been discussed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*) is the rich man's fish, so the poor man's fish is the herring; and if, as is said in a pithy old proverb, countries which have the good fortune to possess a herring fishery become happy and prosperous, then Scotland must be one of those countries, for in Scotland is carried on one of the greatest herring fisheries of the world. There is scarcely a firth or bay, of that part of our kingdom, but contains a shoal of herrings, the capture of which affords remunerative employment alike to labour and capital. This particular fishery has existed in Scotland from a remote period; notices of the herring fishery, indeed, form a portion of the early industrial history of that country. We can read of the Scots selling herrings to the Netherlanders, nine hundred years ago. It is not, however, our intention to enter at present upon an historical notice of the herring fishery; our desire is only to give a brief sketch of the economy of the fishery as it is now regulated, and to tell our readers what is known about the natural history of the fish.

It is no exaggeration to say that it would take a volume—indeed, one volume has been already devoted to the subject—to discuss the herring and the herring fishery, in its economic and picturesque aspects. The anomalies of the fishing season, which has just terminated, would alone afford scope for a lengthened article, and the natural and economic history of the herring for the last fifty years, if minutely traced, would afford materials for many volumes. All that can be accomplished within the limits of a magazine paper is to trace, as popularly as possible, the more salient points of the fishery, and relate succinctly what has been discovered of the natural history of the herring and its mode of life; and we may begin by premising that the herring is one of our most beautiful fishes, both in colour and form, and when taken in its best season, and properly cooked, so palatable as to be a treat for the most fastidious.

The Herring family is not very numerous, but it contains the Sprat,

Pilchard, and Anchovy, all of them interesting fishes, and its natural history, as now ascertained, begins with the Whitebait: that well-known Greenwich delicacy having been proved to be the young of the common herring. It would be tedious to recount the many controversies that have been fought over this fish. There have been disputes connected with all stages of its growth: whence it comes, whither it goes, and at what age it is fit for food; its ratio of growth, and at what time it becomes reproductive, have likewise, in turn, been hotly discussed. Few naturalists agree as to the natural history of the herring; indeed, some of them only describe the fish, and tell us nothing of its history, and none of them can say, with anything like certainty, how long a time elapses from the period of birth till the age of reproduction: although that is the chief point we ought long ago to have known regarding all our food fishes, it is, in reality, however, the one point of which we are most in ignorance. An inquiry was once made into this point of herring economy, and it was interesting to note the differences of opinion which were expressed. Some of the fishermen who were examined thought that the herring required seven years to reach the spawning period; others imagined that the fish arrived at maturity in three years; but some of the men very frankly admitted that they knew nothing about the matter. Yarrell and Mitchell, again, give eighteen months as the age of reproduction, and that we suspect is about the time to allow for the growth of the herring, if we may reason from the rapid growth of some of the other sea fishes.

A highly imaginative tale used to be told by old writers about the herring, to the effect that this excellent food-fish was a native of the high northern latitudes, and that great shoals of them instinctively set out, at the right time, for the seas and bays of Britain; but the idea that the herring is a migratory animal no longer prevails, except amongst those who have no means of informing themselves of such recent discoveries or speculations as have been made about these and other fishes. Instead of being migratory, and travelling to and from distant countries, the herring is quite as local as the salmon, each firth or bay having a shoal of these fish peculiar to the locality in which it is situated. The herring of Lochfyne is different from the herring of the Forth, and that of the Forth again differs from that which is captured on the coast of Norfolk: and that there is no departure of these fish to distant regions is certain, for they can be taken off our coasts all the year round. We obtain them first of all as whitebait, when they are of a very small size indeed; then young herrings are frequently taken

in the winter season, along with sprats; and it is a curious circumstance that sprats and herrings of a like size should be taken at the same time from the same fishing district,—the more especially as it has been repeatedly affirmed that the sprat is a distinct member of the family, and not a young herring, as has been maintained by one or two of our fishery economists. Much nonsense has been written about the sprat: it also was sent, by old writers, to the North Pole to spawn and find congenial food. Some said it was the young of the pilchard, but others said that could not be the case, as it was the young of the herring; but as the sprat has only forty-eight vertebræ, and the common herring has fifty-six, that radical difference in the anatomy of these fish cannot well be got over by the advocates of sprat growth. The most remarkable circumstance attending the sprat, is its great value as a market-fish. To the Scottish fishermen, the value of the sprat, speaking roundly, is not much under 80,000*l.* per annum; and the English fishermen will derive quite as large a sum from their sprat fishery—thousands of sprats are annually sold as French sardines.

It is now supposed, indeed it has been pretty well proved, that there are distinct races of herrings, coming to maturity and spawning at different seasons of the year, and that, in consequence, well-flavoured and fat herrings ought to be obtained at all seasons of the year. It was at one time thought that herrings spawned twice in each year; but the *same* fish, we feel assured, never does so; there can be no doubt, however, that there are shoals of herring which spawn at different seasons, some in winter or early spring-time, others during the summer and autumn, so that at all times there are to be found in the great deep herrings of all ages and of all sizes, from tiny whitebait to Yarmouth bloaters, and this circumstance is no doubt very confounding to those who wish to study the natural history of the herring. That fish, like all fishes, is enormously fecund, and yields its eggs in thousands. We have counted forty-five thousand eggs in a seven ounce herring; other fishes have still more: the roe of the cod consists of millions of ova, the flat fish are equally prolific, yielding their eggs, also, in hundreds of thousands. If a single pair of herrings, and their progeny, were allowed to multiply and replenish the seas for a period of twenty years, they would fill to overflowing all the waters of the globe. But we know well that such accumulation is impossible. The animals which prey upon the herring are numerous, as all persons know who have been in the neighbourhood of a shoal, and the fecundation of fish eggs being an external act, annual millions of

them are never in consequence fructified. Among the enemies of the herring are several of our best known food-fishes, as the cod, ling, &c. The sea-dogs also eat enormous quantities of herrings; so do many of the sea-birds;[a] and, to crown all, man, their most intelligent enemy, has only been able to capture them when they assemble to spawn: it is only for their "full" fish, that Scottish herring-curers can obtain the certificate of cure from the Board of White-fish Fisheries. The non-fructification of the eggs, the millions that never come to life from other causes, and the destruction of the fry by enemies, is so enormous, as to leave but a very small per-centage of the fish for the table; it has been calculated that only one herring in each hundred and twenty becomes a marketable fish!

Geographically speaking, the herring frequents only the colder waters. In the White Sea, there is an abundant fishing twice a year. At Iceland there has been an occasional capture. In Norway there is a great fishery for herrings, and the fisher-people there are rather in advance of us in the economy of the fishery: they search for the shoal, and, when it is found, the news is at once telegraphed to all parts of the country. The herring is also found in the Baltic, but the fish there are very small. Herrings are, likewise, found on the coast of Holland; there is a kind caught in the Zuyder-Zee, but they are not thought to be of great value, and, as a rule, the Dutch people never eat fresh herrings, they prefer them cured, and the Dutch cure, which will be afterwards alluded to, is perfection. In America there are plenty of herrings, that fish being found in abundance on the coasts of Carolina in January, and at other places during other seasons of the year. It is no use mentioning the many places where these fish are taken, and where the herring fishery, according to the oft-quoted proverb, ought to carry with it prosperity and plenty.

It may be noted here, that the herring has the reputation of being very capricious, and that it has frequently deserted places where, at one time, it was a familiar fish; many curious reasons have been

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[a] A missionary residing on St. Kilda once took the trouble to calculate the number of herrings which were annually devoured by the solan geese which frequent that lonely island. He says:—"We shall take it for granted that there are 100,000 of that kind (solan geese) around the rocks of St. Kilda; and this calculation is by far too moderate, as no less than 20,000 of this kind are destroyed every year, including the young ones. We shall suppose at the same time that the solan geese sojourn in these seas for about seven months of the year; that each of them destroys five herrings in a day, a subsistence comparatively poor for so greedy a creature, unless it were more than half supported at the expense of other fishes. Here, then, we have 100,000,000 of the finest fish in the world devoured annually by a single species of the St. Kilda sea-fowls."

given to excuse the caprice of the herring. The introduction of steamboats has been advanced as one reason why herrings have deserted places where, for years, they had been plentiful. The ringing of bells has also frightened them away, if we may believe one of the apologists; and herrings, it is said, were frightened away from the coasts of Sweden by the ships of war; they could not bear the roar of the great guns! Herrings were at one time taken in the Solway Firth, but they ceased to come for some years, then reappeared for a few seasons, and finally retired. No theory, that we know of, has been advanced to account for the herring forsaking the Solway, although reasons for such events are easily invented: thus, the Highland people used to hold the idea that herrings would assuredly forsake all coasts on which blood had been shed. But we often find, on inquiry, that the reasons given in olden times have been set aside; thus we have the stately "Iona," and other boats as well, steaming daily up Lochfyne, and yet more herrings are said to be caught there than ever were taken before, while the fish have deserted other lochs, where steamboats have not yet penetrated. As to the gun-firing theory, no cannon has been fired in the western islands since the days of Oliver Cromwell, yet the herrings of the western seas have changed and chopped about many a time, since the days of the Protector. The most curious cause ever advanced for the departure of the fish from a given locality, is the following:—"A member of the House of Commons, during the session of 1835, in a debate on a tithe bill, stated that a clergyman, having obtained a living on the coast of Ireland, signified his intention of taking the tithe of fish; which resolution was considered to be so utterly repugnant to their long existent privileges and feelings, that not a single herring has ever since been seen on that part of the Irish coast." One of the chief herring curing stations of Scotland has also been abandoned by the fish; it was described graphically, some years ago, by Mr. Hugh Miller: but Cromarty, the place in question, has long been deserted by *Clupea Harengus.* More than "once upon a time" the Firth of Cromarty has been the scene of great captures of fine herrings, immense shoals of these fish having come up the water. So vast were the quantities of these fish that were taken at the time alluded to, that they could not be cured; there was neither salt, barrels, nor gutters to gut them; the herrings were packed into old tan-pits, and into all sorts of utensils, household and otherwise, that could be improvised for the purpose of storing them till they could be cured. Now the herrings do not visit the bay of Cromarty. Why the herrings have deserted particular localities may be set down, we

think, to the fact of their food supplies having become exhausted at these resorts, so that they have had to seek out new places of the sea in which to live, and repeat from year to year the story of their birth.

As to the food of the herring: what it lives upon, and its rate of growth, the most varied opinions are entertained. Ancient authors describe the nourishment of that fish as being singularly varied; about seventy young fishes of different kinds having been found in the stomach of a herring. When herrings are in what may be called the hungry stage, that is, when the milt or roe is at its smallest, they eat everything in the shape of food they can obtain. As a proof of this, and it will interest our readers to know the fact, the herring will rise to a fly. This is a fact; we have seen them taken by means of a rod and an artificial fly. The late Mr. Mitchell narrates an experiment of fly fishing for herrings, when a few hundreds were taken in that way for the early German market, which is a very remunerative one. The herring has also been taken by means of clear hooks, without bait of any kind, and as many as 3000 fish have been brought ashore in this way, in an hour or two, by one or two boatmen who tried to anticipate the regular fishing season. It is thought by some, who have studied the natural history of the herring, that these fish only come together at the spawning season, and that at all other times they live a separate and individual life, which, if true, is exceedingly curious.

Turning, now, from the consideration of the herring as a problem in natural history, we shall next say a few words about how it is caught and cured. And first as regards the arrangements for the capture of the fish. The mode in which the herring fishery is promoted must, to say the least of it, be set down as peculiar. The men who are the mainspring of this great industry are the curers; they contract with the boat owners to capture the herrings, they provide salt, barrels, and all the other utensils and materials of the cure; they find coopers to superintend the barrelling of the fish, and women to eviscerate them; in short, they find the necessary capital with which to prosecute the fishery to its legitimate conclusion. The curer is generally a man of capital and energy, but, on the other hand, he may be a man of energy, and yet a man of straw. Some curers procure money from the local banks, or the foreign buyers of the fish, in order to go into what they doubtless think will prove a profitable business. Some of the Scottish curers are wealthy, being owners of ships, and importers of salt, barrel wood, dye stuffs, coals, iron, and other merchandise. The position of the boat-owners in the economy of the herring fishery is pretty much as follows: they

contract with the curer to supply what may, by a little stretch of fancy, be called the raw material, in other words the *green fish.* The bargain is, usually, that the owner of the vessel shall deliver to the curer not more than two hundred crans of herring during the fishing season, at a certain price per cran of forty-five gallons of ungutted fish. The prices of the fish vary from season to season. The nominal price of any season may be 1*l.* per cran; but in addition to this, the curer gives ready money in advance amounting, perhaps, to 20*l.*, a supply of dye stuffs, a few gallons of whisky it may be, and, in addition to all this, he may be asked to provide drying-ground for the nets of the whole fleet of boats fishing for him, as also carts and horses to carry them to the appointed drying-place. The nightly departure of the boats to the fishing-ground is one of the sights of the herring season at Wick, or rather Pulteneytown. On the average, there are a thousand boats congregated there, or in the immediate neighbourhood, and when the weather is thought to be suitable for a good "take," they begin to leave the harbour about four o'clock, in order to reach the best fishing station before set of sun. Crowds of people assemble on the heights of Pulteneytown, to witness the departure of the fleet; among whom may be seen careworn curers, foreign buyers, crowds of gutters dressed in their best clothes, but who will, in a few hours, be seen robed in fantastic rags, spotted over with blood and scales, at the eviscerating tubs, working like so many furies. The skippers' wives and children, and the men's sweethearts, are all going about hoping that the boats in which they are interested will be lucky :—

> "Oh weel may the boatie row, and better may she speed,
> Weel may the boatie row, that wins the bairnies' bread,"

is the song of all interested. When the boats leave the harbour, the skippers, many a time, do not know where to go, being in ignorance of the exact *locale* of the herring; it may be described as all a "toss up" whether, when they get outside the harbour, they turn to the right or the left, or go out to sea in a straight line. They can only guess the whereabout of the shoal, and, according as they guess, some go the one way and some the other. This year the Wick fishing has not been up to the mark, because the shoal has not been found in its accustomed place; it has been too far away for the prosperity of either the boat-owner or the curer. Some boats have not taken above ten crans of fish, whilst a few others have so nicked the herrings, that they have taken their contract number of crans. This season's catch is not half the usual quantity, and not a fourth of what it ought to be,

when the number of boats engaged in the fishery, and the length and breadth of netting they carry, is taken into account.

When the boat has arrived at a place where it is thought there may be fish, the sail is lowered, and the business of the night at once begins; two of the crew take up their oars, and the boat moves slowly along, while the long stretch of nets is "paid out" into the water. This process occupies a considerable time, two or three hours, and, after it is done, the men who do it consider themselves none the worse for a glass of whisky. It is a rule of the fishery, not to cast the nets till sunset; they are necessarily fixed to the boat, and kept upright in the water by means of large bladders tied at fixed intervals on the back rope, sinkers being fixed every here and there, in order to keep the various breadths nice and *taut;* thus breadth after breadth of the netting is let down into the sea, like a great perforated well, till the whole drift is extended, and, at present, a drift of nets is nearly a mile in length. This labour being well over, the tired fishermen lay themselves down to rest, and the boat is allowed to float wherever the waves may carry it; the captain at the helm watches, as well as he can, in order to avoid getting entangled in the drifts of nets which have been paid out by the other boats. It is a long wait, this waiting for the fish to strike; the bladders are anxiously watched, to see if any of them go out of sight; if so, it is a sign that the fish have come upon the nets, and sometimes a skipper will so exactly hit upon the shoal as to fill his boat to the gunwale with beautiful fish; on other occasions, he may not capture a single herring; indeed, many of the skippers will not shoot their nets till they know they are upon the fish; this they ascertain by waiting till their neighbours have shot their nets, and then, by lifting a net or two, they get to know if they are over the fish, and if so, they begin to shoot their nets with all their might, determined to have a share of the spoil. The great problem to be solved by those fishing is, "how to hit upon the shoal." That is the difficulty of the herring fishery. The fishers may not hit upon the place where the herrings are located, or they may not let their nets far enough down, or they may be let down so as to go below the passing fish; it is known that of a hundred boats congregated at one spot, ten may so exactly hit the shoal of herring as to come home with sixty or eighty crans; other ten, finding themselves on the outskirts of the shoal, may obtain half these quantities, and the remaining boats may not obtain a single fish. A controversy has raged for some time in Scotland, as to how herrings ought to be captured. The drift-net system, which we have described, has been

held up for imitation, as being by far the best mode of fishing; but in some parts of Scotland there are men who adopt a different plan, they obtain their herrings in the same way as the Cornishmen capture the pilchards, that is, by means of a siene net, or as it has been called at Lochfyne, a "trawl." Great battles have been fought over this system of catching herrings; in Scotland it has been more than once declared illegal, but now it is legal. A Commission of Inquiry sat upon it, and it was found, on investigation that one way of catching herrings was just as good as another; and more than that, there are persons who think that the best mode of catching herrings, is that mode which catches the greatest possible quantity of the fish with the least possible modicum of trouble.

After the capture of the fish comes their cure. The take of the herrings, as has been said, occurs throughout the night, and the boats begin to come in to the quays at a very early hour in the morning. The curers' representatives are ready to receive and check the quantities of fish delivered, the gutters are eager for the fray, and the tired fishermen are anxious to get away home, in order to rest and refresh themselves, before they begin the labour of another day. The herrings are carried ashore by the fishermen, and thrown into the great vats that stud the yard of the curer. As they are laid down, they are slightly sprinkled over with salt. The quantities received are entered in a memorandum book, and by-and-by, when a few crans have been accumulated, the gutters begin their work, which is the filthiest part of the labour; it is, indeed, a "most bloody business." The evisceration of the fish is carried on with remarkable celerity, a clever woman being able to gut a fish every two seconds; indeed, some of the more expert will eviscerate forty herrings in a minute. The secret of their rapidity is that they are paid at a given rate for each barrel of herrings that they can gut. As soon as the fish are gutted, the women carry them away to be "roused," and mixed up in salt; then the packers seize upon them, and arrange them in the barrels in beautifully regulated layers, and in the short space of ten or twelve minutes, a gang of gutters and packers will fill a barrel holding eight hundred fish. The scene in the gutting yards is one of wonderful bustle, as may be easily enough imagined, when it is considered that more than a thousand boats may be all discharging their fish at the same time. There are thousands of empty barrels in the curing yards, and one cannot but wonder how they are to be filled, but in a good season the curers sometimes run out of both barrels and salt. The cure, as performed in Scotland, is of a very "cut-and-dried" description;

it is overlooked by government officials, and is carried on with a good deal of routine; certain instructions have been laid down for the guidance of the curer and his coopers, and these directions must be religiously followed in order to obtain the brand or Fishery Board certificate, without which, some of the curers say, the herrings could not be sold in the foreign markets. To this end, the fish taken require to be what are called "full fish," that is, herrings choke-full of either roe or milt, otherwise they cannot be branded; that condition, of course, requires that the herring must be caught at the worst possible period for the future welfare of the shoals, nor can the fish be good for food at the very time that all their flesh-forming properties have been drawn away to form the milt and roe. The Dutch beat us entirely in the curing of the herring. They fish and cure simultaneously, carrying on their operations on board of their herring busses, and they produce a splendid article, which commands a large price, not only in Holland, but in other countries as well. The Dutch government do not in any way interfere with the *modus operandi* of the fishery, so far as the mere capturing of the fish is concerned, but numerous regulations have been devised for securing the most perfect cure of the herrings that can be obtained. According to the Dutch plan, only a very limited quantity of fish can be cured in any one season; the Scottish plan of a shore fishery admits of an almost unlimited cure, or at least of the curing of as many fish as may be caught, and, in order to obtain the brand, all the fish caught on one day must be cured in that day. Sometimes, when there is a very large take, it is impossible to cure all the fish, even by working far into the night, by means of torch-light. When a great take occurs, which is usually twice or thrice in each season, the scene on the quays of Wick is one of great bustle and animation; thousands of gutters are at work, and the curers and their assistants rush madly about, hastening on the work, it being of the greatest possible importance to have the fish so prepared as to secure the full crown brand, which, as has already been mentioned, forms the certificate by which the fish obtain currency in the Prussian and other markets. This brand has to be paid for by the curers; formerly it was given by the Fishery Board, as a matter of course, to all who applied; now a fee of four-pence has to be paid upon each barrel that is branded. At one time a great controversy arose, as to whether or not there was any necessity for the brand; it was contended that curers ought to stand or fall, each by the merits of his own work, and that it is no more necessary to certify the cure of herrings, than it is to certify the brewing of

beer, or the manufacture of cotton. On the other hand, it is contended that the herring fishery is an exceptional industry, and that the fish are purchased by the foreign buyers on the faith of the Fishery Board's recommendation. The herrings caught in Scotland will never be perfectly cured till the brand is abolished. No brand is required for Yarmouth bloaters, and they obtain good sale everywhere.

Are we "over-fishing" the herring? has now become a very important question. It has been proved that we are doing so. If we are not "over-fishing," how comes it that, with so many boats and so much netting, we do not take double or even quintuple the quantity we took, say thirty or forty years ago? There are fishery economists in Scotland who maintain this theory with great vehemence; there are others, again, who assert that all such ideas are "pure nonsense and humbug." When the "take" in any one season is particularly large, then these men rejoice and shout with all their might, and cry to the *over-fishing* theorists, "Where are you now?" But the depression when there is a bad season, which, unfortunately, is no uncommon occurrence, is corresponding to the jubilation of success. A bad herring season is ruin to the people of Wick, and if the season is generally bad, it is a misfortune to the whole fishing-people of Scotland. The fisher class, to use a common phrase, are "very sweet on the herring fishery;" they rely upon that industry to tide them over the winter season; they also rely on the money derived from the herring fishery to provide marriage outfits and furniture, in cases where a marriage has been arranged. This year, however, there will be few fisher marriages.

The herring fishery of the present year, as has been indicated, is a failure; at all events, if the deficiency is not general over all Scotland, it has been a failure at Wick, and as Wick is the representative place of the fisheries in Scotland, the capital of Herringdom in the same way as Manchester is the capital of Cottondom, or as Birmingham is the capital of Buttondom, we select it as an exemplification of the fishery over the whole country, the phenomena of the fishery there being so extensive and varied as to admit of discussion and dissertation. Well, then, at Wick, the fishery is this year a failure; the average *take* per boat has not, we should say, been fifty crans (a cran, it may be stated, is a measure containing forty-five gallons of ungutted herrings), instead of, as we insist that it should be, taking the increase of the netting into account, four times that quantity. The case lies in a nutshell. If herrings be as plentiful as they used to be thirty or forty years ago,

then a thousand boats, fishing now, ought to take double the quantity of herrings taken by five hundred boats at the time indicated. Nay more, they ought to take double *that quantity* even, for the drift of nets has been more than doubled. It is no exaggeration to say, that each boat has at present a suite of nets extending a full mile in length, and that, consequently, we have in Scotland, every good fishing night of the season, no less than twelve thousand miles of netting let down into the sea for the capture of the poor man's fish. One feature of the fishery is its partial-ness, if we may invent a word: a dozen boats may be fishing beside each other, and one or two will get a lot of fish, whilst the others will have to return empty. We could cite, were it necessary, no end of figures, to prove the position we have taken up. In 1862, for instance, there were no less than 1122 boats fishing at Wick, and the season was what was considered a great success, each boat, on the average, taking 81 crans of fish; but going back to the year 1820, when 604 boats only were fishing, the average take in the same district was 148 crans. It is only upon a very few nights of the season that good takes of herring are obtained. In the season of 1862 the good nights for the fishery extended from August 7th to August 16th, on which evenings the takes were largest; one night yielding an average of 11 crans or a total of something like 15,000 barrels of herrings. Last year there was much rejoicing at Wick over the large herring harvest, but if the quantity taken last year was added to the present year's take, it would not, in our opinion, be above half what the annual catch ought to be, taking into account the number of boats now fishing, and the length and depth of the drift of nets the boats now carry. It is greatly to be regretted that those most interested in the fishery, should be contented with a hundred crans of fish per boat, when the average take ought to produce double that quantity. One of the excuses which is offered for the occasional failure of the herring fishery is, that there are too many boats fishing off Wick, that the noise of the fishery frightens the fish, and consequently that fewer herrings are obtained than there would be under other circumstances; but such an excuse as this is untenable, because it always happens, when all the boats are at sea, that the greatest takes of fish are obtained, and it is at any rate remarkable that, when few of the boats are out, only a small average is taken. Truth must ultimately prevail, and when the truth comes to be understood about fishery matters, it will be found that we *are* over-fishing the herring. It seems to be nobody's business, whether we exterminate any particular fish. The salmon was saved from extermination because it was

the property of various intelligent people, who saw what was necessary to be done to protect that venison of the waters, and they did it: lengthening the close time, entering upon artificial cultivation, watching the poachers, and having all fixed nets done away with. But we fear a close time for sea fish is impossible, and it would appear that the only season at which we can obtain our herrings is when they form into shoals, in order to fulfil the grandest instinct of their nature. At that period of its life, "the rich man's fish" is jealously protected, whilst the poor man's fish is then, by Act of Parliament, laid at the feet of its enemies. It is easy to state all this, and to cry out that it is wrong, but who among us is able to find out a remedy for the evil?

Under the Piazzas.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

COURTED.

IN a corner of one of those snug coffee-rooms, which are to be found in most of the Covent Garden Hotels, sat two gentlemen, in earnest conversation, over a decanter of port.

"If you are done up, I am utterly ruined," said the taller and more showy of the twain. "I am hopelessly stumped, regularly cleaned out,—haven't a feather to fly with."

"We are well matched," said the second man, "and had better go through the court together."

"What court?"

"The Bankruptcy Court, my friend. I shall certainly go and be whitewashed."

"Pooh!" said the other, "Why your debts are mostly bets, eh?"

"Thanks to you, a large portion are turf liabilities."

"Mine are mostly debts of honour. I shall simply retire from the Turf, which will settle that little matter; I shall marry Miss Verner, and pay my other debts out of her fortune."

The last speaker was a tall, handsome fellow. At least, that is how most people would describe him. He was one of those fast, big-moustached gentlemen, who affect a swagger in their gait and a rose in their button-hole; a bushy-haired, carefully be-gloved, open-vested, tawny gentleman, who spoke in a loud voice, and demmed his stars at short intervals. His name was Harman Hiltz, and he resided "somewhere at the West-end."

"Yes, I shall marry Miss Verner. The young lady is at the present moment unconscious of the honour intended for her; but I shall propose to-morrow, and marry her in a month."

"Why you have not met the lady three times," said Mr. Quelks, his companion in misfortune.

"My passion will seem all the more intense; she will pity me, and be mine. Here's to the future Mrs. Harman Hiltz."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Quelks, tossing off a glass of wine. "Do you know her father?"

"Rather! He is one of those chub-headed fellows, who make money for others to spend—architect of his own fortunes, and all that sort of thing—glad to have a nod from a swell—gives rare dinners, and praises his own wine all the time you are drinking it. Demmie stars, if I ain't a match for him, I'll swallow my gloves."

"He's deuced sharp," said Mr. Quelks, in a quiet deferential manner, "and will not easily be induced to give his daughter to a fellow who can't make a good settlement on her."

Quelks had been kindly ruined by Harman Hiltz, and although there was some bitterness in his heart on this account, he dared not disagree to any serious extent with his patron. Hiltz had found him with plenty of money, and no knowledge of the world; he had shown him what life really is, and promised to double his income into the bargain; but unfortunately for Mr. Quelks, that clever jockey, Tim Jiggs, had pocketed three thousand pounds to pull in Madcap, just before she passed the judge's stand, and instead of winning fifty thousand by Madcap, Hiltz and Quelks had lost half that sum, and this put an end to their career.

When the whole truth of the situation took possession of the little mind of little Mr. Quelks, he resolved at once to drown himself in the Thames; but Mr. Hiltz had induced him to dine at the Bedford instead, and under the influence of some fine old port, Quelks resolved to place himself under the Commissioner in Bankruptcy instead of figuring as a helpless body at a coroner's inquest.

"I think my plan is much more likely to be carried out than yours," said Mr. Quelks. "Mr. Verner is the closest fisted man in London."

"I'll undo his claws, Quelks, never fear; and when you are comfortably whitewashed, you may rely on my coming down handsomely to you; for though I do not hold myself in any way responsible for your losses, yet having introduced you to life, demmie stars! I'll stick to you like wax."

"Did you see that they nearly killed a fellow in the ring because he could not pay?" said Quelks, thinking tenderly of his own limbs.

"Yes, poor devil! Demmie stars! I felt sorry for him. It had been so with us had we been there, I suppose you are thinking? but we are gentlemen, Quelks; we shall only get hissed at Tattersalls', and learn by the papers that we have lost half a million, and retired from the Turf. If ever I come across Tim Jiggs, however, I'll break every bone in his skin."

"How do you know he sold the race?" asked Quelks.

"Know it! How the deuce could you help but know it, to say nothing of the young brute's father having won two thousand pounds on the Bee, when the young brute's father, demmie stars! was not worth sixpence."

They talked in this strain, these two gentlemen, five-and-twenty years ago, just as other dupes are talking at the present day, and just as others will talk five and-twenty years hence. There must be losers as well as winners, and money will tempt the best of trainers and bribe the best of jockeys.

Although he was utterly ruined, as he said, Mr. Harman Hiltz had still a few hundred pounds to meet present necessities, though he did not take the trouble to communicate this fact to Mr. Quelks. He exacted, however, from that gentleman a solemn promise that he would think no more of drowning; but seek out an honest practitioner of the law and get himself promptly whitewashed.

This promise was sealed with "just one pint of old sherry before we part, old boy," and Mr. Quelks went home to his solitary rooms; whilst Mr. Harman Hiltz strolled into a friend's box at the opera.

"Fortune favours me," he said, as he scanned the house. "Fortune favours the brave, demmie stars!"

On the first tier opposite to him sat old Verner, Mrs. Verner, and the rich City gentleman's only daughter.

Mr. Harman Hiltz presently found himself in Mr. Verner's box, paying special attention to Mrs. Verner and to Alice. The mother was a weak silly woman, whose chief care it was to see her daughter married, and whose next object in life was to be dressed always in the height of fashion.

It was easy for Mr. Hiltz to win over to his side such a mother, and he possessed all that outward show of courteous consideration for ladies which speedily secures favours from the sex.

On this night he was peculiarly gracious, but in a more impressive way than usual. There was a gentleness in his manner towards Alice which could not fail to set Mrs. Verner thinking what kind of a match he would be for her daughter.

Poor Alice! she had been thoroughly educated by her mother up to matrimonial pitch, and as soon as she saw that this showy fish nibbled she began to give him line and angle for him with little or no consideration for her own feelings in the matter. Was he not a man? Was he not a gentleman? Did he not live in good style? Was not this sufficient for running out the line and getting the landing-net ready?

If Alice Verner had been pretty she might have played with this monster of the deep, hooked him, and then thrown him back into the water; but the young lady was not by any means pretty, and she knew it. Her mother, too, could not disguise this melancholy fact from herself. She had said more than once to her daughter, that some girls with her money might pick and choose; but that she should not quarrel with her fortune; and poor Alice considered it her duty to angle for the first respectable fish that nibbled.

Mr. Harman Hiltz gorged the golden bait without hesitation, and suffered himself to be caught; nay, he asked to be hooked as plainly as could be, following Alice to her carriage, squeezing mater's hand, toadying the father, and saying such tender things to Alice that Miss Verner called for her landing-net, and began to feel all the pride of conquest.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIED.

"He has asked my permission to marry Alice, and I have forbidden him the house," said Mr. Verner, at dessert, a few days after the events just recorded.

"Forbidden him the house!" exclaimed his wife, tossing her head up defiantly, and putting down the wine which was on a journey to her lips.

"Forbidden him the house!" said Miss Alice, in a languishing, deprecatory tone.

"Forbidden him the house! Yes, damme!" said the irate head of the household. "The infernal adventurer!"

"Oh, papa!" said Mrs. Verner.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Alice.

"Don't papa me! This Hiltz is a bad lot, and with my consent he does not marry my daughter. Should he marry her without it, she is no longer my daughter," said Mr. Verner. "I shall be elected M.P. for Rottenborough by-and-by, and then you shall both have introductions into such society as shall enable Alice to marry whom she pleases. With the settlement that I can make she ought to marry a lord at least."

"I don't want to marry a lord, at least," said Alice.

"What nonsense it is, Jonathan," said Mrs. Verner; "why don't you let the girl choose for herself? What was your position when you married me?"

"Don't talk about my position thirty years ago, madam. What is it now?"

"You may rely upon it the worldly arrangements you wish to make for Alice will not bring happiness to her," said Mrs. Verner, returning fiercely to the charge.

"Worldly arrangements! This fellow, Hiltz, only wants to marry her for the sake of her money. He shall have no money of mine!"

This domestic breeze only made Alice Verner think of Harman Hiltz all the more. She looked upon him as a persecuted gentleman; she regarded herself in the light of an ill-used maiden, locked up in an angry father's castle. Mr. Hiltz, who followed her everywhere, and obtained stolen interviews with her at Victoria House, Kensington Palace Gardens, encouraged this romantic feeling. He described his own unhappy position in glowing colours; said he had been traduced by jealous persons. Her father had heard of him through his enemies. It was true, he said, he was not rich; but he loved Alice Verner with all his heart and soul, and until she forbade him to see her, he would follow her through the wide, wide world.

Seeing that Hiltz had neither heart nor soul, this confession of love may be regarded as perfectly truthful. It elicited from Alice a promise that she would marry him with or without her father's consent.

Successful to this extent, Harman Hiltz was not long in persuading Alice to elope with him. "His only daughter," Hiltz argued, "old Verner will be very savage at first, but in a very short time he will receive back the penitents, and all will go merry as a marriage bell." Alice never doubted that she would be received back again by her father; but Mr. Jonathan Verner was a man of his word, and he prided himself upon that above all things.

Just as he had returned home from his successful contest for Rottenborough, he learnt of his daughter's undutiful conduct, and he vowed, with a great oath, that she was no longer the daughter of Jonathan Verner. Nothing could expiate the sin she had committed. Her mother pleaded in vain; friends threw out gentle hints; Harman Hiltz wrote fine specimens of the letter penitential; Alice assured him in a really affectionate letter that he had misunderstood her dear Harman; but the Member for Rottenborough was obdurate.

Months rolled on, and at length the name of Alice Verner was not permitted to be mentioned at Victoria House. Jonathan Verner had blotted her out for ever; he swore it, and impiously called on heaven to witness his vow. Discovering soon afterwards that his wife had

been in the habit of supplying her daughter with money, he kept such a check upon the purse of Mrs. Verner as precluded her from any important repetition of her generosity.

Meanwhile, Harman Hiltz appeared in his true character to Alice, his wife; coming home to their wretched lodgings at all hours of the night, and often in a brawling state of intoxication.

Three months had not elapsed before he upbraided her for being penniless, and in less than six months he deserted her, saying he was going to travel on the Continent. There were gambling houses in Germany, he told her, where a fellow might either replenish his purse or ruin himself quite. If he made his fortune he would return; if he lost the few pounds he had, he should come back no more, and she might go home to her beast of a father.

Wifely, womanly appeals had no effect upon Harman Hiltz, though Alice grew quite eloquent in her distress, offering to go with him to beg, slave, starve, so that she might be by his side.

"You should have obeyed your father," said Hiltz; "why the devil didn't you, eh? You knew his beastly temper; you knew he would never relent; you knew he would never shell out one stiver, demmie stars! and you hang yourself on to me like a whelk. Why the deuce can't you go home and honour your father and mother, and all that sort of thing? I'm off, so there's an end to it, demmie stars! It's one thing or the other with me: a prison in London or freedom in Germany. Go home to your father, and fall in love with some other fellow as soon as you like."

And Harman Hiltz disappeared from London, without even communicating to his friend Mr. Quelks, who was undergoing the process of whitewashing in Basinghall Street.

This was in the autumn, when short days and cold nights pinch the hungry, and give terrible warning of the winter that is to come.

To dwell at length upon Alice's fortunes at this period is simply to paint a harrowing scene of misery, which the reader can fully understand for himself when he contrasts the luxuries of Victoria House with the wretchedness of a garret in Drury Lane. Moving from one lodging to another, from bad to worse, Mrs. Verner found it impossible to maintain a constant correspondence with her daughter, without a regular intimation of these changes from Alice. Weighed down with her woes, alarmed at the violence of her father towards Mrs. Verner, as described by a trusty messenger prior to her removal into this last wretched lodging, Alice had determined to try and maintain herself without further aid from home.

CHAPTER III.

DESERTED.

As the winter came on, Mrs. Harman Hiltz found it impossible to exist on the miserable pittance she could earn by her needle. The sale of her last trifles of jewelry had only brought sufficient to buy clothing for the infant that was born at the latter end of a dreary November day.

It was a terrible trial. The wonder is that so fragile a creature, accustomed for years to every luxury, had not sunk under it. She refused to give any clue to her name or address at the lodgings. The doctor was as kind to her as he would have been to any other unfortunate woman in her condition. The landlady shook her head at the wedding-ring; the doctor said it was "a pity—so young and evidently so well brought up." And so Mrs. Hiltz found herself a mother, in debt to the landlady, penniless, and half clad, when the first snow of winter fell, making the gloomy garret darker and colder, and sharpening the keen edge of her adversity until she had nearly died of apprehension for her baby, which was the only thing now worth living for.

More than once she had resolved within herself to go to her father's house, fling herself at his feet, and seek compassion for her child. It was not for herself that she would plead, but for this poor innocent creature, that must die with its mother of sheer starvation unless forgiveness were obtained. At length came Christmas Eve, with its tender, Christian memorials. The bells of an adjacent church were ringing pleasantly, and their music seemed to part the crisp, frosty air, and break in sweet hopeful tones against the panes of the little window in Drury Lane.

"I will go! I will go!" said the poor, pale, hungry woman, clutching her child closely to her bosom, and looking out into the darkness.

Then she laid the little one gently down, lighted the remains of a rushlight, and dressed the child with the care and fondness of a mother who hoped that its bright, round, cheerful face would exercise a favourable impression whither it was going.

"There, there, my pretty!" she said, as the baby whimpered at the extra tying and fastening and folding to which it was being subjected. "There, there; it shall see its grandpa, and soften his heart, and go home to a warm fire;" and her own dull eyes lighted up with a strong but transient hope.

The snow fell pitilessly as the woman hurried along the Strand with her burthen. The lights in the shop windows flung illuminated protests out into the streets against the great flakes of snow that darkened the windows. There was no sound of wheels; but the busy hum of many voices seemed to hurry Alice on to her destination, and the sound of bells now and then fell upon her ear, and nestled in her beating heart. A weary, weary way it was by Westminster, on past the Houses of Parliament, over the bridge beyond, and by that dull, fierce river; but at last she stood at her father's door. She did not notice that all the blinds were down. She was desperate, for the love of her child, desperate in behalf of that sleeping infant, which would presently cry of cold and hunger.

By-and-by the door was opened by a strange servant who knew her not, and would have forced her back into the street. "This ain't a time for beggars," he said.

"Where is Mrs. Marthers, the housekeeper?" said the woman.

"Upstairs along of the dead," said the flunkey, with solemn grandeur.

"Who's dead? Who's dead?" asked Mrs. Hiltz.

"Oh, come, none of that, you know," said the man, taking her by the arm. "I wouldn't ha' let you in if I thought you'd a been up to that game."

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" exclaimed the woman, rushing past him and dashing into the dining-room at the extreme end of the hall.

"What's this? what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Verner, who had been sitting over his port, and thinking how happy Victoria House was last Christmas, and what a desolation it was now.

"It's your daughter and her child!" said the wretched woman, falling at his feet. "Oh, have mercy! have mercy!"

"Mercy!" said Mr. Verner, knitting his brows, and standing aghast at the wretched woman before him, whom he had hardly known but for her voice and that shower of dark-brown hair which had escaped from her bonnet. "Mercy, indeed! Had you any mercy on me? on her who lies dead—on your mother?"

"Oh, no, no, no! don't say dead, don't say dead!" exclaimed the woman in an agony of grief.

"Dead! I say dead!" exclaimed the father, feeling to the full the desolation of his house; "killed by you—by you. Away with you! —begone, ungrateful, wretched matricide. A curse upon you! Go —go—go!" He thrust her out into the hall, and that gorgeous flunkey speedily banged the door upon her.

It was only the crying of her child that kept the unhappy woman

from losing her reason. With a dull, heavy sense of what had befallen her, she staggered out into the open air. The snow fell upon her, but she heeded it not; it fell in dull heavy flakes, shutting out the gas-lights with a soft fluffy curtain, and muffling the foot-falls of passengers on their way to friendly firesides. That poor woman, with the child in her arms, hurried on like the rest, but to no friendly shelter: she hurried on through the snow with a breaking heart. They knew it not, those people who passed her, or, the world is not so hard but that she would have had offers of pecuniary relief. Sorrow and affliction take possession of the human heart as softly and as surely as the snow takes possession of the earth, on winter nights like this hard one in the history of the Verner household.

Ten minutes after her departure, Mr. Verner called the man who had let the beggar woman in, gave him twenty sovereigns, and bade him hurry after *that woman* with this money.

"And get her address," he said, as the servant left the room; but the poor woman had scrambled into a 'bus near the Park, more for the purpose of sheltering her child than for hastening her journey towards Drury Lane. So the man returned to Victoria House with the money, stopping for a moment by the way to see carriages setting down a host of happy children who were going to a splendid Christmas party at Lord Wellden's on the other side of the way. The merry chatter and laughter of the little ones, in their opera-cloaks and satin shoes, protected from the snow by an ample awning—what a contrast to that other scene which had just been enacted close by!

What may not love, and pride, and selfishness do amongst those hearts that throb so healthily now! Happy childhood, that hath no knowledge of the future that is in store for it! May heaven spare us and our little ones, all such miseries as those which befel the daughter of that rich, proud father, who is struggling with contending passions in the house where Death is holding solemn court amidst the festive sports of Christmas-tide!

CHAPTER IV.

DEAD.

On any other morning the piazzas in Covent Garden would hardly have concealed what a policeman found huddled up in a corner there. But Christmas Eve coming on Saturday, there was all that strange, solemn repose in Covent Garden on the next morning, which

contrasts so remarkably with the customary noise, and bustle, and excitement,—its normal condition on every day in the week, Sunday excepted, from the earliest hours after midnight. Sauntering along, glad of being under cover for a time, a policeman suddenly found his foot in contact with a heavy bundle under the piazzas leading to Bow Street. Turning on the light of his bull's eye, he saw a woman lying dead upon the pavement. Closely folded in her arms was an infant, whose little eyes blinked in the glow of the constable's lantern.

Obtaining assistance, the officer took the woman to the dead-house, and the baby to the workhouse. Some people would sooner be taken to the former than to the latter; but the infant of Mrs. Hiltz had nothing to say on the subject except "coo-coo-coo," a remark which fell from its chubby lips every now and then, whilst its voracious appetite was being satisfied. And in a short time it lay peacefully in a pauper bed, and looked as happy and comfortable as a princess might have looked under a splendid coverlid of lace and satin. In due course an inquest was held upon the mother; a verdict of found dead was returned, and the body buried,—Mr. Jonathan Verner being too much engrossed with the gorgeous ceremony of his wife's interment, even to notice the brief paragraph in the papers which chronicled the "Social Tragedy on Christmas Eve."

The infant thrived amain under the dominion of the Poor Law Guardians, and grew to be a bright, quick, intelligent child. The matron fancying she discovered a likeness in the foundling to an infant she had lost, paid some extra attention to the little one, and nearly lost her place through the complaint of a fierce economist on the board, who insisted that favouritism was contrary to the law, and that the guardians did not want in a matron, a soft-hearted, silly woman; but one who would consider the burthens of the rate-payers, and the duty she owed to them and to her country in general. The master of the workhouse had to speak up for his wife, and appeal to statistics to appease the ill-feeling which the economist had excited. Happily for the foundling, the chairman of the board was a kindly-disposed, humane man; and he sought out little Bessie (for she was christened after the matron's child), and agreed with Mistress Matron that the infant was no ordinary child, but the offspring of parents in a far higher position than they were accustomed to encounter at the Union.

As years sped on Bessie began to think seriously of her position, and to take a deep interest in that long past incident of Covent

Garden. Often in her dreams she could see the pictures of that terrible winter's night: for the matron had one day taken her to the place where her mother was found, and had given her the little frock, and shoes, and pinafore, which she had worn as an infant. These things haunted poor Bessie day and night; and on Christmas Eve, when the pauper children had a feast, and were merry once in a year, she was sad, and spent the night in prayer. Sometimes the bright stars would look in upon her through the dark night, like hopeful tokens, and she dreamed of angels visiting the cold white-washed room. Pure thoughts, and sincere prayers can fill the poorest house with angels. Bessie had all sorts of bright fancies in those heaven-filled intervals of grief and sorrow.

When at last the time came for Bessie to leave the workhouse, and go out to service, she was engaged by the housekeeper of a philanthropical gentleman, whose good deeds filled every one's mouth with his praises. This gentleman's housekeeper had noticed Bessie's good conduct at the workhouse schools; and when an assistant kitchen-maid was required at Victoria House, the old lady had mentioned her to the master, and she was engaged.

"If you are a good girl, my dear, you will find the place a very comfortable one. My name is Mrs. Marthers, my child; but Sarah, the cook, will have charge of you, and you must obey her in all things. Your master is one of the kindest and most generous men in the world. He has suffered and is strong, as the saying is. He is a Member of Parliament and gives thousands of pounds away to the poor. His name is Jonathan Verner, Esq., M.P.; and you will come in a cab to-morrow, with all your things, to Victoria House, Kensington Palace Gardens; and try to be worthy of all the confidence I place in you. But there, I am sure you will. Good-bye, child—never mind thanking me. There, there, good-bye!"

And thus the old woman, whom Alice Hiltz had inquired for on that fatal night, years and years ago, left Bessie and went home, feeling a strange, unaccountable interest in the poor friendless girl.

Bessie had hardly been in her new home an hour, when the cook, taking a fancy to her round pretty face, gave her a marked proof of confidence.

"Lor' bless you, I should never have known as you come out of the work'us. There, don't cry child! There's nothing to cry about. Why, I declare you have got long, beautiful curls, tied up in that net. I thought they cut off your hair in work'uses."

"The mistress let mine grow," said Bessie, with tears in her eyes.

"There, don't cry, for goodness' sake. Your betters have been in

work'uses for the matter of that, I dare be bound. Who knows but master's daughter herself, poor soul! died in one?"

"Why?" inquired Bessie.

"Oh! I don't know as I shall tell you that; but I like you, somehow. Bless the dear child! Why do you cry? There, I'll say no more about that horrid work'us;" and the cook patted the young girl's head, and sat down by the fire.

"Ah!" she said, by-and-by, "I could tell you a story more pitiful than your'n, I know."

"Tell me, then, please, marm," said Bessie, getting close to the cook, and putting her hand gently on hers.

"Master's own daughter, my child,—and now, I remember, you are something like her, poor soul! and you may take that as a compliment, for she were a beautiful girl. She married against her father's consent; and he disowned her; though now he is the kindest creature in the world, trying to make up for the past. Her wicked, cruel, brutal husband deserted her, because he was disappointed as she had not a lot of money. One night, twelve months or so after, she came here with a child in her arms, half starved, whilst her mother was lying dead in the house, and her father in no mood to see her. That fool, Jim the footman, as left five years ago, for being a thief, let her in, and hadn't the sense to call me or Mrs. Marthers, and master drove her out into the cold snowy night; and we have never seen her since. Everywhere has master searched for her this last few years; and there is no doubt she was starved to death that night, or flung herself into the Thames, baby and all. Dreadful, ain't it?——"

Whilst the woman was yet speaking, Bessie had fainted, and lay upon the floor like one dead. The sad details brought up to her mind the dreadful end of her own mother so vividly that she seemed to see the glare of the policeman's lantern on the cold upturned face.

"Lor' bless the girl! Why, what a chicken's heart it has!" exclaimed the cook, raising her up. "Well, I never see such a likeness in my life! The hair, too—just the colour. Whatever can I be thinking of? Here, help, here! Bring some water!"

The upper kitchen-maid came in with a half-peeled potato in one hand and a knife in the other.

"Bring some water here," said the cook, chafing the fainting girl's hands.

"Yes, mum," said the assistant.

"And tell Mrs. Marthers, as I wants her particular."

"Yes, mum." And, whilst the cook was bathing Bessie's temples, Mrs. Marthers came.

"Who is she like?" exclaimed the cook, as soon as Mrs. Marthers entered.

The housekeeper looked anxiously from one to another.

"Whatever put it into my head, God only knows," said the cook; "but if this ain't the lost young missus's child, my name ain't Sarah Smith."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Marthers, starting back.

"What's this round her neck?" said the cook, undoing a piece of faded ribbon. "A wedding-ring; and what is this engraved on it?—ALICE!"

The two women looked at each other, and Bessie opened her eyes.

"Don't be alarmed, love," said Mrs. Marthers; "don't be alarmed my sweet."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Bessie, beginning an apology.

"Have you anything belonging to your mother—your poor, dear mother?"

"Yes," said Bessie, "a handkerchief, and the clothes I had on when they found me in Covent Garden."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" said Mrs. Marthers; "are they in your box?"

"Yes, marm," said Bessie, shivering from the effects of the cold water.

"There, there, poor dear!—give her a little brandy, and then she shall come and show us these things."

They all went upstairs together, and Bessie opened her poor little box, and in a very short time, Mrs. Marthers noticed, by the aid of her spectacles, the letters A. V. upon the handkerchief which was found round the foundling's neck on that bitter night years ago.

"My poor dear," said Mrs. Marthers, "you have found your home at last. Mr. Verner is your grandfather; come and I will take you to him."

Bessie suffered herself to be conducted to the master's room. When she entered hand-in-hand with the housekeeper, an old grey-headed man looked up from his desk. Bessie trembled with sensations of fear and wonder and apprehension.

"What's this? what's this?" said the old man; but oh, so tenderly, so gently, so meekly.

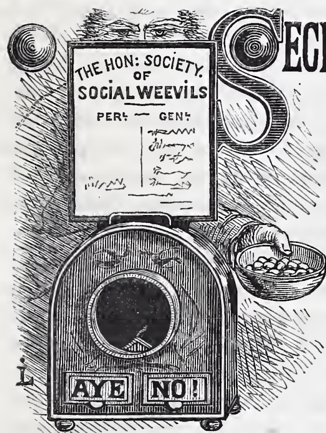
"Your grandchild," said Mrs. Marthers, triumphantly.

She ought not to have been so precipitate; the shock nearly cost Mr. Verner his life. For many days he was very ill, and Bessie

waited upon him almost day and night. He called her Alice, his poor dear Alice in his delirium, and implored her forgiveness a hundred times. At length he recovered and came fully to understand who Bessie was, and then he thanked God fervently for sending to him this token of his forgiveness, and lived long enough to feel that it is never too late to repent of the greatest wickedness, and never too late for heaven to reward a sinner who strives to atone for the past.

Bessie Verner lived with her grandfather ten years, when he died with his head in her arms blessing her, and thanking God for his goodness. He was sincerely mourned by the poor, who happily found a no less generous friend in his heiress. Bessie Verner never married; but devoted her whole life to the cause of true charity, and in the present day she is known and beloved all over England for her good and gracious deeds.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.



SECRET VOTING, as a protection to liberty of conscience and freedom of expression, is important to all grades of the community, but how to accomplish so desirable an end is still a question—the ballot-box hardly being free from abuse. In America and France election by ballot is popular; and Louis Napoleon, as emperor, boasts his confirmation, "to the sovereign will of the people," by this means. The ballot is doubtless of remote antiquity, and Andrew Marvell is said to have written a paper upon the subject in 1693, published in the State Tracts. In 1710, a bill in favour of the method was passed in the Commons, but rejected by the Lords. Since 1835 it has been an open question with the Liberals. In 1851 189 members voted for the ballot, 257 recording a contrary opinion; lately it has several times been proposed and rejected, though since 1840 it has been employed by the French Chamber of Deputies. With us the ballot-box has only found favour in select societies, clubs, and coteries, being an instrument unknown to the people at large, and one that perhaps it would be well to abolish, even in the higher circles, for the result of election in this way is not always free from abuse. In societies of literature, art and science, or clubs, though in universal use, it does not work to perfection, often astonishing its promoters, tending to abase the elevated, and elevate respectable mediocrity. Even where ballots are fair (and the machine, though not infallible, nearly secures that), packing and coalitions find full play, the adept who carries the box often knowing the result of each record —the *ayes* from the *noes*—by the convulsive twitch of the wrist or the turn of the folds of the sleeve, in some cases being familiar with the different sized beans, or variety of conformation in the turned wooden balls, that are not inimitable, and could be in duplicate secreted up the sleeve. Regarding proposers and seconders, it is well known that they are not half so particular as they should be, persevering impudence often securing powerful sponsors—signatures from ministers of state,

archbishops, peers, *savants,* and others,—who, curiously *en masse,* hardly feel reprimanded if their *protégé* be blackballed and their "fit and proper person" negatived. Individually they might blush to walk arm in arm with the candidate, yet to give him countenance by sign manual they are not ashamed. To palliate the effect of indiscriminate proposition, the council of the Royal Society issue a revised list. That mostly passes, candidates at least having an opportunity of knowing who are their judges. In the ballot, "pioneers," who are rarely prophets in their generation, nearly always suffer: sometimes, perhaps, because not understood, sometimes because not appreciated, whilst smug mediocrity and respectability is successful. Practical worth is mostly allied to gentleness and quiet, profession to loudness and dominant assertion that will be heard. Take, for instance, the elections at the Royal Academy of Arts in London; did they not begin by disregarding William Hogarth?—the only man of the time that has left us a legacy of the age, its pictorial form and pressure. Where are your painters of smooth history and soft poetry of that period?—or your 19th century Lawrences, Shees, and Chalons, with the men who stood at the head of the poll! In architecture, what did they care for the catholic mind of a Pugin?—whose spirit effected a revolution at home and abroad, overturning "compo gothic,"—a man who developed true principles, whose disciples have covered England with enduring monuments in stone; or dear old Bewick, the reviver of the xylographic art, the consummate artist and natural historian, whose influence has extended to illustrated literature all over the world. Fashion and smooth painted "history" are decayed, or decaying, whilst books and monuments endure; even poor William Hogarth's engraving—an art the Academy for nearly a century ignored—will live, when his paintings are no more. It would be unjust to lay the vices of periods to defects in a method of election, though that may have something to do with them. Doubtless, if we had the misfortune to be ruled by an Academy of Literature it would record itself in favour of Tate and Brady, or Sternhold and Hopkins, in preference to Keats and Shelley, or others we could mention. The defect of "aye" and "no" voting by the ballot-box is, that it admits of packed voting and speculation on the part of voters, who record more under the influence of party and speculation, than in paper voting, accident sometimes even recording upon the wrong side. To obviate this and other defects, it would be well to substitute for the instrument of torture depicted at the head of this note, some form of ballot by paper that should give all candidates at one view, and time to study their qualifications at leisure. The general election of the country might be conducted by balloting-papers, to be delivered personally to authorised agents at certain stations, who should vouch for the receipt of the documents, entering the name of the depositor as the paper is delivered to a scrutineer or warden, and by him deposited in the electoral glass jar. Voters unable to attend personally might have the option of signing or sending by post (free), or of depositing their papers with collectors, calling upon a certain day, as is done in gathering the papers of the census. Revising barristers would be much

better occupied in disqualifying irregular votes at the end of an election than in conferring a liberty that may never be exercised. There are many ways of improving ballot voting.

A BLACK sheet is that small map which the Board of Trade has lately issued to illustrate the wrecks that occurred about our shores during the year 1867. A doleful chart! thickly bestrewed with small black dots, crowding against and almost overlying one another, and each dot marking the spot where some bark has succumbed to the fury of wind and wave. It would be a hard task to count these death marks, but the compilers of the chart have saved us the trouble, for a note informs us that their number is 2513, whereof 753 stand for total losses, and 1760 for less fatal casualties. This seems a fearful number at first sight; but when we consider the extent of our maritime commerce, its seeming magnitude is diminished, for it corresponds only to one vessel in every 200 that pass to and from our ports in the course of a year. Still, the figure is too large, for it is lamentable to reflect that a considerable proportion of the total wrecks are of rotten unseaworthy vessels, which, to quote the official register, "ought never to have been sent to sea, and the destruction of which hardly causes a pang to their owners." Who shall say, indeed, that many were not sent out purposely to be lost and got rid of? All is not fiction that novelists write; their incidents are not entirely imaginative; the "foul play" that amuses the story reader reflects the foul work that engages the crafty merchant. The lives lost from these 2513 wrecks amounted to 1333, as nearly as can be ascertained; or roughly one life for every two ships. This is both a large and a small number, according as it is regarded absolutely or relatively. But it might have been much greater had it not been for the National Life Boat Institution, through whose instrumentality more than 1000 lives were saved during the year. Looking at the expense incurred in this good work, we see that it comes out about 30*l.* a life; this includes the maintenance of life-boats and the moneys awarded to gallant life-savers. Who that is able would not give this sum to rescue a fellow-creature from a fearful death? Take the hint, ye who are able. If you seek a wider sphere of benevolence, bear in mind that a life-boat fully equipped and housed costs about 640*l.*, with about 50*l.* a year to keep it efficient. No. 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, is the location of the institution; voluntary contributions are its support, and the extent of these determines the extent of its usefulness.

WHAT is old age? What its test? Years, health, or intellect? Here we are surrounded by statesmen, lawyers, and diplomatists, many of them almost patriarchal in their years, yet hale and vigorous and keen as youth in their intellect. Is it race, climate, constitution, or work? With the Greeks manhood ended and old age began at forty-nine,—seven times seven. With us a man is hardly supposed to be ripe for any of the

higher posts of government, diplomacy, or law, till he has passed the Greek climacteric. In the House of Commons you must, with rare exceptions, look on the back benches for men under sixty. In the Courts, a man hardly presumes to ask for a silk gown till he is five-and-forty, and seldom gets it till he is fifty. A man of sixty is a junior on the Bench. The judicial age is seventy; and a distinguished lawyer need not despair of the woolsack till he is ninety. Soldiers and diplomatists are hardly supposed to know their business till they have passed the grand climacteric of the Arabs, sixty-three; and politicians only hope to reach the Premiership when they have outlived at least two generations of rivals. In China seventy is a metaphorical age. Those who attain it are "rare birds." All men of ninety are set down as "loiterers." Here we make them Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, Chief Barons, Archbishops, and Lord Chancellors at seventy; and perhaps Field-Marshals at ninety. Which is right—the East or the West? Perhaps neither, if years are to be the rule; for age alone is the worst of all tests of a man's powers. Taking years as his rule, Quételet fixes the period of old age at from sixty to sixty-five. It is then, he says, that "vitality loses much of its energy—that is to say, the probability of continuing to live diminishes greatly." Yet we have only to look around us to see that many men have more strength and suppleness, and even recuperative power, at seventy, than others have at fifty. Sidney Smith used to say that Lord John Russell was born ten years old; and Lord Palmerston only developed his highest powers of statesmanship after Lord Russell had retired as an old man to the House of Lords. Balancing facts and theory we are inclined to adopt the loose but convenient explanation of M. Reveillé-Parise, and to say that old age is, after all, a matter of physical constitution, and in a great degree, of course, of living. His theory is that there are two sources of strength in the constitution—force in reserve and force in use. The proportions, of course, may and do vary immensely; but of two men of equal natural powers, one may exhaust his force by a hard or reckless way of living, and the other may, by economising his force, preserve the powers of his youth in a high degree of perfection at what even an Englishman may call a metaphorical age. Mr. Disraeli, in "Coningsby," has pronounced a glowing panegyric on the achievements of youth. They *are* heroic, perhaps the noblest of all achievements. But age has its victories, no less than youth. Plato died at the age of 81, pen in hand. Socrates wrote his "Panegyric of Athens" in his ninety-fourth year; Cicero his "De Senectute" at 63; Theophrastus his "Characters" at 99; Fontenelle his "Elements of the Geometry of Infinities" at 70; and Sir Isaac Newton published the third edition of his "Principia," with a new preface, at 83. Harvey did not publish his work on the circulation of the blood till he was 50; and Buffon was 70 when he wrote his "Epochs of Nature," the most perfect of his works. Galileo discovered the equal durations of the oscillations of the pendulum by watching the regulated motions of a lamp hanging from the roof in the nave of the Cathedral of Pisa when a boy of 18; but he was nearly 70 before

he turned his discovery to practical account by constructing a clock to take astronomical observations. Cato was over 60 when he set to work to learn Greek ; and Cumberland, the gifted Bishop of Peterborough, sat down to study Coptic at 83, to read the Coptic Testament of his friend, Dr. Wilkins. Corneille was writing court odes at 70 ; Johnson published his "Lives of the Poets" at 72 ; Voltaire wrote most of his tragedies between 60 and 70, and travelled by coach to Paris at 84 "to seek a triumph and to find a tomb." Chaucer died writing his learned treatise on the "Astrolabe" for the use of his son, a boy of 10 years old : he was 72. Gosse composed a *Te Deum* at 78 ; and Handel appeared in public on the 6th of April, 1759—it was his last appearance—in the possession of all his faculties : he was then 75. Titian painted his masterpiece, the portraits of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, his Queen and children, at Innspruck, at 75 ; and he died with the brush in his hand at 96. West was 76 when he painted his "Christ rejected by the High Priest." Of lawyers and statesmen we need say nothing. The most illustrious and venerable of these have been our own contemporaries, and several are still living among us.

WHEN the photographic fever was at its height, and every hobby rider was buying cameras and dirtying his fingers with silver solutions, exhibitions of sun-pictures were of as regular recurrence as those of the painters' productions. But as the fever subsided, the shows lost interest, and were discontinued. Now they have been revived on a modest scale, the London Photographic Society having last year and this invited the artists to send specimens in an informal way, to make a collection for a *conversazione* exhibition.' The walls of the Architectural Societies' Rooms in Conduit Street were thus richly covered on the 10th of the past month, and an opportunity offered for forming a tolerably fair estimate of the progress that eight or ten years have wrought in the light-painter's art. This is less than might have been expected. The majority of the specimens shown were portraits ; landscapes were few, and of no higher merit than many produced a dozen years ago ; this branch of photography has remained at a standstill. But the portraits were far in advance of older works : manipulatory details having been mastered, artistic matters have come in for attention ; posing, lighting, accessories, and the score of trifles that are necessary to approach perfection, have in turn been studied, and the effects are very marked. Further, a new master of portrait art has arisen, M. Salomon, whose exhibits in this line at the French Exhibition astounded and abashed the photographers. They went half crazed about him : invaded his studio, brought him to England, studied his methods, puzzled out his secrets—such as they were, mere exercises of a master mind—and in the end have done their very best to imitate him. Half the portraits in the Conduit Street show were Salomonised : some of the imitations were successful, others were almost parodies of the Frenchman's system. The peculiarities of M. Salomon's art are chiefly, the introduction of masses of dark drapery, deep back-

grounds, with few accessories, and, here lies the main secret, the use of brain in every part of the process. He has, too, abolished the white mounting hitherto universal, and surrounds all his pictures with narrow gold borders, placed, if necessary, in larger frames. Every secondary point is made to retire to give prominence to the leading one—the face of the sitter. How this matter has hitherto been neglected by photographers, every one knows. When we have noted the effects of this Salomon influence, we have noted the chief novelty of the exhibition. But we ought not to omit mention of the laudable attempts to make ideal pictures, which some of the more ambitious artists displayed. These, as usual, were beautifully executed, and very pretty; but they missed their mark, as such productions must always do. A picture that is anything else than a mere portrait must bear the impress of a soul, and there is no soul in a photographic camera.

It is well known that the borough of Woodstock is one in which his Grace of Marlborough is able to exercise, if he pleases, a very extensive influence, and that the honest and good men who form the constituency of Woodstock are known in common parlance among the Oxfordshire farmers as "Blenheim Spaniels." It is not, however, very long since the term was applied, and it must be owned, not without good cause too, to the constituency of the neighbouring city of Oxford. We learn from Mr. Cox's "Recollections of Oxford," that little more than half a century ago a great stir and excitement was caused in that city by an attempt made by the late Mr. John Ingram Lockhart, a member of University College, and a barrister of some little note on his circuit, who, one day hearing his fellow-townsmen spoken of as "Blenheim puppies," resolved to try his best to do away with the reproach, and to destroy or upset "the Marlborough interest" on the banks of the Isis. A general election came round; Mr. Lockhart put out an address, and made one or two clever speeches, which, strange to say, fell on willing ears, and were rapturously received. Recommended by the cool face and ready tongue of a lawyer and a man of the world and of letters, he pursued his canvass most successfully. "Never perhaps out of Athens and Rome," says Mr. Cox, in a somewhat exalted tone, "was a greater effect produced by a rough and manly eloquence, than that which resulted from his subtle and ingenious application of Æsop's fable of the dog and the wolf, and Mr. Lockhart's running comments on it, which he addressed to the admiring audience of "Blenheim Spaniels" in the Corn-market. "Just see how fat and sleek I am," said the dog, "and how thin and rough-skinned you are." "Very true," answered the wolf; "but, my good friend, do tell me what is this deep mark—this scar round your neck?" "Oh, that's only the collar by which they tie me up." At the end of the polling it was found that Mr. Lockhart had supplanted the Blenheim candidate; the borough of Oxford was no longer an appanage of the ducal house of Marlborough, and its freemen were "free men" in a truer sense than they had ever been before, instead of a mere pack of "Blenheim Spaniels."

FISH in streams and rivers are frequently to all appearance drowned, strange as the idea of a drowned fish may be. The piscine mortality follows after heavy falls of rain ; and its cause has often been questioned, without, however, a satisfactory solution being arrived at. The stirred up mud and slime have been credited with the poisoning influence, but this cause is not equal to the effect. A French observer has lately been pursuing the inquiry in a special case that came before him, and his explanation is very logical. He suggests that when a stream is suddenly swollen with water that has fallen upon and drained from a surrounding soil which has been exposed for some time previously to the sun's rays, the water is warmed and deprived of its power of holding a proper complement of oxygen: the vivifying gas in consequence escapes, and the fish, deprived of the air necessary for respiration, faint and die, as they would if placed in tepid water.

MR. SIMS REEVES declares he will not sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society till the present high pitch of its orchestra is lowered. Lately the airs of *Amina*, in the "Sonnambula," had to be transposed to a lower key, because a Covent Garden prima donna broke down in trying to execute them as they stood. Here are two reasons, and there are many others, why the absurdly high tuning in vogue in England should be brought down. The theoretical pitch, that for which the old composers arranged the compass of their vocal music, is represented by a fork or a violin string making for the note "treble C" 512 vibrations in a second of time. Handel's fork, indeed, represents a much lower scale. But to such a pitch have our English orchestras reached, that now, at the Italian Opera in London, a singer at this note has to strain his or her vocal chords till they vibrate 546 times in a second, and proportionately more for higher notes—the effect to him being as if all the music were set in a higher key than that to which, if he be a foreigner, he has been trained ; for on the continent, a pitch more accordant, if not identical with the theoretical one, is universal. The French diapason, used by the *Orphéonistes* and all the orchestras in the country, corresponds to 522 vibrations for the standard note. Why should not ours be brought to this? We believe "vested interests" stand in the way. Instruments prepared for the high pitch would suffer by a reduction, and loss might follow to the possessors of them. Some years since the Society of Arts formed a committee to consider the question, and to settle upon a standard fork. This committee could not please both singers (by recommending a low pitch) and instrument makers (by advocating a high one), so they did a silly thing, took a middle course, and made a new standard that pleased neither. Their fork stands for 528 vibrations, but we cannot hear that it is likely to be accepted for universal use. We have met with musicians who know nothing of its existence. The matter seems hopeless.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

POETRY AND ITS CRITICS.

Mr. Urban,—There is no branch of literature that evokes such a conflict of opinions as poetry. The critics in the journals may be regarded as the judges in whom a certain part of the public place confidence on the subject of poetry. Yet these critics disagree about the merits or defects of a book of poetry as much as a conclave of doctors quarrel about the nature of a so-called new disease. We are accustomed to the wranglings of lawyers on points of law; we know that barristers and judges are not often unanimous in their views of crimes artfully committed; and we are by no means strangers to the fierce squabbles that frequently arise among the clerical profession on doctrinal points. A war of opinion is always raging in all ranks of society. Even the ladies are far from being united on millinery matters, and they debate with fervour the fashions of long and short dresses. The want of concord, however, is not manifested so strikingly among any class of our fellow-creatures on any topic to the extent that it is among our critics on poetry. Plain common-sense people, whose number is by no means extraordinary, have no high opinion of those gentlemen who criticise new books of verse, because of the real absence of a sound principle sustaining or strengthening their criticisms. The critics seem particularly prone to freakishness; and this assertion is borne out by the manner in which they will sometimes belaud a volume of comparatively worthless verse. Now and then they discover a new poet. They look carefully and warily on the poetical firmament for the dawn of a singer with his singing robes about him. Long they are doomed to search in vain, if we are to rely on the soundness of their judgment as expressed in reviews; but occasionally they are rewarded for their patient watchings by the discovery of a veritable minstrel, endowed with the indispensable fire and grace. They are as pleased with a new poetess as a poet; and some of them proceed hysterically to praise the fresh prodigy. But there must be a leader to sound sonorously the first notes of praise, and then a loud chorus of jubilation will soon be raised in every journal of any literary pretensions throughout the land. There may be a few of the small critics who refuse to endorse the adulation of their great *confrères*, but they may be envious or not endowed with the eminent faculty of discovering poetical gems, and so their dissent is looked on as of no consequence; for it seems there are great and small critics, as there are great and small poets, and when the big ones are unanimous, the little ones may be fractious, but to no purpose. The newly-found poet

or poetess becomes in a few days quite famous, and perchance a second edition of his or her book is demanded. This, of course, is owing to the natural curiosity awakened by the strongly-worded reviews: people like to see the quality of the new verse. Well, the wondrous volume reaches a certain number of readers, although the purchasers of poetry are lamentably few, and perhaps not one reader in twenty, or one in a hundred, can discern the treasures in the vaunted work which, on the indisputable authority of the critics, were reported to abound on its pages in profusion. This result has been brought about by the critics too often, until it need not be a matter of surprise that the criticism of poetry has long been viewed by sensible persons with distrust. I have seen many books of verse which were pronounced excellent by the critics, the majority of them containing nothing above mediocrity, and a good deal absolutely below it. I have no desire here to mention names, or I could point to a goodly number of verse-mongers who have been called true poets, but who are wholly undeserving of the momentary success they obtained through absurdly laudatory reviews. Hundreds of volumes of poems have of late years issued from the press, containing genuine poetry, such as sixty years ago would have made its authors long renowned, and far excelling in power and beauty that which has caused in certain notorious cases a temporary *furore.*

Much of the criticism of poetry is, in my opinion, a complete farce. The critics have no standard rule by which to judge of poetry; each one writes according to his taste, except when a leading dealer in critical thunder brings forth what he calls a new bard, and then the majority of his discriminating brethren are alike in uttering their admiration. I do not deny that some new poets have appeared among us in recent years, but they have for the most part not been heralded pompously by the critics, and have failed to earn the distinction and recognition to which their unquestionable genius entitled them. Most of the singers, I do not say all, who have struck the critics with wonder, have been failures, if we take into account their effect on the public. I know there is an excuse made for what are called great poets who prove unacceptable to readers having a taste for poetry. These poets, it is said, when they are properly unheeded in consequence of their total severance from human joys, hopes, or sorrows, and their indulgence in transcendental rhodomontade, which even the wise men of the press cannot understand, are too profound and subtle for the general reader. They are only to be appreciated and understood by a select few who, of course, have tastes in unison with their pets, and enjoy all their subtle riches. Therefore, the ignorance of readers who wish to understand what they read, is a fearful incubus. Great poets require great readers—I mean the conventionally great poets. Now, an excuse like the one I have named being made for the pet poets of the few, is unmitigated *blague.* Generally those men who pretend to understand the indigestible compositions of the subtle singers would be at a loss if called upon to explain on what grounds their enjoyment rests. The writer in verse who cannot be understood by the generality of readers is not a poet. I care not how learned he may appear to be, or how ornate his language,—if he awaken no pleasure and touch no heart, he is not

one possessing the divine *afflatus*, but a mere verse-maker, and the world is deaf to his lays. To call that man a great poet whom nobody can read without feeling tortured, and who produces only weariness, is real folly. I am aware that when the critics are puzzled with a poetising person, they fall to talking of his objectivity, his subjectivity, and his introspection,—a crazy slang worthy of the wholesale dealer in that commodity, Mr. Carlyle.

The small poets—those who are thus called by the great critics—are men whose writings can be understood and admired. Simplicity in a certain person termed a great poet is a charm that makes some of the critics ecstatic; his clearness of utterance is another merit that is loved and cherished; and his truth to nature gives them supreme delight. When he is bald and common-place, then he is called severely simple; let his theme be poor, he is idolised for his love of realism, and he is pronounced without a rival. He is the fashion of the day, and can send forth verses which a village rhymer would disown, and be certain of earning large pay for them and many compliments. If a young poet bring out a book which can be understood, and which contains proofs of genius, he is accused either of imitating the fashionable favourite, or informed that his simplicity will never be the means of raising him to eminence. He may rival in worth in every sense the great idol, and yet for all his worth he will be deemed of no consequence. So that points that make up one man's greatness, demonstrate another man's littleness. Volumes of poems of great beauty are allowed to fall, as it were, as still as dew-drops from the press every year, while it will happen that one or two works of most ordinary ability will be seized upon for glorification, and their authors dangled before an eager world as new votaries of song.

We pretend to detest cant and to abhor shams, but we have not yet lessened either of these vices. The cant of criticism about poetry ought to be fully exposed. I have often noticed the wide difference of opinion passed on volumes of verse that were not fortunate enough to be held out as wonders. Scarcely have I met with two opinions agreeing: the matter has been called good, bad, and indifferent; so that a reader, who wished to be guided by reviews in the purchase of poetry, could not avoid being bewildered.

As a rule, I know that the productions which please the mass are, indeed, contemptible. The poetry of the music-halls and the streets is a disgrace to those who relish it; but there is a large class of the people—reading, thinking people—who despise the wretched rubbish alluded to as much as I do, who can enjoy good poetry, and who are able to judge of its quality quite as accurately as the critical school. These people are unable to see the splendours that are said to stud the writings of a few of the "great poets;" and the most ingenious and eloquent criticism would not improve their taste. Some men have a reputation with a few newspapers, but they have no audience with the great body of intelligent men who can admire genius, and who can readily detect its glaring counterfeit. Despite what the critics may say, although their influence is waning, and very properly, on account of their miserable inconsistencies, he is the greatest poet who charms the most, and who

raises hopes like beautiful flowers in the heart of humanity. Let his themes be what they may, if he be a real poet he will make an impression as sure and as lasting as time. The real poet, and the greatest, too, is he who causes thoughts and passages to linger for ever in the mind. The beauty of his intellect translates in unfading force and colour the beauty of earth and sky ; it gives feeling voice to the hopes and sorrows that are the inheritance of all mankind. The mere scholar or dreaming philosopher may have a passion for writing what he terms poetry, but he makes no impression ; and all such writers, however stilted and erudite they be, produce no more real effect on readers than does a gale on the brow of a mountain.

It is a pastime not unproductive of amusement to notice how the critics differ about the qualities of poets who have, in a greater or less degree, succeeded in making their names known. There must be one poet preeminent, who is allowed to have distanced in effect all his tuneful brethren. In England we are happy, according to the critics, in the possession of the greatest living poet; and the particular powers by which this said minstrel is distinguished are precisely such as are shown by many other poets. But what are esteemed as eminent gifts in one man are considered common-place points in others. We must have a poet whom not to read and adulate exposes every one to the charge of being unfashionable. Then we have a number of poets who are praised and blamed by turns,—who are either mythical or simple, speculative or imaginative. What one critic eulogises as first-class poetry another denounces as ordinary verse. When a poet has no meaning, but makes an immense show of uncommon words, he is petted for his deep meaning, or credited with a metaphysical genius, and ranged among that band of poets who write for the few only. A pretty excuse, truly, for men who lose themselves in a haze of distempered vagaries. I was amused the other day on seeing in a daily paper, which is obligingly oracular on every subject, Longfellow classed with the late Miss Procter ! Tennyson was the great poet. No other singer approached him in greatness ; and, of course, Longfellow was of that order of intellect that compelled the critic to give him a proper place, lest common readers might estimate him too highly. We are a fortunate people in England. We have the best of everything, not excepting poets. Our conceit will not allow us to acknowledge that any other nation possesses our equals in genius. America, which I may, perhaps, be allowed to say, is a trifle larger than England, cannot be privileged to boast with impunity of having a great poet—one who, in power and proficiency, exceeds our laureate. Yet Longfellow is the best-known poet living, the most widely-read by all classes of people, because of the elements of human interest in his poetry, and his broad and tender sympathies. He will live when those men about whom our critics wrangle, as to their influence and ability, will be forgotten,—when the profound and subtle fraternity lie in oblivion. To place Longfellow by the side of Miss Procter is an effort of impudence or ignorance worthy of men whose disagreements on home poets have rendered criticism not only unreliable, but contemptible.—Your obedient servant,

PHILALETHES.

SHENSTONE, GRAY, AND DRYDEN.

Mr. Urban,—In your pleasant gossip "On Some Pleasant Books" in the last number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, you note that Disraeli credits Shenstone with the inspiration of that often quoted couplet of Gray's—

> "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

In support of this, Disraeli quotes from "The Schoolmistress," printed in 1742—

> "A little bench of heedless bishops here,
> And there a chancellor in embryo."

Did Gray here take a hint from Dryden? He offers at all events a curious contrast to Dryden's comparison of the "rise and progress" of the Fire of London to the "developement" of the real and guilty Cromwell—

> "As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
> To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
> His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
> And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way.
>
> "Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
> And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;" &c., &c.
>
> *Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis."*

Whatcote Rectory. J. G.

NOTED WRESTLERS.

Mr. Urban,—Tell H. H. D. that he most strangely omits to name William Cass, of Loweswater, in his account of the Northern Ring, one of the finest wrestlers Cumberland ever boasted; and whose star was on the wane when Chapman's rose.

Neither does he mention Crow Park, Keswick, the scene of many of the most memorable contests, and one of the most noted of northern rings, so long as the Derwentwater Estate was held by the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital; but which became a glory of the past when that property passed into the hands of the present owners, the Messrs. Marshall of Leeds.

Familiar in my youth with many of the characters and events he touches on, I have read his article with very great pleasure; and I trust to find in your future pages some further papers on our northern ways of life. There is ample material in that direction for articles of general interest.—I am, &c.

A Cumbrian.

Widmore, Bromley, Kent, 3rd Nov. 1868.

[William Cass was a noted wrestler. He was a very thick set, burly man, 6 ft. 1, and seventeen stone, very difficult to lift, and worse to get

off his legs. He was, perhaps, not first class in his science, though he struck well with the left leg. He had a match with George Irving at the Castle Inn and won. Chapman also met him at Carlisle, and threw him in the two first falls out of three; but he was then past his best. Jonathan Watson of Torpenhow, was for two or three years one of the best wrestlers of his time. Another noted wrestler might be mentioned. Thomas Richardson of Caldbeck, commonly called "Tom Dyer." His greatest chip was the hype with either leg. Being almost 6 ft. and a thirteen stone man, he was remarkably clean in his falls, and most men were afraid of him. As the Carlisle wrestling was discontinued for some years, the Crow Park ring at the Keswick regatta and races was the most important in Cumberland. The head prize, in 1819, was won by William Wilson of Ambleside, an active wrestler of the same build and size as Jackson of Kinneyside. In 1821 the head prize was carried off by a young eleven stone man from Torpenhow, whose name I forget. This day's wrestling gave great impetus to the art; and it brought lighter men forward, and revived the wrestling that year at Carlisle, where it has been continued ever since. In 1823 the head prize at Crow Park was won by Jonathan Watson. When the Greenwich Hospital Estate at Keswick, of which Crow Park forms part, passed by purchase to the Marshall family, the races were discontinued. Crow Park before the time of Gray the poet was a grove of immense oaks. H. H. D., who supplies us with these notes, will be glad of any other suggestions.—S. U.]

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In October last, at Addington Palace, Surrey, of bronchitis, at the age of 74, died the Most Rev. Charles Thomas Longley, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury. The fifth of seventeen children of the late Mr. John Longley—a man of literary ability and a writer of taste, and towards whom even Dr. Johnson's heart "warmed up," he was born at Boley Hill, near Rochester, in July, 1794. Educated at a private school at Cheam, and subsequently at Westminster School (where he was "fag" to the present Bishop of St. Asaph), he was entered at Ch. Ch., Oxford. There he was the most popular man of his time, and he gained a first class in classical honours when he took his B.A. degree in the year of the Battle of Waterloo. His rise thenceforth was rapid. In succession he became Tutor and Censor of his College, Public Examiner, and Proctor; and while resident at Oxford he acted first as curate, and afterwards as vicar, of the adjacent village of Cowley. We find him next preferred by an old college friend to the living of West Tytherley in Hampshire; next he was advanced in 1829 to the Head Mastership of Harrow School, over which he presided successfully till 1839, when he was nominated by Lord Melbourne to the newly-founded bishopric of Ripon, a step which he possibly owed in some degree to his marriage some few years previously with a daughter of the well-known Whig financier and pamphleteer, Sir Henry B. Parnell, afterwards Lord Congleton. At Ripon he made himself universally respected and beloved among a population who were not at first disposed to give a very cordial reception to any bishop or prelate, and by his exertions he speedily raised a large church building fund, the results of which were soon seen in the spiritual improvement of the diocese. While at Ripon, he cordially supported Dr. (now Dean) Hook in his various schemes of church building and education, and the subdivision of the overgrown parish of Leeds into a number of districts with separate incumbents. In 1856 the late Dr. Maltby resigned the see of Durham, and Dr. Longley was rewarded for his twenty years of service by being promoted to that splendid and much coveted piece of preferment. He had, however, scarcely had time to make himself acquainted with his new diocese and clergy when, on the death of Dr. Musgrave, he was further advanced to the archiepiscopal see of York, whence, in 1862—two years later—he was finally translated to the metropolitan see of Canterbury. He was the fourth prelate since the Reformation who has sat in both the archiepiscopal chairs of England, the previous examples being Grindal, Herring, and Hutton. His Grace was a member of the Privy Council, Extraordinary Visitor of Eton College, Visitor of All Souls' and Merton Colleges,

Oxford, as also of King's College, London, Dulwich College, and St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and of Harrow School in conjunction with the Bishop of London. He was likewise president of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and of the National Society, a Principal Trustee of the British Museum, and a Governor of the Charter House. By virtue of his archiepiscopal dignity, the tenant of the see is "Primate and Metropolitan of all England," and while other Bishops of the Church are only "Divinâ Permissione," he alone may write himself "Divinâ Providentiâ." Five prelates of the Church minister to his grace—the Bishop of London as Dean, the Bishop of Winchester as sub-dean, the see of Lincoln furnishes a chancellor, Salisbury gives a precentor, and the Bishop of Rochester is his chaplain. The annual value of the see is 15,000*l.*, and the Archbishop has the patronage of 177 livings. The Archbishop of Canterbury, also, as is well known, takes rank next to peers of the blood royal, above the Lord Chancellor himself, and the sovereign and the royal family are regarded as his parishioners, wherever the court may be. The late Archbishop was remarkable for his humility and gentleness of character; and by his express desire his funeral was conducted at Addington without any display or ostentation. He was buried in the little country churchyard at Addington, near his predecessors, Dr. Sutton, Dr. Howley, and Dr. Sumner. He was indeed throughout life the most popular of men, free from all rancour and party spirit, and a general favourite in society, and beloved by his clergy.

BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

In the person of the Right Rev. Francis Fulford, Bishop of Montreal, the English Church in Canada has lost one of its ablest and best rulers. He was a younger brother of the present Mr. B. Fulford, of Fulford, Devon—a family of great antiquity in that county—and was born in 1803. He was successively Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, Rector of Trowbridge, Wilts, and Minister of Curzon Chapel, May Fair. In 1850 he was consecrated to the distant see over which he presided until his death. He was a man of rare gifts of temper, judgment, prudence and moderation; in administrative power he had few equals, and still fewer superiors; he was widely popular with all classes and ranks of people in his diocese, and indeed throughout Canada, of which he became the Metropolitan Bishop.

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND.

The fashionable world of what is known as "London Society" has lost its acknowledged female head, Harriet, Duchess Dowager of Sutherland A daughter of the sixth Earl and sister of the late and present Earls of Carlisle, by a daughter of the noble house of Devonshire, she united in herself all the advantages of blood and birth, and when at the age of scarcely seventeen, she was "presented" at the court of George IV., she married the eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, who was afterwards created Duke of Sutherland. She was for many years the intimate,

perhaps the most intimate, female friend of her Majesty, whom she served as Mistress of the Robes whenever a Liberal Ministry was in power, and whom the Queen sent for to Windsor Castle, as the friend in whose company she chose to spend in seclusion the first weeks of her widowhood. The late Duchess was the leader of many philanthropic movements, especially those which bore on the interests of her own sex; and it was she who by her example led the women of England to address a manifesto to the women of America deprecating the system of slavery. The Duchess was also well known for her skill in horticulture and architecture.

J. MACFARLANE.

DEATH has carried off Mr. John Macfarlane, of Coneyhill, near Stirling, who deserves to be recorded here as the original mover in the plan of erecting a national monument to William Wallace. He was also in many other respects a benefactor to the public in his neighbourhood, and indeed in other parts of Scotland, and he expended large sums of money in the interests of science and art, by founding museums and public libraries. He was a self-made man, and had acquired a competence—or, perhaps, something more—as a designer of patterns for the Manchester market.

CHARLES HALL.

THE world of sport has sustained a great loss in Charles Hall, more familiarly known as Charles Westhall. He was born in 1823, and, after residing in Wales some sixteen years, became a student of medicine at St. George's Hospital. Thus early he seldom met his peer at athletic games, and developed a taste for running and walking which clung to him ever after. With activity and speed were combined stamina and the most remarkable endurance. Of simple, abstemious habits, actual training was seldom necessary; and, indeed, until past thirty years of age, he never underwent more than the merest shadow of preparation prior to a contest. Insensibly almost he became a pedestrian—drawn into the stream without feeling that all chances of success in his profession were being sacrificed. He attained much celebrity as a runner, both at "sprint" and long races, and several of the best men of the day suffered defeat at his hands. But it is with walking that his name is chiefly associated. No distance was too long, no course too severe; he never met "foeman worthy of his steel." In 1848 the Marquis of Waterford made what, at that time, was considered a foolish wager. He accepted from Lord Caledon a bet of 200*l.* to 100*l.* that no man could be found equal to the task of fairly walking twenty miles in three successive hours. Westhall was selected to perform the herculean feat, and accomplished it, with two minutes thirty seconds to spare, on the road at Harlington Corner. Captain Archdale, M.P., acted as umpire on behalf of Lord Waterford, and the Hon. Robert Lawley, for Lord Caledon,—the Hon. C. Maynard being referee. Subsequently, viz., in the year 1858, West-

hall walked, at Newmarket, over a "measured mile, touch and turn," twenty-one miles in three consecutive hours, less fifty-nine seconds, and achieved for himself a world-wide reputation as the performer of an unequalled feat. Of late he had been connected with the sporting press, and up to the time of his death occupied a good position on the editorial staff of *Bell's Life*. His acquaintance, and their name is legion, admired him to a man; his friends added respect and esteem as a tribute to great honesty of purpose and courage, combined with simplicity of heart. Recently he received from the athletes of the universities and metropolitan clubs, as a token of their appreciation of his services, a handsome gold chronograph, but lived barely three months to wear it. He was buried at Brompton Cemetery, and the generally expressed feeling of a large assemblage was—"We shall seldom look on his like."

DR. SMITH.

DR. GEORGE SMITH, of Camborne, Cornwall, died at that place, of which he was a native, during last month. He was a self-made man, the son of a carpenter, and was brought up in a Lancastrian school. He turned his education to good account, for some thirty years ago he published a lecture on "The Chronology of the Book of Genesis," which he followed up by "The Religion of Ancient Britain Historically Considered," "Sacred Annals, or the History and Religion of Mankind from the Creation to the time of Christ," and lastly a "History of Wesleyan Methodism," in three large volumes. He was a good speaker and lecturer; an excellent man of business, and one of the most active directors of the Cornish railway. On retiring from that office he was entertained at a public dinner and presented with a handsome testimonial in silver plate. He married a daughter of the late Mr. W. Bickford, who invented the "miner's safety-fuse," and in conjunction with his father-in-law, he made a fortune from the adoption and manufacture of the "safety-fuses."

GENERALS BLACKLEY AND MACINTOSH.

TWO of the last surviving Peninsular officers died during September, Lieutenant-General Henry Blackley and General Alexander Fisher Macintosh, K.H. The former served in Spain from 1812 to 1814, and was at Badajoz, Salamanca, San Sebastian, Nivelle, and Bayonne, and had received the silver war-medal with five clasps. The latter, who came of a good old Scotch family, had received the medal with two clasps for Vittoria and Toulouse, and had seen active service in Spain through the years 1812—14. He was created a Knight of the Order of Guelph of Hanover in 1833, and had held the colonelcy of the 93rd Foot since 1862.

COLONEL FARRANT.

COLONEL FRANCIS FARRANT, of the Indian army, who died recently near Dover, at the age of 64, was formerly engaged in the diplomatic

service in the East. Having joined the Bombay Cavalry, he was employed by Lord William Bentinck in Persia, and afterwards acted as secretary to Sir John McNeill when he was Plenipotentiary in that country. He subsequently took part in attendance on the commission at Erzeroum on the Turco-Persian question. He was also Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Persia, and was presented by the sovereign of that country with his portrait set in diamonds. He resigned his appointment at Teheran in 1852, and was promoted to a colonelcy in 1855.

F. CORDOVA.

THERE recently died at Florence, of disease of the heart, Filippo Cordova, the most eloquent member of the Chamber of deputies, aged about 66 years. In early life he was distinguished as a barrister, and he took an active part in the Revolution of 1848. On the suppression of the Revolution by the late King of Naples, Cordova had to fly, and was lucky enough to obtain the patronage of Count Cavour, who employed him in the Statistical Department of the Board of Agriculture and Commerce in Piedmont. Here he showed great ability, and he breathed life and spirit into the dull and dry matter with which he had to deal. On the annexation of Sicily to Sardinia, Cordova was returned to the Italian Parliament, and he held office under Ricasoli and Ratazzi. He subsequently held the post of Procurator-General of the Court of Cassation, but retired some years since to enjoy the ease and dignity of a Senatorial chair. He was a splendid and eloquent orator, and his style has been compared to that of our own Burke. He was honoured by a public funeral, his pall being supported by the Chief Ministers of State.

MADAME V. HUGO.

TO our list of the notabilities of the age who have recently passed away must be added the name of Madame Victor Hugo, who expired at Brussels at the close of August, from congestion of the brain. Her maiden name was Adèle Foucher, and in 1822, at the age of only fifteen or sixteen, she became the wife of one whom France may well hold in honour as *par excellence* the poet, dramatist, and *romancier* of that country. She was the daughter of an old friend of M. Victor Hugo's mother, and in becoming his wife she consoled him for that mother's loss. Her marriage took place at S. Sulpice, the very same church in which that mother's funeral service was performed. But she was not only his wife, but his firm and constant friend; and when his house was the centre of literary and revolutionary Paris, she stood by his side in that brilliant circle, rejoicing in the success of his pen, and sharing afterwards the sorrows of his exile. Her memory is, and long will be, fondly cherished in the island of Guernsey, where of late years M. Victor Hugo has fixed his home. She had a daughter, Leopoldine, who died when quite a child, and she has left two sons to lament her loss.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1869.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMILY CRITICISM—A CHAPTER BY THE WAY, CHIEFLY ON SOME "SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

FOR some special reasons, best known to herself, my wife is particularly silent with regard to the latest instalment of these particulars of my life. Perhaps she is thinking about the engagement of our youngest daughter with Mr. Felton. Since I obtained for that gentleman the living at Hallow, to which he was appointed last month, our reverend friend is less attentive to Cissy; and Mrs. Kenrick went so far as to suggest, the other day, that he intends to break off the match. I confess that I have noticed some slight change in Mr. Felton's manner; but this may be set down to increased spiritual and temporal responsibilities. Whilst I am thinking what might be the effect of any coolness on Mr. Felton's part towards Cissy, my two girls come into my study, and the following conversation ensues.

Bess. Well, father, and how do you like the family contribution to Christopher Kenrick?

Myself. I think the extra chapters are interesting. I hope they will not confuse the reader in his estimate of the general story.

Bess. Your audience, sir, can easily avoid that. The reader may skip these extra chapters.

Cissy. I should certainly skip them, if I were what pa calls an outsider.

Bess. It is a good thing to know how to skip judiciously. Some of Mudie's readers must be adepts in the art. That terrible "Woman in White," how much one skipped there to get at the engrossing secret.

Cissy. You should read "The Moonstone;" that is the best of Wilkie Collins's books, and you really need not skip much there. The characters are well drawn, and it is delightfully romantic to have those Indians coming upon the scene so mysteriously.

Myself. You did not skip "The Epicurean," I dare be bound, Bess, nor "Esmond," nor the stories in that volume of De Quincy, which I observed in your hand the other day.

Cissy. No, pa; I could read those without skipping. It is like having the nightmare to read De Quincy, for all that; but I skipped "Ivanhoe," which you praise so much, and "The Antiquary," and "Felix Holt."

Bess. Felix Holt is a bore—Adam Bede turned into a politician, and a Radical, too—insufferable, but a fine book, nevertheless; and "Romola" is a classic that will live for ages. I agree with Cissy about Scott: he gives you too much upholstery—leaves nothing to the imagination. His descriptions are inventories.

Myself. Who would be an author, even a great author, if this be the fate of the best and proudest, to be torn piecemeal by a couple of chattering girls? And what do you say to our friend Christopher?

Bess. He is a very amusing young gentleman, and more especially, perhaps, now that he is fairly in love. I still prefer the actress to Miss Wilton.

Cissy. Oh, Bessie! A designing thing, evidently, Miss Wilton. The "megs" are great fun, I think. Fancy Miss Priscilla thinking Christopher wanted to see her. I have had a letter from Tom. He had no notion, pa, that you were so well up in the mysteries of the art of self-defence. Yesterday he was hunting with Lord Melville's hounds, and the *Bell's Life* chapter was discussed over dinner. Lord M. said it was a pity the story did not treat of a higher grade of society than that of newspaper fellows and actors.

Myself. Indeed! Lord Melville's grandfather was a soap-boiler; but go on, my child.

Cissy. That is all, papa.

[*Enter* Mrs. Kenrick.]

Myself. I thought I heard a carriage drive up?

Mrs. Kenrick. Yes; your friend, Father Ellis, as you insist upon calling him (though there is no more strenuous opponent of the Romish Church) has called. He says he intends to spend the evening with you. Shall he come up?

Myself. By all means; and if he be conversationally inclined, he shall contribute to our extra chapters.

Mrs. Kenrick. I wish all your chapters were at an end, my dear.

Myself. Is that for publication, or only for the author's private ear?

Mrs. Kenrick. Don't be absurd, Christopher. Mr. Ellis is coming up without waiting for my reply.

[*Enter* Mr. Ellis, an elderly, grey-bearded pronounced parson. He has recently introduced the surplice into the choir of the adjoining parish, and fought an epistolary battle with an extreme Evangelical in the county paper, since which time I insist upon calling him Father Ellis. He tells me that he was determined to come up to my sanctum as soon as he learnt from the servant that only the young ladies were with me. He laughs merrily at his own temerity, shakes hands, sits down, and says he is come for a chat.]

Myself. We are rejoiced to see you, most reverend Father of the Faithful, I say. Your last letter in the *Advertiser*, on what you call the superstitious phase of your argument with your brother in the Church, was very well put. By the way, that was a shrewd remark of Dr. Johnson's, Parson,—" It is wonderful that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world and still it is undecided whether there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death; all argument is against it, all belief for it."

Father Ellis. Equally shrewd the remark, that " Superstition is but the fear of belief, religion the confidence."

Myself. No shop, Parson, no shop; no Irish Church; no attacks on Gladstone. Let us chat in peace. I could have given you some notes for your paper. I had been reading Seafield's collection of " Dreams," Home's " Incidents in My Life," Binns " On Sleep," and Symonds on the same subject. The result would have worked up well with your theological illustrations of superstition.

Bess. I suspect, Mr. Ellis, it was Mr. Kenrick who wrote that leader on your correspondence, the moral of which was the national decay of England.

Parson. Indeed, indeed! That was too bad of you, sir.

Cissy. I firmly believe in ghosts.

Myself. There is not a man whom you meet but in his quiet, graver moments will tell you of strange, unaccountable things that have happened to him, frankly disclosing to you that vein of superstition which runs through every mind. There seems to be a deep-seated love of the marvellous, a fear of darkness, in the composition of us all; it is as if the mind had some big secret of its own, and only now and then let us have a glimpse of it sufficient to excite our speculation and wonder. Yet we laugh at ghosts, and pity the men and women who believe in Spiritualism.

Parson. We may believe in spirits without crediting them with the humiliating practices of upsetting tables and chairs. Yet, friends of mine have seen some of this strange phenomena which, it is said, attends Mr. Home. We live in extraordinary times. I am not going to preach, and I do not believe that the Good Father would let our spirits wander about the universe subject to the beck and call of Mr. Home or any other mortal; but it has occurred to me, often of late, that just prior to the coming of our Saviour, the spirit world was in a state of very great commotion: they that were *evil* more particularly gave evidence of continual agitation. May it not be that the second coming is at hand; for not in England alone do we hear of singular and strange manifestations. In that great continent of America, where the people are freed from the traditions of the past, the land is broken up into strange sects and peoples; and this is the centre of the fiercest of modern superstitions. Rely upon it, the great day is at hand.

Myself. Now, my dear Parson, you said you would not preach; and here you are in the midst of a sermon.

Parson. Satan shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth; and this will be a time of evil indeed, of wars and rumours of wars, and false prophets; armies shall war and destroy each other; another Gog and Magog shall arise, and come against the holy city; then shall come the end of all things by fire, and then the Millennium. "They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations," saith Isaiah——

Myself. I rise to order. Next Sunday I will be with you at church, and will listen to your biblical views of our manners and customs, and pay the greatest possible attention to your moral philosophy. For the present, let us look a little into the lay element of the question. Moreover, I intend to print this conversation as a dialogue; so we must make it popular in the better sense of the term. Carlyle talks

of superstition as the horrid incubus (now passing away without return) which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, with all its racks and poison-chalices and foul sleeping-draughts. Now it seems to me, Parson, there is as much of this darkness of superstition about us now as ever there was in the past.

Parson. In all ages, amongst all peoples, there has existed a belief in spirits, witchcraft, dreams, charms, and other mysteries promoted by the Romish Church in the days of——

Myself. Parson, Parson, you are in the pulpit again. Let us have no Romish Church in this discussion. I say that the only difference between those older days of darkness and the present is, that we do not burn witches and pillory Spiritualists, because we don't believe in them, and for some time past we have pitied their dupes; but, now-a-days, so many intellectual people shake their heads and make confessions of "spiritual phenomena," that you are puzzled what to think or say about it. Is it that we are really "shooting Niagara" in downright earnest, or are we in the midst of a darkness which is simply the forerunner of a purer light—a better day?

Parson. St. John in his Revelations——

Myself. We know all about that, Parson. Cumming has done it. I am sure you don't want me to think you are a disciple of the modern prophet's.

Parson. I will be even with you next Sunday evening, *mon ami.* You *shall* hear what St. John says, and we will discuss false prophets, too.

Myself. If there were nothing worse than spiritualism abroad, Parson, one would not feel so unhappily about the signs of the times. Strange beliefs, irreligion, weird conceits, luxurious living, an absence of female modesty, depraved and degraded tastes, marked the decline and fall of the classic cities. The blackest chapter in the history of modern manners and customs, it seems to me, will be that which relates to our women. The fashionable newspapers, and those of a higher class, which go in for politics, literature and satire, are full of stories of the degeneracy of our women. Aping the *demi-monde*, talking slang, turning dressing for society into undressing, reading the worst of the French novels, and discussing freely with men questions which are not for mixed debate, our young women, it would appear, have lost all that native modesty which was our moral strength, our glory and our pride. In keeping with all this are the extravagant fashions, to be dated from that imitating of a certain skirt introduced by the Empress of the French, and copied with disgusting extravagance by the British female. Our women have

gradually degenerated since then, until, according to all accounts, they are drifting further and further away, from all the good old ties and landmarks of modesty and virtue.

Parson. I don't believe it.

Mrs. Kenrick. Thank you, Mr. Ellis, nor do I.

Bess. Nor does father; he is only putting the case to develop his own thoughts about it.

Myself. The newspapers say all this is true.

Parson. It is simply sensational work. The "Girl of the Period" is a gross and wicked libel.

Myself. Perhaps, so far as our country girls are concerned; but what about town?

Parson. Still a libel. That nonsense, the other day, about women wearing false ears. There was nothing in it. Our young ladies have been maligned as much as the parsons. Newspaper gossippers must earn their living: *multa docet fames.* The women are as good now as ever they were, and not a whit less beautiful,—a little forward in their manners; but they only reflect the character of the age. Everything is fast now-a-days. Steam and electricity have worked their way into the national life. As for degeneracy, I see more declining and falling in those secret societies, trades unions, and Fenianism, than in the alleged degeneracy of female modesty.

Myself. I congratulate the ladies upon so worthy a champion.

Parson. Infidelity is the great plague-spot of the times—infidelity and greed. The Church does not say enough to her people about these things. Our public men are not the outspoken honest-fellows of the days of Pitt and Fox. The Golden Calf has willing worshippers in the highest quarters; and that old spirit of loyalty, that practical earnest thorough-going love of Fatherland, which was alive in my early days, is dying out. We have too much freedom, sir, considerably too much.

Myself. Too much abuse of it.

Parson. Too much of it, sir; look at the state of the labour market; look at our railways; look at our great companies; look at our public meetings. Free trade, sir, is the cause of the distress now apparent everywhere in the country.

Myself. Parson, parson!

Parson. You will not let me preach, so you must permit me to prate. I say our liberties are too great. Working men have liberty to combine against the commercial interests of their country; liberty to intimidate, liberty to kill; public men have liberty to spout treason, and newspapers liberty to print it. The foreigner has liberty

to enter our ports, and undersell us, and liberty to buy our coals and other raw materials untaxed to enable him to do so.

Myself. Once more I rise to order. We were talking of superstition, and as it is the ghostly period of the year——

Cissy. Don't say that, papa.

Myself. Ghosts come in with Christmas, love.

Bess. Only in Magazines and Illustrated papers.

Parson. Free-trade is superstition.

Myself. Parson, parson ! this is worse than a sermon. I insist upon returning to our original topic. The latest phase of so-called spiritualism is the most startling of all. I think it is a Frenchman who has introduced it. He lays a sheet of paper and pencil upon a tombstone, walks away a short distance, returns, and finds upon the paper the signature of the person interred, written in the manner of the man as he lived.

Parson. A mountebank's trick, that is all. It is a surprising thing that these raisers of ghosts do not give them something useful to do. I believe in spirits, my friend ; but this is not the work of spirits. Contemplate for one moment the doings of the spirits, as narrated in the only authentic record of spiritual work. The good Father of us all employs not immortal spirits in such labour as this ; He would not even permit the damned to be tortured with such humiliations as the spiritualists invent for them.

Myself. Have you ever met Mr. Home, the chief of spiritualists ? he who lost that chancery suit, involving thirty thousand pounds ?

Parson. I have ; but he spiritualised not in my presence.

Bess. I thought he was a dreadful impostor until I saw him, and now I hardly know what to make of him.

Parson. Make of him ! make fun of him, as *Punch* does.

Bess. That is not quite so easy, when you know him ; but I think he is a madman.

Cissy. If you want to read a ghost story, Mr. Ellis, Home's "Incidents" is nothing but a ghost story from the beginning to the end.

Parson. I have a theory about this fellow. He is a mesmerist; he mesmerises his sitters, and takes possession of their common sense.

Myself. I was curious enough the other day to search the chancery files, and make the following abstract from this person's affidavit as an example of the spread of superstition in high quarters. Here it is : I intended to use it in an article on hallucination. This is what Mr. Home says of himself. I am surprised the newspapers did not publish the narrative :—

"I was born in Scotland, on the 20th March, 1833, and from my earliest childhood I have been subject to the occasional happening of singular physical phenomena in my presence, which are most certainly not produced by me or by any other person in connection with me. I have no control over them whatever. They occur irregularly, and even when I am asleep. Sometimes I am many months, and once I have been a year without them. They will not happen when I wish; and my will has nothing to do with them. I cannot account for them further than by supposing them to be effected by intelligent beings, or spirits. Similar phenomena occur to many other persons. In the United States of America, I believe about eleven millions of rational people, as well as a very great number in every country in Europe, believe as I do, that spiritual beings of every grade, good and bad, can and do at times manifest their presence to us. I invariably caution people against being misled by any apparent communications from them. These phenomena occurring in my presence have been witnessed by thousands of intelligent and respectable persons, including men of business, science, and literature, under circumstances which would have rendered, even if I desired it, all trickery impossible. They have been witnessed repeatedly, and in their own private apartments—where any contrivance of mine must have been detected—by their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, their Majesties the Emperor, Empress, and late Empress-Dowager of Russia, their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine of Russia, and the members of their august family, their Majesties the King of Prussia, the late King of Bavaria, the present and late King of Wurtemburg, the Queen of Holland, and the members of the Royal family of Holland, and many of these august personages have honoured, and I believe still honour me with their esteem and goodwill, as I have resided in some of their palaces as a gentleman, and their guest—not as a paid or professional person. They have had ample opportunities, which they have used, of investigating these phenomena, and of enquiring into my character. I have resided in America, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and in every country I have been received as a guest and friend by persons in the highest position in society, who were quite competent to discover and expose, as they ought to have done, anything like contrivance on my part to produce these phenomena. I do not seek, and never have sought, the acquaintance of these exalted personages. They have sought me, and I have thus had a certain notoriety thrust upon me. I do not take money, and never have taken it, although it has been repeatedly offered me, for or in respect of these phenomena, or the communications which sometimes appear to be made by them. I am not in the habit of receiving those who are strangers to me, and I never force the subject of spiritualism on any one's attention. I trust that I am a sincere Christian. I conscientiously believe—as all the early Christians did—that man is continually surrounded and protected or tempted by good and evil spirits. I have, in my circle of friends, many who were not only infidels but atheists, until they became convinced by the study of these phenomena of the truths of immortality; and their lives have been greatly improved in consequence. Some of the phenomena in question are noble and elevated; others appear to be grotesque and undignified. For this I am not responsible any more than I am for the many grotesque and undignified things which are undoubtedly permitted to exist in the material world. I solemnly swear that I do not produce the phenomena aforesaid, or in any way whatever aid in producing them. In 1858 I married a Russian lady of noble family, who was a

god-daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas, and educated by him. She died in 1862, and by her I have one son, christened 'Gregoire,' but alluded to in the conversations and letters, hereinafter set forth, by the pet name of 'Sacha.' The present Emperor of Russia has graciously consented to be his godfather, and the Grand Duchess Constantine his godmother on the occasion of his being baptized into the Greek Church, which is to take place."

—What do you think of that, sir?

Parson. Human credulity is boundless, and wisdom is not always to be found beneath a diadem. Our forefathers would have settled the whole business by burning Home and his book.

Myself. That is the very thing he says himself; but he gives us some curious facts which bear upon the character of his own professed power. In 1841, Dr. Reid Clanny, a physician of Sunderland, published an authoritative report of the remarkable illness of one Mary Jobson, a girl of thirteen. Strange knockings frequently took place near her bed, and strains of music were heard, as is said to be the case with Mr. Home. A voice was heard also in the room, and sometimes this voice was whispered to people in other houses, bidding them go and see the patient. This voice told the doctor on one occasion that Mary's own spirit had fled, and a new one had taken possession of her body; all this time the child being bedridden. At length Mary Jobson was suddenly raised from her extreme illness. The voice which had promised a miraculous cure, told the attendants to lay out the girl's clothes and leave the room, all but an infant of two years old. After a quarter of an hour's absence, the voice called to them, "Come in;" and when they entered, they found Mary sitting up dressed and perfectly well, with the infant upon her knee. In 1732, the London newspapers contained accounts of a girl being haunted by a spirit which replied to her by knocks, and at Shepton Mallet in 1657, a woman was executed for having, as it was supposed, bewitched a youth, who every now and then was lifted into the air by some unseen power. As for knockings, scores of country people will tell you of noises heard before death, distinct knocks, which Mr. Home tells us are spiritual communications.

Parson. Luther thought he heard the devil cracking nuts in his chamber at Wurtzburg. [A long exclamation of "Oh! Mr. Ellis," from Cissy.]

Myself. Which has not escaped Mr. Home, who must certainly be credited with some ability in fighting his side of the spiritualistic question.

Parson. The spiritualists make a great point of their visions, do they not?

Myself. Home professes to see visions, converse with spirits, and,

according to their own testimony, this is a common thing with believers.

[Mrs. Kenrick begs we will excuse Cissy and herself, and thus the talkers are reduced to three.]

Parson. And do we not all see visions?—do we not all converse with spirits in dreamland? but it is so rare a thing for the Divine Majesty to reveal himself to His children in dreams, that the habit of interpretation has gone out, and moreover, God having already given us all that is necessary for our salvation, we have no need of dreams and visions to guide and assist us. The inspired dreamers of the Bible,—look at the nature and character and importance of their dreams. What a sublimity, what a breadth, what a grandeur of symbolism there was in those visions! The spirits of the Bible record knocked upon no tables, my friend, tilted no sofas, played upon no banjos. Bah!

Myself. And yet, Parson, just now you seemed half inclined to believe in spirits.

Parson. Yes, as Milton believed—

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
> All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
> Both day and night. How often from the steep
> Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
> Celestial voices to the midnight air,
> Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
> Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
> While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
> With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
> In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
> Divide the night, and lift our souls to heaven."

Myself. A good motto for the Spiritualist's book! He must have missed this most appropriate quotation, or surely he would have used it.

Parson. Unfortunately Home's music and spiritual doings lift our thoughts not to heaven but to Home.

Myself. Many men have predicted their own deaths through dreams and tokens.

Parson. Death has often signified its approach to persons through some subtle instinct, perhaps excited by the gradual decay of the body, and thus communicated to the brain. There are many instances of the extraordinary fulfilment of dreams. In the early days of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, he was travelling to Padua. At Dover he showed his pass, and the governor

would not let him go by the steamer; he took him prisoner, in fact. "Why do you detain me?" asked Harvey. "It is my will," said the governor. The packet sailed, and was wrecked, all hands perishing. The governor then told Harvey that he saw him in a dream the night before, and had a warning to stop him. But what is there remarkable in this? God has his own way of using his instruments. Harvey had a mission to fulfil, and Heaven saved him for it. Surely we do not pray to God to help and watch over us, and then doubt His power and His will to do so.

Myself. Yet you said just now the Almighty had ceased to interfere specially, by the means of visions, in the government of the world.

Parson. Did I? Then I meant it not; for have we not scores of verified instances where He has put justice on the track of crime in dreams. Look at the case of the robbery and murder of Stockden in 1698, discovered and avenged through the dreams of a neighbour; and Maria Martin in the Red Barn, for that matter.

Myself. Then you believe in Swedenborg's visions?

Parson. I said not that. Swedenborg was mad.

Myself. Yet some persons have dreams that come true.

Parson. Insanity is a continual dream.

Myself. But dreaming is not insanity.

Parson. Certainly not; often quite the reverse. Condillac, the metaphysician, often completed important speculations in his sleep. Franklin thought out matters of moment in his dreams, until he regarded his dreams with a certain superstitious awe. These great and active intellects were simply at work whilst the body rested.

Myself. But what about the so-called waking or magnetic sleep in which the modern seers have revelations? What about those wide domains of clairvoyance, mesmerism, second-sight, electro-biology, of which we hear so much in these modern days?

Parson. Ah! there we enter upon a wide sea of speculation, and are getting out of our depth, friend.

Myself. Whither we have been drifting for some time past, most grave and reverend father; and lest we founder, I cry back to *terra firma* again, and propose that we leave the world to take its own course: it is clear there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

Parson. And methinks, friend Kenrick, we have but weakly pondered by the shore of the great sea which lies before us with ten thousand wonders awaiting the scrutinising eye of the bold and faithful and God-fearing discoverer; but even to the best, and

bravest, and purest, and most Christian-like, the famous maxim of Horace will nevertheless apply—"*Nec scire fas est omnia.*"

[When Father Ellis had said good night, Bessie pronounced our conversation interesting and intellectual.]

Myself. I fear it may bore our Kenrick friends.

Bess. Not at all, father; print it; you should at least have one heavy chapter in the extra pages.

Myself. I wish our friend Mr. Felton were as lively a neighbour as Father Ellis, Bess. I fear your mother is uneasy about him.

Bess. I think mamma took Cissy away for the purpose of talking to her about Mr. Felton. His manner latterly has certainly been somewhat patronising.

Myself. Nonsense, my love; that cannot be. He knows that it was I who procured Hallow for him.

Bess. Everybody knows it!

We retire after this, and at bed-time Mrs. Kenrick is full of strange notions about Mr. Felton. Cissy has been weeping. Mrs. K.'s trouble, and our daughter's grief, carry me back to my own early days, and I remember the pangs that I suffered in Harbourford and elsewhere. With a doubting hand, upon the next day, I prepare this extra-preliminary chapter, and leave poor Cissy and Mrs. Kenrick to talk over their mutual suspicions and anxieties, whilst I continue to build up this veracious record of my own course of love and adventure.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH I CONTINUE TO STUDY THE "TIMES."

The autumn was coming on. The ivy flapped limply against the walls of the old church that filled up the little window of my office. The wind went soughing up the narrow lane, carrying stray leaves away to the river. The cathedral bells fell flat and heavily on the ear. The damp atmosphere seemed to get into your clothes and down your throat. Mr. Noel Stanton passed solemnly into his room without a word. Old Mitching balanced his glasses at me in a melancholy, sympathetic fashion. Only the printers and Mrs. Mitching, when I saw them, looked smilingly at me. I had evidently risen in the estimation of one and the other, and if I had wished it, Mrs. Mitching's influence would have kept me there in preference to Mr. Noel Stanton; but I was proud and ambitious, and it seemed brave to sacrifice myself.

Another influence at work was my desire to get those several

hundred pounds, which Tom Folgate said were necessary before a young fellow could marry and settle down. There were larger and more important cities than Lindford, larger and more important papers than the *Lindford Herald.* I would hardly have admitted this much to myself two years before; but "use doth breed a habit in a man." Familiarity with those great glass windows bred in me so much use to them, that they began to seem small. The splendidly-bound books that I had gazed at in those early days of exile, lost their old smell; Mr. Mitching was not so magnificent a personage in my eyes; his wife was a little less charming than heretofore; and his sublime, his wonderful editor, had I not beaten him in a physical encounter?

Lindford, too, was growing less in my eyes, and it grew less and less and less the more I waded through those long columns of "Wanteds" in the *Times.* What a great, wide world it indicated, this big, crowded sheet! What hundreds of vacancies for clever, industrious people! I could not help feeling sorry every now and then that I was not a capitalist. What partnerships I might have entered into if I had had a few hundred pounds; partnerships that would have brought me in, every year of my life, more than enough to have made a happy, luxurious home for Esther Wilton. Indeed, I could have made enough money for a long time by lending, to struggling tradesmen and others, small sums for short periods. There were scores who would rejoice to pay double the sum lent, in return for fifty or a hundred pounds, to meet pressing engagements. I suppose these persons, however, speedily get assistance. What a wonderful world it seemed to me from this careful study of the *Times*' sheet! Two hundred pounds a year for five shillings one man offered. It almost took my breath away. I marked the advertisement with red ink, to show Tom Folgate. Another person offered two pounds a week on commission to travelling agents. Surely I had only to pick and choose here, and select what my income should be. My common sense, however, every now and then knocked down the suddenly-constructed castles that Hope would raise out of those advertising materials; but "it never yet did hurt," Shakspeare says, "to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope." How many hopeful, exciting hours I passed on that high stool in the Lindford newspaper office!

Oh, that sheet of the *Times*, how I read it through and through, and wondered about the people who published day by day those strange and romantic advertisements! I tried to think what had become of those people who were missing; and my liveliest interest was excited in those who had left their homes, and whose return was

so earnestly implored. They did not advertise for me when I ran away; they did not publish to all the world that "C. K. would be forgiven, if he would come back to his sorrowing parents." In good truth, when C. K. had repented, and wanted to be friends again, and wrote long letters to Stonyfield, I received as little attention as Clarissa Harlowe got from her dreadful home. Once my father had said he would call and see me; but his promise had not been fulfilled. I could not help thinking of these things in presence of that second column of the *Times*. And then my eyes would wander to the advertisements of ships about to sail for foreign lands:—

> "Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
> But never came to shore."

Would that be the fate of my hopes and dreams? I was about to sail for sunny isles; "like that proud, insulting ship, which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once," I was outward bound for aggrandisement. I had anchored here in Lindford in a long and happy calm; but my days were numbered here—my bark must to sea once more. Would it go down in some terrible tempest, or reach those sunny isles of which I dreamed so often?

Treacherous, tempting *Times!* I wandered through thy offers of wealth and fame for many days; and at last bound myself to Carnaby Muddle, Esq., of Harbourford, to do his behests in the capacity of reporter-in-chief of the *Harbourford Messenger*. Why did I not select some other prize from the hundreds which were within my grasp every day? How should I know that in changing from the joint sovereignty of Mitching and Stanton, I should be "like to a ship that having 'scaped a tempest, is straightway calmed and boarded by a tyrant?"

How Esther and I talked of this distant land, this Harbourford, three hundred miles away from dear old Lindford! I looked it out upon the map, and hunted up all its history through encyclopædias. I told Esther about its docks, its assembly rooms, its shipping, its theatre, and everything I could think of. I showed her a copy of the *Messenger* which Mr. Muddle had sent me, and told her by what post to expect it every week, marked with my work, every paragraph and report ticked off with my own pen. One night in particular I remember being especially eloquent and earnest in my arrangements with her, for the regulation of her conduct and my own, during the time that we were to be parted.

"Now that we are engaged, Esther, you must be more courageous in taking your own part."

"Yes, dear," Esther replied, in her soft, mild, trusting voice.

"Barbara and Priscilla must not be allowed to order you to do this and do that, like the centurion whom they preached about at the cathedral last Sunday. You are not a soldier to be commanded, nor a servant to be charged, 'Do this, and he doeth it.'"

"No," said Esther, quietly.

"I must talk to your mother before I go away, about it; she ought not to permit it."

"Mamma does not like to make a disturbance. It is all for the sake of peace and quietness."

"Yes, my dear, that is the way of the world; there are always people ready to walk upon those who prostrate themselves."

"It will not be for long," Esther says. "You will soon come and take me away, will you not?"

"That I will, my darling," I reply, with sudden visions of happiness floating before me.

"Emmy is to be married soon," she continues. "Tom and Emmy have been talking about how they will furnish their house."

"Yes, dear, and how?"

"Emmy says she shall have a beautiful drawing-room, with all sorts of delicate things in it; and the finest water-colour paintings, real lace curtains, and a piano from Broadwoods'."

"Does Tom say so?"

"Mr. Folgate says she shall furnish just as she likes; and Emmy is always talking of her arrangements: it is quite delightful to hear her. She is going to have statuary all the way up the grand staircase, and a little black foot-boy or page."

"Is that what you would like, Esther," I say, with a touch of despair in my heart.

"I should like what you would like, Chris," Esther replies, looking up into my face.

"I should like to give you all the wealth of the world, Esther. The home that Claude Melnotte described in the play last year, is nothing to the home which I would give you, Esther; but I fear my house will be but a poor Melnotte's cottage, after all."

Esther pressed my arm. She did not speak, and for a moment I feared the gaudy picture pleased her most.

"Could you be content with a husband, who loved you dearly, were he poorer even than that poor gardener's son?"

"If that husband were you, yes," said Esther, promptly. "I do not care for grandeur."

"A nice little house, Esther," I go on, "with a neat kitchen,

and a pleasant parlour, and a servant to scrub the floors, and sweep up the hearth, eh? Would that do?"

"Oh, Chris, don't talk to me as if the sort of house I am to live in, will influence my love for you. When the time comes, take me where you will, I am yours for ever."

"My dear girl," I exclaimed, embracing her. "Spoken like a true and noble woman: we two shall find a home some day, Esther; and if there be no grand staircases with statuary and servants in it, there will be two loving hearts, and without these, all the treasures of Peru will not make a happy home."

How well I remember those happy, loving, tender conversations by that old river in the Lindford meadows! How fresh and life-like that girl in the lama frock, now attaining to the dignity of early womanhood, comes up in my memory. What a young, confiding, trusting pair we were. Am I that hopeful, bright-eyed young fellow, or have I mixed up in my mind some dream of Paul and Virginia with those early days at Lindford?

Emmy Wilton crops up in my mind to verify the reality of the picture. It is a pretty, graceful figure; but there is something lurking behind in that black deep-set eye, something in the curl of those red lips that veil a row of small white teeth, which is not easy of interpretation. Then that knowing toss of the head, and that little ringing artificial laugh. She was a schemer, this Emmy Wilton, a clever, designing, arch young woman, with a kind, affectionate nature, spoiled by the dictation of Barbara and Priscilla, and the weak maudlin indifference of a silly mother.

"I have always been fighting my sisters," she said to me, when I opened a conversation with her a day or two after I had urged Esther to resent their dictation, "always, except when I have been fighting my brother."

"Esther and you have always agreed," I said.

"Yes, only a brute could quarrel with her, and I'm not a brute," Emmy replied, sharply.

"Do you think I am?"

"No."

"Then why do you try to influence Esther against me?"

"Do I try?"

"Yes."

"How do you know? Does Esther tell you?"

"No; but you think I am not what you call a good match."

"Do you think you are a good match, then?"

"I love your sister with all my heart."

"And to show it, you propose to keep her and yourself on a hundred and fifty a year, or something of that sort, when she might marry, if she liked, a gentleman who could settle two thousand a year upon her."

"But she does not love that person."

"She would have done so if she had not seen you."

"Indeed! And this is your notion of love and marriage."

"My notion!" said Emmy, tossing back a cluster of thick, black curls that crowded over her forehead. "What is yours?"

I could feel that my poetic ideas of marriage would stand a good chance of being laughed at here, so I merely said,—

"This is not your natural self, Miss Wilton; I am sure you are above the common grovelling idea that people should marry for money."

"I don't think a man has any right to marry if he cannot afford to keep a wife."

"And you don't think I can afford it?"

"I am sure you cannot," she replied, with a little hollow laugh.

"If I wait until I can," I said, mortified at her coolness, "you will in the meantime not tamper with Esther's feelings towards me?"

"If my sister has made up her mind to marry you, nobody will shake her much. She is quiet and undemonstrative; but she has a will of her own."

"That is an evasion."

"I shall make no promises. For my part, if I were Esther, I should demand a full explanation from you concerning your familiarities with Miss Birt; but more especially with Mademoiselle the Actress, Miss Julia Belmont."

"Esther knows all about my acquaintanceship with those ladies," I said, "and is quite assured of the sincerity of my love for her."

"Well, if she is satisfied, I suppose I ought to be. I know more of the world, Mr. Kenrick, than she does, if I am but six years older. We have both had rather a hard life, though nobody thinks it."

"I have noticed that there is not as much consideration for you at home as there should be."

"You are quite right, sir. We are children of a second husband, whose money has gone to pamper the first family, our elder sisters and brother. They sent me away from home when I was sixteen to be nursery-governess in Lady Snowdown's family; my father was his lordship's architect. They sent me alone all the way to London unprotected, and without a single introduction. Lady Snowdown

was a disgrace to her sex. She drank like a common drab; and one day I insisted upon coming home. Ever since then, I have had a bitter fight with these two elder ones. I claim as much right to be here as they, and I stay at home because I will, to spite them."

Emmy's eyes flashed as she said this; and she threw back her curls defiantly.

"I admire your courage," I said, warmly, "as I have always admired your firmness of character, and loved you, if I may say so, for your kindness to your younger sister."

I took her hand here, and kissed it. My earnestness seemed to have a good impression upon her.

"You think me a wretched, miserable girl," she said, in a softer manner.

"No, no," I hurriedly replied.

"Well, then, you have thought me so. You think I stand in the way of your love for Esther. My only thought is for her happiness, for her welfare. Those two persons, who call themselves my sisters, hate her worse than they hate me, because she is pretty and people say so. If anything happened to my poor, weak mother, they would drive her out into the world. They would do so now, were it not for me. A month ago Priscilla obtained her an engagement to wait in a refreshment room."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "You do not say so?"

"I do."

"May the Lord punish Priscilla Wilton for her vile conduct!"

"The Lord seems to let things take their course pretty much as they like," said Emmy, bitterly. "If I have encouraged for Esther the attentions of a rich man, you see my reasons: it would give me joy, beyond imagination, to see her riding over them in a brougham and pair!"

"Would it not give you more real satisfaction to see her married to an honest, hard-working fellow, whose only wish and object in life should be to minister to her happiness?" I said, passionately.

"Perhaps, perhaps!" said Emmy, in reply. "What do you think Barbara did, when Esther was seven years old?"

"I cannot guess."

"She took her into a room, locked the door, and cut off all her hair, out of jealous spite. That was the only time my poor, dead father struck any member of his family. As soon as it was reported to him he beat Barbara with a horse-whip until she yelled. She was a woman then; and I saw her punishment, poor little

Esther standing by crying bitterly, with all her pretty hair in her pinafore."

"You amaze me!"

"I tell you these things that you may understand what a family you seek to be connected with, but more particularly that you may understand why I have used a little influence against you. I shall do so no more. You are brave and honest; make haste and try to be rich." Emmy took my hand, as if it was the close of a bargain, and said, "We shall be friends in future," with an air that seemed to say, we shall understand each other.

When I told Tom Folgate, afterwards, that I had had a long conversation with her, he seemed disturbed.

"I don't know what the devil to think of Emmy," Tom said, thrusting his big hands into his pockets, and striding across the room. "One day she says one thing, another day another."

"She is a fine, noble-spirited young lady," I said; "perhaps a little worldly; but she has lived in an exceptional school."

"By the way, Kenny," said Tom, "Mrs. Mitching has been asking me to use my influence with you to stay in Lindford."

"That is very kind on Mrs. Mitching's part, Tom; but my mind is made up. I have a big battle to fight, and my soul's in arms and eager for the fray."

"Well, all right, my boy; you are the best judge of your own actions."

"I am going to earn money enough to marry Esther; and, Tom, I want you, in my absence, to be her guardian and protector. Will you?"

"Yes, lad, if she needs one; but I'm hardly the sort of fellow to have any authority over one so pretty and so young. Emmy is her best guardian angel; but rely on this, Kenny, if I can do anything for you, my boy ——"

"You can do that, Tom. Take care of my Esther."

"I will. Shall Emmy and I take her with us to Russia, if we go?'

"I don't understand you."

"I've had an offer to take the management of some engine works in Russia only this very day. The proper thing to do would be to marry Emmy, and be off," said Tom, musing, as if he were talking to himself rather than to me.

"To Russia?" I said.

"Yes; a capital appointment. Why, Kenny, you had better come along; they will be sure to want an English correspondent. What a happy family we should make!"

Upon the question of Tom's earnestness in making this attractive suggestion, I cannot even satisfy myself now. If it was a mere playful fancy, it was cruel to conjure up the thought of so much happiness without an idea of realising it. Supposing he threw out the hint in downright earnestness, how much he and others may have lost in hopes unfulfilled and bliss never consummated it is painful to think of. In the evening of that day, when Tom and I went over to the Wiltons, and had a general sort of chat—a conversational cross-firing with Emmy and Esther—this plan was the subject of much lively and happy comment. Esther and I were quite ready, as we always had been, to take a humble place in life beside Tom and Emmy. We were to visit them, and ride out with them, and be always welcome at their house. They were to come and encourage us in our grand endeavour to make home happy on two hundred a year.

Castles in Spain! What magnificent palaces Esther and I built for noble Tom Folgate and clever Emmy Wilton! What snug, quiet, cozy, unpretending birdcage-like cots we made for ourselves! Happy days, billing and cooing and thinking of making your nests; happy, happy days of early love. Thou singest truly, poet of the golden lyre—

> "There's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER PARTING.

"Well, Sir, I must honestly confess," said Mr. Mitching, planting firmly forward his right foot, and placing his right hand within the breast of his ample vest, "indeed, I should be untrue to myself and to humanity did I not unreservedly say that I am sorry you are going to take your departure. I suppose it is quite three years since you first entered this establishment, an interesting but wayward youth, rebelling against parental authority. Don't interrupt me, sir, if you please, it is not often that I trouble you with any lengthened remarks."

How I wished that Mrs. Mitching had been there.

"It is, I say, quite three years ago since you were first engaged upon the *Lindford Herald*, and I am bound to say, that you have borne out the good opinion which Mrs. Mitching, in her great wisdom, then formed of your abilities; but it would be wrong if I do not admit that it often occurred to me that a boy who would

violently throw off the legitimate rule of paternal government would be most likely to rebel against a less authorised power."

"But, Mr. Mitching——"

"Permit me, sir, to finish what I have to say," went on the irrepressible proprietor, in his pompous voice, and pointing at me with his gold-rimmed glasses. "You left your home because you were not properly appreciated, you quit this establishment because you could not brook the just control of your superior officer, and if you had been in the army, sir, you would have been degraded to the ranks for striking one who held a superior commission; indeed, I am not quite certain whether it would not have been a question of capital punishment. Do not be impatient, Mr. Kenny, I am only addressing you for your own benefit, and I——"

My pompous gentleman was interrupted at this point by a voice which said, somewhat authoritatively, "George! George!"

The effect was magical. In a moment, Mr. Mitching assumed a soft, conciliatory manner, unplanted his right leg, took his hand out of his waistcoat, dropped the gold-rimmer, and said, sweetly, "Yes, my love."

"I want you," said the voice from an inner room.

"Certainly, my dear," and the gentleman disappeared, saying tenderly as he went, "Be good enough to wait a moment, Mr. Kenrick."

Mr. Mitching's assistant smiled at me significantly, and I duly acknowledged its meaning. Mitching was grand in his shop; talked loud and strutted. He made speeches at the Town Council, and looked magnificently condescending in the street. But at Mrs. Mitching's feet he laid down all his sovereignty, changed his voice to a sweet falsetto, and purred like a cat with buttered feet. He loved this woman, nevertheless,—loved her as fond old men mostly love pretty young lively girls. He had never hoped to win this wayward beauty for his wife, but the lady had thought Mitching a good match, seeing that all the young men had only cared to flirt with her; and Mitching was eternally grateful.

"Will you step into the house, Mr. Kenrick?" said Mitching, when he returned. "Mrs. Mitching wishes to say good-bye to you."

I acted upon this command at once. Mrs. Mitching, in a white morning dress, daintily trimmed, met me as I entered, and shook my hand warmly. She looked very charming—her teeth were so white and her smile was so sweet.

"And you are really going to leave us?"

She puts her soft, white hand upon my shoulder, and I cannot

resist that old feeling of wonder, how came this pretty woman to marry old Mitching?

"Yes, Mrs. Mitching," I reply.

"I am very sorry, Christopher. How does Mr. Folgate take it?"

"He is sorry," I reply; "and so am I."

"You like Mr. Folgate?" she says, motioning me to a seat beside her.

"I do, indeed," I reply.

"He is a dear good creature," she says. "Does he see much of that person,—Miss Wilton?"

"Yes, they are to be married soon," I reply.

"Indeed!" she says, and I notice the colour rush into her cheeks. "Do you think he loves the girl?"

"I think so," I say, marvelling at these questions.

"You think so, Kenny," she says; "do you only think so? Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"Oh, no," I say; at which she seems disappointed.

"I suppose you do not think he loves her as warmly as you love her sister. There, there, you need not blush; I know all about it."

I smile with as much show of indifference as I can, and say, "I suppose there are different degrees of love."

"Ah, it is a very, very dangerous, dreadful thing, Kenny," she replies. "Be wary of it."

I made no reply. The situation was most embarrassing. The lady seeing this, takes my hand again, and says,

"Well, Mr. Kenrick, I wish you all the success and happiness in life which you deserve. Good-bye. If there is anything which Mr. Mitching can do for you, write to me, and he shall do it."

I kissed her hand, she smiled in her own fascinating way, and I left her, feeling like one who had escaped from a pleasant kind of witchcraft. Mrs. Mitching was one of those women who would marry a man against his will if she set her mind upon it. She was a fascinating, insinuating, soft-handed creature; but there was a lurking devil in her eye which could command and play autocratic pranks.

When I returned to that glassy shop of gorgeous books and show of engravings, Mr. Mitching was happily engaged with a county lady who was giving herself county airs, and Mitching could only say in a patronising way, "Good-bye, sir; good-bye;" and I was not destined to hear him speak like himself again. He came to terrible grief in after days. I pity him now, when I think of the great blow that fell upon his house.

I had an early dinner at the Wiltons'. My train was to start at

four in the afternoon. But there was another at six in the evening, by which I could also travel and reach Harbourford the next day. When dinner was over (they dined at two, the Wiltons) I was permitted to have Esther all to myself. This was conceded through an appeal from Tom; and Emmy, Priscilla, and Barbara went out to tea. Mrs. Wilton went up-stairs to lie down. Tom Folgate had undertaken to go with me to the station at four o'clock. Emmy took charge of the house. Esther and I were alone in the drawing-room.

I little thought that I was plunging into a sea of trouble. My parting from Stonyfield on that misty autumn morning was as bitter a trial as this separation from Esther. Strange that it should be so, you say. I hated Stonyfield; I loved Lindford; that is, I loved Esther Wilton. When I ran away from Stonyfield, I felt that I ought to have loved that place; that I ought to have been happy in it; that I had been treated harshly; and yet when I saw it slipping away, stone by stone, brick by brick, house by house, I wept, and said "Good-bye" to it. And there was not more pain in my heart then than there was now, even with Esther Wilton's head upon my shoulder; for did I not feel her hot tears upon my hand, and how could I tell what other causes might bring them into her eyes when I was far away, and there was no one left to comfort her? And was I not poor and friendless and homeless, a waif as it were on the great waves of the stormy world? I had only five pounds in my pocket, and two of those would go in railway fares. It might be years and years before I could amass two hundred pounds. Oh, if I could have taken Esther with me!

"'Tis a question left us yet to prove, whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love." What influence the one or the other had on my career the sequel will show. Love is an all-engrossing passion, and affects different minds in different manner. Esther could only cling and hope, and say sweet, tender things, and nestle to my side; and I was full of valiant vows, full of the protector, the champion, desiring to cherish and comfort and console. But how bitter the thought that I, with all my love, could not even give my darling a little cottage like one of those working men's cottages by the river; whilst that fellow Howard could have conducted her in state to a palace.

How these contending thoughts tore my heart in those days it boots not now to say. Tom Folgate sent a message that if I did not come in ten minutes I should lose the train. I replied that I had made up my mind not to go until six, but my luggage might be sent on. Esther looked all sunshine at this, and I waved my hand defiantly at the ticking clock pointing fiercely to four; but the little

monster had the better of us by-and-by, when I could no longer gainsay its peremptory marking of the time.

It was a sad parting somehow, despite the efforts of both to appear cheerful and hopeful, and I left the house in a heavy shower of rain that came down remorselessly. They were just lighting the lamps, and the town looked lonely and cheerless. The flickering lights shone upon the reeking pavements, and the cab in which I and Tom Folgate were seated smelt damp and fusty. At the railway-station we found Fitzwalton, who insisted upon being jolly. The first thing he did was to square up at me in pugilistic fashion, and then covering his face and looking terribly frightened, cry out, "I give in." He said as I had not been up to Bromfield Road, he had come down here (Tom Folgate having let him know by what train I started) to say good-bye for self, and wife, and sister, and to wish me all kinds of good wishes.

This was very kind of Fitzwalton, I thought, and I shook his hand warmly; but I felt very much depressed nevertheless, and Tom Folgate, instead of trying to lighten our parting, was as doleful, and heavy, and lugubrious in his remarks as he possibly could be. The rain splashed upon the railway track as we stood talking on the platform. A few oil-coated and wet passengers jostled us now and then, and at length I found myself watching the retreating forms of Tom and Fitzwalton, amidst a jumble of porters and luggage and steam, and then in a few minutes the city and its many flickering lights slipped away too, and I was blundering onwards in the autumn darkness that typified, alas! my own prospects, and the future that was just breaking in upon several persons that figure prominently in this history.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

TURNING over sundry papers relating to this early period of my life, I come across some original letters, and copies of letters, which will tell the story of my engagement at Harbourford perhaps better than I could narrate it. It is a faded-looking bundle, which I untie and examine. A crumpled rose falls upon the floor in a little cluster of leaves that still give forth a sweet perfume, the perfume of a long past summer, bringing back vivid memories of a strange, wayward life.

The following selections from these epistolary treasures will be sufficient to introduce the reader to the new phase in my life and adventures which that parting at Lindford inaugurated :—

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK TO TOM FOLGATE.

Harbourford, October 10, 18 .

MY DEAR TOM,—It is quite certain that I have made a mistake in coming to this town. The *Harbourford Messenger* office is a very extraordinary place. You enter it up a narrow court. The first room you come to is the editor's room; and it is my room also. I have to sit in presence of a deaf, gouty, old gentleman, who occupies his time between a pair of scissors and a paste pot, except when he is instructing me in what manner to report this or that speaker. Mr. Carnaby Muddle, the proprietor, is a retired shoemaker, who tests the value of my work in the *Messenger* with a yard measure. Yes, dear Tom, he measures it, and if my reports and paragraphs are shorter than those of the opposition journal, the *Pilot*, Mr. Muddle complains to the editor, who rebukes Christopher Kenrick.

To your somewhat critical mind, my friend, the attempt at a leading article, occasionally, must seem melancholy, especially after the work of that much maligned but able writer, Mr. Noel Stanton. The press is debased, and journalism rendered ridiculous by the *Harbourford Messenger;* and you must not be surprised if you hear that I have left the place. You will give me credit, I am sure, for sincerity in my views about the high mission of the press. You cannot imagine to what base uses we of the *Messenger* are compelled to apply our talents. You would be sorry to see me sitting in a wretched little room (I verily believe it covers some foul sewer), with no furniture but a table and two chairs. It is entered by two doors, and one leads up a long, dark, staircase to the printer's rooms, which are filled with a combined odour of printer's ink, tobacco-smoke, and a nameless smell that attaches to all unswept and unwashed rooms. Great spiders lie in wait for you as you ascend to this wretched region, and leave traces of their mediæval webs upon your face and hat. Perhaps it may turn out to be good experience my coming here; but it requires all my philosophy to enable me to regard it in this light. If ever I write a novel, I will sketch the *Harbourford Messenger*.

You are not, dear Tom, to speak of this miserable picture to my darling girl, who writes to me so cheerfully, and with such happy hope in the future.—I am, my dear friend, always thine,

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

TOM FOLGATE TO CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

Lindford, October 15, 18 .

MY DEAR BOY,—What a hole! Confound it; send it to the devil. Be plucky, Kenny, and cut it. Yet stay! after all, one hole is as good as another. Lindford, if it be cleaner and more respectable than Harbourford seems to be, is a disgusting hole, and especially now thou art no longer here. Do not be downhearted. I wish we could have carried that scheme of ours out, about going to Russia. It is on the cards for me to go; but Emmy wants to make all sorts of conditions.

Thy pretty little sweetheart looks as charming as ever. I met that Howard at Fitzwalton's the other night. Miss Amelia was trying on her fascinations with him; but it was no go. He is deuced rich, Kenny, my boy; but I think Esther is above riches. Noel Stanton is going in for Miss Birt, and Fitzwalton will be glad to get her off his hands. Old Mitching is as big a fool as ever, and his wife as pretty and piquant and delightful as—well, as what, as whom?—as Mrs. Mitching. If Emmy only joined to her good sense and spirit the liveliness and amiability of Mrs. M., what a jewel she would be!

Write to me soon; and if you want me to come over and punch old Muddle's head, you have only to say the word, and I will be with you, and assault him *à la* Chrissy Kenrick.—I am, your affectionate

TOM FOLGATE.

ESTHER WILTON TO CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

Lindford, October 15, 18 .

MY DEAR KENNY,—Oh how delicious it is to have your kind, good, *clever* letters! You cannot think what sunshine they bring with them. I watch the postman through the blind every morning, and when he does not stop, I nearly cry; but when he does, oh! you should see my face, and see how cheerfully I go about all day.

I read the paper, and your dear, *learned* article about the state of the docks. If I did not understand it all,—as how should I who am so ignorant?—I could easily see that it was clever and wise, as everything you do is. How you must study, my dear; do be careful, and not work too hard.

It must be delightful *to paint*, and I am glad you are studying that. If you could only have seen that old monk's chapel yesterday, there was a picture to paint, dear Kenny. I went there to *think* about

you, and the leaves were all falling. Sometimes I go into the cathedral, and walk about the aisle where we walked together *one Saturday afternoon;* do you remember, dear, when you told me all about how you ran away from home, and was poor, and made me cry, but only that you might kiss my tears away, and call me your dear, silly, little girl, which I am, dear, dear Kenny?

Emmy seems very miserable, and I cannot understand why, when she sees Mr. Folgate every day, nearly. Oh, if we saw each other every day! Next to that, comes your dear letters, which I look for so anxiously.

Excuse all mistakes, and let my true love atone for the silly letters of—Yours always, and for ever,

ESTHER.

I pass over some intermediate communications, and come to a terrible little packet that gives me a thrill of pain even now. At the end of October, Miss Julia Belmont was announced to play *Rosalind* at a neighbouring theatre, fourteen miles from Harbourford. I was very miserable at the time, having given notice to leave the *Messenger*, and failed in obtaining some other employment which I sought; and in desperation I started off to see Miss Belmont. She received me most kindly, and I went to the theatre at night. She played with more than her accustomed fire, and I was delighted with this change from Harbourford. Lodging at Harbourford with a person connected with the theatre, I had been cultivating my taste for the drama; and this visit to Julia Belmont seemed to attract me to the stage. I wrote a long and enthusiastic letter to Tom Folgate, telling him of my excursion; and describing in glowing terms the pleasant day I had spent with Julia Belmont. I also mentioned, though with much less enthusiasm, my excursion in a letter to Esther. The result of this indiscretion, if it was an indiscretion, will be best shown in the following correspondence:—

EMMA WILTON TO CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

Lindford, November 1, 18 .

SIR,—Mr. Tom Folgate has read your letter to me, and I have felt bound, as a sisterly duty, to read it to Esther, in order that she might see your character in its true light, and judge how wise or otherwise she has been in giving up a wealthy suitor who loves her, for one who is *a common flirt*, and who has not even a respectable profession to back up his pretensions. Your conduct, sir, in visiting an actress, with whom it was shrewdly suspected you were on too intimate terms at Lindford, quite fulfils my estimate of you, though,

I confess, I was willing to believe better of you, and had made up my mind to offer no obstruction to your engagement with my sister.

You have now, sir, forfeited all the little good opinion I had of you; and, by my advice, the sanction of my mother, and with the approval of Mr. Tom Folgate, my sister Esther returns all your letters, and congratulates herself upon the escape she has had out of the hands of a villain. Yes, sir, I use a strong term; but not stronger than that warm language in which you painted your happy day with Miss ——, I forget her name, the actress who played at Lindford, and no wonder you stayed and supped with her, as you had done *once* before at Lindford.

It would seem you are a fool as well as a knave, or you would never put your treachery upon paper for others to read. Farewell; and when you marry that player lady, I may, perhaps, patronise you at your benefit. You will, no doubt, call if you should come to perform at Lindford, and ask us to take tickets. Meanwhile, we will have no more of your acting love off the stage.—Your very obedient servant,

EMMA WILTON.

TOM FOLGATE TO CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

DEAR KENNY,—There is the devil to pay. You had better write a very penitent letter, or else that fellow Howard will outbid you. Confound that girl! I know I had no business to let her have the letter. What, in heaven's name, did you write it for? You did wrong, Kenny,—there is no doubt about that,—in renewing your acquaintance with Miss Belmont, and being so very happy. But you did worse in bragging of it. However, write a most penitent letter to Esther, and, I dare say, affairs can be put right.—Ever yours,

TOM.

The same post brought a heavy packet of my letters directed in Esther's handwriting. Inside the envelope were these words, "Cruel, cruel Kenrick." Outside the envelope, in pencil, I afterwards traced, "They made me do it—I do love you," in the same familiar hand.

I wrote off immediately an affectionate but manly protest to Esther, and sent her back the letters. My love for her, I said, demanded trust and confidence, equal to all that faith which I had in her own truth and goodness. I rebuked her gently with her haste to condemn me. I reminded her of our happy hours, and conjured her, by the great and undying love I bore her, to believe in me.

I learnt in after years that there was another who watched for letters besides Esther, and that this never reached its destination. Emmy Wilton got it, and put it into the fire. I waited post after post for a letter from Esther, and one morning there came a hastily-written scrap; but it came too late—too late! The wretched character of my engagement at Harbourford, and the loss of that through my pride and ambition, which could not stoop to the menial offices of a venal newspaper, this terrible blow from Lindford, which almost broke my heart, together with the low state of my finances, so preyed upon me, that I fell into a serious illness, and lay in a miserable state of unconsciousness for weeks. That hurried scrap, "They made me do it—I do love you," only caught my eye weeks after it was received, and then I replied, "Believe in me, and we shall yet realise those happy dreams of Lindford." But no reply came. Those dear hopes, which had filled my soul with such pleasant images, had been too bright to last.

Disraeli the elder relates in his Miscellany how love has been regarded, not merely as a passion of the soul, but also a disease of the body, like the fever. Huet argued that it was frequently in the blood, and might be treated and cured as methodically as any other disorder. The great Condé having felt a violent passion for Mademoiselle de Vigeau, was constrained to join the army. His love lasted all through the campaign, when he fell into a serious illness, and when he regained his health his passion was gone; all his love had gone with the fever. Blood-letting was, indeed, recommended as a cure for love, and the efficacy of this system was illustrated by the story of a German who was desperately in love with a German princess. She was not insensible to a reciprocal passion, and in order that he might be near her person she created him a general. Eventually, the princess proved fickle, and gave the general his *congé*. He found, however, that it was impossible to live out of her presence, so one day he intercepted her, and threw himself at her feet. She commanded him to quit her presence, which he refused to do. He was ready to obey every order but that, even if she commanded his death, saying which, to enforce his eloquent appeal with a splendid attitude, worthy of the melo-dramatic stage, he drew his sword and presented it to the princess. Interpreting his rhetorical flourishes literally, she took the blade and ran him through the body. Fortunately, saith the chronicler, he was healed of his wound at the end of three months, and likewise of his passion, which had flowed away with the effusion of blood.

The logic of the ancients' conclusion is somewhat questionable. I was reminded of the story by my own feelings at awakening, as it were, out of this illness. By-and-by I will describe to you my lodgings,

and the most quaint and poor, but estimable, people amongst whom I had sojourned in this far-away seaport of Harbourford. In the meantime let me put my case as a contrary illustration to the theory of love being a disease of the body as well as of the mind. Of course it is nonsense, this theory, at the commencement, and I am not treating it as a serious matter, for there is a fine bit of satire in that story of the German princess; but you do, nevertheless, come out of a severe illness with passion toned down and hopes softened, with friendships somewhat clouded, with aspirations weakened, with a clearer knowledge of the vanity of human wishes.

It seemed to me, sitting up in bed with that patchwork counterpane round my shoulders, and looking at the pale light on the snow, that I had had a strange dream: I knew it was more than a dream; I knew that Stonyfield was a reality; I remembered my tears on that misty autumn morning years ago; I felt a thrill of happy remembrance of Lindford, and I knew that those hours of bliss with Esther Wilton in these green meadows by the river were real: but they were misty now, these things; they did not come up fresh and sharp in the memory; my mind seemed to stretch out its arms to them, and reach them not; they were shadowy and dim, yet I could see them and feel them, though they would not be fully realised. Yet my love for Esther Wilton,—there it was in my heart, a real passion still, a burning thought, a trembling hope. The lamp was burning; it only required the smallest encouragement to blaze up and illuminate the void there was about it. But I dared not trim the lamp; my heart told me it were best to let it slumber there, with a remote chance that some day it might smoulder out, which were better than if it blazed up to light the way to another's happiness.

Perhaps my love for Esther had seemed a sweeter thing than it really was. My loneliness and friendliness might have given a factitious importance to it. It was so rare for any one to take an interest in me at that time. May this not have deceived me? I tried to argue my love away after this fashion; and then went to sleep with Esther's last dear letter wet with my tears; for I was so weak and forlorn here in this strange Harbourford, that the least thing would upset me; a tender poem, a gentle word, a sad story in a newspaper, would make me weep like a school-girl. This wore off, however, as I regained my strength; but it was a long time before I stood up fairly and boldly again to confront the world with the vigour and determination of a conqueror.

(*To be continued.*)

God and Nature.

OD is my friend, and Nature. Sun and sea
Are my next neighbours. Yon great main and I
In turn, expatiate o'er the same sands; wake
By each other's bed; or, by the sad moon trined,
Her silvery kiss of pure and equal love
Receive; joint boon and bond. Oft, in his sleep,
And in this neap of time, I overhear
The ubiquitous winds weird secrets interchange
With the elements of the future; he alone
To those exalted mysteries unbid: oft
From morn's slow-opening eye to eve's, sun-drooped,
Track his broad dial's hands of ebb and flood;
Now, like a favourite thought, recurrent, dart
Into his bosom; now, like falcon poised,
Mantling his wings, strained stirless in mid air,
Float, with the sea-sway, swaying; upon his heart's
Large and deliberate beat, rocked. Earth for me,
Sometimes I dream, forgetful of Fate's plan,
A niche hides, ivy-fingered, dank with dew,
Close by her side, where, when the gay day ends,
Her world-worn brood she lulls; with sweets alone
Of sleep unsurfeited. The moss-branched woods,
Traversed by sloping lanes of evening light,
Greet, whispering to themselves, my wonted foot;
And you, gaunt hills, that stand with broad brows bared
As in perpetual consciousness of God
With us, and inward audience of the heavens;
And pass me along nightly, with solemn touch;
In the austere comity of mountains, me
Accept, your reverent comrade, like endowed
With reticent virtue; ye who but seem to lack
Organic utterance; quick with sacred thought;

And through the eyes still commune, not unskilled
To impart, prompted by dumb immensity,
Majestic meditations. Among your forms
Unmoved, the spirit, consentient with that Power
Working miraculous in all round, grows apt
And proper to the eternal. We believe
In silence, looking on the face of things
Which have returned through changeless years his gaze,
Who in time's fluctuating effects, absorbed
Mid their surroundings, iceberglike, joys not;
But in His own pure mountainous purposes,
Fixed as the ever sedent Fates, the orb
Which dominate. Drawn thus, and in right accord
Towards the divine, we walk like paced with God,
Leaning on Him, and conscious of the vast
Circumference of his arm, advance ; no more
Maker with made, nor just law with blind force
Or act of chance misblending ; but sustained
By His impartible strength, and by the smile
Cheered, which all spirit turned Godward doth illume,
We tread down each day's shadow, and so step
Clean, o'er the soiling world.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

THE

LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE OF THE EAST.

NE of the greatest of Germany's writers and thinkers said, that "the Past is a book sealed with seven seals," and it might with equal or perhaps more truth be remarked, that the East is a "book sealed with seven seals" to the West. Notwithstanding that the East was the fountain from which the stream of the human race flowed out over the rest of the world, and that the germs of civilisation, arts, sciences, and literature, were wafted from there to the West; notwithstanding a state of culture and refinement existed on the banks of the Tigris, the Nile, and the Tagus almost equal, and some say even superior in some respects to that now to be found in the centres of civilisation; notwithstanding great writers, great poets, philosophers, and great and wise rulers, spoke the languages of the East, and that these languages are but very little altered after ages and ages — spite of all these attractions, how few have had the curiosity to examine the languages and literature of the East, although they are quite as interesting, and have as beneficial an influence in widening and cultivating the mind as the ancient languages of Greece and Rome, and possess the additional great advantages of still being living languages? It is true that many have had the curiosity to visit the East to explore its physical wonders and ancient monuments, and we have works in abundance on these subjects; but how can travellers who are ignorant of the languages of the East, as almost all have been, have any true idea of the people further than their dress or appearance! Yet, with very rare exceptions, all who have hitherto undertaken to enlighten the West as to the East, have been wholly ignorant of Eastern languages. Hence, the almost total darkness in which we are in the West with regard to the East, and still more the numerous erroneous conceptions which we have acquired owing to these *quasi* blind instructors. The "tongue is the interpreter of the heart," says an Arabic proverb, and there is no doubt that the best means to arrive at a correct estimate of a people is a knowledge of their language. The wide

gulf existing between the East and West, and their complete antithesis, are nowhere so striking as in their languages, which are as opposite as things can be. This is the cause of the almost insuperable difficulty Europeans find in attempting to acquire Oriental languages, and also of the almost total neglect of their study. Hence the insurmountable barrier which for ages has shut out the East from the West, and the West from the East, and divided them as it were into two distinct worlds.

The physical features of the East, the length and breadth of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the costumes of its peoples, have been ascertained and imparted by enterprising and curious European travellers; but the soul of the East, which alone can be understood by means of a thorough acquaintance with its languages and a familiar intercourse with its inhabitants, has remained a sealed book to Europe; and, indeed, most works which have been written with a view to enlightening us with respect to the East, have, with rare exceptions, only misrepresented, travestied, and burlesqued the East; although, we must admit, the writers did this in all sincerity and unconsciousness. In nothing, perhaps, would a knowledge of these languages seem so indispensable as in diplomacy and commerce; and yet it is a notorious fact, that European diplomatists and consuls, and especially English ones, are lamentably ignorant of Eastern languages; and thus the political and commercial interests of England are entrusted to a set of generally illiterate interpreters, either Greeks, Jews, or Levantines; and the *Dragoman* or interpreter has thus become a regular institution for transacting either political affairs or private business, and it is through this "dark glass" that English visitors have looked at the East, and through this somewhat dirty channel that our ideas of the East have been imported. What wonder, then, that all European intervention in the East has hitherto been a miserable and even mischievous failure, acting as we have, intellectually blindfolded, and that thus much that is good and valuable to the East, has remained entirely unknown to the West. If Europeans ever really learn what the inner life of the East is, they will see that their ideas have been wonderfully narrow and one-sided; that many things they thought universally true, are under certain circumstances and in certain places, absolutely false; they will see that there is much that is good, curious, and valuable in the institutions, and much that is admirable in the manner and customs of the East, and even some things which we might do well to adopt. Simplicity, dignity, and politeness—three things rare in the West—I make bold to allege, are everywhere met with in the East, and strike one in every line of

Oriental literature. Here, when met with, they are generally confined to the upper and educated classes; there they are universal, as common in the pedlar as in the prince.[a] Charity and hospitality, which exercised unostentatiously and without the object of seeing one's name in print, are somewhat uncommon in the West, are religious duties of all good Mussulmans, which they hold most sacred and universally practise; and if a Mussulman decline to give alms to a beggar he is bound to do so by a polite and even pious formula, which is prescribed by religion, and after which the beggar knows molestation is useless.

Considering the importance of direct intercourse with the natives for political and commercial purposes, and the rich and rare literature of history, biography, poetry, and fiction to be found in the East, how strange, and much to be regretted it is, that Oriental languages have been so little studied. There was a time, it is alleged, when the Arabic language was spoken with as great purity in the South of Spain, on the banks of the Guadalquiver and the Tagus, and by Spaniards too, as in Yemen; but, since the expulsion of the Moors from the Peninsula, how many have spoken Oriental languages? How assiduously the fanatic Spaniards tried to obliterate all traces of Eastern languages is shown by the fact of Cardinal Cisneros ordering a library of Arabic manuscripts to be burnt, which contained 80,000 volumes. What a loss the destruction of this library may have been to Europe no one can tell. The stately ruins which still remain in Spain bear testimony to the Arabs there having been possessed of surprising skill in architecture; and the sciences of chemistry, algebra, and others, everybody knows, were of Eastern discovery; indeed, the very words are Arabic (the first from *Al Kimia* (chemistry), the second from *Al Jebr*). What important facts we might have learnt from this library respecting ancient Eastern civilisation! What precious treatises and secrets in history, agriculture, medicine, and the arts, may not have been lost to us by its destruction!

Considering, therefore, that Oriental languages are so generally unknown, we will now attempt to give a brief description of them. The principal languages of the East are Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, which are more or less spoken from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Walls of China, and from India to Siberia. Foremost, and most important amongst these, is Arabic. This language, owing to its extraordinary copiousness, has been to the East what Latin has been

[a] See Lady Duff Gordon's Letters.

to the West, the chief means of supplying the deficiencies of all others. Thus, whenever a word was wanting in Turkish or Persian to express an idea, especially an abstract one, it was borrowed from Arabic, just as we took words from the Latin language to express ideas for which no terms existed in Anglo-Saxon; with this difference, however, that whereas we took words and generally corrupted their form, the Turks and Persians have mostly taken Arabic words and incorporated them in their languages unaltered. Thus, on opening a Turkish or Persian book, nearly half the words will be found to be pure Arabic. This language, therefore, is the one which is the best type of the East, and which, owing to its great antiquity and richness, and the number of countries in which it is more or less spoken, has exercised the greatest influence on the people. I will, therefore, speak of it first.

The Arabic language, like all Oriental languages, is written from left to right, and never from right to left as ours; and an Arabic book begins where a European one ends. This, which strikes a European at first as a great difficulty, one soon gets accustomed to; but what is a real difficulty, and even often gives rise to misunderstandings amongst Orientals themselves, is that the sounds which compose a word are not all expressed by letters, but generally only the consonants, and the reader has to guess at the vowels; and as the consonants are in many words the same, the sense can frequently only be arrived at by considering the context. This often causes much ambiguity and many misunderstandings, both in print and manuscript, and the perusal of an ordinary letter is often a very serious affair—to rightly interpret which one not unfrequently invites those present to give him the help of their conjectures, and in old times the bearer very often had at last to convey the sense of his missive verbally. Reading Oriental books, or manuscripts especially, is more like deciphering short-hand than reading in the European sense of the word. Nevertheless caligraphy has ever received more attention in the East than in the West; and I think there is no doubt that Arabic writing, and the same characters are used by Turks and Persians, is far more handsome than ours. Some Oriental manuscripts which are highly ornamented and illuminated, are truly magnificent, and are marvels of patience and skill. It is not uncommon for accomplished penmen, amongst other proofs of their skill, to fashion a piece of writing into the shape of eagles, lions, flowers, &c., thus producing most elegant and curious inscriptions and monograms.

It seems somewhat peculiar to a European, that it is considered

elegant in Turkey in writing a letter to let the lines gradually curl up to the left-hand side of the paper. After what I have said above, respecting the omission of most of the vowels in writing, the difficulty of reading Oriental languages may be imagined, when, to add to the confusion, there is no punctuation, and the use of capital letters is unknown. Quotations are introduced without any marks to show that they are so, except that they are occasionally written in red ink; and questions cannot be distinguished from assertions, except by the sense, for there are no notes of interrogation. That these are serious mechanical defects no one can attempt to deny; and doubtless they have been insurmountable obstacles to many who have attempted to acquire Oriental languages.

The source of the Arabic language, according to Arabic legends, lies far beyond historical proof. It is even asserted by some that it was the language used by God in speaking to Abraham. Grammarians even trace the oldest dialect to the family of Heber, the fourth in descent from Noah, and the more modern to Ishmael, the son of Abraham. The Arabic language is the one which has undergone the least change in the world; for a book written hundreds of years ago is not very different from that now spoken by educated people, and is easily understood by any one acquainted with the modern, or so-called vulgar Arabic. This arises from the fact that the Arabs have never been permanently and thoroughly subjugated, although, it is true, the Romans, Persians, Ethiopians, and Turks, at different times, have made impressions on particular districts, but their domination was too transient or loose to effect any radical change in the language or manners of the Arabs which have remained almost unaltered for ages.

The Arabic language as now spoken was formed about the 7th century, by the union of the two principal dialects which had until then been spoken in Arabia, which were called the *Koreish* and *Hemyaret;* the first, being the purest, richest, and better, finally absorbed the other. From this junction arose the enormous number of words in the present Arabic language, the luxuriance of synonyms, and the equivocal and often opposite senses of the same or similar words. Although this gives room for the display of wit in *jeux de mots*, it is often a cause of great ambiguity. One example will suffice to illustrate this.

Mahmoud, Sultan of the Gheznerides, who was the son of a slave, having extended his conquests over a great part of India and Tartary, in the 11th century, sent an emissary to the Caliph Alkader, who was the only person who could confer titles on Mussulmans, to

request him to give him a title. The Caliph at first did not consent, but at length, dreading Mahmoud's anger, conferred on him the title of *Wali*, which means either a "prince," "friend," or "slave," three most opposite senses for one word to have. Dissatisfied with this ambiguous title, Mahmoud sent the Caliph 100,000 pieces of gold, and asked him if he had not omitted one letter, written with which the word only has one meaning, a "sovereign prince." The Caliph took the hint, creating him a *Waali*.

The style of Arabic writing is extremely concise, elliptical and simple. A sentence seldom contains more than three, or at most, six or seven words, and this gives a force to the language which is peculiarly striking. The *style coupé* of some French writers somewhat resemble this; and it is well known what beauty and force it is capable of assuming on certain subjects in some writers' hands—Victor Hugo's, for instance. In this respect the Arabic language is vastly superior, and a perfect contrast to the Turkish language, the style of writing prevalent in which is cumbersome and involved, to the verge of incomprehensibility. The longer a sentence is, and the more subordinate sentences, with subordinate sentences again to them, it contains, the finer the Turks seem to think the writing. Imagine a sentence four or five times as involved and obscure as a sentence of a German writer written in the most exaggerated German style, and you will have some idea of Turkish composition. Nothing, however, on the contrary, can be simpler than the formation of Arabic sentences, which, in contrast to Turkish, sound, if anything, too short and abrupt. Space will not permit of my entering fully into the construction of the Arabic language; I will therefore only endeavour to point out a few of the greatest peculiarities which strike a European most, and in which there is the greatest contrast with European languages. In the first place, there is, properly speaking, no infinitive to the verb, and instead of beginning to conjugate a verb in the present tense first person singular, for instance, *I love*, you begin with the third person singular of the past tense, *he loved*, go through the past tense, and then come to the present; and when seeking for a verb in the dictionary, you look accordingly for the third person singular past tense of it. For example, if you wished to find what the word *to love* was in Arabic, you would look for *he loved*. Again, in all European languages the nominative in a sentence, that is to say, the subject you are talking about, always stands first and the verb after. This is reversed in Arabic, in which the verb is put first and the noun after. For instance, instead of saying, "The man entered the house," you would put it thus:

"Entered the man the house" (*Dakkhel errajol el beit*); instead of saying, "When the sun rose," you would say, "When rose the sun."

That the Arabic language, spite of the difficulty of its characters, the fact of vowels being omitted in writing, and the redundancy of words, of which I spoke above, is capable of being the medium of expressing human thought on almost any subject, is demonstrated by the fact that famous works on history, geography, astronomy, law, poetry, and fiction, have been written in it, many of which still remain as monuments to the learning of the Arabs, and there would be many more still in existence if they had not been wantonly destroyed by fanatics and bigots. Of late, many European works have been translated into Arabic; amongst others, "Telemachus" and other French fictions, and the English tale of "Robinson Crusoe." Newspapers written in Arabic have, during the last few years, sprung up in Syria and Egypt. Amongst these, I may mention the *Hadikat-el-Akhbar* of Beyrout, and the *Wadi-el-Nil* of Cairo, which are imitations of European journals. They contain summaries of home and foreign news, telegrams and correspondents' letters; but leading articles they have none, or else very miserable attempts at them, owing to the strict censorship of the press in the East, which effectually stops the growth of free expression of thought.

Before leaving the Arabic language, I may perhaps add that we are indebted to it for a number of words in every day use amongst us. For instance, there is no doubt that the word "orange" is of Arabic descent, and the name for the fruit in every European language is derived from the Arabic word *utruj;* still more evident is the derivation of the word "sugar," from the Arabic *suker*, and "lemon" from *leemon*. It is well known that our words "chemistry," "alcohol," "tariff," "magazine," and "cave," come from Arabic. "Coffee" and "cotton" are also Arabic names.

I will now speak of the Turkish language, of which still less is known in England than of Arabic, as the number of Englishmen who have studied it has been extremely limited. Yet considering that it is the language of a people with whom we have most important political and commercial relations, the language of a race who once influenced half the world, overturned and established empires, in whose possession the thrones of Persia, India, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia have been, and whose influence was felt and dreaded by Italy, Germany, and France—it is extraordinary that Turkish has not attracted more attention than it has; particularly as it possesses a wonderfully rich and varied literature, principally in manuscript, it is true, and as the Turkish sovereigns in old times always encouraged

and cultivated letters, and the Turkish people devoted themselves to literature with great zeal and considerable success. Three hundred years ago literature received in Turkey perhaps equal, if not more, attention than in England, and was encouraged more liberally. In fact, the munificence of Oriental monarchs to men of letters has ever been one of the best points in their character. The last words of Othman, the founder of the Turkish, or rather Ottoman empire, as the Turks call it, to his son were: "Be the upholder of the faith, and the protector of science," and as soon as his son had planted the crescent on the walls of Brussa, he immediately gave orders for the erection of a college, and his successors vied with each other in the encouragement of learning.

The Turkish language is of Tartar origin, as the Turks came from Central Asia, and consequently is quite distinct from Arabic and Persian. It is true that in modern times the same characters (*i.e.*, the Arabic) have been adopted by the three languages, and that the Turkish language of the capital is half filled with Arabic and Persian words, but these have been incorporated without affecting the nature of the framework of Turkish, which is as different from Arabic or Persian as Anglo-Saxon from Latin and Greek. The original Turkish language was somewhat barbarous, but extremely forcible and concise, when spoken. Very often, in colloquial language, a whole sentence in a European language is expressed by one or two words in Turkish. Thus the phrase, "The letter which I have written," would be expressed in two words in Turkish,—viz., *Yazdighim Mektub;* in fact, strange as it may appear, it is a language in which pronouns, personal and relative, conjunctions and other parts of speech, constantly recurring in European languages, are dispensed with, by the use of certain peculiar inflections of which the verb is capable. Unfortunately, however, this superiority in the Turkish language has been more than counterbalanced by the cumbersome and inflated style which has become prevalent in writing, sentence and sentence being strung together into one, until the reader is at a loss to understand the whole, and the writer himself often gets into a fog. Another mistake the Turks have made is in adopting Arabic and Persian words *ad libitum;* so that to understand their language it is absolutely indispensable to know almost all the words in the other two, and something of their grammars also.

Yet, notwithstanding this cumbersomeness, the language of the Turks possesses a great and interesting literature; works on almost all subjects, history, geography, astronomy, mathematics, algebra, geometry, arithmetic, &c. Indeed, books on these subjects had

been written at so remote a period as a century prior to the conquest of Constantinople; and some historical, astronomical, and poetical works by celebrated writers of that day are still in existence.

Some of the titles of Turkish works are very curious. *Taj-u-Tevarikh* ("The Crown of Histories") is the title of a celebrated historical work by *Se'ad-u-Din*, the historiographer of Murad III., containing the annals of the Turks from the remotest times to the reign of Selim II.; but it is still, I believe, only to be found in manuscript, as is the case with many important works. *Mirat-ul-Memalik*, or the "Mirror of Kingdoms," is a famous geographical work founded on the personal observations of Sidi Ali Ibn Hussein, an admiral during the reign of Suleiman the Great, when the naval power of the Turks was recognised and feared by all Europe. Having received orders to take the command of the Egyptian fleet, he went to Basrah, and set sail for Suez, but being overtaken by the monsoons, he lost the fleet and was thrown on the western coast of India. To return to Constantinople by land he was obliged to travel through India, Asia Minor, and all the intervening countries. After innumerable difficulties he arrived home, having taken three years to perform the journey, the history of which is given in the above work. Numerous works of the same nature, and many very *bizarre* works of fiction and poetry, are to be found in the language, very few of which have found their way to Europe. Indeed, in the case of poetry, very little has ever been translated into English verse. Even in the "Arabian Nights," which is written in alternate prose and verse, the translators have either omitted the poetry altogether, as in the common translation, or the verses have been rendered in prose, as in Mr. Lane's version.

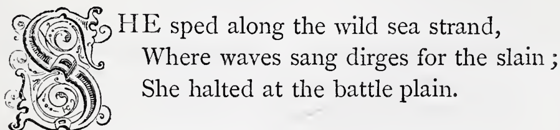
In conclusion, I must not omit to mention a movement in the literary world of the East, which is a sign of the times, and an extraordinary phenomenon. I refer to the fact that the Party of Progress in Turkey, lately established two Turkish newspapers in London, and an Oriental printing establishment in connection with them, which will probably thoroughly revolutionise the literature of the East. As this process requires great care, tact, and learning on the part of those who conduct it, it is fortunate that some of the first writers in Turkey, and those in favour of civilisation and progress, combined with the strict preservation of nationality, are connected with this movement. The editor of one of these Turkish papers, called the *Mukhbir*, is Ali Suavi Effendi, a man of great learning and ability as a writer, and a great Eastern traveller and linguist, who ardently desires the regeneration of the East, by the removal of cor-

ruption in the politics, manners, and literature of the Turks. He has set the example in his journal of abandoning inflated and ambiguous periods for simple and forcible language, and books written in the same style, by distinguished writers, on various branches of useful knowledge little known in the East, will be printed at the office. This journal has, however, lately been temporarily suspended, owing to difficulties arising from its prohibition in Constantinople.

The other Turkish newspaper advocates the same things—viz., reform, constitutional government, responsibility of ministers, &c. It is called the *Hurriyete* (The "Liberty"), and is under the editorship of a celebrated Turkish poet called Kemal Bey, assisted by other Oriental *savans*, whose only fault, perhaps, is their too excessive violence and bitterness in commenting on the acts of the government. That London should thus be the centre of modern Oriental literature may appear very extraordinary; but the reason is that the censorship of the press in Turkey is so severe, that it is impossible, it seems, for any improvement in newspaper or other writing to take place while the writers are within reach of the government authorities. Criticism of the acts of the government, and suggestions as to the adoption of constitutional government, &c., are distasteful to the authorities, and therefore the reform writers have taken refuge under the wing of the English liberty of the press, and their newspapers, although prohibited in Turkey, have found their way there, and produced a tremendous sensation. Let us hope that the Turkish Government will soon see the wisdom of having organs by which they can learn the wishes of the people, and allow the above-mentioned journals, and others like them, to be established in their natural country.

CHARLES WELLS.

The Flower of Tryst.



SHE sped along the wild sea strand,
Where waves sang dirges for the slain;
She halted at the battle plain.

She bent her down unto the sand—
Her eyes asked wildly of the woe
To learn if one was lying low.

She sought the sheen of grey blue mail
Whereon a single flower was wrought,
A ring—his scarce since morn—she sought.

The sun had wellnigh spent his trail,
The light was waxing weak and wan ;
She saw a flower on a mailed man;

Her eyes burned dim in mingled fire
Of hope and agony and fear :—
He lay as still as on a bier.

His hand was stiff in blood and mire;
The sea was tiding swiftly on,—
Her fingers grasped the hacqueton.

Her little fingers clenched and strove,
The hasp would yield not to her hand,
The sea bit trellis in the sand.

She drooped on death her weight of love ;
A bud, crusht on her heart, did feel
Its icy sister graven in steel.

She had no breath to sob or sigh,
But close about her bosom's pain
A stony weft did cling and strain.

A man's hand softly put her by,
To reach the rigid gorget clasp :
She looked up in the day's last gasp.

A ring made bright the forefinger,
A brighter flower was on that breast ;
His voice came of the weariest ;

With one great sigh he looked on her ;
As one looks on the newly dead,
He looked upon her face and said,—

" God's hand makes ebb the o'erflowed bowl ;
Love recks not or of life or death."
" Troth is but one," she sobs and saith.

" Slain, slain lies he, unto whose soul
The greater love thy lovings bore !
O Death, thou probest to the core ! "

More glad than loosened waters' flow
She sprang, and made joy on his face :
The crusht bud clung to its true place.

The cold black wave lapped friend and foe—
The night was gathered ; and, afar,
Shone out upon the sea a star.

KENINGALE ROBERT COOK, B.A.

Boat Racing.

F all English outdoor sports, there is scarcely one that can be so easily and cheaply pursued as boating, and for that, among other good reasons, there is hardly one so popular. The actual time necessary for practising for a boat-race is but a small slice out of the day, while the race itself is compressed into a very few brief and exciting moments. Of course, attendance at regattas taking place at any distance, involves a larger expenditure of time, but these occasions occur but seldom. Subscriptions to clubs, and entrance fees for races, do not amount to a large sum, and the paraphernalia needful for the oarsman are but simple. The chief expense is that of boats, and they, except for sculling and pair-oared matches, are provided by the clubs, which also, in many cases, bear at all events a portion of the training expenses.

Cricket, the great rival of rowing, is in this matter of time at a considerable disadvantage; long hours of practice have to be followed by matches occupying sometimes two or even three days. Men, therefore, are practically prevented from attaining great excellence as cricketers, unless they are blessed with abundant leisure; while the goal of the oarsman's ambition can be reached, with little or no sacrifice of the time due to the more serious business of life. With the average Eton boy, or undergraduate, this consideration has, probably, but little weight. The serious business of life with a large class at our public schools and universities, is, it is popularly supposed, the diligent cultivation of muscle, and the ardent pursuit of outdoor sports of all kinds; while the Londoner has usually to get his rowing in the short time left to him after the occupations of the day. The air of Putney and its neighbourhood cannot be said to be more than comparatively pure, while the river itself, though slightly improved of late, is still positively dirty; but it is, at any rate, very easily reached, and a good hard row is an excellent relief after a long day's brain work, or city drudgery. Most of the crews sent from London to Henley and the other great regattas, have been composed of men hardworked in various ways, and principally in the city, during the day, and taking the hard work

of rowing as their evening relaxation. With the serious difficulties they have thus had to contend with it is remarkable that the London clubs should have turned out such a succession of good men.

The character of racing boats has, of late years, undergone an extraordinary change, and the difference between the old-fashioned skiffs and wherries, and the long, light, outriggers now universally in use, is about as great as can possibly be imagined. It appears impossible that boats should be built lighter than is at present the case, and the great change was probably made, when outrigged boats were first built by the Newcastle men, some five-and-twenty years ago. It is true that the original idea has been greatly improved upon, and builders have been producing lighter and smaller boats, year by year. But there must be a limit somewhere, and as boats are now only just large enough for their occupants to sit in, the end appears to have come. The only direction in which the ingenuity of boat-builders can now be exercised, is in the way of combining lightness with increased strength. And here there is still much room for improvement. The material is so slight and the strain on a boat so great, that, except in very rare cases, men soon row their craft out of all shape, and the mere lifting a racing cutter into and out of the water soon twists her into an almost hopeless state. Should the American principle of rowing eight and four-oared boats without a coxswain gain ground, as appears very likely to be the case, some modification may have to be made by builders, but it would at any rate seem that the principle of having a narrow boat with outriggers projecting some distance from its sides is settled, as affording the best and most powerful leverage for the use of the oar, and consequently securing the greatest possible economy of labour with the highest rate of speed. At Henley this year, a Brasenose four tried the American principle. To comply, as they imagined, with the rules of the regatta, they carried a boy to the starting post who, as soon as the word was given, jumped into the water and left the boat to the four oarsmen. While this was going on, the other two crews, both composed of good men, were enabled to get well away, but the Oxford men soon after settling down to their work, caught and passed them, winning the race by many lengths and with great ease. This, with the experience of the New Brunswickers at the Paris regatta of last year, where they beat most of our best men, says much for the new system, and it is sure to be largely adopted next season. If the Oxford authorities had accepted the challenge of Harvard College as originally sent, the experiment would have been tried on a grand scale, and judging by the Henley experience, it appears that the Englishmen acted discreetly in not

consenting to row with a coxswain, against the Americans without one.

The eight-oared cutter, as at present used, is about sixty-five feet in length, and fours, pairs, and sculling boats are in proportion. Racing boats, roughly speaking, cost about a pound a foot. Six-oared boats were at one time common, but there is now hardly one to be found. The London Rowing Club has two twelve-oared cutters, which are extremely useful for training purposes, and for carrying umpires in club races, but for regatta purposes eights are quite large enough. The difficulty of getting and keeping eight men together is sufficiently serious, and even the most enthusiastic captain would probably shrink from the idea of a grand challenge cup, to be rowed for in twelve-oared boats. Canoes, although they appear to inspire some men with an enthusiastic affection, have not yet gained much respect among lovers of the oar, and the introduction of a canoe race into the Henley programme last year, was received with such a chorus of disapprobation, that the experiment was not tried a second time.

The popular interest in rowing displays itself principally at the time of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and has recently increased at a surprising rate. The slimy banks of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake are covered, whenever there is any chance of seeing the rival crews practising, with a crowd as great as, not many years back, was attracted by the race itself; and it may very safely be inferred, that a good many of these enthusiastic spectators know or care mighty little about the rowing itself. They go to Putney because other people go; and, to be in the fashion, their admiration for all things aquatic is immense. Nothing, as a subject of conversation, has at such times a chance with the boat-race, and the crews are as much "touted" and written about, as the favourites for the Derby. The effect upon the race itself has not been happy. The crowd of steamboats has grown into a positive and dangerous nuisance, as, besides inevitably hampering both crews at the start, the sternmost boat in the course of the race is certain to be unmercifully washed by the surf raised by the numerous paddles, and to have whatever chance might otherwise have remained to it, destroyed. The introduction of betting on the boat-race in the returns from Tattersalls' is also a feature of recent growth, and, although honour is the only prize contended for in the race itself, public speculation in the result increases yearly. It is to be hoped that the race may not come to be spoilt, as is rapidly becoming the fate of the Eton and Harrow cricket match,

by too many spectators and too much of the feverish and unreal show of popular interest and excitement, which is, at the present time, so detrimental to the best interests of athletic exercises. The excellent regulations made this year by the Thames Conservancy will very probably produce a reaction. If the steamers are all kept well behind the racing boats at the start, it is very improbable that they will ever get near them again; and the view of the race to be obtained from the deck of distant Thames steamers is, to say the least, decidedly limited. Probably, therefore, the number of these nuisances, at least, will be very quickly diminished when it comes to be understood that they do not afford much chance to spectators.

The first match between the Universities was rowed at Henley, and won easily by Oxford, in 1829; and the first race on the Metropolitan water took place in 1836. Cambridge won that year, and again in 1839, since which date the race has been rowed almost annually. For some time the fortune of war was pretty equally shared by each university; but, at last a decided change took place, and Oxford has now won eight consecutive races. This has, of course, given rise to an immense amount of argument as to the cause of the ill success of the light blue champions; and the Cantabs, past and present, have taken the matter so much to heart, that they are raising a large sum of money for the purpose of widening and clearing the Cam, to the unsatisfactory condition of which unsavoury stream they appear to have finally agreed to attribute their many discomfitures. Whether this is the actual cause or no, results may prove. Many good authorities on rowing matters, while admitting that the difference between the Cam and Isis may have contributed largely to the continued ill success of Cambridge, are inclined to look further for the real reason. It certainly seems that there ought to be but little difference in the physique of the two crews; and, indeed, the Cambridge eight are generally quite as fine a body of young men as their opponents; but the system of management would seem to be better at Oxford, while the Cambridge style is undoubtedly inferior. It is pretty to look at, no doubt, and all very well for a time; but the long, slashing, dragging Oxford swing is not to be denied in a long race; and, until the Cambridge men take to it again (for it was originally as much a characteristic of Cambridge, as it now is of Oxford rowing), the Cam may as well be left alone. In 1846 the crews made their first appearance in outriggers; but it was not until eleven years afterwards that the modern types of keel-less boat and round oars were seen at Putney. Oxford won a long way on that occasion, and Cambridge has only beaten them twice since; so,

perhaps, after all, the Cambridge men have not yet had time to get used to the new kind of boat. That the Cantabs must be at their wits' ends for some means of inducing fortune to favour them in 1869, is amply proved by the somewhat singular step they have taken, in accepting the assistance of a famous Oxford oarsman to act as "coach" to their crew during the training for the next race. No one can dispute the great value of Mr. G. Morrison's advice and assistance; but many good sportsmen at Cambridge and elsewhere think that, come what might, it would have been better for Cambridge, if she meant fighting at all, to fight the battle with her own resources alone. Victory, under present circumstances, although gratifying, cannot be thoroughly satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the successive defeats of Cambridge may not lead to the same unfortunate result to the University race, as has attended another good old-fashioned match, that between Eton and Westminster, which appears to have become extinct. Westminster, having only won four times out of thirteen, seems to have had enough of it; and Eton flies at higher game. St. Peter's College, Radley, took the place of Westminster, when they had a cut at Eton in 1858, and the match was rowed over the Henley course. The Eton boys won very easily; and although Radley has, with praiseworthy pluck, sent a crew to Henley almost every year since, the result has been uniformly the same.

Although, with the general public, the University boat race at Putney takes rank as the most interesting aquatic event of the year, the rowing man knows nothing pleasanter than Henley Regatta, where the best and most interesting rowing of the year is to be seen. The best, because the prizes at Henley, though not in themselves magnificent, are universally looked upon as representing the highest honours to be won by the oarsman; and the most interesting, because the chief races are open to all comers; and the various clubs have an opportunity of measuring their strength with the crews sent by the universities. Of late years Oxford and Cambridge have been content to be represented by college, and not by university crews; and the head boats on Cam and Isis usually meet at Henley. Formerly the appearance of a university eight was almost a matter of course; and in the list of winners of the Grand Challenge Cup, the O. U. B. C., and the C. U. B. C. frequently recur. Since 1859, when the London Rowing Club beat Oxford the first day, and Cambridge the second, the custom appears to have undergone a change. This performance of the London Club was a great feat, and two finer races were never rowed. The victory over Cambridge was secured almost as much by a piece of happy audacity, as by the rowing,

fine though it was. The London coxswain came across a little too soon, and it looked terribly like an approaching foul as he tried, amidst frantic excitement on the bank, to take the Cambridge water. Mr. Casamajor who was rowing seven in the London boat, saw the imminent danger, and shrieked for a spurt. The crew answered as one man, and the boat shot clear; but with nothing to spare, for it was an uncommonly near thing, and the Cambridge men hunted the winners home, very close, as it was. The records of Henley Regatta are so full of good racing that it is almost impossible to pick out any one race as better than others; but the dead heat for the Diamond Sculls in 1862 must not be forgotten. This was a great sight, as both men, doing all they knew, rowed stroke for stroke, side by side, all up the straight, and it was a glorious exhibition of good pluck and good sculling. This is the only dead heat recorded as having been given at Henley; although in the race for the Steward's Cup, in 1845, there was such a closely contested race between the fours of Oxford University and the St. George's Club, that the umpire at the bridge at first declared it to be a dead heat; but subsequently, for what reason is not very clear, decided in favour of Oxford by twelve inches.

It was in 1843 that Oxford achieved their famous seven-oared victory in the final heat for the Grand Challenge Cup. Their original stroke having been suddenly taken ill, they proposed to substitute another man for him, but this the Cambridge Subscription Rooms' crew, who were their opponents, refused to allow. So they shifted their men, started without a bowman, and, amidst a great display of popular enthusiasm, gallantly won the race: probably to the great disgust of their adversaries, who must have felt particularly small on the occasion. The late Lieut.-Colonel Brewster, of the Inns of Court Volunteers, rowed four in the Oxford boat in this famous race, and the seven, this time with another man, followed up their success by winning, in the following month, the gold cup at the then Thames Regatta, their old opponents, the Cambridge Rooms' crew, being again behind them.

Some clubs appear to have great fancies for particular prizes at Henley. The London Rowing Club, for instance, has won the Grand Challenge Cup four times; Eton College has been successful in a like number of races for the Ladies' Plate, for eights; while the Kingston Rowing Club has actually carried off the Wyfold Cup, for fours, on no fewer than six consecutive occasions. It is fortunate for the Henley committee that their challenge cups do not, under any circumstances, become the property of the winners, or they would certainly have had to replace the Wyfold Cup at least, more than once. The beauty of the scene, as well as the excellence of the

sport, is greatly in favour of Henley Regatta. There are few more charming spots on the river at any time than that mile and a quarter from Henley Bridge to the Island, and, on regatta days, with the river crowded with an ever-shifting assemblage of boats of all kinds, from the racing eight to the humble canoe ; the carriages on the picturesque old bridge filled with gaily dressed ladies ; and the eager and excited crowd lining the towing-path, the scene is most brilliant.

The regattas in the metropolitan district suffer very much from the want of the various pleasant adjuncts to the sport which are to be found at Henley, and probably the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, at Putney, will never be so successful as the energy of its promoters and its magnificent collection of prizes deserve. The old Thames Regatta, which also had a famous collection of prizes, and attracted splendid entries of first-rate crews, gradually perished of inanition some years ago, and it is to be feared that the public will not much care about supporting a regatta at Putney where, although the course is excellent, really but little of the racing can be seen except from the deck of a steamer, and where there is no pleasant promenade for visitors such as is afforded by the meadows and by the "Lion" lawn at Henley. Barnes, where there is a very well conducted regatta, with a handsome challenge cup for fours, is a little better off in this respect; but not much. Kingston is still better off, with its pretty island, although there is still the fatal drawback that only part, and that a small part, of the racing can be seen from it. The same objection applies, in a smaller degree, to Walton, where there is, after Henley, the pleasantest and prettiest regatta of the year, at any rate in the neighbourhood of London. Newcastle and Glasgow have large and attractive regattas, but, in the country, the regattas are, generally speaking, accompanied by flower shows, archery meetings, or other local displays, and play but a secondary part in the week's programme of amusement.

The great event, or one of the great events, of the season, in the eyes of rowing men, although it does not attract any considerable assemblage of spectators, is the race for the Wingfield sculls at Putney, the winner of which takes rank as amateur champion of the Thames. This prize, in the early years of its establishment, usually fell to the lot of a Londoner ; but, of late years, has been won by the representative of one of the Universities, until the last race, when Mr. Stout secured it for the London Rowing Club. Although the course is long (from Putney to Mortlake) many splendid races have been rowed for this much-coveted prize, and no one who saw Mr. Lawes, in 1865, dispose successively of the great Oxford scullers, Messrs.

Woodgate and Michell, after two tremendous tussles, can hope to see much finer racing. In 1849, when the course was even longer, being then from Putney to Kew, or something over six miles, one of the finest races on record was rowed between Mr. F. Playford and Mr. Bone. Alternate leads were the order of the day, neither man could get away, and it was anybody's race right home, when Mr. Playford just managed to screw himself in first by half a length. The late Mr. Casamajor held the championship for six years, from 1855 to 1860, and was probably the finest amateur sculler ever seen. His enormous reach and great power, combined with a rare energy and extraordinary determination, made him a most formidable customer, and for a time he completely frightened away all opposition, and entirely monopolised the championship, as well as the Diamond Sculls at Henley.

The course from Putney to Mortlake is sometimes considered almost too long for scullers, and indeed it seems quite far enough for anybody; but twenty or thirty years ago, still longer distances were not altogether unusual. Thus, for instance, in 1844, a race was rowed at Norwich over the trifling distance of fifty-five miles. The winner got over the ground, or rather the water, in 10 hours and 21 minutes, and took the stakes 25*l.* a side, which seems little enough after so long a pull; the other gentleman turning up about an hour later. Christy beat Joyce from London Bridge to Gravesend, in 1837, and the time they took for this little matter may be gathered from the fact, that in the same year one Pilkington, who had backed himself to row the distance in five hours, accomplished his task in 3 hours and 58 minutes, from which it would appear that he must have been a very knowing match-maker, or a very bad judge of his own powers. The previous year an amateur, named Robinson, rowed from London Bridge to Gravesend and back, a distance of sixty miles, in seven hours and a half, having allowed himself eight hours for the job. He was probably encouraged to attempt this feat by his success in a previous match from London to Erith and back, said to be forty miles. This match was won by a quarter of an hour only, Robinson's allotted time being five hours and a half. The stakes, we are told, were considerable. Norwich was a great place for these long-distance matches, as in addition to the race above mentioned, a match was actually made in 1848 to row a distance of 100 miles in 24 hours, and was easily won by the sculler; time being beaten by about four hours.

All these performances, however, pale before the achievements of Mr. Lander, who appears to have been a good hand at this sort of thing, and who won a bet of 100*l.* to 10*l.* by rowing with a partner

from Oxford to Westminster Bridge, a distance of 114 miles, in 18 hours and 42 minutes. The partner he selected was a waterman of Waterloo Bridge, named Williams, and the match came off in 1837. Their difficulties appear to have commenced with the start. They got off at four in the morning, the wind being very strong from the N.N.W. with a drizzling rain, and the morning as dark as pitch. At Iffley they were detained about five minutes, and at Sandford the same, and when they reached Lord Abingdon's the day broke. Sixteen more locks had to be passed before Henley, each one of course causing more or less delay; but such good use did they make of their time that they reached that place at twelve o'clock. A brief halt of a quarter of an hour was made for refreshment, after which they set to work again, and arrived at Staines at four. Here they had some sherry, and at twenty minutes past eight reached Teddington; at ten they were at Putney, and ultimately arrived at their journey's end at seventeen minutes to eleven. Shortly before the match Mr. Lander weighed twelve stone, seven pounds, and on going to scale shortly afterwards could only pull down eleven stone, two; which will not appear surprising. Williams, we are told, worked like a horse, and we should think he did.

Much has been written on the subject of the effects of boat-racing upon the health of oarsmen, and on both sides of the question much strong language has been used. Its opponents accuse it with great vehemence of being the cause of all kinds of diseases, and of numberless untimely deaths, while rowing-men as vehemently assert that it is the finest exercise in the world, and conducive to nothing but health and strength. To believe Dr. Skey, is to wish that all racing-boats could at once be destroyed; while, on the other hand, it would appear that no man can have any pretensions to health or activity, mental or bodily, without undergoing a long apprenticeship to rowing, and two or three severe courses of training. No doubt there is much to be said on both sides. Excess in this respect, as in everything else, is bad, and that many men have done themselves serious harm by overtaxing their strength is an obvious fact. We do not, however, believe that training, judiciously carried out, does anybody harm; and more damage has been done by men rowing severe races without undergoing a proper preparation, than by all the training ever done. A famous sculler, now dead, is often pointed at as an example of the evil effects of rowing, and his premature death has been alluded to as an instance of the deleterious results of training. The fact, however, was, that he was notoriously a most careless man in training matters, and would row sometimes with no serious prepa-

ration at all. An unconquerable appetite for fruit tarts put an untimely end to many of his incipient efforts to take to a strict regimen, and it used to be rumoured that he evidently meant rowing to-morrow, as he had just consumed two extra gooseberry tarts.

What would Dr. Skey say to the President of the London Rowing Club, who is upwards of seventy years of age, and has been a rowing man, and a hard-working one too, all his life, and who is to be seen rowing stroke to a London eight on the Annual Procession Day, with all the pluck and vigour of a young man?

That the old school of rowing men probably did, after all, rather overdo it has lately been to some extent admitted. Training is a much more rational affair now than in the old days, and professional trainers have no longer a vague idea that every man is burdened with unknown quantities of internal fat, which has to be got rid of by all sorts of violent remedies. Captains, too, are beginning to understand that, because eight men are put together in a boat, it does not thereby follow that their individualities disappear, and that their constitutions become the same, or that what is good for one is therefore good for all. Men are accordingly treated more rationally, more in accordance with their individual peculiarities, and with excellent results. Some of the old school hardly yet appreciate the modern system, but, there is no doubt, it is founded on sound principles. Men do more harm to themselves when going out of training than by actual training and rowing; and, if men, instead of dropping quietly back into their ordinary ways of life, will go back to their temporarily abandoned pleasures and indulgencies with a rush, they must expect to suffer in the process. The emptying the Henley Challenge Cups at the "Lion" after the Regatta, is much more likely to do harm than the rowing for them.

For men who do not race and do not care for regattas, rowing is still an excellent amusement, and it is impossible to find an outing more delightful than a few days' trip on the Thames. The journey from Oxford to London, not done in Mr. Lander's style, but comfortably and with deliberation, is most enjoyable. The scenery is everywhere charming, and there is constant variety. Excellent accommodation is to be had at the many inns along the river, while at such places as Henley, Marlow, and Maidenhead, the hotels are all that can be desired. About three or four days may be most pleasantly passed on the journey, and, although it is advisable to secure beds beforehand, it is not absolutely necessary to do so; except just before, or just after, Henley Regatta, when there are many boating parties up and down the river. At any time, but

winter, the journey is delightful, and each season has its own peculiar charm; and altogether, although it has not the interest and excitement of boat-racing, no form of boating can be more enjoyable than that which is technically called "journey rowing."

The value of the powers given to the Thames Conservancy, as regards the management of steamboats, has been well shown, since the above was written, at the great boat races of November and December last. On each occasion the steamers were well behind the men at the start, and, with scarcely one exception (of course, there was a refractory tug), the captains behaved with commendable discretion during the races. If the umpire was unable to get near the men on the first day, it was not the fault of the other steamers, but of whoever was responsible for the absurdly overcrowded state of his boat. Mr. Ireland has done such good service to professional boat racing by abolishing the absurd and ridiculous umpires, and substituting one single, decisive authority, that it may be hoped that on future occasions, when he is appointed umpire, he will be able to witness the race from an eight-oared cutter, and not from the deck of a steamer. His suggestion as to the doing away with the cutters accompanying the men, to show them up, is also well worthy of attention. Surely a right-away sculler's race ought to be as much a test of a man's watermanship as of his style and endurance.

It was fortunate that nothing occurred in any way to mar the races in question. Finer sculling than Kelley's it would be difficult to find; and the tremendous struggle he made with Sadler, approaching Hammersmith Bridge, shows him to be almost as good a man as ever. He has proved himself, at all events, the second-best man in England; and, as he can never hope to turn the tables on Renforth, and has been rowing for an unprecedented number of years, he will exercise a wise discretion in leaving the river to younger scullers. The fine spurt made by Sadler at the Soap Works, when he appeared thoroughly beaten, and which took him up to Kelley and eventually past him, was a treat to witness; and it seemed almost impossible that Kelley could come again. Come again he did, however, and to some purpose, as they shot Hammersmith Bridge almost level; and then Sadler was fairly rowed out; and, although he stuck to Kelly all the way, it was clear that all the life and spirit was out of his stroke, and that he had met a better man. His career may also be considered closed. Not good enough for Renforth, and too good for anybody else, there is no chance of his being able to make a satisfactory match.

The hero of the two matches is, of course, James Renforth, of New-

castle, who beat Kelley for the championship on the 17th of November with great ease, and who is, undoubtedly, a remarkable sculler. His style, far better in the race than it was in practice, reminded old hands of Bob Chambers; and there were not wanting many good judges who opened their eyes with astonishment, and proclaimed the new sculler to be the best man they had ever seen. He possesses enormous power and a slashing, if not very elegant, style. That his pace is great may be inferred from the fact, that he rowed his match with Kelley in almost the shortest time on record. It is true that there was an exceptionally strong tide that day, but the latter part of the journey might have been rowed much faster if it had been required. It will, we take it, be some time before a man can be found good enough to lower the colours of the present champion.

Both these memorable races were excellently managed and thoroughly well conducted throughout; and, if this continues to be the case in future matches, there need be no more fear of professional rowing losing its interest and popularity than there is at present of the decline of amateur boat racing.

Alone.

I AM lonely! very lonely! though I hear the city's roar,
And the stream of life that passes ever to and fro my door;
The twilight's robbed of beauty by the fog before it spread,
And the gas-flames round about are like eyes of lurid red;
My heart aches with a sorrow and my eyes ache with the gloom,
And I turn unto the fire burning brightly in the room;
As it glisters on the holly and the ivy on the walls,
How many happy Christmas Eves and gatherings it recalls!
And I think of all my dear ones,—more dear that we're apart;
I know their mirth hath pauses by the beating of my heart.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, and I look with vacant stare
On the nearer thing before me,—an old and empty chair.
Is it vapour? Is it fancy? As I see two baby girls:
In their eyes the blue of heaven, its sunlight on their curls,
Their dimpled cheeks are tinted o'er with such a roseate glow,
Like damask rose-leaves lying on white marble or on snow.
Ah! I knew two earthly angels such as they are, in time gone,
But the other angels called them, and they left me one by one!
Why come they now to stay brief time, and then again to flee
To their far-off land of shadows? They cannot stay with me.

Again the ancient chair is filled. Now by a stalwart youth,
Whose bright, calm face is beaming with the eloquence of truth.
I know him well! I love him well! I found how great his worth
When first my own unstable mind in error ventured forth.
With earnest grasp he held me back, and called to me "Be brave!
The petty wrongs and strifes of life can end but in a grave;
Stand thou but firm by right and truth, and battle at thy best,
And Death will only ope the gate to an eternal rest."
O, how he loved the greenwood, the river and the stream!
And I ne'er walk in woods alone but in a pleasant dream,
Where he is still my comrade, as he was wont to be,
Though he's in the land of shadows. He cannot stay with me.

Another shape the old chair fills. A woman young and fair,
Whose neck of ivory 's half concealed amid her chestnut hair;
Her cheeks grow pale as moonlight; her eyelids droop, now close,
And from her pretty parted lips the coral colour goes!
Her rounded bosom, like the swell of waveless ocean, moves,
As she in whispered music confesses that she loves!
The chestnut hair hath silver lines, Time's touch is on her cheeks;
But still the sweet old music comes with every word she speaks!
Our children hear it as I heard. Love bear her words to me,
Her heart is answering to my heart! She speaks to them of me.

MARK LEMON.

The Christmas Barrel of Oysters.

IT must be filled with prime "natives," of course; and where all the "natives" come from, that are sent hither and thither in England in the weeks immediately before and after Christmas, must be a never failing source of wonder to those who are not familiar with the resources of the oyster trade. And how, in addition to the extra demand at Christmas time, when people regale on oysters who never partake of them at any other season, the usual supplies can be obtained for the everyday and ever-increasing trade of the shell-fish shops and hotels, is still more wonderful: London alone is never satisfied unless six hundred millions of oysters are eaten every year by the dwellers in that mighty Babylon. Such an enormous and continuous demand for these mollusks betokens a corresponding supply, and there must of necessity be somewhere at work an organization capable of attending to this department of the national commissariat. Well, there is such an organization at work, and I propose to describe, from personal observation, how the "natives" that fill the Christmas oyster barrel are obtained, how they differ from other oysters, how they are fattened, and to what value they attain as an article of commerce, giving at the same time a brief account of other seats of oyster culture than that of Whitstable, where the "native," *par excellence*, has found a home and been nursed into perfection.

The most remarkable of the many remarkable facts connected with the oyster, is its enormous fecundity. We know that many of our best food fishes are vastly prolific, that the cod-fish, the salmon, and the sole, yield their young by tens and hundreds of thousands, but each oyster, if we can believe some of the recent writers on oyster culture, yields its young in millions! How easy, then would it be, were this the case, to supply a hundred Londons with any quantity of oysters? But all statements as to the fecundity of our food-fishes must, I fear, be taken under abatement, and, undoubtedly, a very large discount must especially be allowed in the case of the oyster. If each of these animals (it is a curious fact of

oyster life, that every shell contains a male and a female) yields fifty thousand young ones, it would evince a vast power of reproduction; but, it must be borne in mind that vast powers of reproduction mean something more than all at once meets the eye. In the sea there is ever going on a perpetual warfare: the great are constantly engaged in devouring the small. Fishes of all kinds are perpetually preying upon each other. I have taken eleven herrings from the stomach of a cod-fish, and a few days ago I found sixty-seven prawns in the interior of a small haddock! Fish of all kinds incur a double danger, for not only may the young be extensively preyed upon by a constant succession of enemies, but the eggs from not being fructified, may never come to life. The oyster has a fixed abiding place, and therefore cannot escape its enemies very well. It cannot move. Wherever the young animal falls there it has to live and grow, or there it must die and rot away. Hundreds of millions of young oysters perish, as I may say, almost before they are born, that is the spat may be swept away by a rough sea, and fall on a place so thoroughly uncongenial to its growth that the young ones all perish. As is now pretty well known even to the general reader, the oyster emits its spat in the warm summer months, a hot temperature and a moist condition of the atmosphere being thought—but as I think erroneously—to be the most suitable conditions for securing a large spat. As has been said, the oyster is an hermaphrodite, and each individual yields a large *quantity* of spat: quantity here is the best word, as the animal goes on brewing and exuding this matter, which naturalists call spat, for many successive days, it looks like melted tallow, and is about the consistency of cream; whether the spat be itself the young of the oyster is a disputed fact, but the substance certainly contains the infant animal, which, as seen by the aid of a good microscope, appears wonderfully perfect. This spat, or fatty substance, is said to rise upon emission to the surface of the water, and to float about for several days, or, as some say, only for a few hours; then it falls to the bottom, and whether or not a crop of oysters be obtained, depends entirely on the conditions of that fall: if the spat falls on a muddy bottom then the young animals, drowned in the mud, are lost for ever. If, on the contrary, the spat falls on a rocky or shelly botttom, then a great crop will undoubtedly be the result, because that is just one of the proper conditions for ensuring the growth of these animals. A spat, it is obvious, may be tossed hither and thither by the waves, and ultimately become lost. An oyster bed throws off a greater or

lesser supply of spat every year, but none of it may, for the reasons given above, be utilized.

The infant oyster must find for itself a "coigne of vantage" to shelter it from the force of the waves; to this it must cling till man or some other of its numerous enemies, ruthlessly plucks it from its abiding place. It is this fact, in its natural history, that has led men to cultivate the oyster artificially, as it is called, that is to gather the spat and nurse it into a marketable commodity. This was done hundreds of years ago by persons who were evidently as great adepts in the art as the oyster farmers of to-day. At Whitstable, where I shall suppose *our* barrel of "natives" to have been obtained, the dredgers have never yet been able to obtain a spat from off their own oyster fields; it may be because that oysters laid down to fatten are said not to spat, or it may be because the spat either does not rise, or that if it does so, it is carried away to a distance by some adverse tidal influence. In some parts of France the ostreoculturists are more fortunate. At Arcachon, near Bordeaux, where there is a fine series of artificial oyster beds, the spat has been rarely known to fail; but then the basin of Arcachon is a peculiar place—the spat cannot very well get out of it, so that the oyster farmers there have a great advantage compared with those of Whitstable, who have to buy all the oysters they lay down to fatten for the Christmas oyster barrels. At Arcachon, the French government have constructed model beds on which have been placed all kinds of *apparcils* for the collection of spat, and to afford aid to the growth of the oyster. At one period the beds in the basin of Arcachon were natural beds, and the oysters, *gravettes* they were called, grown upon them had a European reputation; but in consequence of the greed of those who had the right of dredging, the supplies began to fail, and in time, chiefly from over-fishing, the fine natural beds of Arcachon became barren. They were left for years without attention, till, instigated by the oft-repeated tradition of former plentifulness, M. Coste, of the French Institute, had them explored, with a view to cultivation, on the artificial system. They were then found to be overrun with mud and sea-weeds, and not a single eatable oyster was seen upon them.

Professor Coste had, previous to this, made a voyage of exploration on the coasts of the Mediterranean, with a view to note all that was worth copying in the art of pisciculture. In the course of his travels he had come upon a very ancient scene of oyster cultivation, not far from Naples. At this place, where the mode of culture to-day is the same as it was a thousand years ago, M. Coste derived ideas of oyster culture which have been of singular benefit to the

fishermen of France. Sergius Orato is said to have been the inventor of artificial oyster culture. It is not known now who this man was, but he lived in the gastronomic age of Italy, in those days when men grew and fattened fish as men now grow and fatten oxen, and when the piscine stock of a gentleman's fish-pond would be valued at thirty thousand pounds! The oyster spat of the Lucrine lake was collected in a very simple way, or rather in a variety of simple ways, but chiefly on little pyramids of stones, and on boughs of trees. Coste has improved on these modes of spat collecting, and has invented oyster hives, which are to be seen annually in use at Arcachon; others have improved on Coste. Dr. Kemmerer, of St. Martin's, on the Ile de Ré, has had constructed a cemented tile, which does very well, and can be used over and over again, as the coating of cement, with the young oysters adhering to it, requires simply to be pulled off and laid down in the parcs; the tile being again cemented, is replaced in order to capture another brood of oysters.

All these advantages are derived from that peculiarity of the oyster which has already been described, namely, its want of locomotive power. Did it not grow where it fell, were it a migratory animal, it could not be cultivated in the way I have indicated. At Arcachon, by the exertions of Professor Coste, a large oyster business has been once again instituted; a considerable population gain a livelihood by being employed on the oyster beds; and many thousands of pounds are annually derived from this remunerative commerce. But on the Ile de Ré the business of oyster culture has assumed much larger proportions than at Arcachon. Ré is literally an island of oysters—it is at least two Whitstables rolled into one, with a Colchester added! Upon that bit of land there are thousands of parcs for the breeding of these mollusks, and thousands of claires or ponds in which to fatten them for the market. It should be stated here for the benefit of all engaged in the cultivation of oysters, that many of the parcs, both of Arcachon and Ré, have been constructed on most unlikely spots for the growth of oysters. In all cases the imperial oyster nurseries have been designedly constructed on the most difficult sites, that is, on sites that at first sight appear totally unsuited for oyster culture. But it is wonderful what perseverance and hard labour will accomplish. Only allow the requisite time, and a few mulberry leaves can be converted into a satin slipper, and in the Ile de Ré the slimy and extensive mud beds of the foreshores have been, by labour and ingenuity, converted into suites of productive oyster parcs. The system of artificial oyster culture now in vogue on this island was inaugurated by a

mechanic of the name of Bœuf. It is not known whether or not he had read any of the accounts that had been published about ancient oyster culture, but the probability is that he had seen some drawings of the spat pyramids of Lake Fusaro; at any rate, it is certain that Bœuf had discovered that oyster spat was occasionally floated in upon the shores of the island, and acting upon that discovery, he constructed, in a rough sort of way, an oyster parc, after a plan of his own. It is now ten years since Hyacinthe Bœuf tried his first experiment, which was so successful as to induce him to apply to government for a grant of a small portion of the foreshores of Ré, in order that he might enter without delay on a systematic plan of cultivation. In February, 1858, M. Bœuf obtained permission to use a space on the shore equal to 1800 mètres, and on this space of ground he was soon able to convince himself that what he had imagined in the way of oyster culture, could be easily realised. He began, not by clearing away the mud, but by filling in upon it a large quantity of more solid matter, composed of small parcels of hay, straw, and wood, by means of which material he speedily obtained a bottom on which to place the kind of matter that was suitable for the reception of the infant oyster brood. To make sure work, Bœuf intended to go to the market and purchase a breeding stock, but to his great astonishment he was saved this expense, which to him would have been very considerable. One fine morning in the July of 1858, he was literally, as I may call it, thunderstruck at seeing the walls of his parc, and every stone upon the enclosure, covered with spat. Looking around him in a state of great bewilderment, he could scarce believe what his eyes disclosed to him, and thinking he was in a dream, he kicked at the walls of the parc so determinedly as to hurt his foot, and then, seeing that the whole matter was a very agreeable reality, he begun to estimate his good fortune, and soon saw that there were at least fifteen infant oysters on each square foot of ground! Now, the problem arises, where did this spat come from? Doubtless it was wafted into the artificial parc of M. Bœuf from some adjacent natural oyster scalp, thus proving my theory to be true.[a]

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[a] "As an example of the spat difficulty it may be mentioned, that while in the basin of Arcachon the spat has never been known to fail, yet around the Ile de Ré the fall for these some years back has been very intermittent, as it has also been on the English beds. In the sheltered basin of Arcachon, the plentiful spatting may be accounted for on the principle that as the spat has nowhere else to go it must fall within the basin. In an open expanse of sea it is different; the spat may be carried away to great distances by tidal influence, or a sharp breeze

Hyacinthe Bœuf having established practically the great fact that, by perseverance and hard work, oysters could be grown on the foreshores of the Ile de Ré, and Professor Coste having published his theoretical speculations on the same subject, oyster culture soon became general throughout the French empire. The news of the establishment of so successful an industry was not long in spreading, so that oyster culture not only became a rage, but a passion, throughout maritime France, and now a great number of Frenchmen are gaining a comfortable living from the cultivation of the oyster. The demand for oysters throughout France, Germany, and Italy, is enormous; and the expense of rearing them being trifling, whilst the returns for the full grown animal are large, it is no wonder that many Frenchmen have left other occupations to become oyster farmers; indeed, there are few places on the French coast where oyster culture is not being tried. Paris requires for itself one hundred and thirty-two millions of oysters per annum, and there are other large cities in France that need proportionate supplies.

As to the *£ s. d.* of French oyster culture, the following figures are, I believe, quite reliable. They appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*,

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upon the water may waft the oyster seed away for many a long mile. Every bed has its own time for spatting; thus, one division of the Ré beds may be spatting on a fine warm day when the sea is like glass, so that the spat cannot fail to fall; while on another portion of the island the spat may fall on a windy day, be thus left to the tender mercy of a fiercely receding tide, and so be lost, or fall mayhap on inaccessible rocks, a long way from the shore. On the Isle of Oleron, which supplies the green-oyster breeders of Marennes with such large quantities, it is quite certain that in the course of the summer a friendly wave will waft large quantities of spat into the artificial parcs, when it is known that the oysters in these parcs have not spawned. Where does this foreign spat come from? The men say it comes off some of the natural beds of the adjoining sea, is driven in by the tide, and finds a welcome resting-place on the artificial receivers of their parcs. It is altogether an erroneous idea to suppose that there are some seasons when the oyster does not spat, because of the cold weather, &c. Some of the parcs have spatted at Arcachon this year (1866) in very ungenial weather. The spatting of the oyster does not depend on the weather at all, but the destination of the spat does, because if the tiny seedling oyster does not fall on propitious ground it is lost for ever. New oyster beds are often discovered in places where it is certain oysters did not exist in previous years. How came they, then, to be formed? The spat must have been blown upon that ground by the ill-wind that carried it away from the spot where it was expected to fall. If the spat exuded by the large quantity of oysters known to be stocked in the parcs at Whitstable, in Kent, the home of the "native," were always to fall on the cultch of Whitstable, instead of on the adjoining flats and elsewhere, the company would soon become enormously wealthy."—(From a paper communicated by the writer to the *Times* in September, 1866.)

along with some other particulars of this curious industry. In 1859, about 3,000,000 oysters were laid down in the bay of St. Brieuc, on the coast of Brittany. In the following year, three fascines, taken up at hazard, contained 20,000 oysters, of from one to two inches in diameter. The total expense of forming each bank was only 221 francs, and 300 fascines were laid down for this sum. Multiply, then, 300 by 20,000, and 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, which, if sold at 20 francs per 1000, will produce 120,000 francs. If, however, the number of oysters on each fascine were taken as only 10,000, the sum of 60,000 francs would be procured, which, for an expenditure of only 221 francs, would give—as M. Laviciare, Commissary of the Maritime Inscription, remarks in his report to the French Government—"a much larger profit than any other branch of industry." In 1862, the produce of oysters sold in Paris amounted to 2,446,095 francs !

The following hints about the oyster, and maxims on oyster culture, have been gathered from a variety of sources, chiefly French, and most of them, I think, will be quite new to the English public, as they have only been printed chiefly in scientific and technical publications. Some of them are by M. Fraiche, and others by the Abbé Mouls and Dr. Kemmerer. The last named gentleman says that, like every other living creature, the oyster requires a certain space in which to exist. Agglomeration, he tells us, is a great cause of mortality in the oyster family ! which shows the necessity of an annual gathering and arrangement of the oyster seed. He further tells us that the great law which governs oyster life is heat, and that oysters afflicted with obesity never spawn. Young oysters, he says, can live for two days without being fixed. Oyster growth is rapid, and it is not at all impossible that the animal may yield two supplies of ova in the year !

These mollusks, we are told in "Les Plages de France," "take three years to develop, and are greatly improved by being collected in parcs." When placed in the claires, or fattening ponds, they may be greened very easily, and many persons prefer their oysters to have a green tinge. A dozen oysters ought, it is said by the author of "Les Plages de France," to weigh five ounces.

Another French author gives us the following maxims :—

"Oysters are fit to transplant when they are twenty months old."

"Oysters fatten best on a muddy bottom in the confluence of a stream with the sea, and the thinner the oysters are laid down the better will they thrive."

"On some of the natural French oyster beds there is a great

depth of water, from sixteen to twenty-five fathoms in some instances; but on the Ile de Ré, even at full tide, the water only mounts a few feet."

"On many parts of the Continent, and particularly in Italy, large salt water lakes have been made, or old ones utilised, for the purpose of growing oysters."

"On the West Coast of France, where their culture is best understood, the consumption of oysters does not commence till October, and ends the middle of April."

"An oyster laying should be divided into three portions, from each of which an annual harvest will be derived, as the oyster becomes reproductive in three years. Stones and old shells make by far the best bottom for the spat to fall upon."

"The possibility of collecting the offspring of oysters is demonstrated, not only by the results obtained from time immemorial on the artificial banks of Lake Fusaro, but is now confirmed by experiments made in the ocean itself. Branches of trees placed on the banks of Bretagne by Monsieur Mallett, and on the banks of the Seudre by Monsieur Ackerman, have been removed, after remaining for several months, covered with oyster seeds. It is only necessary to operate on a large scale to derive from this method incalculable supplies."

The following is a special plan of M. Coste, for collecting oyster spawn. Some time before the spawning season, lay down, by means of anchors or other heavy weights, a series of faggots of branches, well bound together, and fastened by cords to buoys. In five or six months after this immersion the fascines may be drawn up again, either for the purpose of transferring them bodily into the claires, or to select from them all the young oysters suitable for transference; whilst the bundle, with those not ready, can be replaced in the old position. M. Coste recommends the plan with great confidence; and as I have seen it tried, and know how well it succeeded, I can add my humble recommendation to that of the learned professor.

Recrossing the Channel, we come to Whitstable, in Kent, where we find an excellent example of a well-conducted and highly-profitable oyster farm. It is the nursery of the "natives," a class of oysters that bring the highest price in the market, and for which there is a never-ceasing demand, although it is pretty notorious that in some of our London shell-fish shops other oysters are frequently substituted. In Kent, and also on the opposite side of the Thames, falls of spat have been rather scarce of late years. It is fortunate that when a fall does occur, it is generally so abundant as to yield a large stock of growing

oysters. Some of the Thames and other oyster companies are at present trading on spat that fell four or five years ago. A copious fall of spat is believed to have fallen this year (1868) on all oyster grounds; on some beds it has already been seen to be enormous. But as it is at least three years before an oyster grows so large as to be of any marketable value, it will be the year 1871 before the present fall of spat can be utilised. The Whitstable oyster farmers have carried on their business for nearly eighty years. They form what may be called a hereditary family co-operative society, no new member being eligible except from birth or marriage; in other words, they must be the sons, or men who marry the daughters of Whitstable dredgers. At present there is, I think, about three hundred members in the Society, which also provides for about one hundred widows and non-workers. The men of Whitstable earn good wages and have comparatively little work; most of them, in addition to being dredgers, are also general fishermen, and I think some of them are pilots as well. The average weekly wage for a few hours of daily work is twenty-three shillings, and in some years a bonus of from fifteen to twenty pounds has been divided in addition. It may be taken as certain that during late years the Whitstable oyster men have been earning not less than one hundred pounds per annum, as their wages have been rising for some time back. In some years as much as 35,000*l.* have been paid over to the members of the Corporation. In addition to obtaining the regular pay which has been mentioned, many of the men go out and dredge for "brood" on the flats of Essex, so far as these are now free to them: for, if I am not mistaken, a large portion of the free oyster ground of the Essex shore was granted, two or three years ago, to an oyster company. By means of this extra employment, which is very remunerative, the men add considerably to their earnings. A large number of persons who are out of the pale of the society also gain a living by collecting infant oysters—"brood" is the technical name for these—on any ground that is common, and disposing of them to the company at a certain price.

The business of the Whitstable company is to rear and fatten "natives" for the London and other markets. They will grow a bushel of spat containing, say 25,000 oysters, for which they will perhaps pay 25*s.*, into fifteen bushels of marketable oysters, yielding at the rate of five guineas a bushel. The ratio of oyster growth is as follows: the first year's spawn "brood" gives 25,000 to the bushel; but by the time the oysters have lain another year on the fattening ground, they will have so grown that a bushel measure will not hold more than 6400 natives; the three-year-olds number 2400 to the bushel; whilst

in the fourth year that measure will not hold more than 1600 oysters. The members of the Whitstable company are bold business men; they began their operations as oyster farmers by borrowing a sum of 30,000*l.*! They were of course able to offer good security, having obtained, in virtue of an act of parliament, the sole right of fishing at Whitstable; indeed, it was to pay off the lord of the manor, and in order to stock the ground with brood that the money was borrowed. This debt has long since been paid, and since that time the Whitstable dredgers have been, during some years, in possession of oyster brood valued at half a million sterling. In some years they have been known to buy brood of the value of over thirty-six thousand pounds; what this would grow to in the course of four years can easily be determined from the figures already given. At the present rate of prices for "natives," the value of such a quantity of spat would be enormous. It is the sole business of the company at Whitstable to grow the brood oyster into a marketable mollusk; and in order to achieve this end in the most profitable way, they carry on their business after a most systematic fashion—their farm being divided into fields, oysters in their different stages of growth being planted in each field, and covered over with four or five feet of water. The men go out and dredge for an hour or two every day, both in the oyster season and out of it. During the season it is the business of each man to dredge a portion of the supply required for the London market, this takes only a very short time as so many are engaged in the labour. Out of season the men dredge for "the planting;" they overhaul the whole of the farm, and capture all the enemies of the oyster that they can lay hold of; they also remove dead shells, and separate double ones. They likewise, as has been indicated, collect spat in order to keep up their stock, as it is necessary to keep a large supply of oysters always on hand. The "working" of the beds is, in fact, the forte of the men of Whitstable; in this they excel, and it is this faculty of working, combined with the quality of the bottom on which the oysters are laid down, that has given to the mollusks reared at Whitstable their well-known celebrity. It may be a very heretical opinion, but I don't believe that a "native" is a really good oyster; and the word native, as applied to the oysters at Whitstable, is a sham—the oysters there are all collected oysters, for, as I have shown, none of their spat ever falls on their own ground, and most of their brood is obtained from Essex, some of it even, I am told, from Scotland and France. There are other oysters than those of Whitstable which have a surprising charm for the oyster eater. A Prestonpans "pandore" is a treat of the most exquisite

kind; but even the Newhaven oysters, grown about Leith Roads (Edinburgh), surpass in flavour those of Whitstable; they are, however, naturally grown oysters, and are really excellent. What an oyster gains in fat, it is sure to lose in flavour.

The following figures relating to the oyster beds of Kent, will be found interesting to those who are studying the subject of oyster culture. They were given two years ago on the authority of Captain George Austin, of Canterbury. There are now on the Whitstable and adjoining grounds, twelve square miles of public ground, and fifteen of private, making a total of twenty-seven square miles. Upon that space there are 3270 men who find a daily livelihood, and 817 to 850 dredging boats. These 3270 men earn on an average 20*s.* a week each throughout the year; the Whitstable men earn 40*s.* a week, the others less. The amount paid in wages by the owners of the private beds at Whitstable, &c., in one year, is 125,500*l.*; the amount paid in wages at the Essex local beds is 35,000*l.*; making a total of 160,500*l.* expended in wages in one year. Add to this, the money expended in keeping the boats in repair and working condition, paid to shipwrights, smiths, sail and rope makers 20*l.* a boat, giving 17,000*l.* Replacing old boats and those lost in storms, at 5*l.* each, 4500*l.* You thus have a total expenditure on labour-wages, and wages to artisans, of 182,000*l.* spent upon twenty-seven square miles of oyster ground. The sales from these beds during the same period, amounted to 201,000*l.*

The "natives" are largely grown from Essex spat. There is a considerable oyster fishery at Colchester, but not nearly so important as that of Whitstable, which is the largest "concern" of the kind in England with which I am acquainted; the oyster fisheries of the Frith of Forth, indeed, might be greatly extended. These belong principally to the Duke of Buccleuch and the city of Edinburgh, and are of great extent. The beds in the Frith of Forth are all natural scalps, and exceedingly productive, as the spat always falls in the beds, or in their immediate neighbourhood; in fact, it cannot escape, and even when by tidal influence it is floated off the upper oyster beds, it is caught at Inchkeith, and generally sinks on what is called the "neutral ground" there, and so becomes accessible to the fishermen. There are many excellently managed private oyster layings on the Colne, in addition to the fishery which is under the supervision of the corporation, and which has been known in some years to yield as many as six thousand bushels of oysters; and the public were recently told in a report by a fishery commission that the demand for oysters is now so enormous, that almost any quantity that could be

produced would scarcely affect the market price of these animals. The dredgermen of the Colne fishery seem to be well paid: they never get less for their work than at the rate of twelve shillings per bushel; and at different periods three times that sum has been paid to them for their labour. Those who own private layings do not, however, pay such high wages; they seldom, indeed, give more to their dredgers than four or five shillings per bushel.

A new oyster farm, on the French system, has been laid out at Hayling, and great falls of spat have been already obtained. The South of England Oyster Company have gone about the business of oyster culture in a very systematic fashion. The first deposit of spat in the Hayling Island oyster parcs was really prodigious, no less than twenty-six oysters being counted on a square inch of some of the collectors. The company began by only using a small portion of the ground which they had acquired, and on this portion (three and a half acres) they tried two different methods of culture,—the one copied from the Ile de Ré system, the other after the mode adopted at Lake Fusaro. By the latter plan the oysters are always covered by still water a few feet deep; by the Ré plan the tide, or at all events a current, is constantly allowed to flow through the beds. A stock of 50,000 oysters was laid down in the Fusaro parc, and almost before the directors were ready for it, the great fall of spat already mentioned took place. A breeding stock of 200,000 oysters was laid down in the other parc, but these were much later in spawning. The following is Mr. Hart's official account of what took place in the first season:—"As we commenced work only in April, 1866, only a very small portion of the Salterns could be prepared in time for last year's spat. The result, however, was a crop estimated at about 2000*l.* In February last I caused the spat to be removed from four hurdles, and the number to be carefully ascertained; the average of the four was 10,400 oysters upon an area of 15 square feet, being about 600 per square foot of collecting surface, besides an unknown but considerable quantity which has adhered to the shingled bottom of the pond. Immediately on obtaining this success, works were commenced on a larger scale on the western side of Hayling (where the company possesses 900 acres of the best ground for oyster farming), and there the result is a pond of 18 acres, containing 12,000 hurdles, of 20 square feet each. Of these I find over 8000 are so fully covered that it is impossible the oysterlings can all live, whilst upon very many the spat resembles petrification of the wood more than anything else, the hurdle being almost entirely invisible under the thick covering of oysters."

Christmas barrels of oysters have, I suspect, been anything but plentiful during the last season or two ; and the reason for such scarcity is not far to seek. With "natives" selling wholesale at eight guineas a bushel we need not wonder that Christmas presents are beginning now to assume a different shape. The country turkey or the brace of pheasants, with a hare added, is beginning to be reciprocated in gifts of pretty books. These, it must be confessed, will be more lasting; both old and young can take up a book again and again, and derive gratification alike from its pictures and letter-press. Oysters are, undoubtedly, a great treat to inland people ; but, when a Christmas cod-fish costs one guinea and a barrel of natives another, it is no wonder that other presents are being selected to replace them. The success of the Hayling Island oyster farmers has, however, set many other companies a going, and we may therefore expect in the course of the next few years to have very large additions made to our selling stock of oysters, and I must say that I hope these additional supplies will result in a great reduction of price. Half-a-crown for a dozen of oysters is a charge that no fellow will be inclined to submit to, yet that is what is charged in the London shell-fish shops at present. By next Christmas our barrel of oysters should cost not more than half the sum that has been paid for it during these last two years.

J. G. Bertram.

Dominic Pim's Woodcock.

IN Devonshire, by the brightest and liveliest trout stream, whither the angler may repair, having duly paid a weekly trout-rent, the happy, solitary Dominic Pim lingers, with a smile upon his face, the live-long day. Pim has a merry eye—else, a serious face, wherein the habit of handling the keys of the cellar is written in faint lines. Pim is not an indiscreet table-lover, for he it was who said, "the man who cannot leave the last glass in the bottle, even of '58 Château-Margaux, or '48 White Hermitage, does not blossom round *my* mahogany tree." Pim loves the good things of the world, as it is so difficult to love woman, wisely. He reflects with his wine-sips, and marks the journey of the golden thread to the sluggish corners of his brain. He is master of every inch of sunshine that is darted within his skull. At most when he has ended, will he permit a chuckle to sound deep in his throat. He rises—a festival covered with a hat! He has never been known to say, "Sir, there is a morrow-morning in that wine;" for he does not descend to serve counsel to that mere beginning of a man, the guest who cannot in due season say—"Enough!"

It was observed to Mr. Dominic Pim by an indiscreet friend, that all people were not gifted with the courage (compared with which the soldier's is mere disciplined timidity) Nature had lavished upon him. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Pim, with his serious face and his merry eyes—two slits of sunshine in a cloud—"I beg your pardon; I will not have my little virtue taken from me and presented to the world as a bit of jewelry which nature has been generous enough to confer on your humble servant. Zounds, sir, Nature made me as greedy as you. Do you think I have never gone to bed, and suffered unrest, with the remembrance of that last glass left in the bottle? I have subdued myself with very great difficulty; but this philosophy, gathered after many headaches, was my stoutest staff—he whose 'enough' is firmest in the utterance, most enjoys. Why, sir, half the dinner of some men is wasted in getting over the effect of yesterday's. I am now complete master of myself; and when the inner man speaks, saying, 'we are at our merriest and best,' my knife and fork slip mechanically from my hand, and I push the glass

from me, without once permitting myself to think I should have liked another bit or drop. It is the secret of health: the whole art of living. I could put your thick volume of Walker, who prosed overmuch, *entre nous*, in a nutshell, enough! The arts of *gourmandise* are the arts of temperance."

Pim is standing at the door of the inn, leaning lovingly upon the rod he has just encased for the day; and the landlord of the Crusted Bottle is lingering reverently by, admiring his rubicund and scholarly guest, of whom he has said, "he knows every scale of every fish, and every wing of every fly." Pim is in his customary happy humour. He has had some good sport, and has been great on his successes in the Holm Meadow Hole. The trout are in the cook's hands; the port stands in a warm room, mellowing to the ticking of a cuckoo clock. It is the hour of light and pleasant meditation—after a good wash and putting on of fine linen for the chief ceremony of the day. The mind is always gently stimulated with the anticipation of the oyster that is opening and of the Chablis, into the amber of which the butler's eye is diving. Pim was bright and "fancy free;" and his eye watched the sunlight skipping upward upon the chestnut that was a perpetual glory under the windows of the Crusted Bottle.

"To think of the months in every year I pass in the Temple!" Mr. Pim, bencher of his inn, meditated, "and this is always here to be enjoyed. I know spring would be but sorry weather if we had nothing else but spring, *toujours perdrix*, and that kind of proverbial philosophy which saves thousands of men the trouble of thinking for themselves. But what about no spring, not a partridge in the country, not a woodcock in brave old England, not a trout in a single stream! Better always trout than no trout, and perpetual spring than the congenialities of the North Pole for ever. I say again, that I should spend eleven months out of every twelve in Pump Court, when all this beauty is for ever at my command—the changing of the seasons giving it only a fresh holiday dress—is monstrous. Do you think, sir, I should or could ever tire of that chestnut, or yawn in the Holm Meadow? We, townsmen, with cobwebs in our eyes, cann't understand how countryfolk get through the time in the winter: the fact being that they enjoy nature in perpetual quiet; while we, dulled by town haste and unrest, positively cannot see in the country that which the countryman finds in it. You know the intensity of the Indian dyes is now said to be the result of the crystal-clear climate in which the Indian sees with a distinctness and penetrativeness we have not. Country distractions, as I have watched

them, are exhaustless—only get a man of quiet, observant, kindly mind. For instance, I, a townsman, with that yearning for the country which I cannot subdue, and which makes me miserable in the rattle and busy life, and amid the hard faces of London, can spend my month here, and find towards its close that I know next to nothing of the place. I remember a capital story, *à propos.*

"I called one day on an unfortunate friend who was in the London sponging-house, which is a disgrace to our law reformers, and indeed to all of us; when I fell into conversation with that foggy dignitary whose local title is 'the man on the key.' He had seen his part of the world; and a man of peculiar experience always interests me. So we fell into conversation, and he told me a number of stories I may some day select for you over a bottle of wine. But this is to my point. While we were talking, a newly-caught prisoner was brought in; a person of lofty and venerable appearance, who saluted the man on the key familiarly, saying, 'I've come to see you again, Dick.' 'Pleased to see you, sir; but sorry you've come,' was Mr. Dick's polite and humane answer. The venerable man turned with a light step into a yard that was railed over like a bear-pit. The new comer glanced briskly about the sponging yard; then turning upon Dick, exclaimed, 'Why, Dick, what has become of the canaries?'"

Here was the touch of sympathy between the venerable man and Mr. Dick. Hundreds of prisoners had been under the care of the man on the key, not one among whom had noticed the birds. The venerable prisoner was a sympathetic observer, who would analyse the mildew on his prison walls, or philosophise on the rust of his chains. Plant that observer here, and I'll warrant he would not find a dull moment in all the live-long year. Well, I pretend to be somewhat in his mould. A man may be able to spend his life in his garden, and yet wholly incompetent to the task of writing his observations like Alphonse Karr.

The host of the Crusted Bottle—a spare, intrusive sharp man, whom Mr. Pim, chuckling, called "the Weasel"—hereupon advanced from under his porch (over which roses and honeysuckles were toying with the soberer clematis in the background), and said, with the satisfaction of a man who had seen the trout in the dish, and knew that his kitchen was not disgraced,

"Your dinner is qu*i*te ready, Mr. Pim."

Mr. Dominic Pim smiled and bowed, and gently pushed his humble servant and chronicler before him to the dining-room.

The cloth was moorland snow; the flowers were nodding in at the windows: a thrush in a wicker cage slanting from the wall (an old bit

of painter's observation) was musical; the look-out was a garden all greenery, with grey upland beyond. The dinner: trout, a capon lying upon the freshest of water-cresses, a dish of tomatoes, the gravy made under Mr. Pim's own directions, and a custard, the component eggs and milk of which were the pride of the landlady. A pint of admirable Madeira, and a bottle of port, which Mr. Pim was handsome enough to recommend, completed our moderate entertainment.

"Country fare, but good country fare," Mr. Pim observed, with my earnest approbation. And he became "garrulously given" over his wine. He dwelt on the virtues of blackcock, while the landlord was clearing the table, to the great delight of the sharp host of the Crusted Bottle.

"There is but one drawback to life in such a place as this, and that is——"

"Pray tell me, Mr. Pim," the Weasel begged; "that I may see if it can be done away with. What is it, Mr. Pim?"

"No woodcock."

"Impossible—quite impossible, Mr. Pim—for love or money."

"Money or love, you mean. Love never pays the bill, man."

The Weasel went away lamenting, and we drew near to the window. Mr. Pim was pleased with his point, and sat smiling and watching an owl that was swaying most depressingly in a corner of the garden.

"He looks like a philosopher, whose last experiment has failed; an unprinted poet; a painter, who has just carried back his rejected masterpiece to his garret. But he is a fool, sir. For nearly three weeks now has he been my companion over my wine, and I assure you"—(Dominic Pim ended with grave humour)—"I promise you, as a man of conscientious observation, there is nothing in him. Nail him to a barn-door to-morrow, and the world would wag on just as well."

The bird still swayed, as in agony of mind.

Pim went on, watching his "friend in the feathers," as he called him—"Yet I should miss the rascal, much as I despise him for the lack of energy and courage with which he takes the blows of the world. He has often called to mind the proverb the Italians have—applying it to the coward under blows. They say—

"'Luckily, they were not peaches.'

Isaac Disraeli has a good explanation of this. It seems that the community of the Castle Poggibonsi, possibly from some strange tenure, observed on St. Bernard's day, pay, or paid, a tribute of peaches to the Court of Tuscany, which are—or were, rather—shared

among the ladies in waiting and the pages at Court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people of Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which so incensed the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out, 'Luckily, they were not peaches!' That bird would quail under a peach."

"We are often amused by those whom we despise," I said, starting Mr. Pim on new ground.

"And diverted by those who despise us."

We fell into such pleasant conversation, and our respective contributions of knowledge and observation of the world fell into such harmonious *marqueterie*, that Mr. Pim exerted his eloquence to keep me another day.

"Sir," I said, "I'm bidden to a feast of reindeer to-morrow, in London. It has been pronounced, of late, the finest meat in flavour, grain, and succulence, in the world."

Mr. Pim, while confessing his sorrow that we could not, under the circumstances, take up the silken threads of our conversational embroidery on the morrow, consented to my departure.

"I must needs make shift with my graceless owl," he said. And we parted as we lit our bed-room candles.

What remains to be told reached me after a year or two.

Mr. Pim, on the morrow or so of my leave-taking, enjoyed another good day's sport over the Holm Meadow Hole, and thereabouts. He returned home, however, drenched, and was prevailed upon by "the Weasel" to take an extraordinarily stiff glass of brandy-and-water before dinner. Washed and brushed, and wrapped in his flannel dressing-gown, he appeared in the dining-room. The Weasel was all attention—very pleased, and very nervous.

"What do you give me to-day?" said Mr. Pim, airing himself before the fire, and with the zest of a man equal to any delicacy.

The Weasel, with a twitch of his head, answered—

"I think you will like it, Mr. Pim—that I do; leastways, I hope so."

"Ah! ha! some surprise. We shall see. I think we'll say another pint of that Madeira. Madeira, like beauty, is found in strange places at times."

Mr. Pim never enjoyed a dinner more, he said, as he cast his

serviette upon the table, and turned to the bit of fire the thoughtful host had made on the chilly, wet day.

"That woodcock you gave me was admirable. You are a wizard landlord. It seems only an hour or two ago you told myself and Mr. Fin-Bec that woodcock was as impossible as a Chinese bird's nest; and to-day you produce one—and no ordinary specimen! I shall not forget this. A man's heart may be ungrateful, his stomach never."

During the evening Mr. Pim dozed, and read, and pondered, digesting the woodcock.

On the morrow, having dined on his ordinary fare, and with sluggish appetite, he drew his chair to its usual place, and, with his wine at his elbow, slowly unfolded the London paper. Presently he glanced into the garden. His eyes wandered from point to point: under the shrubs, upon the roofs of the outhouses.

"Where the deuce has the shabby rascal hidden himself? I felt he would come to no good. He has been pelted with peaches at last. Yet he seldom moved from that corner. He'll sneak out presently."

Again and still again Mr. Pim put aside his paper, and surveyed the garden.

"No—he's nowhere to be seen. It's annoying—extremely annoying."

At length, impatient, Mr. Pim rang the bell violently; and the Weasel appeared, rubbing his hands to express his alacrity.

"Landlord," said Mr. Pim, "I don't see the owl—*my* owl."

Visible embarrassment on the countenance of the Weasel, which fires Mr. Pim.

"Tell me directly,—I must know. What has become of him?"

The landlord, in an apologetic tone (an obsequious man will apologise for the east wind),—

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Pim, sir,—he's dead!"

"Dead! When and how did he die?"

"We killed him, sir."

The landlord's excitement was increasing. The anger of Mr. Pim was rising.

"Killed him—my only companion! Let me see the poor bird!"

The Weasel now shook with fright, and he muttered, "It was impossible."

"Impossible!" Mr. Dominic Pim shouted. "Don't you know Lord Brougham said impossible is the mother-tongue of fools? WHERE IS THE BIRD?"

The landlord was overcome, and could not help it. He burst upon the "road of confessions."

"Didn't you complain, Mr. Pim—I am sure you will admit you did—of the sameness of the dinners?"

The terrible truth, as it is observed in nineteen novels out of twenty, burst upon the unfortunate Dominic Pim.

"Scoundrel! you don't mean to tell me that you served that old——"

"Be just, Mr. Pim: pray be just, sir," the landlord interjected. "Didn't you say, only yesterday, that in all your days you never eat such a blackcock?"

"The shameful cruelty, too!—the brutality! to kill——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pim. I don't deserve *that* reproach. He died!"

Mr. Dominic Pim's fly has not skimmed the Holm Meadow Hole for many a long day.

FIN-BEC.

The Smithfield Club Show.

S long as "ancient surloin" continues to be the standard of old English hospitality, and plum porridge is not considered Popery, the bullock broadside will be planted early in December among omnibus and mural literature, and the turnstiles at the Agricultural Hall will never cool by day. Since Mr. Boulnois's reign ceased, and numbers were not kept dark, about 108,000 people have annually, on the average, gazed on the feast of fat things at Islington. Massinger's City Madam suggests that three fat wethers should be bruised up to make sauce for one peacock; but they were cheap in those days, and salesmen did not stand out for *6l.* to *8l.* a-piece for prizetakers before they gave the hand spat to the butcher. The dignity of cattle and sheep has been marvellously progressive of late years, and none do them more homage than the London public. They handle their "fool's catch," and punch their ribs, and poke them up till the beast goes down in despair, and his owner comes to the rescue with hurdles to fence him off. They are equally attentive to the sheep, which learn at last to keep to the opposite side of the pen, if possible. John Day, the crack "trainer" of the Merton Southdowns, is as severe a schoolmaster to the Londoners as he is a good sheep barber. Seated on the side of his pen, newspaper in hand, he will allow of no handling by the million, one of whom styled him an "acid-tempered dragon." After all, the Cockney is seen to most advantage among the pigs. "Good Mussulman, abstain from pork," is certainly not one of his tenets, as he hangs over the pens and fondly watches them sit up, "quite Christian like," on their hind legs, while the swine-herd chucks the oatmeal balls down their throats. Butchers, too, are not insensible to the *éclat* which they gain by having a prize beast or sheep on their stalls; and if they are beginners, that is more than ever a reason why they should use such a sovereign advertisement. Many a Briton eats his roast-beef with double relish if it is off her Majesty's steer, and talks about his butcher with more respect, and scrutinises his bill less closely in consequence.

The Smithfield Club has certainly been a great mother of meat for just seventy years. It first saw the light on the great Smithfield

market day of 1798, under the title of "Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society." Mr. J. Wilkes, of Measham in Derbyshire, was its founder, but he seems to have been a "Single Speech Hamilton," as we never heard or read of his name in connection with anything else. It was appropriate enough that he should come from the county where dwelt that friend of Dr. Johnson for whom that sentence was first rent out of the Apocrypha, "his talk is of bullocks." Francis Duke of Bedford was the chairman of the day, and John Westcar, John Ellman, Arthur Young, and thirty others, sat round him. Sir Joseph Banks sent in his adhesion by nightfall, and in 1802 the number of members extended to a hundred. Creslow Great Field, with its 313 acres, and that big fence which Mr. Anstruther Thompson jumped in after years, had then the same beautiful verdure which has always stamped it as the very navel of the Bucks grass country, and it sent up a bullock to the first show 6 ft. 7 in. high, and 10 ft. 4 in. in girth. It was sold for 100 gs.; but in point of size it was put in the shade by one of 7 ft., which girthed 12 ft. 4 in. People may well fancy that these girths must have been taken after dinner; but it is written in the minute-books, and they should not doubt. George III. was an early exhibitor of oxen, and the club had hardly been in existence three years before, to put it mildly, "doubts were expressed" about the age of some of the pigs. The rules were very complicated both as to register of food and returns from butchers, and the tables of experiments are of the most elaborate character. John Duke of Bedford, who succeeded his brother in 1802, was never weary of testing the digestive juices of his bullocks, Mark and Spot. Both of them had to be starved into a taste for oilcake, and after all Mark would generally eat five cakes to Spot's two, and hence it is no wonder that he stole ahead of him 240 lbs. in a long feeding trial. Then three Hereford oxen, Ball, Boxer, and Poppet, and a French ox and a Devon cow, had their full swing at turnips, hay, and oilcake for two months. The result was that "the Frenchman" was an easy winner, and the little Devon ate up to her weight so devotedly, that she nearly caught up the biggest Hereford. The two oxen of Mr. Westcar,—who was at last found dead, with his pony grazing at his side, on the highest point of that pasture which his Herefords had made so renowned,—were enormous, whether fed on grass or oil-cake. The former, which had eaten 5934 lbs. of tankard turnips and swedes, and 1184½ lbs. of hay, in its "last dip," from October 1st to November 19th, 1802, scaled 306 st. 6¾ lbs. dead weight, including offal, at 8 lbs. per stone. The latter, which had rejoiced in 512½ lbs. of cake, 722 lbs. of turnips, and 963½ lbs. of

hay, during the same period, had the pre-eminence at 367 st. 3 lbs.[a] Nothing is said of their relative ages, but such is the accuracy of Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's records, that nothing can have been omitted.

The minutes form a curious analysis of the mind of the club, and the difficulty they had in simplifying their leading idea of producing the most meat at the smallest cost, for the butcher. The president was very liberal, and during the depression which followed the war prices, if he had not stood in the gap with his money and medals there would have been no club show at all. Members increased, but subscriptions fell into arrear; and when at last his grace brought himself to believe that cattle, sheep, and swine had seen the highest point to which the combined sciences of breeding and feeding could bring them, and resigned his office for ever and aye, things looked dark indeed. However, this strange resolve only tended "to knit" the Club's

"Stray forces into steadfast power."

Sir John Sebright, of bantam fame, and adored among the Corinthians of that day for allowing a great fight to come off on his park, held the presidency in commission for three years, and the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, whose dairy is such a gem beneath the Belvoir woods, smiled on the club, and became a member. With 1825, Earl Spencer's presidency began, and for twenty years did that good bucolic soul pull a vigorous stroke oar. The Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Exeter, and Mr. Coke also lent life to those Decembers, with their sweepstakes and matches. "Forty Five" saw the escutcheons up both for Earl Spencer and Sir John Sebright, and thus those "quiet days at Wiseton," which Sir Charles Knightly, John Grey, and Hugh Watson, loved so well, were ended. Another presidential profile appeared on the reverse of the prize medal of the club, which made a worthy choice in the Duke of Richmond. His heart was as much with Southdowns as the dead earl's had been with short-horns, and he knew no happier time than when he was talking to "little Charley," his head shepherd, among the ewe flock in Goodwood Park, or the wether classes at Baker Street. Charley was not a good loser. He did not blame the judges, but he always said that he was "*badly in my stomach*," and wanted "*a nip of something*." On one occasion he cried outright, when he told the duke that the light-weight pen had been disqualified for being a pound over weight, and those who saw the scene will never forget

[a] Of this weight, 92 st. 5 lbs. was offal.

Charley wiping his eyes with a little cotton handkerchief, and the Waterloo veteran patting his old servant's back, and saying, in the most tender tones, "*Never mind, Charley, we must sweat them, to be safe next time.*" S. Grantham and the brothers Webb kept the duke for many a Christmas out of gold medals for short wools, when he had won in 1836-37, but in 1847, "Charley" was enabled to say, on reply to inquiries, "*Thank God, I be pretty well.*" Between then and the duke's death in 1860, he won six times, and again for the present duke. After his grace's death, the system of annual presidents commenced with Lord Berners, whose Kerry cow and Cup Leicesters are always "in their place in the house," for that brief December fat session.

The club led a vagrant existence for its first eight years: now at Wootton's livery stables, in the Dolphin-yard; then at Dixon's Repository, in the Barbican, and from 1806 to 1838 in Sadler's Yard, Goswell Street. With 1839, the year which brought the Royal Agricultural Society into existence, at Oxford, it made a great step, and flying from the haunts of Mr. Pickwick, it took up its habitation at Baker Street Bazaar, close to Madame Tussaud's. The 140*l.* which the Sadler's Yard proprietor had guaranteed for prizes, was increased to 300*l.*, and, as years rolled on, to 700*l.*; but all available ground-floor and gallery space was exhausted at last, and in 1861 the club made its latest move to the Agricultural Hall, with a cool thousand guaranteed. It was, however, at Baker Street that the club earned its spurs, and its prize-sheet was pretty nearly moulded into shape. Short-horn men love to dwell on the gold medal glories of Necklace, Peach, Victoria, and Beauty's Butterfly; of Stratton's short-horn steer in '58, and of Baker's from the Barley pastures in '60, when landlord's and tenant's stood side by side, and the latter just won the day. The Rothersthorpe ox is also of noble memory, and two female "reserves," Mogridge's heifer, and McCombie's Galloway cow have a more enduring fame than those which beat them. "Sir Harry Verney's big ox" took the town, and swelled Mr. Boulnois' bullion, and people looked annually for the little dun ox from Badminton Park, one of whose fellows had taken the boiled beef prize, when the French jury met like witches over the cauldron.

The bazaar on some evenings was like a hundred cauldrons steaming; and how the people and the cattle ever bore it, passes our ken. We once fled away, perfectly choked, and felt that "Jack Ketch be upon thee." Still we look back upon the Club and press evenings there as fondly as a man does to his first love. Up to eight o'clock even the Club were excluded, and there stood the "country party,"

grumbling, and sometimes kicking, for a long hour, with top boots and gaiters, at the sealed doors. There was no human reason why they might not have been in the galleries, but the rules said, no; and so they were left out in the draught, contemplating specimens of saddlery, and listening for any little hint or stray tip which some Club runner might vouchsafe.

When we did get in, there was a great charm in those two or three evening hours at Baker Street. You saw the first agriculturists of the day brought into a focus. During the year they were widely scattered; but on that Monday evening there was but one trysting place. Philosophers can meet, and so can archæologists, and the professors of a score of other ologies, but the agriculturists have no Jerusalem to which once a year they can go up with a change of linen. There were once great gatherings at Holkham when Coke of Norfolk was a living name. The Woburn sheepshearing under the elms brought about an exchange of minds between the first breeders and plough-farmers of the day; and farmers from the Tyneside and the Vale of the Eden, rode once a year to the Schooze Farm, Workington, to hear whether Carwen of Cumberland, and his still more distinguished nephew, William Blamire, could show them any new thing. Now there is no one to rally them for a summer's pilgrimage, and, save in the alleys on the Smithfield Club Monday, they never meet at all. Even that meeting has no reality about it like the Baker Street evening. There is no Club dinner on the premises that night, and they are off to farmers' clubs, or theatres, or private dinners, by five o'clock.

Jonas Webb, with his fine presence and happy smile, is a pleasant memory; but he never lived to see the new hall of whose council he was the chairman. The cup of his earthly prosperity was full. He had won every prize with Southdowns, and then sold his flock of 1404 for 16,646*l.* He had reached the summit of his wishes in the short-horn gold medal for bulls, at the Battersea Royal, and his herd was in high vogue. That spring he had revisited the Emperor's farm in France, and formed the leading figure on the platform, when the authorities held their great day, to distribute their prizes at the Poissy Show. Then he began to droop; and at Battersea he was drawn about in his Bath chair. Still he took Sir Charles Knightly, to whom he owed the blood, and proudly pointed out to him in succession his bulls, Sir Charles, Englishman, and First Fruits, the grandsire and sire of the white gold medallist. The evening then began to prophesy of itself. He and his wife left Babraham, for a short stay in Cambridge, and they never returned,

except when they were borne there. He was not permitted to survive by more than four days,

> "The love of his youth,
> The stay of his riper years;"

and his statue set up "by friends in many lands," stands in Cambridge, hard by St. Mary's Church.

He was always sanguine about the success of the company, and their building at Islington; and Mr. Giblett, the eminent cattle salesman, who originated the idea, had no stronger backer. As for the late Sir John Shelley's fears he laughed at them in his quiet way, and felt sure that the public would always come from the West End to see a good show if there was one. And so it has proved. Very diverse assemblies have met under "that arch of lucid glass"—under that roof. Mr. Spurgeon has kept thousands hanging on his lips; Mr. Gladstone has addressed the prize-holders at a Working Man's industrial exhibition; a dog show has been held there; Jameson and Dick Wright have illustrated the hype and the cross-buttock on the Good Friday afternoons, which Cumbrians and Westmoreland men devote to wrestling; Miss Burdett Coutts has had a donkey show, though it did not answer its purpose as at Keighley; Caractacus, Lord Clifden, and Scottish Chief have all borne their part in the horse ranks; there have been concerts for the million; and Mr. John Mill, has delivered political advice to them gratis; clowns, amazons, kings, Billy Button, and all the characters of the circus, have held high jinks in its ring; and then the scene is changed, and the body of the hall becomes "warm with the breath of kine," and is one great pastoral grouping of flocks and herds, with names, weights, and classes overhead.

Beyond the bullock broadside, we saw little in town to savour of the country festival. Certainly an agriculturist, in a white coat, top-boots, and low-crowned hat, was gazing most intently at the Charing Cross Lions; and a man would persecute us to make a groundsel bargain. Near the hall matters look more like business, and walls and shop windows bloom with pictures of the articles of the hour. An owner is represented as looking at a well-to-do horse, and saying to his groom, "*I shall persevere with this cocoa extract;*" while a purveyor of medicated food has composed a group of animals so rampagious that the horses are trying to shake hands with a man; while a pig, under its influence (which ought to be soporific if it is to grow bacon), makes a mad rush into space, whereat a farming man holds up his hands.

On the Friday and Saturday there was a new ceremonial of putting every beast and pen of sheep on a weighbridge, at which Mr. Charles Howard and Mr. Duckham presided, pencil in hand; and a tough job they had with Lord Hardwick's heifer and a Devon.

Beasts are not now "driven 126 miles to the show," like the Devon ox in 1805, but come in deep, open vans. Before they are backed out, a young veterinary student climbs on the shafts, looks solemnly down their throats, and, if he has any doubt as to health, calls in one of the two professors, who hover near in attendance on the pigs. The latter are in an antechamber, very roughly hurdled (as "it is the first year"), and three of them, after leaving a fourth "stuck to save its life" at the station, arrive in a van with four horses, and Newman's postboys. Before forty-eight hours had elapsed the knife is in two more of them, and the deserted one grunts their dirge with his nose on a log. This has been a famous part of the show, and the Prince Consort, Earl Radnor, and Coate of Hammoon have done wonders in their time; but it has gradually trained off. The make of the heads, and the general quality of both Whites and Berkshires, will not compare with the brave days of old. Some say that since 1858, when Beal of Frolesworth took the gold medal with his eighteen months' improved Leicesters, there has been a steady going down hill. High feeding has outstripped the veterinary tooth canons, and men of honour will not send pigs and have an unjust slur thrown upon them. When they cease to show, they begin to be careless about points.

As for the cattle and sheep rows, we have no intention of going through them. The London reporters meet the leading beast actors and actresses at Birmingham, and so the interest of the Smithfield Club is heavily discounted. Some ten years since herds and flocks began to be written about in earnest, and now nearly every paper has taken up the theme, and dailies are even hotter on it than the weeklies. The weights this year were invaluable, as they guided purchasers, and taught those who go so much for size that it is the thick, low-legged ones which weigh. For instance, a rough, short-horn ox, and a Devon steer a year younger, which stood exactly opposite each other in the main avenue, were precisely the same weight! But the short-horns were not a very distinguished band, as regards the bullocks. A duke sent one with a skin which no judges could pass; and a small Scottish tenant farmer had fed his prize ox till it was all bowels. Of course he couldn't see it, and vowed (though people told him that the sentiment was unworthy of Bannockburn) that nothing should bring him over the Border again to be robbed; and as for two

other defeated ones, they bemoaned their lot together, with countenances which might have soured all the milk and cream for miles. There were, in truth, no gallant short-horn bullocks; but the females redeemed them, and were first and second for the Cup. Devons are so well got up, and cut up so well, that they are quite redeeming themselves from their title of "Aztecs;" and if some of the Hereford cows were coarse, the bullocks, with their beautiful curly coats, came to the rescue in a grand array. Heath's Cup ox put all dispute at rest, as he had every nice token of breeding to back his deep flesh. As for West Highlanders, they are wandering into quite gigantic proportions, under the influence of cake and tankard turnips; and it would be well if these esculents would give some size to the Suffolk poll, of which the Prince of Wales is a double winning patron. Sussex and Welsh are as they were, and the black polls had not a regular crack amongst them; while the cross between them and the short-horn brought the heaviest beef masses, 2660 lbs. and 2572 lbs., to the meeting.

The sheep begin with Lord Berners' Leicesters, which stand right away from their fellows, both in their skins and general quality. All the Cotswolds can only furnish four pens; Casswell's Lincolns make a mark such as they never did before. As for Mr. Sardeson's wonderfully-fed Lincoln ewe, we leave her 362 lbs. to be digested by others; and Romney Marsh, with their heavy, slouch ears and big paunches, do not add much to the long wools. Our *beau ideal* of a Southdown is one in Mr. Rigden's gold-medal pen, nine or six years since, we forget which; but one of Lord Walsingham's shakes our allegiance. It is only in the extra class that we come upon a Hampshire Down after our own heart; and Shrops are not worthy of themselves. Oxford Downs have some beautiful specimens, and all the winners seem to have had their hand in Charles Howard's dish at Biddenham. Mr. Peel's Lonks, with Henry Clapham as their esquire, prosper as ever: and so do the Exmoors and the still thicker Dorsets and Ryelands. Cross breeds were a great feature, and at one time it seemed as if pipes and nightcaps would have to be sent for. The three judges who stood by them in two cup struggles, would not give in for hours to the Leicesters, and the Oxfords, but we can only marvel at their resolve, and glory that they were tired out of it.

The men are still more remarkable than the beef and mutton they have come to see. There is the agent of the grandest ring fence estate in the kingdom, who seems to take no other holiday in the year. Another has a wide-known name, and owns to more distinguished land agents as his pupils than any man of the day. Mr.

McCombie, M.P., in his grey suit and brown gaiters, takes counsel with Mr. James Howard, of Pig and Bedford P.P. plough fame. The former has made a bold step at his time of life, but "a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory" has been his life motto, and he has never swerved from it. A tall, active old man, moves about as brisk as a bee, with a word for everyone. There is no finer all-round judge, and he has been 105 times on duty already. James Quartly is there, looking over the Devon ranks to which his family reds have given such substance, while a jolly miller from the West countrie, who will buy his 4000*l.* worth of wheat in a morning, surveys Honeycomb most lovingly, and discovers a wonderful likeness in her to a prize heifer of his own. There too are men, who by scientific crossing, have "chated natur" as regards ducks, geese, and southwolds, into a size which she never contemplated; the dignified and intellectual looking breeder of Cotswolds, who has just borne his part on the bench, the energetic editor of the Hereford Herd Book, ready for a speech or argument at morning, noon, or night; Mr. Giblett, in his top boots, one of the few pairs left in daily life, since the days of Sir Tatton Sykes, and "Thornton's Circular," among his clients with the honours of his maiden Rugby sale fresh upon him. There are a host more of good men and true, but we think sadly how last year we met the Marquis of Hastings as ever with *the* red flower at his button hole, gay and bright, and looking in an off-hand way at the Leicesters, for his county's sake.

A word more and we have done. An unhappy friend of ours, after bringing every beast, sheep and pig, within spectacle focus, was not weary of animal life, and must needs adjourn to the Zoological Gardens. When there, he peered into the bars of a monkey cage, and his language to one of the keepers shall tell the sequel. "*Sir, one of your confounded monkeys has seized my spectacles, tried to put them on, failed in the effort, broken up the steel part,—and swallowed the glasses.*" "Very sorry, sir," said the man, "which is it?" and so with a sort of butterfly net, the culprit was brought down, his pouches squeezed, and the glasses recovered. It was in vain for that keeper to show the bereft one a box full of spectacles broken under similar circumstances. He was rebuffed in this fashion, "Sir, it will cost me 30*s.* to put them right, and I shall henceforth see the world through the medium of spectacles saturated in monkey juice."

H. H. D.

THE STORY OF MARULLO.

I PURPOSE, with the aid of an old friend, to tell an old story. But I have reasons for thinking that it will not be old to all who may do me the honour of reading it. If I satisfy myself, at the end, that I have not quite spoiled my friend's tale, I will mention his name; if I do not, I shall only say, "Ah, but you should hear *him* tell it."

A great many years ago, in a certain magnificent island, rich in all that nature can do for islands, and richer in a race of brave men and virtuous women—take note, if you please, that this is not a satire, nor an allegory, but a story—there was great alarm, confusion, and trouble. For which, this was the reason. A strong nation, that dwelt at some distance from the island, but not too far for war-ships to cross a sea, and throw an overwhelming force upon the coast, coveted larger empire than it possessed, and sent forth a powerful fleet against the islanders. It is convenient to give the island a name, so we will call it Sicily, and we may as well call its ambitious and greedy enemy, Carthage. The beautiful city in which most of the incidents of our story occurred, we will name Syracuse.

The Syracusans, I say, were in a state of great alarm. For not only did they know that the Carthaginian fleet was a very strong one, manned by skilful sailors, and bringing soldiers of extraordinary fierceness and admirable discipline, but they knew that they themselves had much neglected the duty of being armed against an enemy. It was not that any Syracusans were of opinion that people ought not to defend themselves when attacked, or that a government with false economical principles had starved their armaments, for they lived a great many years ago, and had not arrived at that point of enlightenment. But the fact is, that the Syracusans were rich and luxurious; and though, as has been told, the island was rich in brave men and virtuous women, it abounded also with men and women who were neither rich nor virtuous, and these had given the tone to public opinion, such as it was. They had splendid houses, lovely gardens, beautiful equipages, and large wealth; and while they could enjoy these things, all good in their way, they cared nothing about the general welfare. There was a show of an army and a navy, and

the services were favourites, especially with the ladies. The naval and military reviews enabled the young officers to display themselves in gorgeous uniforms, and to look like heroes; but the heroic spirit was wanting. When the time came for the hard and cruel work of war, the Syracusans shrunk from it, and felt that they had no chance against men with whom soldiering meant business, and not an excuse for delightful and picturesque spectacle. I need not say that everybody, at the crisis, began to lay the blame of the helplessness on everybody but himself, and rushed about declaring that the people who had brought the island into such a shameful condition ought to be burned; but such declarations, though they might be true, did very little good. The Carthaginian fleet was coming, and people told one another of the terrible cruelty of the nation, and how captives were put to death by prolonged tortures, when Carthage wanted a particularly pleasant holiday.

Some little comfort they found (while the better among them were showing a good example, hastily fortifying, drilling volunteers, and acting the part of brave men, who would not go down without a fight), in saying that the Carthaginian admiral was but a weak young fellow, named Gisco, whose life had been passed in admiring himself and making ladies admire him, and who would be seized with a headache if he wore his helmet and plume. That was not much. But there was better comfort for them. The wiser men among them had met in council, and had resolved on sending to ask aid from another state—let us say Corinth. The Corinthians had a great general, and a fine army, and their rulers were not deaf to the argument that if Carthage took Sicily, Corinth would be in danger; for in those days statesmen looked ahead a little, and were not content with keeping matters smooth for their own time. But the Corinthians imposed certain very stringent conditions. They were not going to fight for an ally that might ruin them by imbecility. If they sent Timoleon, their general, with his army, to help Syracuse, the islanders must accept him as a Dictator, for the war-time, and submit to whatever he chose to ordain for the good of the cause. This the vainer part did not like at all, but they were overruled by the wiser part; and General Timoleon arrived to take command in Syracuse, and to defy the Carthaginians.

So much for public affairs, now for private ones. The Prætor, or Mayor of Syracuse, was named Archidamus, and he had a son called Timagoras, and a beautiful and spirited daughter named Cleora. This young lady was of the kind to which the best women of all ages belong. She could love devotedly, but her love must rest upon a

noble object, and she would be her lover's friend, confidante, and helpmate, not his toy and slave. She was as chaste as fair, and her nobility of nature was well known throughout Syracuse. The show-soldiers and the fops and idlers knew better than to ask her in marriage, but there were two men, either of whom she might have wedded without self-sacrifice. One of these, at this time, had been got rid of. His name was Pisander, a gallant gentleman from Thebes, who was every way worthy of her. But her brother Timagoras favoured another suitor, Leosthenes, who was also a gallant soldier, but of a jealous and suspicious nature, though not a mean one. Whether the young lady had cared for Pisander or not does not matter now, he had been sent back, not over civilly, to Thebes, through the influence of the brother over the father. Leosthenes now found things in his favour, for Cleora had all admiration for the brave men who rallied for the defence of Syracuse, and he meant to win her love by some desperate achievement against the Carthaginians. On the whole, therefore, the brave Leosthenes was the only man who was altogether pleased with the condition of public affairs —such is the power of love.

Here it must be mentioned that in Syracuse the domestic institution of slavery existed, and the unfortunate slaves were generally ill-treated. Of course there were exceptions to this rule; there were some kind masters and mistresses. But for the most part, the slaves were beaten on the least provocation, or without any; they were treated worse than beasts, for they were neglected and starved, or if not starved, no consideration was paid to their comforts; they were left without food till their owners had wearied themselves out at their banquets, and were obliged to lie about on the floors or the stairs until, perhaps far into the night, their tyrants had done their revel, when woe to the slave who did not spring at the first call to be ready with the torch and the carriage. They were oppressed more than was prudent, to rest the case no higher, for they murmured and repined, and made no secret of their joy that the Carthaginians were coming to reduce the haughty Syracusans to the same condition as that of their unhappy slaves. Among them was a tall, handsome, and clever man, named Marullo, whom the Prætor had bought as an attendant on Cleora's carriage, or to aid in carrying her litter, when she chose that means of visiting. He did his duty well, but there was danger in his eye. He was never beaten, Cleora would not have permitted that, and if she would, I think that the angriest master would have thought twice before rousing Marullo's blood.

The Corinthian general came, and all the great folks of Syracuse

assembled in the senate-house, to receive him. He was already a favourite with the ladies, by reason of his renown, and by reason of his being a novelty, and while they sat waiting for him, some of the friskier matrons declared that they should be happy to kiss him. We may be sure that Cleora joined in none of this vulgar flippancy. She rejoiced that Syracuse was to be defended, but she felt with her father, and other grave men, that the terms of Corinth were humiliating to the Syracusans. Timoleon came, and after a proper reception, he addressed them in a very stern way. He declared that he would not take the command unless they ratified the agreement that he was to be absolute. He was so far from kissing the ladies that the frisky sort pronounced him a bear, and set themselves against him. But the Syracusan authorities could only submit, and he was made absolute lord. Then did Timoleon make them a still sterner speech, pointing out how while they had spent worlds of gold in folly and luxury, and to please their wives (here more scowls from the matrons), they had neglected their defences, and starved their soldiers. This they could not deny. He then ordered that all money in the possession of private people should be brought into the public treasury.

A terrible outcry arose, but the Dictator crushed opposition. He pointed out that they might deny the money if they liked, but that the Carthaginians would come, and would triumph, and then he drew a black picture of the desolation that would follow, the victors seizing the wealth that should have been employed against them, plundering and ransacking, carrying off wives and daughters, and selling sons for slaves. So effectively did he depict the catastrophe that the beautiful Cleora was excited out of her maidenly silence, and coming forward with blushes, but with spirit, she delivered some eloquent words in support of Timoleon, and laid down her own costly jewels at his feet as a contribution to the treasury. This fired them all, the decree was assented to, and every man tried to show himself more earnest than the others in suggesting means of defence. One reminded them that they could arm the slaves and make them fight. But Cleora's spirit again broke out, and she asked them proudly whether they would confide the patriot's noblest duty to such despicable hands. The idea was rejected. Marullo, in waiting on his young mistress, heard her words, and bade some fellow-slaves meet him next night, in secret. Then he attended his proud and beautiful lady home.

Every man was soon in arms, Leosthenes, I need not say, among the rest. He ventured to seek Cleora, and in a passionate interview

he declared his love. She gave him hers in return, and promised to be his, when the enemy should be driven from Syracuse. But even then, at a moment when the beautiful girl's frank heart might be seen through her eyes, the doubting nature of Leosthenes was his enemy. He dared to hint that in his absence she might forget him, and that the addresses of other suitors might be listened to. Yet her loving heart conquered her pride, and she did not say that he who could doubt her was no mate for her. What think you she did? It would not have occurred to the most devoted maiden of our time, but what I tell is true. Cleora commanded him to obey her, on pain of losing her. He could but obey. She gave a last look at the sun, then glowing above them, and declared that she would see it no more until the return of that distrustful man. Then she bid him bind her kerchief over her eyes. It was done, and she begged him to guide her to his lips, on which she set the last kiss she would receive until he came back. She did more; she vowed that she would not even speak to any one until they should meet again. These were the vows of a time when follies were done, but if you deserve to hear of such a girl as Cleora, you will not smile at her devotion.

The lords, and the gentlemen, and the soldiers went bravely forth to the battle, and Syracuse was left to the women and the slaves. To the slaves! Marullo had not listened in vain, nor met his fellows in vain. He had held his council, and some he had inflamed with speech, some with wine. He put a new spirit into the trampled men, and he bade them change places with their masters. The city was their own. Let them seize treasure, houses, luxuries, wives, and daughters, and revel in the enjoyment of liberty. Only—they must shed no blood.

The fire spread, the slaves flew exultingly to their vengeance, and in an hour all was changed, and the slaves were masters. Marullo, no longer a slave, demanded an interview with Cleora. The splendid Bondman had dared to love her.

Love her, but how? This is not a Frenchman's story. Here would come in his lurid and powerful wickedness, and he will give me his artistic pity for throwing away the effect he would have made. But I am in a friend's hands, and he bids me tell of no atrocity.

Marullo could command an entrance, but he entreated it, and, followed to the door of the house by his furious adherents, drew his sword, and menaced death to any man who should dare come a step further, and affright Cleora. Then, sheathing his sword, and baring his head, he trod gently into the lady's presence. He then begged leave to tell his story to the blindfolded girl. But he would not even venture to begin it until she gave some gracious sign that she would be

pleased to hear him. His voice must have been gracious, for Cleora held out her hand, which he reverently kissed. Then he, in his turn, declared his love, and his knowledge that Leosthenes was his favoured rival. He could have slain Leosthenes, he said, with more ease than he could tell of his power, but love, seconded by duty, bade him remember that Cleora loved the man. It was so? he asked, and Cleora bowed her head in token of assent and thankfulness. But Leosthenes was gone, he went on, yet then, when the baser passions of Marullo were chiding him for neglecting his opportunity, and reminding him that he could now, without let or stay, carry off Cleora, and make her his own, he was still master of himself. He asked nothing but what could be freely yielded. He told once more the story of his ardent love, and had naught else to say save that not only hope was gone, but that at the end of the war he must expect torture and death. But he defied all, and would remain to protect her, and prove his devotion by delivering her over in safety and purity to his rival. Again, with her permission, he pressed a kiss upon her hand, and, averring that such a favour had paid him for all past and future sufferings, he left her.

Timoleon had led the Syracusans to victory, the Carthaginians were slaughtered in thousands, and the remnant with their helpless admiral Gisco fled to their ships, and made sail for their savage city. Syracuse was saved, and the armies marched back to it in triumph. But there were no signs of welcome, no procession of virgins, with the statues of the gods, no laurel crowns and hymns. The gates were shut, and above them and on the walls were the defiant slaves, headed by Marullo. To the furious demands of the masters, a mocking slave replied by informing them of what had been done in their absence, and his ribald boasts drove them to fury. Then, in a nobler vein, Marullo, at the call of the rest, spoke out, told the lords that slaves ought to be treated as in the good old times (so you see that there were good old times to be regretted even then), and not with the cruelty and brutality which the slaves of Syracuse had endured. They had been forced into revolt, and unless redress were given, they would defend themselves with the strong hand. He demanded pardon for all that had been done, liberty for those who chose to leave the island, and for those who remained to serve, competent maintenance. The masters, in a whirlwind of rage, rejected all his proposals, and rushed to the assault, thinking to sweep away the defenders of the gates, but Marullo cheered his friends to the fight, and they fought bravely, and the masters, baffled, were forced to retreat, foaming with new rage.

Again Timoleon came to their aid, and he gave them counsel. It was based on the veteran's long acquaintance with human nature brutalized by slavery. They will fight, he said, while the arms of a soldier are brought against them—their pride is roused, and they show themselves men. And they have never learned to fear the sword. Show them that which they have learned to fear. Go out against them again, but instead of swords, brandish your *whips*.

His counsel was taken, and it gave the day to the masters. The sight of the weapons of torture struck abject terror into the hearts of the slaves, and they fled from the presence of their lords. The gates were opened, and Syracuse was again in the hands of its aristocracy. Foremost rushed in Leosthenes to learn what had chanced to Cleora, and dreading to hear. He sought her house, and hardly dared to question her maid, but at length when he was assured that Cleora had been unharmed, and was ready to be led forth to him, the demon of suspicion again arose from the deeps and whispered. The true and faithful girl came forth, still wearing the bandage which he had bound upon her brow. He removed the kerchief, and received back from her the kiss which she said she had but borrowed when last they met. Leosthenes was happy for the moment, and his natural generosity was shown in his instant demand for the name of the man who had preserved her. He would load him with gold, if his station permitted such reward, or labour to win him honours, if of higher rank.

Then Cleora, all truth, told him the whole story, and that she had been saved by one who hated him, and loved her, and she dwelt on all his reverent tenderness. "But you withhold his name," impatiently cried Leosthenes.

" Marullo, my father's bondman."

Leosthenes broke into angry laughter, which yielded to fiercer utterance as Cleora, with generous gratitude for her salvation, remonstrated with him for his scorn of one who had acted so nobly. Again she dwelt upon the chivalry of the slave (it was in days before chivalry was so called, but the quality was there), and bade Leosthenes consider how grandly Marullo, with all in his power, had borne himself. And she then asked, as of right, that whatever vengeance might be reserved for other rebels, Marullo, for what he had done for her, was to be unharmed. To the voice in the jealous eye of Leosthenes she answered that she could not be so greatly injured as by unjust suspicion, and that she loved the mind of Marullo, not his person. And Leosthenes remaining darkly moody, Cleora left him. But Marullo, who had instinctively remained in his

mistress's house, was instantly seized, and after a fearless declaration that he loved Cleora, and even had deserved her, was loaded with chains and dragged away to a dungeon.

This was unknown to Cleora, who sought her father, and after telling him of her fears that the nature of Leosthenes, noble as he was, would bar their happiness, she obtained a promise that Archidamus would do all he could to serve Marullo. But when the maiden learned from her attendant that he had been hurried away to the gaol, her spirit flashed up once more, and she followed him thither. Gold made way for her: a bribe to the jailer, and Marullo's chains fell, and Cleora told him her sense of the wrong that was done him. She would do her utmost to serve him, and weep for that which she could not prevent. Marullo's nature was not to be subdued by chain and cell, and again kneeling to her, he besought her pardon for having dared to love her, and assured her that he should die in happiness if certain of her forgiveness. And then the power of an earnest love in a noble heart began to tell upon Cleora, fresh from a scene in which her long penance and her faithfulness had been forgotten and insulted, and she even gave Marullo some words of hope—and they were overheard by Leosthenes and her brother.

Timoleon, for the third time a friend to Syracuse, had restrained the vengeful masters, and had reminded them that to work upon the slaves the cruel punishments which they meditated, was to destroy their own wealth. And it turned out that there had been no outrages that needed to be atoned for with blood. The slaves, male and female, had indeed made free with their masters' property, and had visited retributory justice on some cruel mistresses, by making them wait as servants, starve for long hours, and linger till the late revel should be over, but nought worse had been done. But for Marullo, who had dared to love the child of the Prætor, and to declare his love, nay, to extract from her lips words of hope for a slave, there could be no mercy. Timoleon had forbidden that aught of violence should be done, save under his rule, and all our personages met in a chamber of justice. There Leosthenes confronted Cleora, and there Marullo was brought, and in the presence of Timoleon, the jealous and now savage lover broke out into reproaches to Cleora for the favour she had shown the slave, and he dared to call upon her to clear herself, by solemn declaration, of having given Marullo her love. At this, Cleora proudly silent, Marullo himself flamed up like fire, and declared that though a slave, and in all respects unworthy of Cleora, he was more worthy of her than Leosthenes, for he would never dare to suspect her of aught that was evil.

There was a fierce cry among the lords for vengeance on the daring slave, but he, opposing them with an equal fierceness, tore away some disguises that he had worn, and discovered himself as

Pisander of Thebes.

Do you not guess all the rest? The gallant lover, banished by intrigue, had come back as a slave, to be near his mistress, had borne for her all the humiliations of slave life, and had seized occasion to help those to justice whose sorrows he had thus discerned. He had watchfully guarded her amid all the dangers, and would have shown his loyalty by yielding her to another, had that other been worthy. But now, Cleora insulted beyond pardon, Pisander claimed the love already half given, and the hand of the beautiful maiden. How Leosthenes, conscience-struck, confessed not only that he ought to surrender Cleora, but found the best reason for it in the form of another lady whom he had wedded and abandoned, and how the stern Dictator blessed the nuptials of Pisander and Cleora, I need not tell.

I have not satisfied myself. But yet I think I will name my friend. He lies in a nameless grave by St. Saviour's, Southwark, (ought it to be so?) but in the register is set down, "March 20. 1639-40—buried, Philip Massinger, a Stranger."

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

School Theatricals.

UST lately, when every school in the three kingdoms, from Eton down to the humblest of Do-the-boys Halls, was thinking of breaking up for the Christmas holidays, and our boys were meditating by day and dreaming by night of Christmas tide and Christmas cheer, and Christmas holly and evergreens—and possibly of mince-pies and plum-pudding—it would seem that a spell of private theatricals was the order of the day. True to the ancient tradition and the *religio loci* which hovers around the old Abbey of St. Peter, the Westminster boys at this time don, not the buskin, but the sock; and put one of the comedies of Terence on an English stage, with all the charming accessories of ancient classic dress, and scenery painted for them by the hands of the late Professor Cockerell. Hence "The Westminster Play," which used to be regarded as an ordinary event of Westminster school life, now attracts spectators by hundreds; and even the ladies—bless their innocent souls!—by the help of an English paraphrase, sit through the "Phormio" of Terence, to be instructed in the mysteries of bigamy, as they could be taught by no other teacher, save, possibly, Miss Braddon. Even Charter House, the grand old exclusive school to which the country gentlemen sent their sons by scores in the last century, and to which they will, no doubt, send them again, so soon as it is transferred from Smithfield and Goswell Street to "fresh scenes and pastures new" in the heart of the hills of southern Surrey, has caught the infection from its neighbour, and has devoted two, if not three, nights to the pleasing task of worshipping the Muse of Comedy by some private theatricals, which, we hear, have proved far above the average in merit. This, certainly, is a new thing, and one which would have delighted the heart of Thackeray or Leech, if in their day they could have seen the old "Founder's Hall" of Charter House lit up and decked out as a modern theatre, and that, too, in order to make the wives and daughters of Carthusians familiar, not with the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, or the "Antigone" of Sophocles, but such light comedies and farces as Tom Taylor's "Payable on Demand," and "The Bengal Tiger" of Mr. Dance. The Eton boys, too, we hear, have been busy with more than one private

performance during the past week. We say all this is a sign of the times: and we are glad to see our younger public school boys thus mixing modern amusement with more ancient and dignified studies, and reminding the world, and themselves as well, that there are beauties and graces in our English tongue, which may well be allowed, at all events, to take their turn with the classics, and to claim some share in that hold which the ancients have hitherto maintained too exclusively among us all, and more especially in our "public schools."

If we mistake not, even at Eton and Harrow, the example set by Rugby and Marlborough and by the City of London School, in having English taught on system, has been largely followed; and henceforth we shall have better English scholars sent out into the world from those training grounds, while they will not write worse Latin verses, either "longs" or "shorts," or know one whit less about Porson's "Hecuba" or Blomfield's "Prometheus." They will unite with their knowledge of the ancient lore of Greece and Rome some acquaintance, to say the least, with their native English tongue, and we hope will rise in time from the study of the newest of the light comedies and farces of the day, to appreciate and put upon the stage with effect such stock-pieces as "She Stoops to Conquer," or "The Rivals," or possibly even "The Merry Wives of Windsor." If the performance of the "Phormio" or the "Adelphi" of Terence, again and again, gives the young Westminsters such a knowledge and grasp of the Latin tongue that but few of them get plucked at Oxford for their Latin prose, or rather for the want of it, surely the getting up of one or two of Shakspeare's comedies or tragedies could have no baneful effect on the English scholarship of the Charter House. Mr. Mark Lemon of late has played *Falstaff* to perfection. Why should not our young Carthusian friends take a leaf out of his book, and next Christmas put the worthy knight upon the stage before us in their "Founder's Hall"? There can be no reason why the round paunch of *Falstaff* should be less popular than the wily leers of a parasite like *Phormio*; and if the "Merry Wives" of Shakspeare need to be "Bowdlerised," the same process, to say the least, is equally necessary to be applied to both Terence and Plautus. We can only say that if young Charter House will give us a clear stage and *Falstaff* on it, we will reverse the proverb for once, and promise them no lack of popular favour.

E. WALFORD, M.A.

An Epicure's Christmas Story.

In this dreary month of December, is it not pleasant to think of the hot weather we experienced last summer? How we puffed and panted during the days of June and July! But have not the sufferings we then endured become tender recollections in the fog and darkness of winter time? At least, I consider them so. Enthusiasts praise King Christmas, and glorify the Yule Log, singing jovial songs about old faces round the fireside. I am an epicure, and I like to think of ice and icebergs, fogs and snow-storms, in the summer, and to recall the pleasures of green fields, flower gardens, and a scorching sun, at this period of the year. Everything in season, say many; everything out of season, say I. The most agreeable reading now—for I am an epicure in reading as well as thinking—is, to my mind, some book about India or Africa, which tells you of mosquitos, life in the jungle, sunstrokes, and other dangers of tropical climates. During summer I invariably choose my light mental repasts from among the Journeys to the North Pole, adventures in the Arctic regions, and other accounts of ice and snow, refreshing to the mind, and cooling to the understanding. Could I afford it, I would at this present time fit up my study most luxuriously, after the fashion of a hot-house, filling it with flowering plants; there should be a fragrant fountain of tepid water continually playing in the middle of the apartment, and the walls should be covered with pictures of boating, swimming, cricket, and fair women fanning themselves. Would it not then be a more pleasant place from which to look out upon the blackened chimney-pots and falling snow, than it now is—albeit a warmly-furnished room, with a bright fire burning in the grate, and a kettle singing on the hob?

If you like to try an experiment with me—a new dish at this time of year—I will relate some of my midsummer experiences, and when you have read the short account, and contrasted it with the weather now in fashion, you can say whether my theory of things out of season be right or wrong. I was thinking of them last night when the cold north-east wind was howling, and the rain drifting against my window-panes. The recollections had their usual effect, and I

felt more cheerful and satisfied after a few minutes' serious reflection, and when the bygone scenes were once again conjured up before my mind's eye. May the reader feel likewise, as the account proceeds.

One Sunday morning last July, during that gloriously hot weather, when it was almost impossible to bear the lightest covering, I awoke about five o'clock. The sun was shining brilliantly; a skylark, which I own to keeping in a cage, was singing loudly. Whether the sun or the bird disturbed me, I am still uncertain; it may have been either —perhaps a conspiracy of the two against me.

It was a splendid morning, and feeling restless, I determined upon rising. In half an hour I was dressed, and began to reflect upon what was to be done at that early hour. Half-past five. No one was stirring in the house. I descended to the first floor. The light streaming in through the half-closed windows of the drawing-room, shone upon the remains of the previous night's refreshment. There were the empty bottles and half-filled glasses, just as we had left them. The pianoforte was standing open. Nothing more melancholy than a room in such a state. After wandering about a short time, I returned upstairs, still uncertain what to be at. I lolled out of window, contemplating the silent street; the sun struck warm, and the view right and left was of almost dazzling brightness. The skylark sang as though his throat would burst; a blackbird, in a cage hanging on the walls of a house opposite, kept him company, in a more sober and less ecstatic tune. I never can read in the morning, or should have taken to my books. I regretted having dressed, and thought seriously of beginning the night again. That, however, was impossible. As I was pondering, three people came along the street, one carrying a leather bag, all talking merrily. Where were they going? To a railway station, of course. The question and answer gave me an idea. Why should not I make an excursion, do as others did, and have a Sunday out? This no sooner occurred to me than I resolved to put the plan into execution. The Brighton train, I had somehow heard, started at 7 o'clock. I should be just in time for it. Accordingly, I decided to sally forth. No further preparation was necessary, for I intended to return at night. I wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper to say where I was gone, and left the house. It was past six when I started. The shortest way to the Victoria Station from Bloomsbury is through wide and narrow streets —highways and byways. These I traversed. All houses were still closed. The tea and coffee stalls were serving early breakfasts at the corners of the principal streets to children with pallid faces, men and women, wan and weary-looking people that were gathered round

them. The bright sun shone on all, and they seemed happier than they do at this season, when the cold nips them, and makes their poverty more terrible to bear. Along Oxford Street, the length of which seemed interminable in the clear morning atmosphere; through the Park—the gates had not long been opened, and as I walked I saw several respectably dressed men asleep on the seats. They had been there all night. As a novelty, and for the gratification of a whim, such a resting-place on a fine summer night may have its charms; but to be driven to it by dire necessity, is a fate which must make the boldest shudder.

The sleepers were mostly in a sitting posture, the head resting on the breast, coat-collar up about the ears, gloves on, the arms dropping listlessly by the side. Some started as I passed, others slept soundly on; one rose, stretched himself, said "Good morning," and walked off at a brisk pace to the temporary stand outside Apsley House. The Park was thoroughly enjoyable in the early sunshine. The perfume and gay colours of the flowers were sweeter and brighter than during the sultry heat of day. The wide expanse of Rotten Row, bordered by the broad white paths and green sward, seemed like some large arena laid out for a stately pageant. No equestrians were to be seen. I followed the man who had saluted me to the breakfast stall, and asked for a cup of tea. The stall-keeper was a diminutive individual with grey hair and whiskers. He wore a jaunty cap and a white apron, and was assisted in the duties of serving his customers by a girl who might have been his daughter.

"Got any eggs?" asked the lodger in the Park, sipping tea out of a saucer.

"Yes, you can have some eggs," was the reply.

"Give me two, boiled three minutes."

The girl obeyed the order, taking two eggs out of a drawer in the stand, and placing them in a saucepan which was hanging over a small brazier.

"Fine morning," said I, addressing the man.

"Splendid weather, indeed. Never knew it so warm at night," he replied, cheerily.

"You slept in the Park?" I asked, encouraged by his manner.

"Yes; I have slept there the last three nights. It's not quite so comfortable as bed, but it's better than the workhouse."

"And can't you afford to pay for a night's lodging?"

"Not well. I'm out of work, and every penny is of consequence. There goes my very last shilling." Saying which, he handed the stall-keeper the coin, and requested change.

"Let's see," said the individual in cap and apron; "what have you had? Cup of tea, one penny; bread-and-butter, three halfpence; two eggs, two pence;—four pence halfpenny."

"There's enough for dinner to-day. Hope it won't rain to-night, that's all, and to-morrow I must do what I can," said the customer, soliloquising while he counted his change.

I interrupted him by inquiring his trade, and he told me he was an engraver. Fortunately, a single man, and thought of enlisting in the army.

"Trade is so very bad, sir; at least with me. I don't know how it is, but I seem to have nothing but ill-luck lately. Suppose it will change some day."

The fellow was a philosopher, and apparently better educated than many of his class.

"I'm not so badly off," he continued, "as others who take to the Park. There's one of us who comes there sometimes with his wife, and that's enough to make anybody's heart ache. I may get a job to-morrow, and then it will be all right with me for a time."

I slipped half-a-crown into his hand, on receiving which his eyes glistened with tears, and having paid for the cup of tea, which was not by any means a bad one, I walked on.

Away down Grosvenor Place, fragrant with mignonette and other sweetly-scented flowers on the balconies and window sills of the noble houses. The curiosity which led me to remain at the breakfast stall lost me the seven o'clock train. I missed it by five minutes, and had to wait for the Excursion, which started at nine. I had been misinformed as to the time of departure of this latter train, or should not have left home so soon. There was the choice of waiting, or to go back and renounce altogether my impromptu project of joining the excursionists. Having no engagement for the day, and resigning myself to foregoing church for once, I determined to exercise what small amount of patience I possess, and to stay at the station. Accordingly, I took a seat on the platform, and began to read a newspaper I had with me. I had not been reading long when a porter begun to sweep near where I was sitting, and raised a dust enough to stifle himself and every one within reach. "You will find it pleasanter over there," he said, politely, after the first cloud had passed away, and we could see each other. I took his advice, and moved to the place he indicated. Here, at any rate, I thought, I shall be out of the way and undisturbed; but presently, four children came playing noisily about, and completely destroyed any hope of tranquillity. The station, and that secluded part of it

particularly, was their play-ground; and they enjoyed the privilege of doing what they pleased there on Sunday morning.

Young imps! I am not averse to children as a rule; but these were, of all unruly mortals, the most irritating. They climbed the back of the seat on which I sat; they fell off, and screamed; they threw a bladder ball into my face; they stared and made grimaces, until at last I was so provoked, that I left them in undisputed possession of the quiet retreat. I saw another seat in the distance on the departure platform, and towards that I bent my steps. It was no better than the last; but I was alone—out of the way of dust and children. I read my paper peacefully, and got half-way through the police reports, always of deep interest to me. They say every man has his favourite columns of a newspaper, and mine are, I confess it, those headed "police." I was half through them, and in the middle of a most interesting case of burglary, when two people sat down near me. Now, I hold it to be an unpardonable intrusion for any one to interfere with the possession of a bench or seat which is occupied by another sitter. It is a liberty I should never dream of taking without permission, though there were room on the same bench for a dozen. The thoughtless or rude couple in this instance were a lover and his sweetheart, who evidently considered all the world belonged to them, and cared nothing for the comfort or privacy of others, if they were together, and could hold sweet converse with each other.

And they did hold converse loud enough for me to hear a great deal that should have been kept to themselves. The conversation did not interest me. *I* did not want to know all they had been doing and thinking since last Sunday, since when, it appeared, they had not met. In self-defence I had to quit the seat and try to find a fourth, where I could read the Police Reports in peace and quietness. Nine o'clock was approaching. Crowds began to gather on the platform and in the waiting-rooms, which were now thrown open. Crowds of clean-looking people. If Londoners are dirty all the week, as some of them undoubtedly are, they wash and brush up on Sundays, and contrive to make a decent appearance, especially if they go out pleasuring.

The mechanic puts on his best suit; his sleeves come down over his hands, and he does not seem quite at home in his trousers; but he is as clean as yellow soap and, perhaps, a ducking under the pump can make him. And so is his wife, whose face shines like polished ivory. Her muslin dress may be tawdry and badly made, but it is fresh and well washed; and there's an air of cleanliness

about her generally, especially early in the morning. Hundreds of these good people assembled; the smell of onions was prevalent; the hum of conversation grew louder and louder as the crowd increased.

I joined the row of passengers who were taking tickets.

"Which class?" asked the clerk at the window where excursionists were booked to Brighton and back.

"Third," I replied.

"Three shillings," said the clerk. "Seven and three are ten." And he handed me the ticket and change for half a sovereign.

I passed on to the platform. The train was already nearly full. Two friends accosted me, and asked where I was going.

"Then, come with us!" they exclaimed, on learning my destination.

"Are you going third class?" I asked.

"Not exactly," they replied, evidently surprised at the question.

"I am." On hearing which they hoped I should like it; and left me somewhat precipitately, with pity, probably, in their hearts for the reverse of fortune which, I dare say, they supposed was clearly indicated by such a proceeding.

Walking along the line of carriages, I tried to choose my travelling companions. Some were smoking bad cigars, or a baby in arms, crying lustily, formed one of their party. I avoided all such, and found at last a compartment in which two places were vacant, the rest being occupied by eight pleasant-looking individuals.

On entering I found the carriage full enough with nine, and we resisted jointly and severally, to our utmost, the entrance of a very stout tenth. The protest was in vain. Number ten was an old stager in such matters: he counted us very deliberately, and, pointing to the few arbitrary words regulating the number of passengers the compartment held, pushed his way in and settled himself down. He subsequently proved agreeable company, and did much with a brandy-flask, which he presently produced, to conciliate his former opponents.

It was insufferably hot before we started, but when the train moved on, the fresh morning air, passing through the open carriage, made the sun's rays less intolerable. The travellers were soon on speaking terms with each other, and were all in good spirits; we rallied the porters, chaffed the guards, addressed other passengers who were looking for places familiarly, and conducted ourselves generally as people should do who were out for a holiday. We used no bad language; the ladies who were with us might have been young princesses, so deferential were we to their august presence. And they deserved our respect; for one was newly married, the wife of a young clerk,

who displayed more taste in the choice he had made of a partner for life than in his personal attire, which was as gaudy as Birmingham jewellery and extraordinary tailoring could make it; and there were four other ladies, two, as well dressed as any women could possibly be, and two about whose costume there is nothing particular to say, excepting that they indulged in very violent colours and strongly-smelling bear's grease.

I took my seat opposite a very red-haired man, who spoke with a fashionable drawl. He had been a long time in India, he said, but he had never known it much hotter than it then was under the glass roof of the railway station. He was in earnest conversation with one of the better-dressed women—a remarkably pretty girl, whose large brown eyes flashed like meteors when she became animated in conversation. I concluded, hastily, that the large brown eyes and red-hair were paying each other attention, but the conclusion was incorrect.

Brown eyes addressed the girl who was next her in French, which she spoke with an unmistakeable London accent—without any French accent whatever, as some one sarcastically said of a cockney's pronunciation of the foreign tongue. During the short parley between the girls I gathered that they were two milliners out for the day. Red hair led the talking after we started. He related wonderful stories about India and tropical monsoons which made the newly-married lady very nervous.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" inquired the French girl of her friend.

"Oh, il dit des choses, ma chère, qu'on ne peut pas traduire," replied brown eyes, mysteriously.

"I remember," continued the travelled excursionist, "being in the hills some two or three hundred miles above Calcutta, when the most fearful thunderstorm that was ever known broke over my bungalow."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un bungalow?"

"*C'est une* maisong," said brown eyes, in answer to the question.

"Thunderstorms in those parts are of such constant occurrence that we pay no attention to them, but this was accompanied by a wind of such force that trees were uprooted and our station laid completely desolate. Several Europeans, as well as natives, were killed. It happened at night, and we ran about in our pajamas, drenched to the skin, trying to save whatever property we could from the fearful deluge."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que pajamas?" inquired the Française, evidently anxious to learn as much English as she could.

"What did you rush about in?" innocently asked brown eyes of the narrator.

"Our pajamas; it's a costume they wear in the east."

As the train rushed on, the oriental traveller became more excited in his manner. He gave us a capital description of the bursting of a monsoon in Bengal, and with appropriate but violent action, endeavoured to show how suddenly the phenomenon takes place.

"Don't, you alarm me," exclaimed the bride, fairly frightened.

The clerk, her husband, tried to soothe her, and brought forth a large packet of sandwiches from his pocket.

"You have sat on them," said the lady, reproachfully, looking at the packet.

"I think I have; but never mind, they're very good." He handed the flattened sandwiches round the carriage, and had but one remaining when his own turn came to eat.

No. 10 then drew out his brandy-flask and did likewise.

"You prefer brandy, I think," said the clerk to his better half. "I have some sherry here, but the other's better for you." The lady accepted the offer made by No. 10, and put the flask to her lips.

"Voulez-vous?" said the clerk, passing a medicine-bottle containing sherry to the French girl.

"Merci, je n'en prends jamais."

"Oh, I don't parley vous, you know," said the owner of the phial. "You can have some and welcome, but don't talk about it, that's all." He laughed at his own wit, and after passing the sherry round to all, swallowed the small quantity that remained. His generosity certainly deprived him of the greater part of his refreshments. He punished us severely for what had been done in that respect by beginning and continuing to smoke the most atrocious cigars that were ever made.

"We shall have a storm presently," said red hair, wiping his face.

"How can you tell?" asked the bride, nervously. "By the appearance of the sky and this suffocating heat," replied the prophet. "Observe that cloud," he continued, pointing to a very ominous mass in the heavens. "We are going towards it, and I am very certain it will burst before long."

The woman looked blank.

"Well, if it does come on," said the clerk, "we are all comfortable enough; the wind's your side, and you will have the benefit of it. Have a weed, sir?" This offer was to No. 10, whose flask was not quite empty. The cigar, which had been rolled up in the sandwich paper, and had a very greasy appearance, was accepted, and the brandy presented in return.

"That's a flash," exclaimed the storm prophet, as if exulting in his prediction being fulfilled.

The bride gave a faint scream. A tremendous peal of thunder, seemingly close over head, startled everyone. Rain followed quickly, and came down in torrents. Although the carriage was roofed, it was so widely open at the sides that the rain poured in and deluged us. We all stood up, and placing the five women in the centre, formed as good a shelter as we were able with the umbrellas we fortunately had with us. Red hair gloried in the confusion; it reminded him, he said, so vividly of India. The clerk threw away his cigar, and did all he could to protect his wife from catching cold. La Française took off her new kid gloves, and put them carefully away in her pocket. Brown eyes looked brighter than ever, and enjoyed the fun.

The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled; it continued to rain in torrents. The train dashed on through the storm, and at length entered the Clayton tunnel. On emerging from that utter darkness, in which the bride was heard to scream and the French girl to laugh loudly, we found fair weather once more. The storm had been partial, and restricted to the valley on the other side of the hills. In Brighton it was fine, and very sultry. On leaving the train all the excursionists, our party included, made for the seashore. It was a hot walk down the town, but at the waterside the heat was tempered by a slight breeze, which gently rippled the surface of the ocean.

Having started on a day's excursion, I was determined to go through with it, and learn, by practical experience, how excursionists passed their time. My first impulse was to bathe, and complying with one of the many requests to have a row, made by watermen innumerable, I took a boat. The jolly-tar proprietor assured me he had steps and all things necessary for bathing, and we pushed off from the shingly beach.

"Much to do?" I inquired of the man who was rowing, and perspiring violently.

"Nothing, sir, nothing—Brighton ain't what it was," he replied, with a jerk between each sentence.

"Not many people here now, I suppose?"

"Nothing to speak of. We have no reg'lar customers—they're all casualities. I don't know what—we should do—without them casuals."

On further conversation I found he referred to the excursionists and chance customers. He was an intelligent fellow, although he called us casuals; rather surly perhaps, but decidedly a better man

than the waterman who, a day or two before, had allowed four tipsy visitors to Brighton to hire his boat, and when they were making signs of distress, having got out into rough water, and being unable to pull back, refused to go to their assistance. That jolly Brighton tar should have been flogged for such a breach of the town by-laws and humanity.

A most luxurious bath! Is it not an ineffable delight to remember that milk-warm water, bright blue sky, scorching sun, and the sensation of floating lazily on one's back like a human jelly fish?

"Non c'è più gran dolore, &c., &c.," says the poet, but surely there are exceptions to that poetical assertion. Such "tempo felice" as a bather knows, must always be recollected with pleasure if thought of at the proper time. Were he certain of never having another swim, his "miseria" in reflecting on bygone pleasure might then be great indeed, but when the delights of anticipation are enhanced by memory and a contrast of the present with the past and what is hoped will be, my theory of the epicurism of thought is not so far at fault.

"Whose dog is that?" I asked, referring to an antiquated Newfoundland wading in the water.

"That's a dog they call Jack, sir," said the boatman; "he belongs to a very good-looking party, who brings him down here every morning. Every morning she comes and the dog comes with her. They do say as how that dog has saved many people from drowning; and I dare say he has, for he's wonderful intelligent."

The "good-looking party" was watching her dog on the beach, and fully justified the description.

Leaving the boatman, the party, and the Newfoundland hero, I sauntered to an hotel and had some lunch. It was now about midday, and on going towards the beach again I met my red-haired travelling companion.

"Are you going in the 'Lady Sale'?" he asked, addressing me.

"In the sailing boat?"

"Yes."

"I will if you will," I replied.

"All right; the man who sat on his sandwiches, and his wife, is going."

Without attempting to correct his grammar, I followed the speaker, and we embarked. About thirty persons had already taken their places in the yacht, and yet the touters were shouting loudly for more to come and enjoy the pleasures of a water promenade. In time we were shoved off and lay motionless upon the ocean.

There was barely sufficient wind to fill the sails. By degrees the boat moved, but the movement was almost imperceptible. The crew put out two long oars, and so got us farther away from land, until at last we had the advantage of the very little wind there was. The sun came down upon us with fiercer power than we were well able to bear. In spite of the calm, some of the party declared they had unpleasant sensations, and requested urgently to be put back. An hour was idly passed away. A melancholy cornet made most doleful music, and added to a depressing sense of dulness, which came over all the company—crew as well as passengers. It was not a successful experiment, and all were glad, I think, when it was over.

"Now for the Dyke," said the indomitable Indian traveller.

"I don't much care to go there," remarked the clerk.

"Why not? It's the right thing to do, and we have plenty of time," replied the other.

"I will explain," answered the clerk, with dogmatic precision. "The last time I was there I was with six others. We took our own provisions and went to the hotel. We asked for a private room, and were shown one. We then ordered some hot water and they refused to serve us, and requested we would leave. Now, considering that it is a public house, which every one has a right to enter, and order what he pleases, I think we were badly treated, and I do not wish to patronise the house again."

"They won't miss you, I dare say," observed red hair.

"We shall see," answered the complaining excursionist.

The discussion wearied the bride, who, pulling her husband by the arm, declared he should do as she liked, and not as he wished. The lady was in favour of going to the Dyke, and seats were taken in the omnibus plying between Brighton and that place, which starts from the corner of a street near where the "Lady Sale" discharges her cargo upon the shore. It was an open conveyance. Just as we were starting the two well-dressed milliners passed by. The omnibus was stopped, our Indian friend alighted and invited the young women to join the party. After a slight show of reluctance they consented. Brown eyes had some trouble in explaining to her companion the object of the drive, Dyke being altogether beyond her power of translating. Both, at last, mounted the vehicle, and off we went at a rattling pace.

The jolting was rather worse than the motion we had experienced in the boat—the dust was blinding. An awning sheltered us partially from the sun; but the heat and glare were, nevertheless, very fatiguing.

"Keep quiet, Arthur," said the bride, indignantly, to the young clerk, who had been talking by signs, and with his fingers, to the French girl, so expressively as to excite his lady's jealousy.

"Keep quiet, sir," she repeated, "or I shall not remain here."

Arthur desisted for a time, and prepared to smoke.

"I wish you would leave off that nasty habit," observed the wife, when she saw Arthur's intention.

"I never knew you cut up so cross," he remarked. "What's the matter? What is a fellow to do if he mayn't talk, and is forbidden to smoke?"

He proceeded to light the cigar, and was drawing the first whiffs when his wife seized it from his mouth, and threw it into the road.

"By Jove!" cried the outraged husband, "that's coming it too strong. I won't stand it."

He raised his voice as he proceeded to protest against the injury that had been done him. The red-haired excursionist tried to arrange matters by remonstrating with the lady, who requested him firmly, and in so many words, to mind his own business, and not to interfere with hers. Other passengers in the omnibus laughed at the occurrence, which irritated the little clerk considerably. The scene damped our spirits, and several attempts to restore good humour failed completely. The bride became red in the face, and tried to get cool by fanning herself vigorously. The exertion made her warmer. The French girl commenced whispering to her friend. Whispering and silence prevailed. On we went, jolting, and up the steep hills, and along the dusty, chalky roads. What a hot drive! The horses foamed and panted. The driver seemed melting gradually. The yellow corn-fields looked parched up as they reflected the fiery rays of the sun. At last we reached the Dyke, and alighted. Arthur assisted his gentle bride to descend, as in duty bound, and then walked sulkily away. The two girls were led by their chaperon towards the far-famed hollow from which the locality is named. On approaching the sides of the dell, their first desire was, naturally, to run down.

"Allons! courir!" exclaimed La Française, in a state of excitement.

Arthur, who was near at hand, encouraged them. They commenced running hand in hand, as girls will do; but did not get far when one of them slipped, and both went rolling over and over down the soft incline. Arthur, watching them from above, was enjoying the fun which had almost made him forget the ignominious fate of his cigar, when his wife came up, and seeing the cause of the

change that had so suddenly come over him, seized him by both hands from behind, and shook him violently. The lady was jealous in earnest, and took no pains to conceal her feelings. The little clerk was in imminent danger of being thrown headlong into the Devil's Dyke after the two girls; who, having reached the bottom, were contemplating the difficulties of getting out again.

"Ah, ah!" said the wife, breathless with anger and the shaking she had given her good man. "So that is what we come to the Dyke for, is it?—to see girls roll down the hill. Indeed!" And so on, as ladies will under such circumstances.

Arthur was alarmed at the energy displayed by his usually good-tempered wife. He feared some still more terrible scene when the objects of her jealousy should return from their present profound position. But she commanded him to leave the spot, and follow her. This he gladly and meekly did; and was conducted towards the Dyke House—the scene of the hot-water disagreement.

His leader asked for a room; and they were shown into a private apartment, where they remained until the hour arrived for the omnibus to go back to Brighton.

The girls were extricated from the Dyke, and sustained no damage from their unexpected roll. They came up exhausted and laughing —the foreigner declaring she had never had such an extraordinary adventure.

At the Dyke House some of the party dined, and there we met our brother excursionist No. 10. He had replenished his flask, and insisted on every one tasting some real Brighton brandy. It was a liqueur, he assured us—a fact for which I was willing to take his word without any further proof. The waiter, I fancied, had an antipathy to the flask, and declared his master's brandy was far superior to that so much vaunted by No. 10. Would we try some, and make the comparison? All declined; and the owner of the flask was henceforth looked upon by the waiter as an antagonist, and treated indirectly as such. With the exception of the newly-married couple, who had not quite recovered from their first serious misunderstanding, we were merrier driving back to Brighton, than on our way to the Dyke. Brown eyes sitting next to red hair in the omnibus, asked No. 10, who returned with us, to change places with her on the road; and when moving, gave her former neighbour a look of contempt that spoke volumes. La Française attempted to speak English with other excursionists, but only succeeded in making herself quite misunderstood.

We reached Brighton again about six o'clock. It was still intensely

hot—hardly a breath of air stirring. The sea, without a ripple, shone like a vast mirror in the sun. I had had a long day, and felt unwilling to encounter the trouble and fatigue of a journey to town. As I wandered along the cliff, the Old Ship Hotel looked inviting; and a quiet meal in its comfortable coffee-room seemed far preferable to the hurry and bustle of returning home by the excursion-train. Much amusement and food for reflection as my agreeable fellow-travellers had afforded me, I thought some more substantial food, and a little enjoyment in the way of dinner, would be a pleasant change. The temptation was irresistible. I yielded, and at the sacrifice of my three-shilling return-ticket, remained that night in Brighton.

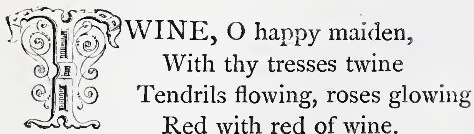
I did not regret my decision.

The dinner was good; the claret cup excellent. At sunset, which was glorious to behold, a light breeze from the south came over the sea, laden with the most refreshing fragrance. I sat on the pier watching the sun decline; breathing the delicious tepid air, and thinking of the various trifling events of the long day, which had brought with them many new experiences. It was late before I retired to rest. The calm, warm, summer night, made musical by the sighing of the tide upon the shore, had a soothing influence which seemed to render sleep unnecessary. I wandered about, and recollecting my friend the engraver, had some intention of following his example, and passing the night *al fresco* in the balmy atmosphere. But prudence prevailed, and I ended my Sunday out in the usual prosaic manner by going to bed.

If those who have read what is here written, have felt as I have felt while writing it on this cold December night, they will have experienced a psychological sensation similiar to that which the epicure feels in eating green peas and fresh strawberries at Christmas—a sensation which may not be appreciated by some, but which, nevertheless, is not to be despised. It may have done you good to shudder at the idea of sleeping in the parks, and you may make some effort to prevent the necessity of others doing so. You may have thought Sunday excursion trains more objectionable, especially in the third class, than they really are; and if any false impression in this respect has been removed from your mind, the short account will not have been written in vain. And, is it a foolish idea?—You may have been glad to recall summer doings and delights while sitting round the cozy fire, in which case you will not object to this Epicure's Christmas Story.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE MISSAL.



TWINE, O happy maiden,
With thy tresses twine
Tendrils flowing, roses glowing
Red with red of wine.

Let thy radiant braidings
Meet thy lover's eyes
As the golden leaves of olden
Missals, flower-wise.

He will kneel, God praising
For thy wonder-hair,—
"This He painteth! These He scenteth!
Thee He maketh fair!"

He will bend above thee,
Crimsoning, I wis,
Almond-blossom brow and bosom,
And thy mouth will kiss!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.

THE REVEREND FATHER LA LOQUE, who died in an attic of the Quartier Grenelle, Paris, left a long array of corks inscribed with the names of false friends who had helped him to dissipate his fortune. The story is admirably told in "The Epicure's Year Book," from which we take our illustrated initial. By the way, we notice an important omission in "The Dinners of 1868." Some of our friends will remember a special gastronomic meeting to celebrate—— But, no matter; we will write to "Fin-Bec."

WE have received two parcels of Christmas books. They include "Tinykin's Transformations," a charming fairy tale by Mark Lemon, who is peculiarly happy in this department of literature. The work is illustrated with characteristic drawings by Mr. Green. "A Month in the Midlands," is another notable work; and there is "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by the late Mr. Bennett. The artist's heads of Bunyan's leading characters are wonderful studies. The phrenologist and physiognomist will find perpetual delight in them. "The Epicure's Year Book" is a quaint little volume, full of curious wayside facts and spicy thoughts. We should like to dine with Fin-Bec. He publishes bills of fare, which fairly make one's mouth water. "Pippins and Cheese" is not a work on dining, but akin somewhat to "Cakes and Ale," and "Wine and Walnuts." These works are from the press of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, and Co. The second collection reaches us from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, who offer many attractive works to children. "Old Merry's Annual," for example, is as showy as a cheap china ornament, and its contents fairly glitter with many of those delightful improbabilities which are always attractive in the nursery. "With the Tide," by Sydney Daryl, is an honest, manly book that boys may read with profit. It is not a mere "goody book," like "Busy Hands and Patient Hearts." The illustrations are not quite what they ought to be. Edwin Hodder will no doubt feel how inadequately the artist has striven to depict the startling incidents of his "Lost in Paris." Nevertheless, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's Christmas literature bears a wholesome moral mark, and that is something now-a-days.

"SEATS and Saddles—Bits and Bitting," is the title of a new work by Francis Dwyer, published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. It is dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Teck by its author, a Major of Hussars in the Austrian service. There may be a reading age and not a hearing age in Austria, but in Great Britain it is very different. Magazines, newspapers, and novels are almost the only commodities which find readers now-a-days; and if any one wishes to inoculate "the stable mind" with maxims on the above points, as well as "the prevention and cure of restiveness in horses," he must go to work with a very light hand. Our author has written a sound, useful book, but not in the form "to tell." People concerned with horses want to be told a plain thing in a plain but lively way. They do not want a number of diagrams in a treatise upon the curb, with arrows and levers to guide them; or to be informed that "in levers of the first order, the power and weight move in *opposite* directions in their rotation about the prop, &c." This is the system pursued here, and after a good deal more of the same sort we learn that "this is what we want for bitting." Writers in Encyclopædias might adopt this plan, but writers of every day books should avoid it. The chapter on restiveness does not seem so much open to this objection. It would have been a better book if the author had blended the science more artistically with practice. Still the foreign experience which it introduces will give it considerable interest for many readers, at home and abroad, and more especially for teachers in military and ordinary riding schools.

REFERRING us to a paper in the November number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, "On Some Pleasant Books," Mr. J. A. Langford reminds us that, so far as Birmingham is concerned, he has told the story of that town from its newspaper records. In verification thereof, Mr. Langford favours us with "A Century of Birmingham Life," in two volumes. It is a most careful compilation of the history of Birmingham, as it is to be found in the pages of the *Birmingham Gazette*, from the first issue of that paper in 1741. As a contribution to general history, Mr. Langford's work may be consulted with profit by future historians; as a picture of the inner life, manners, customs, opinions, and progress of Birmingham, the work is unique. It may be especially interesting at the present time to note that, with the exception of that fatal period of our history when the nation was mad on the subject of the French Revolution, Birmingham has always been Liberal in politics. The town was especially zealous against Charles I., and the smiths gave their support to the Parliament in a very practical fashion: they made 15,000 swords for the service of the army. Mr. John Bright may find some capital pegs for declamatory allusions to the past of Birmingham, in this admirable work of one of his constituents.

THERE is a story told of the Dewsbury election, which will bear repetition. The candidates were Messrs. Simon and Cossham. An old

woman enters a butcher's shop to purchase a sheep's head. "Is this a Simonite or a Cosshamite?" she asks. The butcher was a friend of Mr. Simon. "A Simonite, to be sure," he says. "Oh! then it won't do; we are all Cosshamites where I live, and they'd kill me if I bought Simonite meat."—"I'll soon make it a Cosshamite, then," says the butcher. "Do, do," the old woman responds; whereupon the butcher, putting the head upon his block, opens it, removes the whole of the brains, and handing the head to his customer, says, "There, marm, there's a Cosshamite for you."

THE German schoolmasters have done a good thing in shortening the total hours of their pupils' studies. They have made morning sittings rather longer, and abolished afternoon lessons altogether. The result has been, we read, highly successful. That the full benefit of the curtailment may be reaped, we would suggest to those interested in education that the afternoons be spent by young pupils in learning that which at present they cannot appreciate, and are never taught—*the use of knowledge.* Set them to tasks that will make them feel the want of knowledge and its practical value. Send them into the merchant's counting-house, the engineer's office, the mechanic's shop, the actuary's bureau, the editor's room; let them go into the warehouse and the factory, the forge and the chemical works. Let them join, as far as their powers permit, in the operations they see performed; let them learn to feel that knowledge is power, and to recognise that there is a connection between learning and prosperity, between school-books and fame and fortune. Boys are eminently practical: *Cui bono?* is at the head of their catechism. Show them that anything they can do is of use, and they will enter upon it with a will, so long of course as it does not involve continued and irksome labour, for which they are unfitted. We have known a boy take up mensuration heart and soul from seeing and assisting at the taking out of "quantities" from a builder's plans. In any reformed system of education let practical work, such as we have indicated, take a part, and there will be fewer dunces in the schoolroom and fewer dolts in the world of arts and commerce.

IVORY billiard balls are expensive articles, because of the cost of the raw material; and they are liable to get out of shape from the drying off of their original moisture, and out of truth from want of homogeneity: one part may be of denser, heavier matter than another, and when this is the case, the centre of gravity of the ball does not coincide with its centre of figure, the effect being that the ball travels falsely, although its sphericity may be quite perfect. These defects have led to attempts at finding a substitute for ivory whereof to make them. Steel was lately suggested; and, provided the ball be made hollow, so as to be of proper weight, the metal would no doubt answer well. Just now another substance is being tried in America; this is vulcanised india-rubber, which can be made as hard as ivory, and stained to any colour. A ball turned from a solid block of

the vulcanite is, however, apt to be porous, and not likely to have uniform density. The inventor obviates these evils by first taking a small ball and coating it with successive layers of rubber till it is of the requisite size, when it is turned and polished like ivory. The maker claims for balls thus made all the good qualities of ivory without its drawbacks, but with the obvious advantage of much greater cheapness.

"WORKING classes," said a leading liberal employer in the North, at a public meeting during the elections—"I'm sick of the talk there is of the working classes. Time was when a master was a gentleman to be treated with respect when he walked over his works; but now none of your people know you, and when you walk through your place you are like enough to hear one of your men say to another, 'Jack, who's that devil?'"

THERE has lately been much discussion in the *Athenæum* about the binding of books. Perhaps some of the gentlemen interested may be strangers to the following note from "Peachman's Compleat Gentleman." (1627.)

> "King Alphonsus, about to lay the foundation of a castle at Naples, called for *Vitruvius*, his booke of architecture; the booke was brought in very bad case, all dustie, and without covers; which the king observing said, 'Hee that must cover us all must not goe uncovered himselfe;' then commanded the booke to bee fairly bound and brought unto him. So say I; suffer them not to lie neglected, who must make you regarded; and goe in torne coats, who must apparele your minde with the ornaments of knowledge, above the roabes and riches of the most magnificent princes."

WE have heard, every now and then, of pluralists, even during the present generation; and some fine specimens of the breed, even in her present Majesty's reign, could be found if any one would take the trouble of searching in the pages of "The Black Book," in which all such instances of Court, or Legal, or Episcopal corruption stand duly recorded. But if we turn our gaze back about six hundred years, we shall find a pluralist who throws fairly into shade the Elliots, Greys, Tomlines, Norths, and Sparkes of the Victoria era. Henry III. had many favourites, and most of his favourites were foreigners and aliens; and the prodigality of his gifts to these leeches and bloodsuckers of the English nation simply exceeds belief. On one of these favourites, for example, he heaped in *the course of nine weeks*—(1) the custody of Dover harbour, (2) the governorship of the Castles of Marlborough, (3) Ludgershall, and (4) Odiham; (5) the general custody of wards and escheats, (6) the royal purveyorship at fairs, and (7) the guardianship of the heir of the great and noble house of Braose,—each and all, be it remembered, places of emolument as well as of honour. But even this is not all. In Ireland, the same adventurer, *within the same nine weeks*, obtained from the bountiful

king (8) the place of Treasurer of the Exchequer, and (9) that of Chamberlain of the same, both for life, (10) the prise of wines, (11), the custody of the Jewry, (12) the wardenship of all ports and ships, (13) the custody of wards and escheats, (14) the charge of all vacant sees, (15) the lucrative management of the Exchange, (16) the governorship of the Castle of Cork, and (17) that of Limerick, of (18) Acton, (19) of Drogheda, and (20) Rawdon, and (21) the surveyorship of the five cantons of Connaught. If any one of our readers is sceptical on the subject, we beg to refer him to "The Royal Letters" of Henry III., as quoted by Mr. W. H. Blaauw, F.S.A., in his "War of the Barons."

A PERFECT mine, if not of wealth, at all events of information, lies hid in the parochial registers; and if the country clergy would take the trouble of unearthing them, very many curious facts illustrative of the various phases of life in England during the past three centuries would be brought into the light of day. It is not, however, every parish priest who kept his registers so carefully and clearly written as Dr. Percy, the author of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," in whose handwriting we find the following entry at Easton Maundit, a small Northamptonshire village, of which he was rector just a century ago, and where he is said to have entertained Dr. Samuel Johnson as a visitor.

"Anno Domini, 1765. Canada (a negro boy, or rather a mulatto from the Mosquito shore in the West Indies), aged about eight or ten years, belonging to Lord Sussex, was baptized Jan. 8. The godfathers were his Lordship and Charles Stuart, Esq. The godmother, Mrs. Cramp, the housekeeper."

The Earl of Sussex was at that period the squire of the parish, and that is the meaning of "his Lordship."

THE old house at Streatham Park, where Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Hawkins, and so many other of the great essayist's friends were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Thrale, was pulled down some years ago. It was sold by auction with all its furniture, library, and pictures, in 1816: and our readers may feel interested at learning that even in that day—not remarkable for its reverence for antiquity or literary associations—the sale realized a very fair sum. Among the treasures of the mansion was a series of portraits of the many distinguished visitors at Streatham, mostly by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Of these the portrait of Lord Sondes fetched 80, Lord Lyttelton 41, Mr. Murphy 98, Goldsmith 127, Sir R. Chambers 80, David Garrick 175, Baretti 82, Dr. Burney 20, Edmund Burke 240, and Dr. Samuel Johnson 360 guineas. It may be added that it is not above ten years ago that Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered for sale at their rooms in Leicester Square, (formerly the studio of the great Sir Joshua), no less a relic than the oak-panels from over the door and the fire-place of the rooms once tenanted by Johnson in the Temple: it is not, however, to the credit of our degenerate day that there was not a

bidder for the lot, which accordingly was "passed" by the auctioneer. We should like to know what has since become of the sacred timber which had so often witnessed the suppers and the literary labours of the great lexicographer.

THE world is advancing to international clubs. Some time ago, a Travellers' Club for Paris was projected—to consist mainly of English residents and visitors—the indispensable qualification being membership of a West-End London Club. Noble premises in the Rue Castiglione were secured. It is now proposed to have a fashionable International Club, of an exclusive character, at Trouville; the members to be chiefly French and English club men. The pleasantness of such an institution at a place as lovely as the Norman Baden-by-the-Sea, is beyond dispute. It would be a strong link in the chain of the alliance between the two nations.

AMONG the youngest members of the family of English words is the name of "caricature," which, in its present form, can be scarcely much more than a century old, since it is first found in Johnson's Dictionary, published in 1755, and according to Italian authorities did not pass current, even in Italy, until the latter half of the seventeenth century. The term is, of course, derived from the Italian *caricare*, to "charge," in the sense in which heralds and painters use that word; and hence it is used to express the act of "charging" a picture with some second meaning, more or less secret, and tending to exaggeration. The earliest use of the word "caricatura" is that quoted by Johnson from the "Christian Morals" of Sir Thomas Browne, who died in 1682, and of whom that book was the latest work: "Expose not thyself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts [*i.e.*, drawings] and caricatura representations." This quaint author had resided for some time in Italy, and he evidently uses it here, not as a naturalised term, but as a mere exotic. The next example of its use is to be found in No. 537 of the *Spectator*, where, speaking of instances of detraction, the writer goes on to say, "From all these hands we have such draughts [drawings] of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call caricaturas, where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster." The word, in its Anglicised form, seems not to have been fully and fairly established in our language until late in the last century, when the pencils of Hogarth, Paul Sandy, and James Gilray, had familiarised the British public with the article itself, which began to be exhibited largely in the shop-windows of West-End booksellers and printsellers, and more especially at the shops of Messrs. Humphreys of New Bond Street, and Messrs. Fores at the corner of Sackville Street and Piccadilly.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE ART CLAIMS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MR. URBAN,—I have just read in your last month's "Incidents" a notice of the opening meeting of the London Photographic Society. The criticism indulged in by the writer of that notice is so very much in that old, old style, in which, ever since its first introduction, photography has been abused by the ignorant, mocked at by "artists," and laughed at by those "critics" who, in their desire to impart information which they do not possess, only too often lay themselves open to the ridicule of better instructed men, that I take up my pen, with the idea of sending you a few lines to controvert some of the erroneous doctrines your critic has put forward, and to point out as concisely as I am able some of the true art claims of photography: to do so fully would demand an essay. The difficulty which has been felt in admitting photography to any art position has certainly not arisen from any want of perfection in the means employed, but rather from the fact that hitherto art has been a subject about which the majority of photographers have but too little concerned themselves. The assertion made by your critic—and which I, as well as many others who have devoted much time and study to the subject, considered as quite a fallacy of the past—that as a photographer's camera has no soul, therefore his pictures can have none, is emphatically contradicted by your critic's own observations as to the superiority of M. Adam Salomon. Granted that a photographer's camera has no soul, does it follow that therefore the photographer has none? Because a sculptor's chisel has no soul, is it to be asserted that his works cannot bear the impress of the soul? Who would ever think of propounding such an absurdity? The chisel can do nothing of itself; no more can a camera: the mind must direct the use of either. But then, it may be argued, the mind may direct, but in the two cases its direction will be of a different character; in the one the mind will have an immediate influence over every touch and over every stroke, while in the other it will merely have, as it were, a passing influence, only extending to general selection of subjects, and not descending into the minute details of actual accomplishment. These are, it is said, the work of mere mechanism, quite independent of the brain of the photographer. This assertion, though it may find a place among many useless and unsubstantial theories, has no foundation whatever in actual fact. If the work of taking a photograph, apart from the selection of the subject, were a merely mechanical act, a *mere mechanic* could do the work. I have been myself

a mechanical engineer, and am well acquainted with what mechanical skill really is, and I have no hesitation in saying that our English mechanics are quite competent to perform any purely mechanical operation with the most absolute accuracy, and yet, with all their skill, they could not take a photograph which could at all approach the work of any first-rate photographer,—let us say the example taken by your critic, M. Adam Salomon. The productions of this gentleman excel, not only in the greater skill with which backgrounds and accessories are arranged in them, not only upon general skill in fact, but, as your critic very pertinently remarks, "in the use of the brain in every part of the process." Neither camera, nor lens, can claim the honour of producing the works of such a man : it is owing to the impress of a superior mind that they excel the works of lesser men. I have the pleasure of knowing M. Adam Salomon personally ; I have seen him work, and have assisted him in his operations, and, from an intimate knowledge of all that appertains to photographic manipulation, I can state with assurance that in his hands the same sitter, using the same camera, chemicals, lens, &c. (in fact the same mechanical conditions), ay, with the same pose even, and the same management of light and shade, a result will be produced which is quite different from that which any other photographer would produce. His result would be, in fact, characteristic of him ; and the same picture produced by any other man would equally contain points characteristic of its author.

I should have liked to have given many instances of men whose pictures are at once to be recognised by their individuality, and of pictures in which it has been granted by all impartial critics, that, great as may have been the difficulties with which the photographer has been beset, his triumph over those difficulties has been complete ; and of which it might be said, without flattery and without exaggeration, that they were triumphs of mind over matter. As, however, your critic has contented himself with a somewhat general treatment of the subject, placing M. Salomon alone in a position of superior excellence, I prefer to adopt the same course ; and though I, in common with many others, very much doubt the real superiority of this celebrated Frenchman to many of our best English artists, still, for the sake of present argument, I will readily accept the position of his superior excellence. This, then, being allowed, and it having, I trust, been shown that, as your critic himself admits, this gentleman's work is superior because it shows "the exercise of a master mind," the objection to ideal pictures, which is urged, at once falls to the ground. If a "mere portrait" can, and does, bear the impress of the mind of the man who took it, then there can be no reason whatever why those pictures which "must bear the impress of a soul" should not be, not only attempted, but successfully achieved. With the actual fact of all such pictures at the late Exhibition being failures, I have but little to do ; there were few art photographs exhibited, and those possibly, with perhaps an exception or two, did not show the powers of photography to its best advantage. It is against the wholesale condemnation of all attempts at anything more than mere mechanical drudgery being made by photographers, that I now write ; and it is against the misleading influence of writers, who, like

your critic, give their opinions too freely upon subjects with which they are clearly not at all conversant, that I will ever bend the whole weight of my influence, not only in print, but also in every other way in which it falls within my province to do so.

One very important mis-statement, and one very important omission, in your critic's remarks shows me plainly that I am not wrong in accusing that gentleman of ignorance of the subject on which he has written.

His statement that the landscape photography of the late Exhibition showed no higher merit than was shown by pictures taken a dozen years ago, is simply nonsense; while to assert that landscape photography, as a branch of the art, "has remained at a standstill," is not only absurd, but it is simply untrue. It is in landscape more especially that almost all the improvements in photography has been made during the last ten years. Only four years ago, in the answer to correspondents in one of the papers devoted entirely to photography, a statement was made that no lens then existed by which pictures of more than 70° angles could be made: now there is no limit to the angle of view which can be obtained. Then, too, in the actual process of landscape work there have been great improvements during the last few years, so much so that to detail them would be tedious.

The omission which your critic makes is also one of a very serious character. In his high praise of M. Salomon and his pictures, there is one most important feature of his works which has not received any notice. The "re-touching" upon the finished print by an experienced artist, on which, in very many cases, much of the beauty of his pictures depends. In some cases, the whole of the face is so completely "touched up" that very little, if any, of the original photograph remains visible. This, though by no means always the case, is still so important a feature in the works of M. Salomon that it should never be lost sight of in any critical notice of his productions, as it is often not a little conducive to art-excellence in photographic portraiture to be able to look upon the face as technically of but small importance at the moment of taking the picture, while the whole attention is being given to backgrounds, drapery, and so on, leaving the face, which is in reality of most importance, to the attention of the colourist or "re-toucher." This is by no means the usual plan with M. Salomon; but when re-touching is a method extensively practised, it should, as I say, be always taken into consideration in a critical notice, especially when it is one of the causes out of many which conduce to a marked success.—I am, yours truly,

A PHOTOGRAPHER.

[WE have laid this communication before the writer of the note to which it refers, and he remarks upon it as follows.—S. U.]:—

The angry tone adopted by "A Photographer" suggests the notion that he is driven to follow the well-known legal precept for giving apparent strength to a weak case. He abuses me for my ignorance upon photographic matters. For my own part I care little for this; but it is due to your readers that they should be informed that they are not addressed by the ignoramus which "Photographer," to suit his purposes, supposes

me to be. Permit me, then, to inform them, that I speak on photographic subjects with fifteen years' experience as a basis for my opinions, and that I can claim acquaintance, in most cases from actual practice, with every known process and every description of apparatus. Every phase of photographic development which the period embraces is perfectly familiar to me. As a chronicler of scientific matters it has been my duty to note carefully the applications and the modifications of the photographer's art, and, as an occasional reviewer of photographic works, I am tolerably conversant with its literature. You, MR. URBAN, may have seen a specimen or two of my production, and you may be in a position to judge how far my friends are justified in preferring portraits of my amateur taking to those produced by many of the professed masters of the art. This is egotism ; but the circumstances justify it.

When I have asserted my claim to as great competency for judgment as any ordinary critic can be expected to possess, I have said wellnigh all I care to say in reply to your ill-tempered correspondent. Much of what he says is matter of opinion only. On some points he is very short-sighted, or else very biassed. He fancies I have contradicted myself by declaring M. Salomon's pictures to show the exercise of a mind, and by denying the possibility of a camera picture bearing the impress of a soul. I see a great gulf between the works of M. Salomon and those of an ideal picture maker. One simply pourtrays, the other tries to create. "Photographer" seems to think that the gulf may be bridged over ; I hold such a thought a delusion. The best evidence of the impracticability of producing art photographs is that of all the attempts that have been made in that direction, no one has exhibited the germ of success. Can any of the works of Lake Price, Rejlander, Cameron, or Robinson, be called suggestive ? Are any of them aught else than *portraits*, or combinations of portraits, or patchworks of portraits and scenes ? In my opinion, not. Once I essayed a fancy picture. My model was a lady of artistic taste, and all accessaries were carefully studied. But all was in vain ; the best result was only the diminished reflection of a lady in costume, with a stagey expression, suggestive of nothing but an attempt to look a character. How different the result if I had asked my friend Scumbler to sketch the figure standing before my camera, and to put a dash of his soul into it ! But my failure pleased some people, for I sold the negative to a London publisher, and shortly after encountered its prints in the shop windows. I never tried again, however. The light beams were not to be handled like the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel ; I could but copy, and copying models did not realise my idea of creating pictures.

With regard to what "Photographer" calls my mis-statement concerning landscape photography, I can only say that I see no reason to modify my opinion, nonsense or no nonsense. Nothing in the exhibition surpassed to my remembrance the works which the Le Grays, the Bissons, the Everards, and the Fentons exhibited years ago. As to panoramic photography, it is an improvement not yet consummated, notwithstanding its age, far greater than "Photographer," with his presumptive experience, seems to be aware of ; for Sutton in England, and Porro in France, made panoramic lenses, and took pictures with them, eight or nine years ago.

And as to M. Salomon's retouching, it did not concern my notice. I wrote for the public, who neither know nor care about means, but who look only at ends. If I had criticised in detail every picture or every exhibitor, you could not have given space to my remarks. Such a review might have suited a photographic journal; but even there I should have omitted reference to the Frenchman's retouching, for it has been discussed *ad nauseam*.

THE BLENCATHRA PACK.

MR. URBAN,—Poor little Isaac Todhunter, alias "Lal Isaac," died about three weeks since, after only four days' illness. He had hunted the above pack for a quarter of a century, and was a great favourite with all. As he figures in H. H. D.'s Article on "Hunting" last month, I thought that I would apprise you of the fact.—Yours, &c.

H. Z.

Keswick, Dec. 4th, 1868.

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

The Most Noble Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet Rawdon-Hastings, fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, who died at his house in Grosvenor Square on the 9th of November, at the age of 26, was the only surviving son of the second Marquis, and grandson of the well-known Marquis of Hastings, who, early in the present century, was Governor-General of India. His mother was the late Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, a peeress in her own right. He enjoyed peerage honours in each of the three kingdoms; by his death all the Irish and English honours of the noble house of Hastings have become extinct, while the Scottish titles, the Earldom of Loudoun and the Barony of Mauchline, pass to his eldest sister, Lady Edith Abney-Hastings.

The late Marquis was born in July, 1842, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded to the title on the sudden and premature death of his elder brother in 1851; and no sooner did he attain his majority than he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the turf, of which he became one of the leading patrons. Betting became with him not a disease, but a necessity of his existence; and at one time he was in receipt, it is said, of 20,000*l.* a-year from this source of income alone. Success seemed to attend his steps, and he became an authority on all turf and racing matters. At Newmaket, at Epsom, at Doncaster, and at Ascot, he was the best known, the observed of all observers. He gave the largest sums ever known for such horses as he thought likely to win on the leading race-courses; and it is said, that he rarely had less than fifty horses in training at the same time. At length, however, there came a day when the tide turned against him strongly; he lost largely, more especially in last year's Derby, and disasters followed upon difficulties so rapidly that his health and spirits broke fairly down, and the end was a rapid decline, which speedily carried him off.

The Marquis married, a year or two ago, the Lady Florence Cecilia Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, but by her he had no issue.

W. HARRISON.

Mr. William Harrison, whose name for nearly thirty years has been associated with dramatic musical art in this country, died on Monday, Nov. 9th. He will be remembered as a manager and an artist. Mr. Harrison was of a north-country family. He appeared in London at Covent Garden, under Mr. Macready's management, in Rooke's opera of

"Henrique; or, The Love Pilgrim," on the 2nd of May, 1839. From this time his reputation steadily increased. His name is connected with the production and success of many English operas. He originally sustained the tenor *rôle* in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," "Daughter of St. Mark," "Bondman," "Rose of Castille," and "Puritan's Daughter;" in Wallace's "Maritana," "Lurline," and "Desert Flower;" in Benedict's "Crusaders," and "Brides of Venice;" and in Macfarson's "Charles II." In early days the beauty of his voice was universally recognised, and secured his success. But his musical education was deficient: a fact he always admitted, whilst he constantly strove to remedy it. Too much work, and ever-increasing anxieties, told, in time, upon the charm and freshness of his voice; but his reputation as *an artist* rose higher and higher. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, that he was the greatest actor on the English lyric stage. His delineation of romantic character—*e.g. Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *Captain Macheath*, and *Ruy Blas;* and his conception of light comedy—*e.g. Don Henrique* in the "Crown Diamonds," *Young Marlowe* in Macfarson's "She Stoops to Conquer," and *Fra Diavolo* in Auber's opera of that name, were quite admirable. There was a gentlemanlike elegance and nobleness in his bearing—a finish in his portrayal of such characters as these which I have seen in no one else.

The ill success which attended Mr. Harrison's efforts to found and establish a house for national opera, is well known. A large fortune was risked by him, and all, but honour, was lost in the venture. He would not wrong others to save himself. And his reward—a high one—was, that in all business matters he gained universal respect and confidence. A certain exclusiveness and hauteur sometimes lost him friends, and made foes. But, at the same time, he had the power of exciting in others an enthusiastic friendship and admiration. His bearing on the stage was expressive of his true character—firm; and possessed with a poetic sense of chivalry, which he wished to see realised in himself and others. His home life formed a beautiful contrast to his public life. It was uneventful, loving, and happy. He was a good husband, son, and father. And his last days, which were days of much suffering and sorrow, brought out, in a marked degree, two noble attainments of a nature naturally reverent and religious—gentleness and patience.

SIR G. SINCLAIR, BT.

ONE of the oldest ex-members of the House of Commons has just died, the venerable Sir George Sinclair, Bt., of Caithness-shire, which county he represented for many years in the moderate Liberal interest. He entered Parliament as far back as 1811, and sat for Caithness-shire till 1820, and again from 1831 to 1841. As a boy he was at Harrow with Byron and Peel, with whom he kept up a correspondence and friendship; he was also a highly accomplished scholar, and the author of many literary works. While a young man he travelled much abroad, and was taken prisoner in Germany by the great Napoleon. Late in life he

veered round to Conservative opinions, and was the chairman of Sir F. Burdett's committee in 1837, when he sought the suffrages of the Westminster electors for the last time. His father was the eminent agriculturist, the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, many years president of the Agricultural Society of Scotland, and the author of that work most valuable to all country gentlemen and landowners, the "Statistics of Scotland."

PROFESSOR ADLER.

THE American papers announce the death of Professor George J. Adler, the eminent lexicographer and linguist, at the early age of 47. He died in a lunatic asylum, where he had spent the last six or seven years of his life. He was a native of Germany, where he was born in 1820 or 1821; but early in life settled in the United States, and graduated about the year 1844 at the University of New York, in which he was afterwards for some years professor of German. He was the author of several Latin and German text-books, and of a translation of Goëthe's "Iphigenia" into French, and he compiled an English and German dictionary of considerable merit. His other works include a "German Grammar," a "German Reader," a "Manual of German Literature," and a "Latin Grammar," extensively used in American schools. He was also an accomplished Arabic and Oriental scholar.

ARCHDEACON HAWKINS.

THE Venerable Ernest Hawkins, Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, a gentleman well-known for thirty years and more as the indefatigable secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and of the Colonial Bishopric's fund, died at the end of October last, at the age of 66. He was the son of an Indian officer, was born in 1802, educated at Baliol College, Oxford, and afterwards elected to a fellowship at Exeter College. He was more largely instrumental than any other person in promoting the extension of the Colonial Episcopate; and he had repeatedly refused the offer of one of the bishoprics which he had helped to found. For the last ten or fifteen years of his life, he had been minister of Curzon Chapel, May Fair, and had held his canonry and archdeaconry only a short time.

H. COBB.

HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, died recently in one of the Southern States of America, at the age of about 54. He graduated in 1834 at Franklin College, and having studied law, was elected to the local legislature at the age of 22. In 1843 he was chosen as representative to the National Congress, of which he became Speaker in 1849. He was, subsequently, Governor of Georgia. On the slavery question he was one of the most violent of the partisans of the South, while holding the post of Secretary

of the Treasury, under Mr. Buchanan's ministry; but when the Buchanan Cabinet began to crumble, he resigned, and went to the South, and became president of the first Confederate Congress. He subsequently threw himself heart and soul into the war, in which he acted as a Brigadier-General of the Confederacy. Since the downfall of his party, he had remained quiet in Georgia; but it was always thought that he was only watching for his opportunity to return to public life.

SIR G. P. WYMER.

ONE of the oldest of our Indian generals died recently at Bayswater, in his 80th year, Sir George Petre Wymer, K.C.B., Colonel of the 107th Regiment. He entered the East India Company's army in 1804, and served under Lord Lake in the campaign of 1805, and also in the Nepaul war of 1814-15. He also took an active part in the operations under General Sir Wm. Nott, at Candahar, in 1840, and under Lord Keane, at Ghuznee. He was made a K.C.B. in 1857, and became full general in 1863.

H. CHESTER.

TO our obituary must be added the name of Mr. Harry Chester, of the Privy Council Office, a laborious and useful public servant. He was the last surviving son of the late Sir Robert Chester, Master of the Ceremonies to Kings George III., George IV., and William IV.; was educated at the Charterhouse, Westminster, and Cambridge; and after a short apprenticeship to the diplomatic service, was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Council on education. In this position he was brought into contact with a very large number of the clergy and landowners in England and Wales, with whom his courtesy made him generally popular. He was also a magistrate for Middlesex.

SIR W. HODGES.

THE late Sir William Hodges, Chief Justice of the Cape of Good Hope, died, after a very short illness, on the 17th of August. He was a native of Weymouth, was educated at the London University, called to the bar in 1833, and went the Western Circuit. In 1846, he was appointed Recorder of Poole, and in 1857, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope, President of the Legislative Council, and Judge of the Admiralty Court. In these several positions, Sir W. Hodges won the regard and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. The *Cape Standard* speaks of his clear legal perception, his affable manners, and the satisfaction which his decisions afforded both to the profession and the public. He published a well-known work on Railway law. In 1835, he married a daughter of the late J. Sanders, Esq., of Weymouth. He was honoured with a public funeral.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAPTER BY THE WAY, IN WHICH INCIDENT TAKES THE PLACE OF CRITICISM.

IF it had occurred to me that a story of love and disappointment would crop up, in my own household, during the course of my narration of these other adventures, I should not have been persuaded to introduce extra chapters by the way. "Our fate, hid within an auger-hole, may rush and seize us."

It is "so with us." I sit down to write my own life. I am induced by my family to insert within the current narrative, like leaves in a dessert dish of apples, these wayside chapters. Fate steps in and decrees that there shall be a story here, too, a sad love tale, and I have no choice but compliance. Whilst I have been poring over the history of my own early days a little romance has been going on in my own family; and the climax has come just at that particular time when the reader's thoughts should be concentrated upon my own poor narrative.

The reader, I fear, will plume himself upon his own discernment. He will have felt certain that the Rev. Paul Felton was not an honest, good man. When I turn back to that chapter on etiquette, I can now see that I depict more of the sneak than the saint. There is almost an apology for him in my own remarks; and the doubts of

my eldest daughter will have satisfied the reader that the Rev. Paul Felton's character is not of that pure and religious cast which we had all tried to hope and believe it was.

It is the opening of the new year—not New-Year's Day, not New-Year's Eve. The threshold has been crossed; we crossed it in tears and in anger; and we are now in the portal. The cause of our passion will be found in the conversation that follows.

"It is an infernal insult; and I'll be hanged but I'll kick the fellow before his flock," says my son Tom, clanking his spurs on the library carpet.

"That is nonsense, Tom. You must not strike a clergyman," I say, quietly.

"Then I'll pull his nose—I will, by heavens!"

"Tom is sure to keep his word, father," says Bess, casting encouraging glances at her brother.

"Just as you had secured his promotion, too," Mrs. Kenrick says.

"And to make his very success an excuse for jilting the girl," exclaims Tom. "He 'thinks the fact of his being called to a higher sphere of labour the condition of parties is changed,' does he?—the beast!"

"Tom, Tom, it is hardly worth while to exhibit so much excitement here," I say. "I wish the fellow were a layman, for all our sakes."

"By the Lord, I'm glad he is not," Tom replies; "his conduct would disgrace the name of layman."

"Bravo, Tom!" says Bess. "If a parson is bad he's like a bad woman, desperately wicked."

"Comes here a twopenny-halfpenny curate, you secure him a valuable living, and then the girl who was worthy of him as a curate is not fit for the higher sphere: why, damn the fellow, I have not common patience to think there is such a disgusting sneak unhung," roars out my son, beating his trousers with his riding whip, until the dust surrounds him like the smoke of battle.

"Tom, do not let us have this barrack-room language before your mother and sister," I say.

"All right, sir, I'll say no more; but there is no cloth ever spun by human hands that shall protect Paul Felton from a tweaked nose."

With this remark Tom strides out of the room, and in a few minutes afterwards we all watch him galloping across the country on his favourite mare. What a fine fellow the rogue is! If this Felton were a layman, I should, indeed, like him to be horsewhipped by Tom Kenrick.

"Where is Cissy?" I inquire, by-and-by.

"In her room," says Mrs. Kenrick.

"Does she take it much to heart?" I ask.

"She does," says Mrs. Kenrick. "She not only loved this man, but all the villagers have prepared for the wedding."

"How she could have liked the fellow is a mystery to me," says Bess.

"She did, and does," says Mrs. Kenrick.

"What now?" exclaims Bess.

"Yes, now," says Mrs. Kenrick.

"Has she no pride?" asks Bess, quickly, her eyes flashing with anger.

"None," replies Mrs. Kenrick, mildly. "She would sue to him even now."

"Great heavens!" says Bess, solemnly. "Then this thing you call love is a mystery indeed."

I do not feel inclined to lead Bess into a metaphysical discussion of that said mystery; so I merely raise my eyes, as much as to say, "Indeed it is, Bess."

"What is to be done?" says Mrs. Kenrick, who has a very practical notion of settling all difficulties in some way.

"You must try and make Cissy understand that she has had a narrow escape of being married to a villain, and——"

"I thought you knew human nature better than that, Christopher," says Mrs. Kenrick, interrupting me. "You gentlemen who write novels and profess to be so deeply versed in the human heart have strange notions, it would seem, when the real story, the real pang, the true heart-break comes before you. Cissy is a true woman. She loved this man with all her heart, and she believes that his decision is right. She gives him credit for nothing but a true, pure, good purpose in breaking off the engagement. Her only difficulty is to find resignation under the blow. Tell her Paul Felton is a villain—as we know him to be—and she will despise your judgment; persist in it, and she will despise you."

Mrs. Kenrick's fire and eloquence amazed me. As I watched her glowing cheek, and listened to her sweet voice, ringing like a bell with unaccustomed vigour, I felt a rush of the old love in my heart; I remembered how she had clung to that poor, desolate boy in dark and dreary days long ago. If I had turned out to be a Paul Felton she would have mourned me for the memory of her own pure image of me.

I kiss my wife tenderly on the forehead.

"You are a good woman, Sarah," I say. "What shall we do—go abroad?"

"Perhaps a little change would be advisable," she says. And then, squeezing my hand, she leaves the room in tears, Bess following her with a puzzled, sympathetic air, like one who pities for pity's sake, but does not understand that there is great cause for grief.

There is nothing like a long, quick walk in the country when you are troubled. When that great writer, whom you all know, saw that separation from his wife was really to be part of his marvellous history, he walked twenty miles without resting.

I will go and see my friend, Father Ellis, and then write my next chapters of Kenrick with what grace I may. The mind has many moods. The strong-willed can change it how he listeth. From present woes to past trials and sorrows is, perhaps, no very difficult task. We shall see. I have written down Chapter XIX. before I start. Thackeray liked to have the commencement of a new chapter, or a new work, always begun. This helps a vigorous, determined mind; but it affects the slothful in a different way. I knew an author who never got beyond a title-page. He had several books in his mind, the title-pages of three ready written, and one actually in print. Beyond this he never advanced; he looked too far into the future. He christened his ship and began to make her sails before the vessel was built. My poor Cissy has thought about the style of her wedding dress, and lo and behold, there is no bridegroom!

CHAPTER XIX.

MY LODGINGS AT HARBOURFORD.

An old-fashioned, gabled house over an archway, in a back street that led to some miserable tenements; an old-fashioned, gabled house that had once been part of an ancient chapel; this was Abel Crockford's residence. You entered it by a dark staircase beneath the archway, and when you reached the end of the staircase you came into an upstairs kitchen, a painter's studio, and three bed-rooms. The kitchen was part of an old room that had once been somewhat pretentious, and there was still left a fire-place of an ancient date and a picturesque style. There was an air of poverty in the room, but it was cleanly. The rough, patched stone walls were adorned with rough, sketchy, ill-framed pictures in oil. A few plants looked green at all seasons in the patched, mullioned window, and Mrs. Crock-

ford was a neat, dapper little woman, who was always trying to make the place seem cheerful. By the old-fashioned chimney-piece there was an arm-chair, which had been made up out of a throne. Yes, sir, a throne that had done duty for kings and queens at the old Harbourford Theatre Royal before that establishment was burnt down and rebuilt; and this throne had been amongst the few things rescued from the flames. It had required much strengthening with battens and nails, and much padding with wool, and canvas, and chintz, before it assumed that cozy look which it has in presence of the firelight from that capacious old chimney.

What is all this description about? do you ask. Why am I keeping you in suspense? I am describing my lodgings at Harbourford, dear sir; my nest during those dark days of fever and delirium, dear madam; my home, when I was down and fainting by the way, *très chers amis.*

Well, out of this kitchen you reached a room nearly as large. There were two easels in this second apartment, and a fierce smell of paint; for the artists who worked there ground their own colours, and used strong material. Abel Crockford was a sign-painter, and scene-painter, and he wrote inscriptions on coffin-plates. His ambition was scene-painting; his fate was signs. Now and then he produced bits of colour which drew forth high commendation; he had once done a fairy glen, which was pronounced, at Harbourford, the perfection of scenic art; but sign-boards were Abel's most successful achievements, and nobody could touch him for taste and expedition in coffin-plates. Upon the walls of this rough art-studio were hung various examples of Abel's work, chiefly studies of trees and copies of pictures. Here and there were examples of letters and sketches of pictorial sign-boards; with bits of theatrical scenery, strips of rock and water, patches of sky and foliage, and a mask or two—remnants of some grotesque extravaganza. Upon one side of the studio, however, there was a picture in a frame, a work of large dimensions, carefully covered with a curtain. Close by was a small table, upon which there were several old prints, a work on the old masters of art, a magnifying-glass of an ancient make, and some writing-paper.

This concealed picture represented Abel Crockford's dream of greatness. We have all our hopes of fame and wealth. This was Abel's; but of that "anon, anon, sir," as Francis says in the play.

From this temple of the graces branched off three bed-rooms; one in which I slept, another set apart for Abel and his wife, and a third, which was in too ruinous a condition for occupation. The

property belonged to the corporation of Harbourford, and it was let on a sort of repairing lease at a nominal rent. Abel Crockford had succeeded in keeping the other part of the house whole, but this third chamber defied all his efforts, and so he permitted it to become picturesque, as he said, and fit for the researches of learned antiquarians, who came now and then from distant parts to see the old archway and its tumble-down house overhead.

I could not complain of my room, even if I had been able to pay my rent regularly; it was always clean, it was always sweet, it was always natty. There was no carpet on the floor, except just round the little bed. My looking-glass hung on the wall, and there was a curtain round it to set it off. My dressing-table was made out of an old tea-chest, but then it was decorated with white and pink dimity. I had a real wash-stand, flanked with a bit of real oil-cloth. There was an oak chest of drawers in the room, with a score or more books of my own upon the top, besides sundry magazines, an old Shakspeare, and a "Whole Duty of Man," upon some hanging shelves. Several of Abel's rough sketches were exhibited on the walls. The window was an old stone design, with a stone seat in a deep recess, like the look-out of an old Elizabethan house. I sat here often between Mrs. Crockford's chintz curtains, and watched the children at play up the court beyond; and I sometimes envied them, even despite their rags and dirt; but now and then their merry games were rudely arrested by some drunken drab beating her off-spring, and then my heart would bleed for all poor and unhappy children.

Pity it was Abel Crockford had no little ones. He was a noble, honest-hearted fellow, and his wife believed in him above all men. Yet Abel was poor and ignorant, and his wife could neither read nor write. Abel's ignorance, however, was not of a dense character; he had great intelligence, and, with education, would have made a great man. An eye for the beautiful in nature and in art, he appreciated a good book, a happy thought, a bright stroke of imagination, and a rare piece of music. From sign-painting he had risen to a fair position, as assistant scenic artist at the Harbourford Theatre, and there were many rough little studies upon his walls that were credit-able works.

The dream of his life latterly had been to get money enough to buy the queer old house in which he lived; and this hope had been fostered by the purchase of a somewhat remarkable picture, which Abel firmly believed would one day be sold for many thousands of pounds.

This was how he told me the history of that picture :—

"I bought him, sir, Mister Kenrick, the time as you was took ill, just after you come here to lodge. I see him in a winder, for sale ; and says I to myself, that's a work of art ; not as you could see him, sir, Mister Kenrick, because you couldn't, for he was black with the dust and varnish of ages. I knowed the man as had him, so I says, 'What for the picture?' and he says, 'I ain't going to sell him until the Catholic priest has seen him—he's a judge.' 'Where did you get the picter?' says I. 'He was bought at the dean's sale, when nobody was a lookin',' says he. 'What's the price?' says I. 'I wants ten pound for him,' says he ; 'but maybe I shall want more when the priest has seen him.'"

Whilst Abel is telling his story, Mrs. Crockford looks up from her stocking mending, and smiles approvingly at her lord, who is standing by the fire, pointing each sentence earnestly with his pipe.

"Well, I comes home, and I says to my missus — didn't I dame——"

"Yes, Abel, you did."

"I says, 'Missus, there's a fortun' in that picter. I knowed the dean's brother ; he was a great traveller, and was in the wars ; he captured that picter,' I says, 'in some palace, and it's the work of a great master. If I can raise the money,' says I, 'that picter's mine.' 'You knows best,' was all my missus says. I knowed a working man once as bought a picter at a sale, and he sends him to be cleaned and done up, and the man as done him up, says he, 'I'll give you ten pounds for him,' sir, Mister Kenrick, and the man wouldn't, and from that the picter got wind, and at last he were sold for ten thousand pounds. Yes, sir, Mister Kenrick."

Abel was quite overcome at the thought of that worthy man's good fortune. He re-filled his pipe, and Mrs. Crockford laid down her stocking to hear Abel tell the story all over again.

"I goes to the shop again, and as luck would have it, sir, Mister Kenrick, the priest was there, an' he says to the man, says he, 'I do not think anything of this picture ; sell it for several pounds and have done with it.' Says I, 'Well, I'm a poor man, but I can do the frame up a bit,' says I, 'and clean him, and make a trifle out of him ; he's in a shocking bad state, and I'll give you five pounds for him,' says I, Mister Kenrick, sir. 'Take the money, my man,' says the priest ; and so he did, and I gives him every penny as we'd saved for a rainy day,—did I not, missus?"

"You did, Abel," says Mrs. Crockford.

"Well, sir, Mister Kenrick, I brings him home, and I was dreadful

sorry you was ill, and I couldn't have your advice. When I brought him home, there was only one figure, or part of one to be seen; that was a knight in armour; but there was light and shade in that figure, Mister Kenrick, sir, as showed me he was a grand picter. Well, sir, Mister Kenrick, I sets to at him—I sets to and washes him well to begin with, careful, sir, and I rubs him with a silk handkercher, and I notices that a great block of wood, or a door-step, or a coffin, or whatever something was near this knight, began to appear like a man, a dead 'un; so I perseveres and says nothing; and days go on, and I rubs away to get the old varnish off, and I was regular unearthing a buried body, sir, Mister Kenrick; and in a week I restores to daylight the figure of a dead soldier, at which the other figure was gazing. They had fought, I s'pose, and one had killed the other. Well, sir, Mister Kenrick, I sees at once he's a grand picture; and I begins to talk about him. One or two gentlemen comes to look at him, and I gets an offer of fifty pounds for him. I rigs him up then on some tressles, with a bit of cloth behind him and a curtain in the front, and the priest he comes to see him. He looks at him, and at last he says, 'I never see that picter until now, that's a different thing to the picter I see before; he's a prize, my man, he's a prize.' Then others comes in, and they talks of him being by this man and the other, this school and that, and I gets a hundred offered for him. Yesterday I has that doubled."

"I hope to goodness you will not overstep your market," I say.

"No, I'll not do that, sir, Mister Kenrick. I knows what I'm doing; and I've got a little surprise for you, too, sir."

I was still weak, but strong enough to think of work. I had taken a fierce dislike to the press since the sudden termination of my Harbourford engagement; and that equally sudden termination of my Lindford dream had settled much of that ambition and patience which had helped me to bear many of the ills connected with reporting on the *Harbourford Messenger*. Abel had noticed this, and my love for the drama had started a scheme in his mind for my benefit.

"I have got your violin back, Mister Kenrick, sir. I knew where you'd sold him, and I've got him back. Don't be angry, sir; I've not been and paid for him, but here he be."

Thereupon, Abel produced my old violin, with a bundle of fresh strings in a tin box, the instrument in perfect order. I could not speak; and Abel suddenly professed to have important business in his painting-room. A delicate, generous act like this from a poor man, and a comparative stranger, affected me very much, and my

hands trembled over that first old bit of melody which my favourite bow drew from the sympathetic strings—

> "What's this dull world to me,
> Robin Adair ?"

Simple words, delicious melody! It is an old song that my mother sung to me in those few bright intervals of childhood when I was not being beaten or denounced as a good-for-nothing child that could not possibly come to any good. "What's this dull world to me?" The very sentiment was in my heart; and its morbid complaining affected my already broken health, until Abel's eyes were fixed upon me for a moment with a bright humane sparkle as he produced that old violin which had been a solace to me in so many weary hours.

In the evening Abel, in his hearty, ignorant way, said,—

"Well, Mr. Kenrick, sir, I've bin and got you what you calls an engagement."

"Indeed, Abel. What is it?"

"Second fiddle in the orchestra," said Abel, looking straight at me, "if you be not too proud to do it."

"Too proud, Abel!" I exclaimed. "If I am not too ignorant of the work."

"You can do it," said Abel. "I have no fear of that: it's fifteen shilling a week for the season, which be two months; and there be no knowing, Mr. Kenrick, sir, what may turn up in the meantime."

It boots not to tell how I entered upon this new duty, and how I succeeded. The strange incidents of the work come back to me now like broken pieces of a coloured window. I see the colour, I detect bits of pattern, but there is no oneness anywhere amongst them. They are indicative of gas-light and dirty day-light; they reflect tawdry, tinselled garments and patchy scenes; they smell of stale tobacco and orange-peel; their very jingle, as I push them aside, brings up a blundering memory of old-world waltzes and quadrilles, and of bits of tragic accompaniments done in a vigorous *tremoloso*, though "Robin Adair" puts in one bar to give a touch of pathos to the jumble of strange sounds.

I sat for several weeks in that little orchestra of the Harbourford Theatre, a pale, thin, ghost-like young man; and I played second fiddle to the full satisfaction of the management. Once, in theatrical parlance, the ghost did not walk, or, in more general language, the management could pay no salaries. But the arrival of two Yankee

ships in port redeemed the fortunes of the theatre, and the company were suddenly so much in funds that several gentlemen rushed into the extravagance of new neck-ties; whilst the ladies indulged in new bonnets and a Sunday trip to Potty Island, with shrimps and tea.

My time was fully occupied at this period; and I attribute my sanity to the healthy stimulus of occupation. I rose at an early hour, and commenced the day in Abel's studio. With the aid of an elementary work on oil-painting and Abel's experience I succeeded in producing several copies of borrowed pictures, which a broker purchased for a few shillings each. I followed this success up by one or two efforts at original work, and I remember me of a triumph of trees and water, which Abel sold to a patron for ten shillings and sixpence. When I was not called to rehearsal in a morning I stood at my easel until it was time for the evening performance. I look back now to the almost unexpected effects of colour in that poor scene-painter's studio, and feel all those early sensations of re-awakened ambition as keenly as if I had not lived to grey hairs and family responsibilities.

At odd times I sat down and tried my hand at essays for newspapers and magazines—wayside stories, incidents of life, and other fugitive papers. I posted them with trembling hands to London editors, and looked up their periodicals at the Mechanic's Institution, but those magic initials, "C. K." did not appear in print, except once in a harsh "Notice to Correspondents." Moreover, my manuscripts were rarely returned, though I treasure to this day the polite letter of one editor, who was good enough to say there was promise in my work, but my style was too amateurish for the publication over whose fortunes he presided.

I wrote several letters to my mother, but got no reply. The same fate attended my letters to Mr. Mitching; and two which I wrote to Tom Folgate came back through the Dead Letter Office, marked "Gone." The following communication from Mr. Fitzwalton was a mystery which time alone solved. Fitzwalton wrote as though I knew all that had transpired during my absence from Lindford:—

MR. FITZWALTON TO CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

DEAR KENRICK,—I received your favour in due course, and was sorry to hear that you had been so very ill, at which, however, I do not wonder, seeing what sad events have occurred on all hands since your departure from this ill-fated city.

Everybody knew that Tom Folgate was rather loose, but none of

us expected that he would do what he has done. I am sure it must grieve you very much; but "such is life," dear Kenrick. We have all our troubles.

Since the *Lindford Herald* has been amalgamated with the *Gazette* it seems as if we had all lost a dear friend, though, for my part, I shall soon cease to take any interest in the Lindford news as I am about to go to London, where I have purchased a partnership.

You will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that my sister-in-law, Miss Birt, is going to be married to your opponent in the famous battle, Mr. Noel Stanton, who is, after all, a very nice fellow.

What changes a few short months bring about! I have not been to Stoneyfield lately, but I hear your father bears his loss with manly fortitude.—I am, yours truly

W. FITZWALTON.

I pored over this epistle for hours. I wrote for explanations that Fitzwalton would not give. "His new business occupied all his time," he said; and he "could not believe that I did not know quite as much of what had passed as he did, and more especially as that Folgate scandal was in all the papers. If I really did not know all about it, perhaps I had better remain in blissful ignorance, or pay a visit to Lindford, and make personal inquiries on the spot."

This was all I could get from Fitzwalton, and I was so much offended at the coolness of his reply and its formal style, that I tied up his letters with another little bundle, and allowed the tide of fate and fortune to flow on. That last sentence of Fitzwalton's letter, too, seemed so much like a sneer that I was inclined to be very angry with the writer on that account. "Your father bears his loss with manly fortitude!" I remembered that the very first time I met Fitzwalton in Lindford he sneered at my running away from home. "And this is friendship," I said.

What a blessing it was, at these times, that easel in Abel Crockford's painting room.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH I TELL ABEL CROCKFORD THE STORY OF VELASQUEZ.

"THE more I paint," I said to Abel, one morning, "the more I understand the value of that picture."

"Ah, he be a grand chap," Abel responded, uncovering the work, "and I've this very moment almost hit upon a new idea about him, which I don't mean to say nothing about until I've carried it out."

"Strange, a new thought about it has occurred to me," I said.

"Have it now," said Abel, dipping the end of a new clay pipe into a cup of coffee, which Mrs. Crockford had brought into the painter's room, as was her custom every morning at seven o'clock.

"Do you know the story of Pareja and Velasquez, Abel?"

"I do not."

"Then I'll tell it to you whilst you are putting in that bit of sky."

"Thank you, Mr. Kenrick, sir," said Abel, standing back from his easel, and holding his head knowingly on one side to see the effect of a "promiscuous-like" dab of indigo and brown madder.

"Pareja," I said, "was a slave, literally kicked into the studio of Velasquez by a famous Spanish admiral, who made a present of the youth to the famous painter. They called the boy Pareja after his master, and the painter's pupils made a drudge of the woolly-headed little fellow. He was at the beck and call of everybody, he cleaned the palettes, ground the colours, and indeed was a slave in every respect, getting considerably more kicks than half-pence. His master, however, treated him kindly, and the slave held him in the highest admiration. One day Pareja in that imitative spirit which is characteristic of man, whether he be bondsman or freeman, tried to paint. Of course he made a terrible hash of the business, as I did, Abel, when first I took up the brush; but the true passion was excited, and Pareja hied himself to a deserted garret in his master's house, and there set up an easel. He had nothing but old, disused brushes to work with, and the refuse colour from the painting room. Early in the mornings, and at other odd times, he found a wonderful charm in daubing the colours upon bits of board. By-and-by he improved, until the forms that he produced really gave him a positive delight, such as the real artist feels at his own success——"

"Go on, sir, I be listening—I baint looking at that bit of sky—I'm trying to see that slave at work in his garret," said Abel, when I paused for a moment in the narrative.

"One day King Philip the Fourth and the great Rubens honoured Velasquez with a visit. In the train of the king were the noblest grandees in the land. Following Rubens were Vandyck, Sneyders, Van Norden, and other celebrated pupils of the king of painters. Rubens was most favourably impressed with the works of Velasquez. The latter said his cup of happiness would be full if Signor Rubens would leave a stroke of his pencil upon one of his pictures. Presenting a palette to the great master, Velasquez pointed to his chief works. 'All these,' said Rubens, with that peculiar grace which indicates the perfect gentleman, 'are finished,

yet will I make an attempt.' At the same moment he picked up a piece of panel which was lying against the wall, in an out-of-the-way corner. Turning it round to see if this offered an opportunity for leaving behind a souvenir of his art in the studio of Velasquez, the great master uttered an exclamation of surprise, as his eye fell upon the picture afterwards so famous as 'The Entombment.' This was the work of——"

"Pareja, the slave!" exclaimed Abel, his bright eyes blazing with excitement. "Wonderful, wonderful!"

"The slave had caught the inspiration of his master," I continued, "and had worked in secret, struggling with his own genius. That day opened up a glorious career to him. His master embraced him, and Pareja became famous. His attachment to his master was so great that he was killed at last in a street attack, whilst defending the husband of his master's daughter. He died, thanking God that he had been permitted to lay down his life for the child of the great and magnanimous Velasquez."

There were tears in Abel's eyes when I had finished, and he sat still for several minutes apparently looking at that bit of blue and madder; but picturing in his mind the wonderful career of the Spanish slave.

"Now, Abel, I tell you this story for two reasons; in the first place, that it may stimulate you and me to increased exertions: and, in the next place, because I believe your mysterious picture is either by Velasquez or by his famous pupil."

Abel stood upright at once, and came towards his picture.

"Stay," I said, interrupting him, "there are such things as copies, and this may only be a copy; if so, its intrinsic value is not, perhaps, so very great, but we must look up the history of the works of these great artists."

"Mister Kenrick, sir, excuse me, I'll be back in an hour or so, and throw some more light on that picter, I don't care who he's by or whether he's original. If he was by that slave, I should almost worship him, in fact I almost does now, and I questions as long as I can get bread and cheese if I shall sell him, unless it be to get money enough, Mister Kenrick, sir, not to buy this house, but to pay some painter to let me see him at work, and give me some instruction. I'll be an artist yet, Mister Kenrick, mark my words, sir; you haven't told me that story for nothing."

Hereupon Abel fastened his apron (he would wear an apron) round his waist, put on his coat and disappeared. In less than an hour he returned. As he came into the house, I heard him say to

Mrs. Crockford, "Don't bother about breakfast yet, dame, we'll come when we be ready."

His face was aglow with satisfaction. In his hand he held the catalogue of a sale by auction.

"It occurs to me, Mister Kenrick, sir, as there would be some miscellaneous lots at the dean's sale, and I finds out the man as bought some sundry books for five shilling. I goes to him, gies him half-a-crown for what he has left on 'em, and here's the very thing; here's the picter, sold in London thirty years ago, 'artist unknown,' and knocked down to the dean for twenty pound."

"You are an ingenious, clever man, Abel," I said. "That catalogue may be of great service, and your discovery of it is as good as a bit of detective police work."

"I've heard as we knows more about the value of picters now, nor we did thirty years agone."

"Much more so, Abel, and it would not surprise me if we could have a search in London, that your picture is worth the money at which you value it."

"There be thousands in him, Mister Kenrick, sir. I thought as I'd discovered letters on him one day. He's a great picture."

"No doubt."

"Some of the people as come to see him goes mad about him. A lady, the other day, found a tear on the knight's cheek. I can't see it, but there's wonderful sorrow in them eyes, sir."

"The figure is rather stunted, Abel."

"Well, Mister Kenrick, sir, I've never heard that said afore; but the criticism as I hears on him makes me laugh sometimes, when I'm in a laughing humour, otherwise I'se fit to get into a rage. One will say, for instance, 'Ah, the light and shade is beautiful.' Another will say, 'Yes, yes, very good; but defective in light and shade.' Another will shake his head and say, 'Magnificent in colour, Abel, but a little out of drawing.' The next chap will say, 'weak in colour, but fine in drawing; perspective perfect.' Then there's others as finds out bits of detail, and goes mad over the hands; and others as says the hands are 'queer, very queer; but the texture of the garments wonderful.' Some sees 'great softness and repose in the knight's face,' others think it 'decidedly hard.' Then there's them as is always sure there is more in the background, and advise me to have all that horrid varnish off; whilst another lot says, I've spoiled it with cleaning it, and that cleaning picters is Vandalism. No two is alike, and now you say the leading figure is stunted."

"Don't be angry, Abel."

"I baint, Mister Kenrick, sir; I be astounded."

"It is only the old story over again of the artist who placed his picture in the market-place for everybody to put their criticism into practical effect with paint and brush."

"And daubed it all out at last, I know, sir. They shan't daub this one, I can tell'ee, Mister Kenrick, sir; I'll have a big price for him if he's ever sold, and if he ain't sold, why I shall have all the enjoyment of possession, sir."

Thus we chatted on until Mrs. Crockford said breakfast was getting cold; and thus we talked and painted on many another morning afterwards. They were happy days these to a certain extent, but as I grew stronger and better, a fierce desire to know my real fate with regard to the girl in the lama frock took possession of me. And now and then, in bright sunny days, a whisper of ambition prompted me to look up out of the poor and miserable associations of Harbourford. The companionship of poor Abel (who though he was good, was very ignorant), the reek of theatrical sawdust and orange-peel, the everlasting drone of ancient waltzes and quadrilles, and the garish gas and tawdry tinsel of the Harbourford stage, occasionally struck me as degrading. It seemed as if I were beginning to talk like Abel, as if I shuffled in my gait like that wretched prompter who played old men, and made the manager's trousers; it seemed as if the footlights were getting into my brain, and burning a bad pastile made up of oranges and smoke, that I tasted with my mind. Unless I had gone into the fields now and then, and lain me down by that shingly river which ran out into the sea, I should have gone mad. Fancy becoming a melancholy mad fiddler, with your brain full of old waltzes and orange-peel! Fancy becoming a maniac with a picture by Velasquez for sale, always telling the story of Pareja, and nodding knowingly to everybody like dear old Abel! What a friendless and forlorn fellow I was in these days, when the light of an ambitious nature began to be rekindled amidst those strange scenes at Harbourford. How one tender line from Esther, or one kind word from Stonyfield (stony-hearted, cruel, infamous Stonyfield!), might have raised me up!

Sometimes, at night, I could hear the rolling of the distant sea, and it pained me to think that all memory of Lindford, and the maiden I had left there, would be wiped out of that river in the Lindford Meadows when the quiet meandering stream lost itself in the great waters. Where was she, this girl in the lama frock? This Esther Wilton, this soft-eyed gentle thing? Was she really false like the rest? Had she been won by gold? Did she trust in those words of

hope that I sent to her? Would she wait until we met again? Would the clouds clear away? Was there sunshine behind them? Or only black storm and wrack, and the darkness of night? I wearied myself with my vague questionings until one day in the spring, when a nearer approach to emancipation from doubt arrived through the visit of a famous actress to Harbourford. Miss Julia Belmont, of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Haymarket, was announced to appear at our local theatre for six nights only!

CHAPTER XXI.

FRIENDS MEET AGAIN, AND ONE IS RICH.

Why was I so particular in my toilette on that morning when I went to the first rehearsal during the Belmont engagement? Why did I walk with more elastic gait, and feel something like the sensation of newly conferred dignity? When I first knew that dear girl in the lama frock, I used to approach her presence with a sort of poetic fear, a dumbfounded kind of happiness. And here I was going to meet a lady of genius, one whom all Harbourford would run after, and whose wit made men quite humble and afraid; here was I walking down the street like a conqueror, with neither fear nor alarm, until forsooth I suddenly remembered that I was only second fiddle in the orchestra at fifteen shillings a week. This was a terrible shock to my pride, and more particularly when I found that Miss Belmont had come to rehearsal in a hackney coach. That seemed like a reproach to my poverty. My heroship fell down to zero. I was going to flash upon her like a meteor. Suddenly I discovered myself to be not even a star in her hemisphere. She was the queen of the tragic muse, I played second fiddle; she lodged at the Royal Hotel and came to rehearsal in a carriage, I lodged up a court, and——

It was a happy thought cropping up out of unhappy circumstances to steal into the property room, and borrow a wig and moustache. I did so, and Abel Crockford, who had come in at the moment, lent me his spectacles. They thought me a little mad; but my eccentricity was not particularly alarming amongst theatrical people who have licence to do strange things. I sat in the orchestra, not a conqueror, not the envied of the company as I had promised myself, but second fiddle.

My lady looked charming. She was rounder and rosier than when I saw her last. There was a touch of pink and white in her cheeks such as Esther wore. Was it false? Was it like Mrs. Mitching's

peach-bloom? I did not think these questions at the time; but I remembered being a little surprised. The actresses whom I had seen at Harbourford came to rehearsal without any complexions. They put these on at night. Moreover, they usually wore their oldest things at rehearsal; the theatre, they used to say, was so dirty. But Miss Belmont, looked as if she were dressed for the part of a duchess.

The piece was one of a most romantic character, and the music was of importance. More than once I thought Miss Belmont fixed her eyes upon me in a searching inquiring manner. At these times I professed to look very hard at my music, though I could do but little through Abel Crockford's glasses. I never played so badly. If the leader had not been my friend I should assuredly have been snubbed before the great London star.

There is no acting at rehearsals as you know, at all events nothing like what you see at night, and the Harbourford company were the more surprised at what they evidently considered much waste of power in Miss Belmont's occasional display of real histrionic force during rehearsal. She spoke one passage from the play with wonderful elocutionary effect, so much so that the manager applauded, and several members of the company followed suit; whilst the lady who had hitherto played the lead cast a contemptuous glance at a singing chamber maid who hoped some day to occupy an equally distinguished position.

I felt my heart beat a little wildly at these incidents, and more wildly still at the close, when Miss Belmont and the manager had a short conversation in my hearing.

"I had a dear friend in Harbourford," said the actress. "I first met him at Lindford; he was on the press there. Some time ago he came to the *Harbourford Messenger*."

"You are quite sure of good press notices here," said the manager, with an obsequious and cunning smile.

"I was not thinking of that," said the lady.

"Indeed!" said the manager, curiously.

"My friend was the son of a newspaper proprietor. They tell me at the *Messenger* he went to the bad, and became connected with your theatre."

"Was it necessary then that he should go to the bad before he qualified for the stage? I hope Miss Belmont——"

I heard no more, but quietly slipped away beneath the stage, dropped my wig and spectacles in Abel's hands, bade him be mum, and disappeared.

I rushed off to my friend the shingly river. It was a bright spring morning. All Nature looked hopeful and joyous. The river rolled along over stones and pebbles with a happy chirruping song. What a change to the garish half-gaslight, half-daylight of the theatre! I walked rapidly, but not so quickly as my thoughts came and went. "This woman loves me," I thought. "I knew she liked me at Lindford; but I was not conceited enough to think she loved me. Besides, were not all my thoughts occupied with another. Esther's jealousy and her sister's denunciations of my conduct, Miss Belmont's search for me this morning, and her charming toilette, in a manner confirm the thought of the morning that the fair actress would accept my hand if I offered it. She is well off, they say rich, in fact, and will retire from the stage ere long. And with all my industry I can earn little more than thirty shillings a week. I am in debt and difficulty. I owe Mrs. Crockford five pounds, and have not three in the wide world. I could marry Julia Belmont, and snap my fingers at poverty."

These mercenary thoughts coursed through my brain as I walked by the Harbourford river. Poverty is a fierce demoraliser. How poor I was, how very poor I must have been to have reckoned up Miss Belmont's love, to have discounted marriage in this way. Now and then the river would stop and flow on at a bend, in deep low murmurs, like that old river in the Lindford meadows, as if it mocked me with the memory of those happy days when Esther Wilton hung upon my arm, or steered my boat through the rushes and water-lilies. The early spring grasses and the budding flowers nodded by the river, as if in sympathetic whisperings with its quiet moments; and then my heart would sink within me, yearning to know if Esther Wilton was still true to Christopher Kenrick. The clouds raced along in the sky, one after another, like bands of happy things, as if they said, "Onwards, onwards—life is motion, it is only the dullards who watch and wait—onwards, onwards." Julia Belmont seemed to beckon me, and I heard the rustle of her silken dress and the music of her ringing voice. By-and-by the river would rush into a rough gorge and sing the same exciting song; but ever and anon a sweet patient face looked up out of the troubled ocean of my memory, and it seemed as if the violets reflected back upon me the odour of its quiet maidenly presence.

When I reached my lodgings I found the Crockfords in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Mister Kenrick, sir!" exclaimed Abel. "Miss Julia Belmont has been here, and left her card for you."

I took the card, and in the corner was printed a London address.

"She seemed so disappointed that you were not at home," said Mrs. Crockford.

"She be an out and out lady," said Abel.

"What a splendid dress, and yet she didn't seem to care a bit about it," said Mrs. Crockford. "She went all over the house, and when I said it was a very poor place, she said you knew her when she had no better lodgings."

"I sold her three picters," said Abel; "two of yours, Mister Kenrick, sir, and one of my own."

"You should not have done that, Abel," I said; "leave me to sell my own pictures."

"You've never sold 'em afore," said Abel, in great astonishment.

"What did she give you for them?"

"That be the best on it, Mister Kenrick, sir," said Abel, producing six or seven sovereigns.

"I thought so," I said.

"There be something the matter with you, Mister Kenrick, sir. You aren't offended with me!"

"No, Abel, my friend, I am not; there's my hand, and many thanks to you. Give me my share of the plunder?"

"Here it be, Mister Kenrick, sir, five pounds."

"That is just what I owe Mrs. Crockford," I said; and I handed her the money.

She resisted this payment, and so did Abel, until I said, if they did not take it, I should return it to Miss Belmont.

"I cannot go to the theatre to-night, Abel," I said. "I am not well. What is to be done? If I play no better than I did this morning, I shall not be missed."

"I'll try and arrange it for you," said Abel.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Crockford asked.

"Nothing, nothing; I shall be better in the morning."

We sat down to dinner in our plain, homely room, and the Crockfords continued to talk about Miss Julia Belmont. The manager had told Abel that the actress had recently come into a fortune. It made me mad almost to feel that I continued to waver between what seemed to be a manly faithfulness to Esther Wilton and a mercenary attraction towards Miss Belmont.

During the afternoon I received the following note :—

Royal Hotel, Harbourford.

Dear Mr. Kenrick,—I have found you out. I know why you avoid me. You have not prospered in life, and I have. Were it otherwise, you would not have heard from me. Perhaps even now I outrage the proprieties ; but you know what a contempt we both had for the narrow formalities of Lindford.

I am my own mistress, and have recently been left a handsome annuity. I think our acquaintanceship, coupled with my knowledge of your history, and the "fellow feeling" which it excited in my own heart long ago, gives me the right to ask for a continuation of our friendship.

I cannot help feeling that, if you were rich and you found me poor, you would go out of your way to remind me of the past, and place your treasury at my disposal.

Believe me, this is no ostentation on my part ; the obligation is on my side.

You are often in my thoughts. Pray come and see me. It has made me wretched to think that you should avoid me.—Yours, most truly,

Julia Belmont.

The letter contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. I would fain have kept it ; but for what? That I might go and seek out Esther ; that I might once more stand before her, not a beggar, and hear my fate from her own lips. And supposing she were all she had been,—supposing the same old love existed,—supposing she came and nestled in my arms, my first love ("whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"), and repeated those words which I had discovered on that once cruel envelope, why, then, not all the wealth of the Indies, as a legacy with Julia Belmont, would take me from that early choice, the girl in the lama frock.

Should I spend Julia Belmont's money to fly to my early love? I flung the note aside at the thought of such an outrage. And supposing I discovered Esther Wilton to be false,—supposing she were no better than Tom Folgate's notion of woman,—supposing that fellow Howard had really won her with his gold,—supposing I found her married, would this bring me back to Julia Belmont? Should I not curse the gold that had helped me to such a discovery?

And could I marry Julia Belmont under any circumstances? An actress, who had languished in the arms of *Claude Melnottes* and

Othellos, who had been kissed by *Romeos* and hosts of dramatic lovers,—could I take this second-hand beauty to my heart, having first been won by modest looks, trusting eyes, unsophisticated words, and real passion? I know now that I was unjust to Miss Belmont; but I was young and romantic still, despite that fever and the humble surroundings of my fallen fortunes. In maturer years, not even in thought, should I have arraigned the professional position of Miss Belmont; but I could not help picturing the shrewd, clever actress and woman of the world, who would take care of me and give me money, against the dear little country girl whom I should love and protect. "But she will retire from the stage," said my more mercenary feelings; "and the idea of a beggar like you quarrelling with fortune,—the idea of you daring for a moment to hesitate about marrying a beautiful woman who loves you, and is rich and accomplished. Perhaps she would not have you, after all; it may be your own conceit, this fancy of yours."

I was goaded to death with contending doubts and fears. There was one thing about which I really did make up my mind. I would fiddle no more in the Harbourford orchestra. Julia Belmont should not see me in that position, at all events. Here I was wrong, no doubt. The manly thing would have been to continue in my course of labour, so long as it was honourable; and there was really nothing degrading, after all, in playing the fiddle in an orchestra. Many a good man has risen in the profession of music from humbler service. Besides, what should I have done without it? Remained a pensioner upon the bounty of poor Abel Crockford? No; I should not have done that. I was weak and ill and poor when I consented to receive Abel's aid; but, when I grew stronger, I oftentimes felt like some unhappy prince who had been kicked out of his dominions, and longed to be free of this forced state of lowliness. It was the proud blood of some of those long-dead Kenricks exciting the tamer fluid of tamer alliances in my veins. There was a time when the Kenricks figured at courts, when the men led armies and the women dazzled emperors. If it had not been for a drop of that old blue blood being still left in the family, I might have been living at Harbourford now, perchance playing second fiddle in the orchestra.

In the evening I wrote a letter to Miss Julia Belmont and returned the fifty pounds with as much gracefulness as the circumstances would permit of. I told her I hoped we should meet again some day: she under no less happy stars, myself with a brighter prospect before me. I assured her that I rejoiced in her good fortune, and counted myself happy in having so noble and generous a friend. If I called upon

her, I said it would be in the morning; if I did not, I hoped she would not think the worse of me, and that she would not set down my present conduct to false pride.

I had half a mind to go and explain everything to her, including the result of my previous visit; but even at Lindford I had felt some unexplainable delicacy about mentioning Esther to her, and my mercenary prompter again suggested that, if my fortunes grew worse, I might still change my mind, and wish to marry the rich actress.

I was in a sea of doubt and difficulty. All I could do was to make desperate resolves to leave Harbourford on the morrow, go to Stonyfield as the penitent run-away, or seek the advice of the Mitchings at Lindford. My desire to fathom the Folgate and Wilton mystery, too, had almost grown into a passion within the past few days. I did not like the idea that even Miss Belmont's purchase of the pictures would help me on my journey. It was some satisfaction to know that I had barely touched the money; and if I started on the morrow, I should, after paying my tailor's bill, have but a sovereign and a half in my pocket. I could leave my violin and other little properties with Abel until I required them again.

I had a dream that night. I was married to Julia Belmont. We had a grand house, with statues on the staircase. Emmy Wilton had superintended the furnishing. I walked out of the drawing-room into Lindford Cathedral, and there in the cloisters I met Esther. "They made me do it; I do love you," she said, and my mother standing by with a white solemn face said, "It is just like him, poor boy, he is always in the wrong; but I love him, too, I love him, too."

And then I woke hot and feverish and afraid; it seemed as if a dead voice had spoken. I was going to be ill again, I felt sure of it. My previous attack came on something in this fashion. I drew the blind; it was a beautiful spring morning. The sun was just rising, and sending streaks of silver and gold into that back court, where an ugly mist was rising from the gutters. It was like the breath of some fever monster, this local exhalation, and trouble was lowering my nervous energy down again to victim point. I would be gone, I dressed hurriedly, wrote a short note for Abel, explaining that I had started for my father's house at Stonyfield, where he should hear from me.

Out in the quiet streets, away into the broad highway, on by the open sea, I felt like a new being; and a draught of milk with brandy in it at a wayside inn confirmed my new sensations.

"Running away again," I said to myself; and then I thought of

that misty autumn long ago, and all the events that had come after. "Running away from too much kindness and good fortune this time," I said, and I prayed in my heart that some of this glorious spring sunshine and its buds and blossoms might really mingle with my future.

"Surely," I said, "my winter is over, and the spring is at hand."

But it was not so. The snow fell again upon my poor fortunes. There was "winter in my purse" for many a day. The young buds of my latent hopes were frost-bitten. The sun of my prosperity was clouded; but I trudged on through the great cold world, nevertheless, still looking for the spring-time and the summer.

(*To be continued.*)

The Presidential Election and its Results.

"LET us have peace!" By that simple, unmistakeable Anglo-Saxon sentence, General Grant struck the key-note of the loyal feeling and desire throughout the republic. On the day of the election the answer of the people came back to him, echoing "Peace!" The nation was weary of the turmoil and conflict of the years which had elapsed since the defeat of the rebellion; weary of the antagonism between the Executive and the Legislature, weary of the suspense which paralysed both North and South, in view of the uncertain fate of the latter; weary of the seemingly uncompleted measures of reconstruction; weary, finally, of the threats which were directed against the nation's credit, and which hinted danger to the national honour. The loyal citizens everywhere longed for peace,—for a harmony in the government, and between the sections, now unknown for years; for the complete establishment of national good faith; for a reasonable certainty that the days of civil war were over, and that the objects of the last civil war were not fought for in vain.

The issues of the Presidential election were, in two respects at least, like those of the Parliamentary election in England; they were few in number, and they were simple and distinct. The people of the United States were asked first, whether the Reconstruction Acts should continue to be put in force; secondly, whether the war debt, in the shape of bonds, should be paid in good faith, with good money. The Republican party answered "Yes" to both; the Democratic party answered "No" to both with equal emphasis. Each party, in meeting these issues, consistently put forth men who represented each the position taken by his nominators. General Grant represented the loyal triumph, and as corollaries to that, the objects for which the triumph was achieved, and the validity of the debt which the triumph cost. Mr. Seymour represented opposition—consistent from its commencement—to the war, and hence opposition to carrying out the objects of it, and to paying the costs of it. Upon this ground—the subject-matter of the contest being stripped

of irrelevancies, and its pith and kernel grasped — the election was fought and won. The Republicans—such was their "platform" and their candidate—represented peace, stability, security. Why? it is worth while to ask, and easy to answer. In advocating the reconstruction measures already in operation, they advocated the *status quo;* nay, they gave, by electing an executive who could co-operate with Congress, the *status quo* a tenfold stability and a far greater practicability. But to attack the *status quo* would result not only in continued disturbance, but, in case of the election of a hostile President, in a disturbance which would fall little short of a second civil war. A Democratic President would have continued to obstruct the process of Southern reconstruction; a Republican President will not only make a smooth path for it, but—from the fact that Grant is himself a moderate man, bearing no malice, a lover of justice by nature and training, and that the possession of power acts as a conservatizing influence—will undoubtedly make it a pleasant and an easy path to the well disposed Southern citizens themselves. Again, in advocating the honest payment of the bonds, the Republicans added the second peaceful element to their "platform;" by placing the financial policy of the country on a firm foundation, securing the nation's creditors from repudiation, and creating confidence everywhere in the national honour, and to the business and financial operations of the national traffic. The Democratic "platform," on the contrary, met the issue with a frank and direct pledge of further resistance, agitation, and discord in the government. That platform was framed by unrepentant Confederate generals, imprudent Confederate legislators, and by Northern men with Confederate sympathies. It declared the reconstruction policy "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." It proposed the payment of the bonds in paper, thus preparing the way for final and total repudiation. The Democratic candidate for Vice-President, not content with the bold position taken by the platform, declared that the reconstruction of the South should be wholly undone,—if necessary, undone by violence and bloodshed; he further threatened that even if Grant should be elected, he never "would leave the Presidential mansion alive." It is but fair to say that many Democrats of prominence disapproved of these declarations, and that General Blair was far from being the choice of the loyal members of his party; but his declarations were nevertheless the exposition of what those who would control Mr. Seymour, if he were elected, intended to do. An eminent Southern Democrat, an ex-Confederate general, said that the election of Seymour would accomplish the object for which the rebellion was

undertaken; and this was so nearly true, that it shows clearly how little peaceful were the objects of the Democracy, and how thoroughly that party was involved in the fortunes and hopes of the defeated Confederates. To give these men power, was to place in other and hostile hands the finishing of a revolution which so far had been impeded indeed, but which had yet drawn towards fulfilment in spite of obstacles.

On the issue raised respecting the payment of the bonds which represent the war debt, the declarations of the party leaders were equally explicit and emphatic. On the one hand, Senator Fessenden, a Republican leader in the national Senate, and certainly one of the purest and ablest of American statesmen, announced, in a memorable speech which opened the Presidential campaign, that it was the unalterable resolve of his party to pay the bonds in coin. Senator Fessenden was, perhaps, the best authority to be found on this subject; for he was not only chairman of the Committee on Reconstruction, who framed and reported the famous Act for reorganising the Southern States, but was also chairman of the Senate Finance Committee—a position in many respects similar to that of Chancellor of the Exchequer—and himself organised the financial system under which the bonds were issued, as well as afterwards, as Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, continuing Mr. Chase's efforts to carry that system out. On the other hand, Mr. Seymour himself declared that if his party obtained the power, the bonds should be payable only in the depreciated paper currency.

The result of the Presidential election by the choice of General Grant has once more proved—were any proof, after the sacrifices, the cost, and the many periods of discouragement of the civil war, needed—both the strength of those popular institutions which England and America alike enjoy, and the confidence which may be placed in the honour and patriotism of a free and intelligent people. The agricultural masses of the West, who are not bond-holders, and hence whom the Democrats thought to tempt by promises of repudiation, gave Grant his heaviest majorities—thus not only resisting temptation, but expressing an emphatic distrust of the tempters. What higher proof can there be that the government of a free nation is safe in the hands of the people? And what event could more thoroughly convince the statesmen of England that their "leap in the dark" was a safe one, and that they have landed on firm ground, and in the sunlight? The growing probabilities that Grant would be the nation's choice, caused the public to manifest more and more clearly through the early autumn their confidence in him and in his

principles; for gold, which stood at 148 in August, declined to 140 in September, to 137 in October, and three days after the election fell to 132; and that has been an invariable criterion, ever since 1861, of the state of the public mind. From the hour that the result of the election was made known, business began to revive, and violence in the troubled South to subside. Indeed, the unusual commotions in the South during the fall, resulted plainly from the hopes which the defeated Confederate spirit had of the election of the Democratic candidates, and the encouragement which it derived from the harangues and promises and incitements which it received from the Northern advocates of Seymour. Those hopes annihilated, and that encouragement ceasing with Seymour's discomfiture—in the prospect of an almost immediate assumption of power by the great and just general who had already vanquished this spirit in arms—the evil diminished, and even the most desperate were fain to cease from a worse than useless contention.

Reconstruction, as it has been begun and as it is now proceeding, will continue to proceed. The bonds which represent, and by which is estimated, the cost of the war of the Union, will be paid in full. The present constitutions of the Southern States will stand, and under their provisions the Southern States will be represented in Congress, and will vote, as they did vote in the late election, for President and Vice-President. These events the election has decided. Turning to the future, what is the prospect before the new President? Will he be Radical or Conservative?—will he harmonise with or strive to thwart Congress?—will he seek undue executive power?—will he, with the moral and political forces at his command, be able to tranquillize the Republic, to restore the old equality of the States, to bring the finances into a condition of health, in a word, to consolidate and make enduring the great victory over slavery and the plantation oligarchy? What future lies before the negro? What before the Confederates? What will be the commercial policy of the Union? These questions arise at once, in prospect of Grant's accession.

It is clear, both from Grant's career and from the known traits of his character, that extreme, vindicative, and visionary opinions will derive no sympathy from him. It is equally clear that he bears no malice toward the South, and that he is anxious to tranquillize, not to punish, that section of the Union. The terms of surrender which he demanded from Lee, and the pertinacity with which he insisted, to the disgust of some Republicans, that those terms should be honoured by the political authority, evinced the large-minded magna-

nimity of the man, and betrayed a spirit too just to yield to an impulse of revenge. It is true that he probably saw the necessity and justice of abolishing slavery, and of employing coloured troops, even before Lincoln himself; but this, far from proving him to be an extreme thinker, only gave evidence of a clear and far-seeing mind. He is endowed with a large share of clear, hard common sense; with a sense of justice and moderation almost as remarkable as his silent determination and his military pertinacity. He is no politician, and goes into office with no partisan ends to accomplish; he is identified with no faction; he will possess, when he begins to exercise executive power, a freedom of action and thought which it has been the lot of but few Presidents to use. He becomes President at the very prime of life, —sustained by a reputation for justice, for magnanimity, for sense, and above all, for a patriotism which has graven itself on the most thrilling page of American annals. He has condensed his political programme in a single sentence,—one of the very few sentences which he publicly uttered during the Presidential contest. "This much I wish," said he, "and I declare this to be my policy—that such a degree of peace and tranquillity shall exist in this country, that a man may speak his mind in any part of the land, and that without molestation or hindrance." Both the expression and the manner remind one strongly of some of the passages in Cromwell's letters. A man so thinking and so constituted will never be swayed by fanaticism, or become the victim of extreme or revengeful advisers. He will turn for counsel and aid, not to the ultra minority of the party which has elected him, but to its liberal and substantial statesmen. The former will either fain be content to follow in the wake of the bulk of the Union party, or else they will engage in a violent though fruitless opposition. But that Grant will be supported by a strong Congressional majority, working in harmony with him to tranquillize the whole nation, there is little doubt.

Upon the three great internal subjects which most imperatively demand the attention of the American government—reconstruction, the payment of the war debt, and economy—the course which General Grant's administration will pursue seems clear. Of the ten states which formed the Southern Confederacy, seven have formed constitutions in accordance with the Congressional plan, and have been restored to their position in the Federal Union. Those constitutions accord civil and political rights, including suffrage, to the coloured race, and the freedmen were admitted to vote upon their adoption. Meanwhile, portions of the Federal army have been stationed in various sections of the South, under the provisions of the Reconstruc-

tion Act, to protect the community from the consequences of a natural and mutual irritation; to shield the negro from the oppression of his former master, the master from his former slaves, and the ballot-box, the courts, and the public tranquillity, from violence. The army is there as a guardian, not an arbitrator; as a sentinel, not a despot. This is proved by the fact that in the Presidential election a majority of the states in which the troops were stationed, voted for the Democratic candidates by very large votes. Would they have so voted if the army was there to overawe them, and to force a vote in accordance with northern inclinations? It is not germain to our object in writing this article, to prove the wisdom or expediency of the Congressional method of reconstruction; for it is an accomplished fact; it is in operation; it will now be unobstructed; and revolutions in Anglo-Saxon countries do not go backward. But it may be briefly said that that policy has produced state constitutions in many respects more advanced and less imperfect than those of the New England states themselves; that they have blotted out political distinctions, infused an element of universal education, and given every man, white and black, an equal chance in the struggle of life. Time will ripen their fruit; in the transition era, final effects are in a cloud, dimly seen. But let the South feel the sway of a just man, let it feel his protecting arm in trouble, let it see that cure and not punishment, that prosperity and peace, not misery, are the objects of the measures applied to its case, and the goal will be in full sight. If there is a man in America whom both North and South can trust, whom the North can trust to finish well and completely the work of restoring a harmonious and henceforth indissoluble nation, and whom the South can trust to stand between her and revenge, to mete out to her full justice, and to draw her from her present miseries, it is assuredly General Grant. The new amendment to the American constitution, the acceptance of which as a part of the organic law is confirmed by the Presidential election, provides that no person who, having taken an oath of loyalty to the Union, has afterwards engaged in rebellion, shall be allowed to vote: and it is this article which now operates to disfranchise so large a portion of the South. But the article also provides that "Congress may, by a two-thirds vote, remove such disability;" and that has actually occurred; for during the last session many persons so disqualified were admitted again to their political rights by special bills, evidence of their loyalty and peaceful disposition having been established. It is nearly certain that when, by the harmony between the President and Congress, and by the confidence felt in Grant's

justice in every section of the country, tranquillity has been restored to the South, the legislature will pass a general bill, restoring all who are willing to take the oath of loyalty to the suffrage and status of citizens. It will be done as soon as it is safe; and Grant's administration promises to make it safe. The troops will then be withdrawn, the South will once more participate in the national Congress, the national progress and the national prosperity, and we may hope to see a nation once more thoroughly united and peaceful.

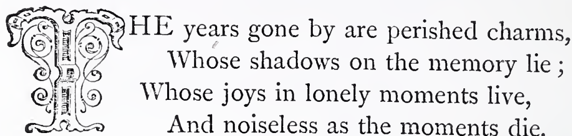
The same amendment to the constitution above alluded to—which, remark, the Presidential election has confirmed—declares that the validity of the public debt of the Union shall not be questioned; and on the other hand, declares the Confederate debt illegal and void. Under the new administration, this provision will be carried out in the spirit and letter. The result of harmony in the different branches of the government is not unlikely to be that specie payments will be reached before very long. Already the war debt has been cut down to a degree which—were we not to consider the vast resources of the western continent—would seem wonderful. The war debt in June, 1865, immediately after the surrender of Lee, amounted to 3,300,000,000 dols.; in October, 1868, it was officially reported to be about 2,500,000,000 dols.; the debt was therefore reduced in three years and four months by at least 800,000,000 dols.! At the rate that it is now being paid off, notwithstanding the rather lavish expenditure of the past two years, and that there are many extraordinary expenses which will disappear with restored tranquillity, it will have wholly ceased to be in fifteen years. Industry, honesty of administration, and peace, will—if, under Providence, those blessings are vouchsafed to a nation which has already terribly suffered for its sin of slavery—abolish the debt in a much shorter time. The result of the resumption of specie payments will, of course, be to make the present "greenback" currency—what there is left of it—exchangeable for gold and silver, and hence the interest of the bonds will be received indifferently by the public in either coin or paper. When the South once more yields her rich harvests of cotton and sugar, rice and wheat, the flow of gold will turn back again from Europe to America; when the Pacific railroad, which is, as we write, already creeping up the spurs of the far western Rocky Mountains, and the whistle of whose engines for the first time is announcing the invasion of civilisation to the vast solitudes and wilds of Nevada and Utah,—when that is completed, within the coming year, the trade of America with the empires of eastern Asia will be opened, and a prosperity hard to be estimated will flow both ways.

On the subject of administrative economy, there is no man in America who stands so fully and emphatically pledged as General Grant. Of his honesty and his determination that all who are under his authority shall be honest, there has been no suspicion breathed by his bitterest adversaries. His career in the army was not more remarkable for his exploits in the field than for the unceasing assiduity with which he checked fraud, protected property, and economized the huge expenses of war. During his administration of the War Office he instituted a rapid and thorough series of reforms; he dismissed unnecessary clerks, equalized the labour of the service with its pay, and established an order in the business routine before unknown; and the same may be said of his conduct in the bureau of the army head-quarters. That questions of economy shall receive the earnest attention of his administration, and the practice of economy in detail in every department of administration, are peculiar objects of his ambition, is well known. A bill now pending before Congress, reorganising the American diplomatic and consular system, promises at once to economize this branch of the service, and to put the diplomatic system on a permanent foundation, similar to that of England. Senator Patterson, who proposed this measure, and who, having been called from a professor's chair to the Senate, is one of the most accomplished scholars of that body, has included in it a system of examination, promotion, and gradual increase of pay, as well as a guarantee of permanency, which cannot but raise the standard of American representation abroad.

Thus it is that the new President and his administration give perhaps greater promise of achievement and success than any who have preceded them. They go into office with an immense popular majority to sustain them, followed by the wishes of all those, in both hemispheres, who love liberty and peace. They will find a Congress ready to act with them for the benefit of the whole nation. Their task will be to finish the revolution begun in bloodshed, to end the suspense of the transition era, and to set the Federal Union on a foundation from which it will not henceforth be stirred. Motley tells us that the device of the clan of Grant is, "Stand fast and stand sure." To that motto the new President has ever been, and, we earnestly believe, will in future be, unfalteringly loyal.

GEO. MAKEPEACE TOWLE,
American Consul.

The Years Gone By.



THE years gone by are perished charms,
Whose shadows on the memory lie ;
Whose joys in lonely moments live,
And noiseless as the moments die.
They stand like beacons far away,
With faintest splendours trimmed and crowned ;
For ever moving day by day,
Seen deeper in the distance drowned.

Those years gone by our pleasures made,
Our sweetest dreams like blossoms bore ;
The rarest only bloomed to fade,
As dead young roses blush no more.
With youth time like a fairy dwells,
With flattering talk she fills his ears ;
But ne'er a gloomy story tells
Of sorrows linked to manhood's years.

The snowflakes fall and make no sound,
And sorrows ofttimes come as still ;
And linger in the heart they've found,
The heart that gladness once did fill.
The hues of life will change and turn,
From tender glory unto gloom ;
The sunrise will but briefly burn,
And night must hide the evening's bloom.

The years gone by may live in thought,
Return a moment one by one ;
But vainly all their joys are sought,
As flowers when Autumn's glow has gone.
The unpenned histories of the past
Lie with our early years gone by ;
Life's first great beauties and the last,
That leave us only when we die.

The Newdigates of Arbury.

EARLY MEMORIALS OF THE BIRMINGHAM GUN TRADE.

THE rise and progress of the staple manufactures of our country have been very inadequately illustrated. This is attributable to the little attention paid to the infancy of discovery, and to the feeble, almost inappreciable, development of industrial enterprise in its early struggles. Incidents of small moment in themselves, though forming links in the chain of history, are overlooked at the time of their occurrence; and when, after the lapse of ages, a desire for their investigation reveals itself, the inquiry is attended with results so disproportionate to the time and labour expended, that few are sufficiently adventurous to undertake the task.

The birth and maturity of the Birmingham gun trade, and the celebrity attained by the makers of small arms in "the hardware village"—now recognised as the "midland metropolis"—are striking cases in point.

When that travelled antiquary, John Leland, visited the town towards the close of the sixteenth century, he described its "beauty" as consisting of "one street going up alonge . . . a meane hill by the length of a quarter of a mile," this, of course, being independent of the associated hamlets of Deritend and Bordesley; but, what is infinitely more to our purpose, he adds, "there be many smiths in the town that use to make knives and all mannour of cutting tooles, and many loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors." These smiths, loriners, and naylors were, in fact, the artificers who insensibly established the reputation of the community for dexterity in the fabrication of all kinds of metal ware; a dexterity which might be thought to have reached its culminating point some fifty years ago, when one of the magnates of the trade, on being twitted with his inability to cast "a grove of trees," declared his readiness to undertake the task, if only furnished with a suitable *pattern*. In this reply there was a great deal of practical wisdom. The truth is, that Birmingham men of the olden time were anything but self-reliant or fertile in resources; they could do anything they were set to do, if only the "fashion," as the phrase goes, was set before them; but for want of that technical knowledge, now regarded as indispensable, they knew

very little of design, and were not overburdened with a capacity for original invention.[a] All this is now so utterly changed, that a passing allusion to it can inflict no sting; and as to the application of the epithet "Brummagem" to articles of worthless manufacture and spurious material, it finds, at least, its counterpart in the false rings and bracelets formerly turned out in myriads by dishonest workers within the precincts of St. Martin-le-Grand. Offences against the currency have, it is true, been frequently perpetrated within the limits of the midland hive of industry, and poets and satirists of the seventeenth century, in allusion to the rapidity with which base coin was there produced, did not not hesitate to use the epithet "Brummagem" as a convertible term for simulated zeal and insincerity. For all this, however, an explanation might readily be given. The people of Birmingham proper are as loyal, honest, and sound at heart as those in any other district in her Majesty's dominions. Much of the crime which clusters around the name of Birmingham is imported, not indigenous; and even of this a large proportion might much more readily be held in check if, instead of allowing the peculiar topographical situation to afford a virtual sanctuary for offenders against the law in the three converging counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Worcester, advantage were taken of it to create a great midland centre of criminal jurisdiction, with conterminous police authority.

The object of this paper, however, is not to discuss the moral aspects of the town of Birmingham, but to chronicle several important facts in connection with the early history of the gun trade, which have not hitherto found their way into print.

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[a] In illustration of this point, the writer cannot refrain from quoting the following lines from a poetical epistle, written in the year 1733, and purporting to be addressed "by a mechanic in the busy town of Birmingham to Mr. Stayner, a carver, statuary, and architect, in the sleepy corporation of Warwick":—

"Boldly advance, nor salamanders fear,
You'll be convinced that Vulcan's forge is here;
That here Æneas' shield divine was made,
Achilles' armour, Hector's dreadful blade;
Here guns and swords Cyclopean hands divide,
And here with glitt'ring arms the world is still supply'd;
Here implements and toys for distant parts,
Of various metals by mechanic arts,
Are finely wrought, and by the artist sold,
Whose touch turns every metal into gold;
But 'tis in vain, alas! we boast our skill,
Wanting thy arts we are deficient still.
Oh, come and join us: teach us to excel
In casting, carving, and in building well."

Birmingham has not been fortunate in her historiographers. There have been many laborious workers in the mine of antiquarian investigation, but after raising the ore they have left it scattered about without submitting it to the crucible of authorship. The world is therefore little better for all their toil. The late Mr. Hamper, by his attainments and researches, was pre-eminently qualified to write a comprehensive history, and this at one time he seriously contemplated. How it was that his resolution failed him, it is now too late to inquire; but his interleaved and annotated copy of Dugdale's "History of Warwickshire," for which the Library of the British Museum is indebted to the liberality of Mr. Joseph Parkes, is in itself a rich storehouse of information, which ought to be rendered generally available by some enterprising publisher. In the absence of any better authority on matters connected with the rise and progress of Birmingham, we must therefore have recourse to the well-known and popular history by William Hutton, a quaint and garrulous topographer, who, though friendless and penniless when he entered the town in early life, succeeded so well in his twin pursuits of business and literature, that he died in affluence.

All that Hutton has to say with reference to the origin and progress of the gun trade is comprised within the following paragraphs:—

"Tradition tells us, King William (III.) was once lamenting 'That guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland at a great expense, and at greater difficulty.'

"One of the Members for Warwickshire being present, told the King 'He thought his constituents could answer his Majesty's wishes.' The King was pleased with the remark, and the Member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, whose name I forget, *the pattern* was executed with precision, which when presented to the royal board gave every satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists have been so well rewarded that they have rolled in their carriages to this day. Thus the same instrument which is death to one man, is genteel life to another."

The statement contained in the foregoing paragraphs is neither sufficiently full nor precise to satisfy any careful investigator. Of this, in the sequel, abundant proof will be given; but, as an antecedent step, it may be well to supply a few authentic particulars with reference to the original introduction of the gun trade into England itself.

The English manufacture of hand firearms, even on a scale the

most limited, dates no further back than the reign of Henry VIII. Then, according to Lord Herbert, "for the bow, proper for men of strength, the *caliver* began to be generally received;" and in the thirty-third year of the same reign an Act was passed for the regulation of the bore and dimensions. It should be observed, however, that several years prior to this enactment the King, by letters addressed to certain princes of Germany, invited over a number of skilled gunsmiths; but finding that the manufacture could not be easily acclimatised, he, in the year 154$\frac{4}{5}$, made arrangements for a foreign corps or legion, 500 strong, with the express proviso that not less than 150 of their number should be furnished with "Haquebuts," and capable of using them. The person with whom the King effected this arrangement was Capt. Idel Wolff Van Goetenburgh, and though there is no evidence to show that he had any personal interest in the manufacture of arms, or any knowledge of the best method of producing them, there is very little doubt but that he had those under him who were well acquainted with their construction, and capable of giving lessons to ingenious artificers. Be this as it may, the King, before the period of his death, had succeeded in establishing a rather formidable armoury, as appears by the well-known inventory taken after the accession of his son and successor, Edward VI.; and though for several years afterwards there are no specific references to the home manufacture of explosive weapons, yet on the 23rd of April, in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, a bill was introduced into the House of Commons "for the avoiding of guns called dagges;" and a few years later it was specially enacted that all persons of property, according to their several estates, should be prepared with horses, armour, and haquebuts, &c., "for the better furniture and defence of the realm."

With the reign of Elizabeth a new era of enterprise commenced. The city of London and its suburbs contained not less than thirty-seven accredited armourers and gunsmiths keeping servants and shops, and in 1590 the trade was localised in the Minories by one Henricke, a Dutchman, who—according to the contemporaneous "Discourses" of Sir J. Smith—was probably one of the artificers brought over by Henry VIII., and induced to settle in the country. So familiar had the use of guns and pistols, shortly after this time, become, that Shakspeare employs both by way of illustration or simile. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet" (act iii. s. 3), the despairing lover is made to say—

> "As if that name,
> Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
> Did murder her."

And *Sir John Falstaff*, in the second part of "Henry IV." (act ii. s. 4) replies punningly to *Pistol*—

"She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her."

Indeed, the use of firearms, from becoming general, rapidly degenerated into a great abuse; and, soon after the accession of James I., a bill was introduced into the lower House of Parliament "for the preservation of game against shooting of guns and destroying hares with hare-pipes." The King, indeed, rather from fear of consequences than from any dislike to the trade itself, conferred the monopoly of supplying the country with arms and weapons on Edmund Nicholson; and this grievance, long and seriously felt, was so much aggravated by the repeal of the 4th and 5th Philip and Mary, that, on the 30th of March, 1607, the armourers and gunsmiths, who had dwindled down in number from thirty-five in the time of Elizabeth to five in the then current reign, made their complaints known to Parliament, and expressed a fear that they also would be compelled to abandon their occupation. For a time, however, this calamity was warded off; for on their petition being referred to a Committee of the House, a report was made in favour of an open trade, and Nicholson's monopoly was declared to be abolished. This, however, was not the end of the hardships under which the manufacturers were doomed to labour; for still later in the same reign they again appealed to Parliament, though, apparently, without redress.

At length, to the joy of the trade, in the year 1638, being the 13th of Charles I., the gunmakers in the City of London and the liberties thereof, within a compass of four miles, were incorporated under the name of "The Master, Wardens, and Society of Gunmakers of the City of London." Soon afterwards arose the unhappy conflict between King Charles and his Parliament, and on the 26th May, 1642, the House of Commons ordered that the Wardens, or officers of the Company of Saddlers, Armourers, and Gunsmiths, should make inquiry and certify to the House "what stores of saddles, arms, or muskets, they weekly make, and for whose use;" a pretty clear indication that after this period the unhappy King had to look elsewhere than the company he had incorporated for arms, muskets, and ammunition.[b]

On the 23rd June, 1643, the London gun trade petitioned Parlia-

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[b] Hence we read in Dugdale's "Late Troubles," c. xix. :—"Whereunto may be added the safe landing of the queen (12 Feb., 1642), at Burlington, in Yorkshire, with arms and ammunition brought from Holland for his Majesty's service."

ment respecting sea coal; and on the 10th September, in the year following, a Committee of the House was appointed "to treat for English muskets and pistols," in consequence, it may be presumed, of the expense and inconvenience resulting from the use of match-lock muskets, as contra-distinguished from the recently-invented fire-lock.[c]

In the 13th and 14th Charles II. an Act was passed regulating the dimensions of army muskets. A few years afterwards (A.D. 1667), it appears from an entry in "Pepys' Diary," that French guns, of superior construction and workmanship, had been introduced among the English gentry; and a gunsmith, bearing the appropriate name of "Truelock," possessed considerable reputation in the British metropolis.

"May 26th, 1667," says the amusing diarist, "To the Bull Head Tavern, whither was brought my French gun; and one Truelock, the famous gunsmith, that is a mighty ingenious man, did take my gun in pieces and made me understand the secrets thereof, and upon the whole I do find it a very good piece of work and truly wrought, but of a certain not a thing to be used much with safety."

Soon after the date of the foregoing incident, the growing popularity of foreign guns was attempted to be checked by legislative enactment; and for this purpose, in 1680, a bill was introduced into the House of Commons, but rejected after it had advanced several stages.

The time, however, was rapidly approaching when a competition, more formidable than ever offered to the London gunsmiths by foreign rivals, would spring up in an English provincial town of modern growth, but with marvellous capacity of expansion.

Up to the period of the Restoration it suited the caprice of associated traders in corporate boroughs to treat the artificers of Birmingham and the neighbourhood as so many smiths or nailers, with no higher pretensions to ability and skill than such designations are at

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[c] Thus we read in the "Journal of the Committee of the County of Stafford" (Shaw's "Staffordshire," vol. i. p. 69):—"1644, Dec. 13. Whereas, for want of muskets with firelocks upon the guards in this garrison [Stafford], there hath been very much match spent, which is an extraordinary charge to the state, for the prevention of which it is ordered that Mr. Flower shall forthwith delyver out of the Earl of Denbigh's magazine unto the several commanders of foot belonging to the garrison, for every twenty soldiers, they having in their several companies five fire-lock muskets; and the said commanders, upon delivery thereof, are to deliver to the said Mr. Flower so many muskets with match-locks as they shall receive fire-locks from him, to be laid up in the said magazine, and to be restored when they bring in the said fire-locks again," &c.

the present time calculated to suggest. When, however, the productions of Birmingham assumed a higher rank, and actually competed in the market with the work of incorporated tradesmen in borough towns, every effort was employed to curb the aspirations of the rising community; and although Macaulay, in his English History, speaking of the year 1685, says, "of Birmingham guns no one had yet heard," this blank in the local escutcheon was soon afterwards supplied.

The account of the origin of the Birmingham gun trade, already quoted from Hutton, although inaccurate and defective in many particulars, has been adopted by succeeding writers with little, if any, addition or deviation, although the Journals of the House of Commons, and more especially the archives of the Newdigate family, preserved with sacred care at Arbury, throw considerable light on the transactions of the period. The "Member for Warwickshire," who is represented by Hutton as holding conference with the King, and shortly afterwards posting down to his Birmingham constituents, was none other than Sir Richard Newdigate; and his name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the local gun trade, not merely because he was instrumental in obtaining the first ordnance contract for them, but because he rendered them invaluable financial assistance at a time of monetary depression and a consequent derangement of the currency.

As to the precise mode in which the Baronet of Arbury introduced the qualifications—and, perhaps, the claims—of his constituents, there is no surviving testimony. To many minds there would, doubtless, be something remarkably primitive in the notion of a King sending off a county Member to a mere colony of blacksmiths, charging them to manufacture guns of an improved pattern and principle; but with Sir Richard Newdigate, who knew his men, the case was very different. He was satisfied they could do anything, if only furnished with "a pattern," and in the sequel his confidence was fully justified, albeit he was not likely to be imposed upon in matters where good weapons and good workmanship were important points for consideration. Indeed, it is a highly interesting fact, as illustrating the habits and possessions of English country gentlemen at this period, that when, in 1683, a search was made for arms at the mansion of Sir Richard, a considerable number of muskets, carbines, and pistols were removed, as attested by a certificate bearing the following endorsement:—

"In this year James II. caused a search for arms to be made in those houses whose proprietors were supposed to be adverse to his policy."

This search was conducted by Captain Thomas Lucy, a descendant of the Warwickshire Justice whom Shakspeare delighted to *dis*honour; and "an accompt of the arms sent in" by him from Arbury includes "nine suits of armour," two suits of which were "for the militia of this county, as he saith," and therefore returned; "10 cases and a half of pystolls; 10 swords; 8 muskets, one old; 2 carbines:" of which "one case of pystolls, one sworde, and three boarding guns were left;" and "an old drum, made use of in the house to beat to dinner, and therefore returned."

There were, of course, many sources from which Sir Richard could have furnished his private armoury; and though it would savour of presumption to suggest that the unheard-of manufacturers of Birmingham formed part of the number, it is evident, at all events, that the trusty baronet was well acquainted with the nature and necessity of such weapons; and, without some special evidence of the ability of the Birmingham artificers, it is scarcely probable that he would have placed them in direct competition with the jealous corporation of London gunsmiths.

The superiority of the snap haunch or snap hand musket to the unwieldy weapon of the early and middle parts of the seventeenth century was so manifest, that the desire of the Board of Ordnance for its general and immediate substitution may be readily understood. In their necessity the Board were, doubtless, thankful for any practical suggestions; and the following letter is not only valuable as fixing the date of the first official recognition of the Birmingham gunsmiths, but, also, as explaining the agency to which they were indebted for the introduction.

"For their Majesties service. To Sir Richard Newdigate att Arbury, near Warwick;—These.

"Sir,—Pursuant to an order of this Board wee have directed the sending to you, by the Tamworth carrier, 2 snap hand musquettes of differing sorts for patterns, desiring you will please to cause them to be shewed to your Bermingham workmen; and upon your return of their ability and readiness to undertake the making and fixing them accordingly, or the making barrells or locks only, together with the time a sufficient quantity of barrells can be made to answer the trouble and charge of sending an officer on purpose to prove the same according to the Tower proof—which is the equall weight of powder to one of the bulletts alsoe sent you; and their lowest price either for a compleat musquett ready fixt, or for a barrell or a lock, distinct or together, as they will undertake to make them. We shall, there-

fore, cause further directions to be given as shall be most beneficial for their Majesties service, with a thankfull acknowledgement of your great favour and trouble afforded us herein.

"We are, Sir, Your most hum[bl] servants,

Jon Charlton

Tho Gardiner Cha Middelton

Wm Boulter

"*Office of Ordnance,*

"10*th of January*, 1689."

The work done and the prices charged for it by the Birmingham gunsmiths were approved by the Board of Ordnance; and this to the evident chagrin of the London company, who, thereupon, complained to Parliament, and it was resolved that the Board should be recommended "to compose the matter in dispute." This recommendation or remonstrance was not without effect; but, partly in consideration of the assistance afforded to the Board in time of need and perplexity, though chiefly in consequence of the importunity of Sir Richard Newdigate, a contract was duly made and executed between the Board of Ordnance on the one part, and certain gunmakers of the town of Birmingham on the other, whereby the latter pledged themselves to supply 200 muskets per month for the use of the government.

A staple trade thus suddenly planted in the heart of a community, neither favoured nor fettered by corporate restrictions but grasping the right hand of any competent workman whether far off or near,

soon found itself embarrassed by a capacity of production very far in excess of the current demand. The trade, in fact, was overrun; and it is worthy of passing notice that, though at that time and for upwards of a century afterwards, the inhabitants were strangers to corporate rights and disabilities, the gunsmiths, who had hitherto been associated in what was simply a friendly contract, assumed to themselves the title of "The Company of Gunmakers in Birmingham," and sought to establish a monopoly quite as exclusive as that contended for by their London rivals. Of this the following letter affords a curious illustration, while, at the same time, it shows that, though assuming to themselves a *quasi* corporate capacity, they were not ungrateful to their patron for all his kind offices in their behalf. The transaction amounts, in fact, to the first recorded instance of a testimonial emanating from the inhabitants of Birmingham:—

"To the worshipful Sir Richard Newdigate, att Arbury, sent with a gunn.

"*Bermingham, Nov. 4th*, 1692.

"WORTHY SIR,—Wee are much ashamed that we have been soe long silent of acknowledgements for the great kindness that your worship did us in helping us to the worke of making musketts for his Maj[tie] in Bermingham; and we could not tell how to make your worship any part of sattisfaction for your great kindness that we have alwayes received from you. Therefore, we beg your worships acceptance of a small token which wee have sent by the bearer, hopeing your worship will pardon this troble, we remain,

"E[v] your worships humble servants,
"THE COMPANY OF GUNMAKERS IN BERMINGHAM."

The moving incentive to this act of gratitude on the part of the gun trade, though highly commendable itself, had, probably, some connection with the sentiment which in these later days generally pervades all such demonstrations—a lively appreciation of favours yet to come. Sir Richard Newdigate, however, was not the man to be insensible to such an instance of attention, however small the tribute; and, though his embarrassment at the time of the presentation was probably not so intense as to deprive him of the power of articulate expression, his feelings were not the less sincere, for not the letter only, but the "gun sent" with it, have descended as heirlooms, and are still preserved at Arbury.

"Practice," says the old proverb, "makes perfect;" and so it proved in the case of the Birmingham gunsmiths. Their work commended itself to the government, reflected credit on their patron,

and brought them renewed favours. Through the intervention of Sir Richard an order was made by the Board of Ordnance, on the 24th of November, 1692, for a year's supply of arms at the rate of 200 per month; and on the 5th of January, 169¾, a contract, of which the following is a copy, was duly ratified:—

"Contracted and agreed this ffifth day of January, Anno Domni 169¾, and in the fifth year of the reign of our Soveraign Lord and Lady King William and Queen Marye, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, ffrance, and Ireland, defenders of the ffaith, &c., by virtue of an order of the Right Honble Henry Lord Viscount Sydney, Master-General of their Majesties Ordnance, and the Board 24th Nover last, between the honble the principal officers of the same on their Majesties behalf, of the one part, and William Bourne, Thomas Moore, John West, Richard Weston, and Jacob Austin, of Bermingham, in the county of Warwick, gunsmiths, of the other part, as follg, viz.:—

"Imprimis, the said William Bourne, Thomas Moore, John West, Richard Weston, and Jacob Austin, do hereby formaly covenant and agree to and with the said principal officers of their majesties ordnance on the behalf of themselves and the rest of the gunmakers of Birmingham, that they shall and will make and provide for their majesties' service two hundred snap hand musquets every month for the space of one yeare from the expiration of their last contract, bearing date the six and twentieth day of March, 1692, to be three feet ten inches long, with walnut tree and ash stocks, and that one half of the said musquetts shall have flat locks ingraven, and the other half round locks, and that all of them shall have brass pipes cast and brass heel plates, and all the stocks varnished; and to have six good thrids in the breech screws, and that all the said gun stocks shall be made well and substancial, and none of them glewed.

"And also that the said musquett barrells shall be compleatly fixed before they are proved, and that they shall be proved at Bermingham according to the Tower proofs, and a fitt person (who shall be empowered by this office) shall inspect the same, and marke them with the office marke, and (when finished) to survey them; and that powder and bulletts shall be provided and sent down at the charge of this office for the proofe of the said arms.

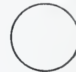
"And the said principal officers of their majesties (for and on their majesties' behalf) doe agree with the said William Bourne, Thomas Moore, John West, Richard Weston, and Jacob Austin, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the gunmakers of Birmingham, that they shall be paid for the said arms in the manner following, viz.:—For every one hundred several arms, after the rate of seventeen shillings

price, ready money, by way of debenture, within one week after the delivery thereof into their majesties' stores in the Tower of London, or any other place within this kingdom, as the board shall order and direct; and also that they shall be paid and allowed three shillings for the carriage of every one one hundred weight from Bermingham to the Tower, and so proportionably to any other place; and that the money shall be paid to them without any charge or trouble, as they shall direct and returne the same from time to time to Bermingham.

"In witness hereof the said parties to these prep^{ts} interchangeably have sett their hands and seals the day and year above written.

"THO$^{S.}$ LITTLETON

"JO$^{S.}$ CHARLTON

"WILL$^{M.}$ BOULTER 

"Signed and delivered in the presence of
WILL. PHELPS."

A branch of trade, in the establishment and encouragement of which Sir Richard Newdegate had taken such lively interest, might be thought by this time to have acquired sufficient strength to sustain itself without extrinsic aid. Unfortunately, however, for the men of Birmingham, from the days of William III. down to those of "The Gemini"—what, by the way, has become of their admirable letters? —the currency has always been against them. On the 12th of November, $169\frac{5}{6}$, as we read in the "Commons' Journal," a petition was presented to Parliament from the chief inhabitants and tradesmen of Birmingham, "as well on behalf of themselves and several other tradesmen as of several thousands of the poor workmen living in and about the said town, complaining of the great scarcity of *milled money*, so that their trade must be at a stand still unless speedily relieved," and earnestly praying for relief in that behalf. This petition, like many others of its unfortunate type, found little favour with the people's representatives, and although it was probably saved from the unmerited satire and ignominy of being ordered "to *lie* on the table," it provoked no response. *Sir Richard Newdigate*, however, out of the love he bore to his constituents, had already advanced to them the sum of 700*l*., taking as his security an undertaking on their part to deliver to him such numbers of arms as might

be from time to time required, under the sanction of the following Ordnance Office Warrant:—[d]

"Whereas Sir Richard Newdigate, of Arbery, in Warwickshire, hath by his credit or otherwise supported and subsisted the gunmakers of Bermingham dealing with this office under the present misfortune of the scarsity and want of money, and for a security taken from them as a pledge to enjoine them to make him satisfaction such parcell or parcells of musquetts as he thought fit, These are therefore to certifie whom it may concern that the same has been acted and done with the privity and by the consent of the Honble the Earle of Romney, Ma^{r}-General of his Ma^{ts} Ordnance and the Board; and he is permitted to receive from time to time what arms the said gunmakers shall think necessary to put into his hands for any further credit given or money lent them or otherwise for their future subsistance as long as they shall have occasion. Given at the Office of his Majesties Ordnance, under our hands and seal of the said office, this twenty-ninth day of September, Annoq. Regni Regis Gulielmi Tertij Octavo, One Thousand Six Hundred Ninety and Six."

In 1698, a considerable impetus was afforded to English manufactures by the opening of the African trade and the consequent exportation of guns, cutlery, and hardware. This prosperity, however, was destined to receive a check by the operation of other causes, and in 1706 the London company of gunmakers complained to

[d] This warrant is endorsed "29 Sepr., 8 Gulielmi 3d, 1696. Office of Ordnance Allowance of me to take arms for my security for 700*l*. I lent Bermingham gunmakers in tic" [*ets;*" probably, but two or three letters at the end of the word are now illegible.]

Parliament that, notwithstanding the statute passed in the first year of Queen Anne, prohibiting the use of foreign arms, &c., by troops in English pay, yet whilst they could neither obtain money nor orders from government, large quantities of guns were still manufactured in Holland, to the detriment of English makers. The guns made by foreigners were not, however, the sole cause of the London Company's jealousy; those made at Birmingham were not in the slightest degree more favourably looked upon; and there is too much reason for believing that the London smiths had recourse to very questionable expedients in the hope of driving their midland rivals from the field. So grievous, indeed, had the hardships of the Birmingham makers become that, on the 11th of February, 1707, they complained in form of a petition to the House of Commons that the London gunsmiths—by reason that, under their charter, all firearms must be proved by their proof master—had inflicted such hardships upon them by beating down their prices and obstructing their trade to the plantations, that they, besides their dependents, being about 400, must remove to some other nation, unless relieved of their disabilities.

With the peace of 1714, the demand for firearms, for the purposes of government, was, for a time, in a great measure checked; but we are now treading so closely on the province of modern history that we must bring our memorials to a close, not, however, without commemorating the fact that, within half a century after the introduction of the gun manufacture into the town of Birmingham, the son of one of the early makers was married to the sister of a peer, and soon afterwards discharged the duties of high sheriff of his native county, with equal credit to himself and the community from which he sprang—a community which has since supplied millions of arms for purposes connected with our own national defence, and for the exigencies of foreign war, in which, as a people, we have happily had no share.

To you, Mr. Urban, whose early and great contributor, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was at one part of his career intimately associated with the literature, if not the public enterprise of Birmingham, I willingly confide these memorials—memorials which derive all their value and interest from the original documents most courteously placed at my disposal by C. N. Newdigate, Esq., M.P., of Arbury, in the county of Warwick, who by his talents, his patriotism, and his devotion to the interests of his constituents, not excluding those of the gunmakers of Birmingham, has caused an additional halo to encircle the family name.

J. GOODWIN, F.S.A.

The New Pygmalion.

SOME five-and-forty years ago there was presented to the reading public a slim-looking octavo volume, entitled "Liber Amoris; or, The New Pygmalion." No author's name appeared upon its title-page, but it purported to be the work of a native of North Britain, who, quitting his native country early in life on account of political animosities and an ill-advised marriage, had transcribed the narrative comprised in the book, carefully and with his own hand, a little before setting out for the continent, to die soon afterwards in the Netherlands, of "disappointment preying on a sickly frame and morbid state of mind." It was alleged to have been the narrator's wish that what had been his strongest feeling while living should be preserved in a literary form after his death; and the friend into whose hands the manuscript was confided was stated to have given his assurance that not a word of the work should be altered—that no passages, however childish or redundant, should be suppressed. Nevertheless, the editor had, confessedly, held himself at liberty so far to disguise details, "as to prevent any consequences resulting from the publication further than the amusement or sympathy of the reader."

So far the advertisement, or preface, of "The New Pygmalion": a scarce and curious book, worthy of examination, and now well known to have been written by WILLIAM HAZLITT. The real facts of the case, however, are not consistent with the above statement in regard to the origin of the work. Hazlitt was not a native of North Britain. He was born at Maidstone, in 1778. He can hardly be said to have died of disappointment arising out of the events described in the book, since he survived them eight years—dying at last of cholera, it has been generally understood, on the 18th of September, 1830, when the scene of his death was not in the Netherlands, but at his lodgings in Frith Street, Soho Square. It may be noted, further, that, so far from the book being entrusted to a friend for publication after its author's decease, that it appeared in his lifetime; and, therefore, needed no such editor. The preface was, undoubtedly, of Hazlitt's own composing; and the volume issued from the press after the ordinary negotiations between author and publisher.

Still, apart from its preface, the book is by no means to be regarded even as a work of fiction founded upon fact. It deals with truth. It relates, with an exaggeration due to excited feeling, rather than to the romancist's straining after effect, a very remarkable episode in the life of its author. Nor was its publication due simply to a writer's desire, born of his necessity very often, to capitalise his emotions, as it were: to throw his experiences, his sorrows, and his sufferings into the marketable form of manuscript, and to dispose of that on the most favourable terms obtainable. In Hazlitt's case publicity was a medicine to his condition of mind. Owing to a train of circumstances, and to inherent mental peculiarities, his imagination had become distinctly diseased. It was a relief to him to give the history of his trials and troubles to the printing-press and the world; to deliver himself from his cares and pains in the ordinary way of literary work. As De Quincey says, in his grand way, of the book and its author :—"It was an explosion of frenzy. He threw out his clamorous anguish to the clouds, and to the winds, and to the air, caring not *who* might listen, *who* might sympathise, or *who* might sneer. Pity was no demand of his; laughter was no wrong. The sole necessity for *him* was—to empty his overburdened spirit."

The main incidents in Hazlitt's life may be briefly stated. He was the son of a Unitarian minister. His early education was received at a day-school at Wem, in Shropshire. When fifteen he was a student at the Unitarian College, Hackney, and designed for the ministry of that sect. Soon abandoning, however, all thought of following his father's profession, he became a student of the fine arts. In 1802 he visited Paris, and copied pictures in the Louvre. But he was dissatisfied with himself; he had little artistic facility; he was impatient, fastidious, and his notion of success was too exalted. Returned from Paris, he made a tour through the Midland Counties, painting portraits. The result was not flattering to him, and he abandoned his art. Haydon, who was apt to speak rather acrimoniously of him, describes him as without moral courage—giving up the struggle in despair, and moralising on the impossibility of art being revived in England—"not because the people had no talent; not because they had no subject matter; not because there was no patronage; but because he, William Hazlitt, did not take the trouble which Titian took; and because he was too lazy to try." It may be that fear of failure kept him back; often hindered him even from attempting. Or he felt within him that he possessed rather the author than the artist's faculty. In the autumn of 1803 he commenced his career as a man of letters by profession.

His first publication was his "Essay on the Principles of Human Action," upon which, according to his son's account, he always prided himself as much as on any other of his numerous works. He was one of those prolific writers who, if they never obtain any great commercial success by their productions, yet by their untiring industry earn a considerable income. The public of the day received him favourably. In 1808 he married the sister of Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart; and, quitting London, settled at Winterslow, Wilts. There he prosecuted his literary labours with great activity. There Charles Lamb and his sister (whose acquaintance he had first formed in London in 1805) visited him. Miss Lamb writes from the Inner Temple, cordially, to Mrs. Hazlitt, in 1809, of "the dear, quiet, lazy, delicious month" spent in Wiltshire. The Londoners would seem to have enjoyed their visit greatly. Arrived at home again, they felt "discontented and Winterslow-sick." "I assure you I never passed such a pleasant time in the country in my life, both in the house and out of it—the card-playing quarrels, and a few gaspings for breath after your swift footsteps up the high hills, excepted; and those drawbacks are not unpleasant in the recollection. We have got some salt butter, to make our toast seem like yours; and we have tried to eat meat suppers, but that would not do, for we left our appetites behind us," &c.

In 1811 Hazlitt returned to London and occupied a house in York Street, Westminster, which then belonged to Jeremy Bentham, and had at one time been tenanted by Milton. In 1813 he delivered a course of lectures, on the History of English Philosophy, at the Russell Institution; and subsequently he gave three courses of lectures, on the English Poets generally, the Comic Poets, and the Elizabethan Dramatists, at the Surrey Institution. For the most part his audiences were not sympathetic. According to Talfourd's account, they consisted chiefly of Dissenters, who joined him in his love of freedom and hatred of Castlereagh, but as for plays and poets, "cared for none of those things;"—of Quakers, who approved his opposition to slavery and capital punishment, but closed their ears when he talked of art and music, the drama and like vanities;—of devotees of commerce, to whom his doctrine of natural disinterestedness was an enigma, if not an insult;—"of a few enemies, who came to sneer;—and a few friends, who were eager to learn and to admire." Still he impressed his hearers, if he did not carry them away. His deep-voiced, skilful delivery and earnest manner had their effect, although his matter might fail to convince. He was—as we learn from the critics of his period—too abrupt, capricious, and—to use

Coleridge's word—non-sequacious, to be really eloquent. Yet he was trenchant, brilliant, exciting. If his audience withheld their sympathies, he compelled them, nevertheless, to surrender their respect and attention. Memorably on one occasion he made them yield to his sway. He had been speaking of Dr. Johnson, especially lauding his great humanity, closing a catalogue of his good deeds with mention of his noblest action—"his carrying the poor victim of disease and dissipation on his back through Fleet Street"—when a titter arose from some among the auditors; a murmur from others that such things should be mentioned to ears polite. Hazlitt paused for a moment; then, with sturdy simplicity, went on: "An act which realises the parable of the good Samaritan." His hearers shrunk back, reproved and abashed.

For some short time he was engaged as a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, and afterwards contributed occasionally to that journal, as well as to the *Examiner*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and other newspapers and magazines. He was rebuked by the *Quarterly* savagely, after the manner of those days, for his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," and his "Round Table," a collection of essays to which Leigh Hunt rendered assistance. Other volumes of his are "Political Essays," "Table Talk," "The Spirit of the Age," and the "Life of Napoleon." He contributed the article "Fine Arts" to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, recorded the "Conversations of Northcote," and aided that artist in his "Life of Titian," if, indeed, he did not wholly write the book. Altogether, his career was one of ceaseless literary toil.

To go back to about 1820, when the circumstances narrated in the "New Pygmalion" began to occur.

He was bent on separating himself from his wife; not, as De Quincey explains, by means of a divorce according to the law of England, which would have argued criminality in her; but by the Scottish law, to be satisfactorily evoked on proof of some frailty in himself. Meanwhile, he was living in London. He had taken apartments at No. 9, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. His landlord was a Mr. Walker, tailor by trade, and lodging-house keeper. Mr. Walker had two daughters, Sarah and Betsy. Hazlitt permitted himself to be fascinated by the charms of Sarah Walker, who waited on her father's lodgers, and performed the ordinary duties of a servant in the house. In person she was attractive: perhaps rather interesting-looking than strictly beautiful; a brunette—small, diminutive even in stature, and said to be endowed with strong intellectual sensibility. Her appearance and demeanour had arrested

Hazlitt's attention. He conversed with her; lent her books, his own books; was gratified by her sympathy and applause; and the pleased author rapidly developed into the impassioned lover.

"The New Pygmalion" is in three parts, consisting of dramatic dialogues, letters, and detached thoughts. The dialogues are between H. (Hazlitt) and S. (Sarah Walker). The book commences abruptly. The reader finds himself listening to the lovers conversing. There is no prologue explanatory of the growth of H.'s passion—no account of his first confession of affection. The opening dialogue is entitled "The Picture." H. is showing S. a drawing of a Madonna or a St. Cecilia after Raphael, which he maintains to be a close resemblance of her. S. suggests modestly that it is much handsomer than she can pretend to be; that the complexion of the picture is fair, whereas hers is dark. H. proceeds: "Thine is pale and beautiful, my love, not dark. But if your colour were a little heightened, and you wore the same dress, and your hair were let down over your shoulders as it is here, it might be taken for a picture of you. Look here, only see how like it is. The forehead is like, with that little obstinate protrusion in the middle; the eyebrows are like, and the eyes are just like yours when you look up and say 'No—never!'" And then it seems that S. had made use of those words when H. had asked her to be his. "Ah! if you can never be mine," he resumes, "I shall not long be myself. I cannot go on as I am. My faculties leave me. I think of nothing. I have no feeling about anything but thee; thy sweet image has taken possession of me—haunts me—and will drive me to distraction. Yet I could almost wish to go mad for thy sake; for then I might fancy that I had thy love in return, which I cannot live without."

Two or three other similar dialogues follow; the lover loquacious and rhapsodical, the lady quiescent and passive enough, not giving much encouragement beyond patiently listening and submitting to frequent kisses. Then there is some talk of his making her a present of a flageolet, and he desires to be shewn one that she already possesses, to see if it be good enough for her. The following paragraph, printed in italics, intersects the dialogue, much as a "stage direction" appears in a play:—"The next morning S. brought up the tea-kettle as usual, and looking towards the tea-tray, she said: 'O, I see my sister has forgot the tea-pot.' It was not there, sure enough; and, tripping down-stairs, she came up in a minute with the tea-pot in one hand and the flageolet in the other, balanced so sweetly and gracefully. It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet in the tea-tray, and she could not well have

gone down again on purpose to fetch it. Something, therefore, was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch! But do I love her the less dearly for it? I cannot."

Afterwards comes a conversation, called "Confession," in which S. avows that she has had a prior attachment, but that it is at an end now; that "pride of birth" would not permit her former lover to think of union with her, and that all is now over between them, except in the way of friendship. "May God for ever bless you!" cries H., after this confession. "How can I thank you for your condescension in letting me know your sweet sentiments? You have changed my esteem into adoration."

Then comes a quarrel. H. is suspicious, abusive, violent. If S. cannot love him, she shall not make him a laughing-stock. He charges her with acting a vile part, and words his accusation explicitly enough. She is "a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience, her lips as common as the stairs," and so on. He taunts her with her former warmth of feeling in regard to him, and contrasts it with her present coldness and calculation. He mixes up the grossest insult with the wildest panegyric. She has no right to act lightly, he exclaims. Levity is out of character in her. She seems so reserved and modest, so soft, so timid. She speaks so low, she looks so innocent. Her ordinary walk is as if she were performing some religious ceremony; she comes in with the tea-things as if she were advancing to an altar. She moves in a minuet step: she measures every step, as if afraid of offending in the smallest things. He goes on: "I never hear your approach on the stairs but by a sort of hushed silence. When you enter the room, the Graces wait on you, and Love waves round your person in gentle undulations, breathing balm into the soul! By heaven, you are an angel! You look like one at this instant. Do I not adore you?" &c., &c. But the young lady, offended and angry, leaves him.

Of course a reconciliation follows. Says S., "Though I am but a tradesman's daughter I have as nice a sense of honour as any one can have." H. lauds her true nobility of mind, and appeases her. Then he asks her whether some resemblance between him and her former lover had not struck her? She says no; but there was a likeness between her lover and the small bronze figure of Napoleon on the mantel-piece—all but the nose—and her lover was taller. H. gives her the image. She puts her arms round H.'s neck, and they are friends again. This reconciliation brings the dialogues to a close.

Then follow the letters. H. is in Scotland, apparently busily

engaged in literary labours. "I regularly do ten pages a day," he writes to S., "which mounts up to thirty guineas' worth a week, so that you see I should grow rich at this rate if I could keep on so; and *I could keep on so* if I had you with me to encourage me with your sweet smiles and share my lot." Then he says he will write to Mr. T—— to send tickets, so that S. and her mother, if "agreeable," may go and see Mr. Kean in "Othello," and Miss Stephens in "Love in a Village." In another letter he writes: "I was reading something about Mr. Macready to-day, and this put me in mind of that delicious night when I went with your mother and you to see 'Romeo and Juliet.' Can I forget it for a moment? Your sweet, modest looks—your infinite propriety of behaviour—all your sweet winning ways. Your hesitating about taking my arm as we came out, till your mother did. Your laughing about nearly losing your cloak. Your stepping into the coach. . . . And, oh! my sitting down beside you there—you whom I had loved so long, so well, and your assuring me I had not lessened your pleasure at the play by being with you, and giving me your dear hand to press in mine! I thought I was in heaven."

What follows purports to have been "written in a blank leaf of "Endymion":—

"I want a hand to guide me, an eye to cheer me, a bosom to repose on; all which I shall never have, but shall stagger into my grave, old before my time, unloved and unlovely, unless S. L. keeps her faith with me. . . . But by her dove's eyes and serpent shape, I think she does not hate me; by her smooth forehead and her crested hair, I own I love her; by her soft looks and queen-like grace (which men might fall down and worship), I swear to live and die for her."

Then are quoted the lines from "Troilus and Cressida," beginning, "Oh! if I thought it could be in a woman," &c. (*Troilus's* speech in the third act.) This closes part the first of the book.

The second part comprises some fourteen letters addressed by H. to his friend C. P——, Esq. (now known to have been Mr. Coventry Patmore, the father of the poet). H. writes from Scotland. He complains of a prudish answer he had received to his letter to S. (She had declined his offer of tickets for the theatre, and joined her family in sending "best respects" to him.) He describes his quarrel and reconciliation with her, and says she beguiled him of his tears, though "the deuce of a one did she shed herself." He relates how "she cajoled him out of his little Napoleon;" and concludes with a statement that he has begun a book of his conversations with her, and calls it *Liber Amoris*. He was detained at Stamford, and found him-

self dull, and "could hit upon no other way of employing his time so agreeably." He entreats C. P. to call and see S., and ascertain whether or no she is quite marble. In his earlier letters he speaks of her coolly and critically. But his frenzy soon comes back upon him again.

He has been in purgatory—he has been poisoned. She is his tormentor; his sufferings are wearing him out—he is going mad! Then the critic, the man of letters, breaks out, and he asks, "Have you read 'Sardanapalus?' How like the little Greek slave, Myrrha, is to *her!*" C. P—— endeavours to pacify and comfort him. H. resumes: "She by her silence makes my *dark hour;* and you by your encouragements dissipate it for twenty-four hours. Another thing has brought me to life: Mrs. H. is actually on her way here about the divorce." Then he speculates upon whether when he is free again, as he expresses it, S. will consent to wed him. Having obtained his divorce he cools, and asks C. P. what he ought to do in regard to S., deprecating at the same time the notion that he wants to be rid of her. He loves her as he loves his own soul. Then comes a confession which casts something of a fictitious and histrionic air over his attitude and demeanour as a lover. "I am in some sense proud that I can feel this dreadful passion; it gives me a kind of rank in the kingdom of love; but I could have wished it had been for an object that at least could have understood its value and pitied its excess." He has been shot through with poisoned arrows, and the "winged wound" is festering and consumes him. He even meditates suicide. "If it were not for my little boy, whose face I see struck blank at the news, looking through the world for pity and meeting with contempt instead, I should soon, I fear, settle the question by my death." Then he attributes the state to which he is reduced to his own folly, "in fancying a little artful vixen to be an angel and a saint, because she affected to look like one to hide her rank thoughts and deadly purposes." So he oscillates between the most distrustful view of his idol and the wildest infatuation in regard to her; and presently he is writing to her quite humbly, begging "the balm of her friendship," and to be restored to a place in her esteem. To this letter he receives no answer, and seems to go fairly mad again.

Among the "detached thoughts" we find some passages headed "Unaltered love." These have been occasionally quoted. Mrs. Jamieson held them worthy of transfer to her "Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies" (1854). They may be taken as a good specimen of Hazlitt's fervid eloquence of style.

"Shall I not love her for herself alone, in spite of fickleness and folly? To love her for her regard to me, is not to love her, but myself. She has robbed me of herself; shall she also rob me of my love of her? Did I not live on her smile? Is it less sweet because it is withdrawn from me? Did I not adore her every grace? Does she bend less enchantingly because she has turned from me to another? Is my love, then, in the power of fortune or of her caprice? No; I will have it, lasting as it is, pure; and I will make a Goddess of her, and build a temple to her in my heart, and worship her on indestructible altars, and raise statues to her; and my homage shall be unblemished as her unrivalled symmetry of form; and when that fails, the memory of it shall survive; and my bosom shall be proof to scorn, as hers has been to pity; and I will pursue her with an unrelenting love, and sue to be her slave, and tend her steps without notice and without reward; and serve her living, and mourn for her when dead. And thus my love will have shown itself superior to her hate; and I shall triumph and then die. This is my idea of the only true and heroic love! Such is mine for her."

The third part of the book consists of a long narrative addressed to J. S. K. H. describes his journey from Scotland to London, all eagerness to behold again his adored S. "As the vessel sailed up the Thames the air thickened with the consciousness of being near her." She receives him, however, with a disappointing coldness and constraint. She has replaced the little image of Bonaparte upon the mantelpiece. She is very coy and discreet. She keeps her lover at a distance. H. describes himself as stung to the quick—as giving way to a fury of disappointed hope and jealous passion. He tears from his breast a locket containing her hair, and tramples it in pieces. He dashes the little Bonaparte on the ground and stamps on it. He shrieks curses on her and her false love. His screams bring "father, mother, lodgers and all into the room," and he rushes out of the house thinking to quit it for ever. "But no sooner," he relates, "was I in the street than the desolation and the darkness became greater and more intolerable, and the eddying violence of my passion drove me back to the source from whence it sprung."

By-and-by he is calmer. For some days they do not meet. He determines to wait patiently for a month, and then to make her a formal and final offer of his hand. But before the month has elapsed he is conjuring her to tell him if there is not some new attachment estranging her. He asks, is it Mr. C.?—Mr. C. having been a lodger in the house. She answers saucily, Mr. C. was there a very short time. Is it Mr. ——? She hesitates, and then replies faintly,

"No." He goes on:—Has she any tie? She has no tie. She is not going to be married soon? She does not intend ever to marry at all. Will she be friends with him as of old? She will make no promises. And she trips away lightly.

Another day her manner is more encouraging. She undertakes to put new frills to his shirts, to get the little Bonaparte mended, to make up and wear a plaid silk dress he has given her. Then comes the end. It is Sunday evening. He is about to ask her to start on Wednesday with her mother for Scotland, and there to become his wife on the following Saturday, when he learns that she has left the house suddenly, to go to her grandmother's at Somers' Town. His suspicions are excited. He determines to go out to meet her on her way home. He meets her in King Street, Holborn, hanging on the arm of a young, good-looking man—Mr. C., the former lodger.

She was, it would seem, thoroughly corrupt: a consummate hypocrite. While misleading and trifling with H., she had surrendered herself altogether to C. He lived opposite, having quitted the lodging-house, because, as he himself explained, "they were too much together, and it was better for her to meet him occasionally out of doors." The book ends with H.'s gloomy meditations upon his own sufferings: "I seem to have been thrown from the top of a precipice, and to lie grovelling, stunned and stupefied. I am melancholy, lonesome, and weaker than a child;"—and an acute dissection of the false woman upon whom he had squandered his affection. What can she do now, he asks, but throw off the mask absolutely, and "run a muck at infamy?" He denounces her as the commonest of creatures—a practised, callous jilt; her demure, pretty, wheedling looks, her composed manners, her high-flown pretensions, the screen for her avarice, her vanity, her calculating immodesty, and so on.

Certainly a strange history, a wild tumult of passion, is this "New Pygmalion," with the most preposterous exaggeration in it; much wild rant, much morbid extravagance, and yet underlying these, it cannot be doubted, a depth of genuine feeling. The excitement that would have been affectation in another man was earnest truth with Hazlitt. It was in his nature to feel keenly, and to express himself violently. Impartial friends declared him to have become absolutely maniacal during the first pressure of the affliction caused by S.'s conduct. He professed to have "whistled her down the wind;" but it was clear that in doing so he had cruelly rent his own heart-strings, entangled with her "jesses." He sought not to disguise his misfortunes. "He went out about," says De Quincey, "proclaiming the case, and insisting on its details to every stranger that would

listen." It would have been a relief to him to have mounted to the housetops, and from thence have related the story of his sorrows to the world at large. He had always taken up a position of vindictive exasperation in regard to the society around him—political and otherwise. Now this became intensified in every way. Alluding to the Pygmalion episode in his career, De Quincey writes:—"His life of Napoleon was prosecuted subsequently to this, and perhaps under this remembrance as a reservoir that might receive all the vast overflows of his wrath; much of which was not merely political, or in a spirit of bacchanalian partisanship, but was even morbidly anti-social. He hated with all his heart every institution of man, and all his pretensions. He loathed his own relation to the human race."

Haydon, the painter, seems to have regarded Hazlitt with curious interest, and some awe: describing him as a singular mixture of friend and fiend, radical and critic, metaphysician, poet, and painter, on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate, and some of whose deductions he himself would try to explain in vain:—a compound of malice, candour, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit. That he was morbidly vain there can be little doubt. Wounded vanity is generally at the bottom of intense sufferings on the score of jealousy and outraged affection. Haydon describes a visit to Hazlitt, when he was discovered arranging his hair before a looking-glass, trying different effects, and asking advice as to whether he should show his forehead more or less. The painter was indignant. He writes: "In that large wainscotted room Milton had conceived, and perhaps written, many of his finest thoughts; and there sat one of his critics admiring his own features!" Bentham, who lived next door, was to be seen from the window—a white-haired philosopher bustling about his garden in a sort of half-running walk.

Yet Haydon, in the midst of his strictures upon Hazlitt's weaknesses, finds occasion to render justice to the warmth of his parental affection. He doated upon his one son. Haydon was invited to a festival on the christening of the boy. "As I knew all parties," writes Haydon, "I lunched heartily first, and was there punctually at four . . . . but he was out. I walked up and found his wife ill by the fire, in a bedgown, nothing ready for guests, and everything wearing the appearance of neglect and indifference. I said, 'Where is Hazlitt?' 'Oh dear, William has gone to look for a parson.' 'A parson! Why, has he not thought of that before?' 'No, he didn't.' 'I'll go and look for him,' said I, and out I went into the park, through Queen's Square, and met Hazlitt in a rage coming home,

'Have you got a parson?' 'No,' said he; 'these fellows are all out.' 'What will you do?' 'Nothing.' So in we walked, Hazlitt growling at all the parsons and the church. When we came in, we sat down; nobody was come; no table laid; no appearance of dinner. .... The company began to drop in. Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people—still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth, and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef, with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into the gravy." Haydon, weary and discomposed, returns home to place a candle on the floor, and contemplate his picture of Solomon before retiring to bed, filled with thoughts of his art.

Two years after the publication of the "New Pygmalion," Hazlitt married his second wife, the widow of Colonel Bridgewater.

He was frequently visited by Lamb and others during the sickness and suffering that preceded his death. Although his careless habits had left no provision for the failure of his health, his friends took good heed he should lack for nothing when the last hours of trouble came. A faithful few, Lamb amongst them, followed his coffin and gathered round his final resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ann's, Soho. There had been at one time a coolness between them, due in great measure to the kindly Lamb's inevitable indifference to the objects of Hazlitt's passionate admiration or bitter hatred; yet Lamb felt his loss acutely, and regarded his memory with a deep affection. The high terms in which Lamb, in his manly letter of expostulation to Southey, wrote of Hazlitt, are worthy of repetition:—"I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding or expecting to find such another companion." It was not, we are told, until some time after Hazlitt's death that Lamb fairly appreciated the loss he had sustained. Then his heart was clogged, and his spirits were weighed down: he felt the want of those writings he had looked forward to with such eagerness in the magazines and reviews of that day, and he began to realise the dismal certainty that he should never more enjoy those grand discourses of old poets and great painters which had gladdened so many a long winter's night.

The dear friend and companion was gone from him. The "perturbed spirit" of William Hazlitt was at peace for ever.

As Talfourd says of him: "His personal frailties are nothing to us now; his thoughts survive; in them we have his better part entire, and in them must be traced his true history . . . . His warfare was within; its spoils are ours!"

Little more has here been set forth than a chapter in the story of William Hazlitt's life as he has himself related it in the "New Pygmalion;" not a book upon which the reader's judgment of its author should be permanently founded, yet affording, nevertheless, a valuable clue to the character of a very remarkable man.

DUTTON COOK.

"Mabel Gray."

HE photographic presentment of a woman's pretty face with braided and flowing hair, half-parted lips, and fascinating eyes. The vendors of the popular picture write "Mabel Gray" upon the work, and everybody buys it. "Who is she?" the Town asks; "this pretty modest-looking woman?" "She was announced to appear at one of our theatres, and never came out," says a gossip. "She is to come out next season, and this is a new mode of advertising her," says another. And so the world wags on. The photographers continue their work, and then the colourists trick the face out in pink and white. You can see that it has first been "made up" for the sun-picture, with pencilled eyebrows and other "beautiful-for-ever" touches. "Who is she?" asks the world again. The old gossip laughs and whispers. If he is in a respectable drawing-room, he says, knowingly, "The lady is a celebrity in her way." The young men of the party cast side glances at each other; the ladies wonder; and, if the host and hostess are good, sensible people, they will remove that photograph before their next party.

"And who is Mabel Gray?" again you ask. One would imagine that yon ragged fellow in the Strand, who is bawling, "Mabel Gray, only a penny," and selling what appears to be a biography of her life, would satisfy you. Not at all. Buy his book and read it. You will have read greater trash than that in many of the Christmas serials. It is a story of seduction and death, and not badly told; but it is not the story of that pretty photograph. "Can I tell you who Mabel Gray is?" you ask. No; I may tell you what she is not. She is to be seen in the park. All the beautiful, modest, delightful, good, bad, and famous women in the world are to be seen there. Therefore, you may look for Mabel Gray in the Row. And if you are a dear, verdant, unsophisticated reader, you may look for her at a royal levée, but there she will not be. Borrow Asmodeo's cloak, and unroof yon glittering hall by Holborn, and you may, perchance, see a representative of the pretty picture there. And if Asmodeo is in a critical, sarcastic turn, he will talk to you of the night-side of life; of the Anonyma phase of the town; of modern society; and tell you why many men do not marry. You can go home after that, an you be a

writer, and put down your thoughts about the morality of the age, the flashy education of our girls, the tinselly glitter of modern society, the degeneracy of woman, the heartlessness of men, and the rottenness of the times, together with the exact date at which England will fall a victim to wealth and luxury as fell the ancient classic cities.

The celebrities and notorieties of the time form a numerous and strangely constituted company. The popular statesman divides the attention of the public with the popular criminal—they are both favourites for the hour, and both are as soon forgotten by the multitude. According to the monster placards which cover our city walls, the objects of greatest interest, at present to be seen in London, are the effigy of a felon and the wax figure of the late archbishop. To judge by the relative proportions of the two advertisements, the portrait model of the reverend deceased is of far less value to the waxwork proprietor than that of the vicious transgressor of the law. The morbid curiosity of the public has no limit, it is a never-failing source of profit to those who cater for its gratification. A remarkable instance of its subtilty is related in connection with the convict Müller. It was said that when returning from America, in custody of the detective by whom he had been captured, he passed his time reading "Nicholas Nickleby." As soon as this was reported in the newspapers the demand for the book at the lending libraries suddenly exceeded the possibility of supply.

In our homes we collect the portraits of public characters, careless of the crimes or virtues they respectively represent. Socially, we have abolished the pillory and set up photography, by the aid of which, the men and women who are known in the world by evil repute or good repute, are placed side by side with those who are the purest and best.

Celebrated and notorious persons belong to every class, rank, and profession. The line of distinction which separates them is often lost sight of in the glare of popularity or the splendour of wealth, but it always exists.

Some years ago, the publication of the life of an expert thief caused much commotion, and efforts were made to suppress the book. Many such biographies might now be published without calling forth any such censure as did the one referred to. The vaunted liberty of our press has familiarised us with the career of criminals, and we have become almost indifferent whether the example thereby given be good or bad.

The photographic art is as important a medium of publicity as the press itself. The distinction which a criminal at once attains by this

means has probably its evil influence upon the uneducated, with whom notoriety is a set-off against ignominy, and even punishment.

It may be a puritanical notion, but I believe that photography as now indiscriminately used, has, to a certain extent, encouraged crime and vice amongst us. An album I met with the other day, contained the likenesses of all the celebrities and notorieties of the period, collected together without order or design. Its owner, a dear, good hostess, the widowed head of a happy family, was proud of her collection, which had cost her no little time and money to form. Heroes and heroines, criminals and martyrs, made a most remarkable show.

There they were, jostling each other, and all apparently struggling for supremacy. One notoriously familiar face appeared more than once, and I could not help indulging in a very common flight of fancy, and imagining what will be said of the present generation, and of the original of that portrait, should it ever be mentioned some thousand years hence. May not a Lempriere of that distant period, when compiling the details of the social mythology of the English, be pardoned for giving some such paragraph on the subject as the following?—

"*Rachel.* One of the infernal deities. A daughter of Israel. She promised immortality to all those who worshipped her. She was associated with the mortal Ranelagh, about whom she furiously disputed with the sprite Borrodaile. She was imprisoned twice, and each time escaped by a miracle. During life she was preserved for a time in wax, at the anatomical museum of the great Tussaud, by whom she was subsequently melted down, and so perished deservedly. See Holy. St. Gaz., ch. ii. Rep. Po. Const., A 1, 1st Div., &c."

Another portrait in the miscellaneous collection attracted my attention. A fascinating picture, representing a fair English girl, apparently in all the freshness of innocence and youth; it seemed to do honour to the position it occupied, and to outshine the portraits of royalty and genius by which it was surrounded. The most cunning skill of an accomplished craftsman had been employed in its production. The *pose* was graceful, the outlines were well studied, the graduated tints most exquisitely indicated. Such a face, so effectively portrayed, could not fail to excite the admiration of all beholders, and the envy of less favoured women. It might have inspired the loftiest imaginings of a poet, and warmed the heart of the most confirmed misanthropist.

A year or two ago a pretty "Anonyma" occupied the place of honour; and the photograph, to which I am now referring, is not that which gives me a fancy title to this article. It is that of a young

lady who ought not, however, to be in my friend's album; for she represents the *demi monde.* She is a marked representative of that other side of society which should not be permitted to associate even in pictures with the good and the true and the noble.

This very photograph is the subject of conversation, not alone in clubs, and where men congregate, but in domestic circles. It familiarises all classes with the habits of the most abandoned, and so popular has it become that, when the subject herself appears in public, clad in the gaudy costume of her class, she is recognised and pointed out by those who should be ignorant of her existence. Could the photograph tell its story, it would then serve the useful purpose of a warning, for every career of immorality and defiance of social laws teaches an invaluable lesson. The victim of heartless seduction—a happy home forsaken—a short life of excitement, ending in the inevitable misery of poverty and disease—such, without any aid of prophetic inspiration, might be the story told of that pretty photograph which, in the absence of "the other side of the picture," has done more injury by its fictitious beauty than even the worst of our "lady-authoresses'" novels have done; for the power of written words for good or evil, can be ascertained by the moral they convey, while the influence of a disguised example can be never known.

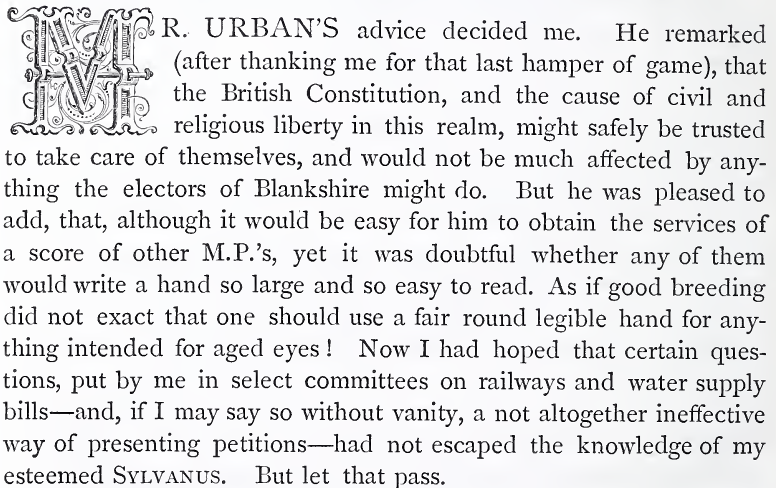
It would, of course, be absurd to suppose that we can prevent the distribution of portrait photographs, or that anyone can be forbidden to have their likeness taken. It is not my desire to make any such Quixotic proposition. The importance we give to our celebrities and notorieties is ethically an interesting fact. The two classes are frequently confounded, and form a most strangely constituted company. Photography has had no little share in bringing this about, and in some instances it must be allowed, not to the advantage of the community at large.

"But who is Mabel Gray" after all? I can tell you little more than that ragged fellow in the Strand. He says she is the dead victim of faithless love. I certainly do not believe that; neither do you. Let us uphold virtue, and contemn vice. If the elevation of a spurious character to the level of good and great men and women be a bad sign of the times, let the warning be accepted. The virtue of England's women is England's glory. Whilst we are building up miniature picture-galleries, in heaven's name let us not forget what is due to our wives and sisters, to our sons and daughters, and to our national character.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

No. I.

MY RE-ELECTION.



MR. URBAN'S advice decided me. He remarked (after thanking me for that last hamper of game), that the British Constitution, and the cause of civil and religious liberty in this realm, might safely be trusted to take care of themselves, and would not be much affected by anything the electors of Blankshire might do. But he was pleased to add, that, although it would be easy for him to obtain the services of a score of other M.P.'s, yet it was doubtful whether any of them would write a hand so large and so easy to read. As if good breeding did not exact that one should use a fair round legible hand for anything intended for aged eyes! Now I had hoped that certain questions, put by me in select committees on railways and water supply bills—and, if I may say so without vanity, a not altogether ineffective way of presenting petitions—had not escaped the knowledge of my esteemed SYLVANUS. But let that pass.

Perhaps, another letter, received by the same post, was not without its influence. It was from Lady Gertrude's father. That distinguished nobleman did me the honour to say that the announcement of my retirement from parliament had given the greatest concern at the Castle; that Helen and Florence had relied upon me for aid and assistance in a grand scheme of private theatricals, and that Gertrude was certain I could achieve parliamentary distinction, if I tried to gain the ear of the House. It also appeared that I had promised, some time or other, to take her to the Ladies' Gallery, and then to go down on the floor and make a speech for her own particular amusement and edification. I have known the thing done a hundred times in both Houses—on several occasions by dear old Lord Brougham; but for me to make such a promise was only a bit of *bavardage*, and now, for my punishment, it had been taken *au sêrieux*. Still it was sweet to be remembered by charming Lady

Gertrude, particularly when that lumbering heavy dragoon, Viscount Polesden, was staying at the Castle, no doubt as obtrusive as ever in attentions, which he cannot but see are most unwelcome to the young lady.

The Earl's letter contained a P.S. It was, of course, improper for him, as a peer, to use his influence in any illegitimate and unconstitutional manner; but he had written to his agent to intimate that he should take a personal interest in my re-election, if I determined to stand again. The Earl's estates in the county are considerable, and the agent certainly canvassed for me with a zeal that brought the opposition county paper down upon him in the highest strain of constitutional indignation. In the next county precisely the same thing happened on the other side.

Under this combination of friendly, although somewhat irregular influence, my resolution never to enter parliament again was sorely shaken. Who was I, to put my own ease and personal comfort above the wishes of so many friends and worthy people? If my neighbours thought I could serve our common cause and country, what right had I to refuse? Suppose I *had* been bored beyond the powers of description in St. Stephen's. *Noblesse oblige*, and the Eydels have represented Blankshire, at intervals, ever since that representative parliament of Henry III. in 1254, composed of two knights from every shire, but no representatives from boroughs, was convened to grant an aid. Has not the country, then, an hereditary claim to call upon an Eydel to yawn in its service?

The clock over the library fire just then struck, and I determined to turn the matter over for exactly an hour. It was necessary to count the cost, and I never indulged in more serious cogitation. I thought of John Foster. "My friend," said he, "to have thought far too little we shall find among our capital faults in the review of life." How often do we sit down and think as much and as well as we can think? So seldom that we can hardly remember half a dozen occasions when we have done it. It was necessary first to count the cost. Here I was pretty strong. Every M.P. who is not a fool begins to nurse a balance at his bankers, as soon as he has paid his election bills. We no sooner meet at St. Stephen's than we are on the road, sooner or later, to another "penal dissolution." Every old, entailed estate is heavily burdened with annuities, marriage settlements, and the rest of it; and an heiress, every second or third generation, is absolutely necessary to redeem blunders and provide for younger sons. Not one country gentleman in a hundred can afford to speculate or to go in for the "Overend and Gurney" and

"limited liability" style of thing. He has given hostages to fortune, and cannot afford to run risks. Having followed in this respect the safe and prudent traditions of my "order," I had no "calls" hanging over me. I had a good balance in the county bank, and a few thousands in the Three Per Cents., specially disposable for extra expenses of the electioneering class. Since I had determined to resign my seat, my happiest day-dream had been how to spend this money. My shrubbery, lawn, and grounds can be immensely improved at no very great expense—Mr. Epicurus Eydel being his own "capability Brown." Then I meant to take my best farm in my own hands, and show my tenants a little "high farming." Then there was a road to be made here—a wet meadow to be drained there—and farm buildings to be put up and repaired all over the estate. It had given me more pleasure than I can describe to go over these schemes of improvement, but if a county member takes to building and improving, he is burning the candle at both ends, and may generally be pronounced to be on the road to ruin. I mentally groaned over the sacrifice I was about to make. Never, to my dying day, can I think of those stuffy committee-rooms without remembering the long and dreary hours I have spent there, assenting to bills and legalising railway and other projects that have made the fortunes of projectors, engineers, and lawyers, and emptied the pockets of the unfortunate shareholders. Then I recollected the prosy debates and humdrum speeches to which I had listened in that wretched little Chamber, jammed in between two fat men, and all packed like herrings in a barrel. Mr. Headlam's committee reported in favour of a new House of Commons, but nothing has been done. The matter has not even been debated, and now we have a new government so fiercely pledged to economy that they would almost sell the Crown jewels off the Queen's head.

Three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and I had only gone over the gloomy and unfavourable side of law-making. It is expensive, onerous, imposing incessant sacrifices of personal ease, taking a man to town when he would ten thousand times rather be in the country, causing him to neglect his estate and private concerns, and compelling him to leave to others a variety of matters regarding the comfort of his dependents which he ought to look to himself. On the other hand, there was (say) the prospect of doing good. Well, I did not see that I had done much good. Anybody else on my side could vote as I had done, and if one of the other faction got in, why it only made a difference of two votes to the party, which just now does not greatly signify. Then my eye fell upon Mr. Urban's

letter. "Oh, I forgot!" I said to myself, rather piqued. "I have one qualification for a representative of the people—I write a large and legible hand." Next, Lord ——'s letter arrested my glance. "The Castle clearly wants me to stand again," I thought. Had I indeed promised Gertrude to make a speech for her? Why should she take such an interest in my return? Did she wish to see me break down? I spurned the thought, for she is an angel of goodness and sincerity. Then I was quite vexed to remember that an enormously rich old aunt is going to leave all her money to the three girls, who are otherwise handsomely provided for, and that Gertrude will be the very heiress that Eydel Court and every other old country place desiderates, as I have said, at certain recurrent intervals. How I regretted that Gertrude was not the daughter of a poor nobleman, that I might show that some people's love was disinterested!

I had now two minutes and a half left. All the arguments and appeals urged by the deputation here flashed across my mind. The county, and, since the Reform Bill, one of the divisions, had always returned an Eydel when there was one capable of being rough-hewed into an M.P. This particular Epicurus had had only one serious contested election to fight, and now he was going to throw his party over, and leave them "out in the cold." I thought of the kindness of my brother magistrates and neighbours at quarter sessions, assizes, hunt meetings, coursing meetings, archery meetings, agricultural dinners. I am not sure that my eyes did not moisten a little as I reflected on the courtesy and regard I had met with ever since I had represented the county. Yet how little I had done for it! My resolve was taken. My closed hand came down on the library table at the very instant the clock struck the hour. I would write M.P. after my name in Gladstone's new parliament, or "know the reason why."

Giving one sigh of regret over my once cherished hopes and plans, I compressed my teeth firmly together, as I drew myself nearer the table to write the necessary letters. I knew that what I had to go through was no child's play. It was well known I had intended to retire. My would-be successor, the rich manufacturer, was in the field, and expected to walk over. There was no time to be lost. I rang the bell. "Tell Roger to be ready to go to Blanktown in an hour. He may ride the grey cob." I wrote three letters. One was to the editor of the county paper in my interest. I hinted at the sacrifice I had made of personal ease, and asked him to announce that, in deference to the wishes of the electors, I had consented to

accept the requisition. This was a grand *coup*, for to-morrow was the day of publication, and I should save a week by writing to-day. The next was to the chairman of my committee. I told him of the letter I had just written, hoped I should have, as before, the benefit of his invaluable assistance, and asked him to form his committee and call the fellows together. There were several matters of local and county interest, and I remitted to him and them the line I should take upon them. "Upon general politics," I said, "we shall all agree, but in regard to home and local questions I should like to represent my constituents; and to gather their opinions I turn, as the tribunal of first instance, to my election committee."

I know that Edmund Burke and the high constitutional theorists may be quoted against me, but I believe I was right, notwithstanding. Say that the local matter upon which your election turns is, Equalization of Poor Rates, Malt Tax, County Financial Boards, or the Direct London Railway. If your constituents hold strong views on the subject, it is your duty to adopt and defend them; otherwise you are not their representative. Let the other side prove you are wrong, and let the House out-vote you, if it be its good pleasure to do so. I know half a dozen fellows at this very last election who, contrary to the advice of the most astute election agents, took the high judicial tone—who had doubts, and required to be themselves convinced—who professed themselves willing to vote for committees of inquiry and all that sort of thing, but refused to bolt the pledge. That may be the English Constitution, according to Edmund Burke; but if he had been living in these days, and had put it in practice, he would either have lost his election, as they did, or would have had to pay an additional couple of thousands in agency, and——well we won't say bribery and corruption, but the more doubtful class of election expenditure.

My next letter was to my election agent in the county town. I told him to understand distinctly that I meant to win, but that under the new Act for the prevention of corrupt practices extra care would be required. "With this hint," I said; "I place myself unreservedly in your hands. *Verbum sat.*" If a nod is not as good as a wink to a blind horse, I never, at least, knew it fail with a shrewd attorney. I added a "P.S.," and groaned audibly as I wrote it, as every Member of the new House of Commons will believe. "See General —— (chairman of my committee), arrange with him where I shall speak first, and put me down for a speech every day—two, if you like—until the day of election."

A telegram now remained to be written. It was to the Whip-in-

chief in London—I shall not say whether it went to the Carlton or the Reform Club—telling him I was in the field again, and hoped to win. Your Whip likes to be kept *au courant* as to all that is going on. He is in daily communication with your leader in the House of Commons, and if I wanted a peerage, I would rather have his good word than the chief's himself. Talking of peerages, what little flattering Cupid put it into my head, as I folded up the telegram, that if Lady Gertrude ever gave me her hand, a peerage might be had almost without asking for it.

Roger was enjoined to use despatch. I knew he would go the "first mile out" pretty steady, and that then he would put the cob through his paces. These matters being off my mind, I went for a gallop. "Think and write as much as you like in your library, but when action is necessary, get into the saddle." This was Palmerston's motto. His best speeches were made on horseback, and often, on the eve of great party fights, did the wind blow back to his groom his master's high parliamentary tones in excited rehearsal. When the trot became a canter, the groom supposed that the cheers were fast and frequent; and when the canter ended in a gallop, he knew that the great minister was delivering his peroration, and was bowling over his adversaries like ninepins. I am not a Palmerston, but if I am down for a speech anywhere, I like to think it out in the saddle. I knew that I was in now for any number of speeches, and I understood my agent's business-like promptitude so well that I doubted whether four-and-twenty hours would elapse before I should have to face an "enlightened and intelligent audience of my countrymen." What was my duty under these circumstances? To select the best and most telling political topics, to eschew altogether the more dangerous, and to skate gingerly over the thin ice of doubtful questions. A gallop of a couple of hours enabled me to run rapidly over the whole surface of politics. My habit is to determine upon the outline of a speech in the saddle, and then to write it out carefully at the desk. When it is written, I read it over three times slowly, and then throw it way, first writing on a card the head lines or subject-matter of the principal paragraphs. This card I put in my waistcoat pocket, and on my way to a meeting it helps to refresh my memory. Sometimes I put it on the table before me, or hold it in my hand, while speaking.

Whenever I write a chapter on parliamentary oratory, I shall have much to say on the advantage of public school training as a preparation for Parliament. I leave it to others to show its influence in creating a manly strength of mind, and preparing youths for the

buffetings of grown men. I allude now to the advantage of being made to repeat as tasks a lot of lines from Virgil and Homer, of which they understand little or nothing. All young speakers are the better for having a good and practised memory. Our great parliamentary orators perform wonderful feats of this kind. One of the greatest ministers of my time once told me that he could—when he chose, without writing it—deliver a long speech exactly as he had intended,—in the same order, and almost in the same words. It is this faculty that enables a party-leader to frame his reply at the close of a debate, and to give an extemporaneous air to what has been carefully revolved and pre-arranged in his mind.

I had still a few letters to write before post-time. One to Mr. Urban. The second to the Earl. The others—brief, but friendly—to my most influential supporters in different parts of the county. When I went to bed I dreamed that I was reciting a great speech on the Irish Church question to Lady Gertrude before delivering it in the House, and that she was criticising my elocution and correcting my gestures, as seriously as some old Greek sophist and rhetorician. One high-bred lady has done this for her husband, who is in consequence high in the present Cabinet. I thought that Gertrude listened to the delivery of my speech in the Ladies' Gallery, and that the Whip told her as she left the House that I was on the high-road to ministerial office.

Next morning I found the county paper on my breakfast table, with a rapturous article in praise of my condescension and affability to the deputation, and the public spirit that had led the popular representative of the division in the late Parliament to accede to the wishes of the constituency. There were letters in answer to the other communications. General ——— was delighted. He thought we should win, but all would depend upon myself. My agent wrote to say he had conferred with the General, had called a meeting of the committee for the following day, and had convened a public meeting of the electors in Blanktown for the same evening. He was also arranging for meetings, in different parts of the division, for the following week. So far, so good!

"Looking forward to an election" (old Sir Jacob Deerpark used to say) "was the—well, the Satan; but looking back upon it was the Satan and all his imps." I can't say much for "The Pleasures of Hope," and still less for the "Pleasures of Memory." You must hear of arrangements being made in regard to agency, committee rooms, canvassers, and hire of vehicles, that will cost you hundreds, if not thousands, with as much equanimity and indifference

as if the Prime Minister would kindly pay the bills when they were sent in. Still, when you are fairly in for an election fight—have squared matters with your committee and accepted their programme, as I did—and when you have tasted blood at your first public meeting, the excitement is fast and furious. First, there are the deafening cheers of your friends; then you have to reckon upon the partial hisses of a few interlopers on the other side. An outsider thinks how dreadfully this must disconcert you. Whereas, if an old hand, it is as the sniff of battle-smoke, which puts the old war-horse on his mettle. I like to hear a few hisses in a room. It gives variety and interest to the proceedings. Nothing brings out the enthusiasm of your friends like a little disapprobation from the other side. You look at the quarter of the room from which they come with angelic sweetness and complacency, inwardly resolving, however, to come down upon them like a sledge hammer at a certain pre-calculated passage in your speech, and to turn the laugh effectually against them. I don't like seriously smashing them: it seems as if you are angry, and always gets up noise and reaction. A little *persiflage*—Anglicè, "chaff," in the lighter style of Parliamentary banter—always takes with a public audience. If a member of Parliament has not a little of this sort of pleasant flouting at command, after going through a combined course of those eminent masters, Professor Disraeli and Professor Bernal Osborne, he must be singularly stupid. The great art is to keep on, and always to seem sure of yourself. It is wonderful the roars you may manage to elicit from mixed audiences, at very indifferent jokes, if they are not aimed too high, and find the crowd in the proper temper of reception.

Our first public meeting was a great success, and it gave the tone to all the others. The county paper brought out a second edition, and we sent off a copy the same night to every elector on the register. This was beginning the campaign with spirit. Other meetings followed. I was speech-making for three weeks, with little intermission; and when I had a blank day was hard at work canvassing and shaking hands with farmers and townspeople. A general election can hardly come too seldom for members, or too often for the public. When I say this, I am thinking of its uses in educating the labouring, working, and farming class. Matters which are to you and your committee the mere A B C of politics, come to many persons in a mixed audience as great and profound truths. Give a popular exposition of foreign affairs, for example, and watch the intense interest with which it is received by people who work for their living. When you consider that this educational process is going on

simultaneously all over the country—at the expense of the candidates, I would incidentally remark—one would almost wish that it could be more frequently renewed, and that the masses could be oftener brought under its agency. At the same time, in order that the Prime Minister may be under no misconception, I wish to add that I do not desire to see a repeal of the Septennial Act until I have definitively retired from Parliament.

I sometimes wonder whether an M.P. can be such "a cad" as not to feel grateful for the services of his unpaid agents and canvassers at a contested election. I never can think of it without a glow, and something like a blush. Many of our fellows were riding about all day for me; others, to whom fresh air was as the "breath of their nostrils," shut themselves up for whole days together to go over the registry of voters and make the necessary canvassing and polling arrangements. Merchants and tradesmen in towns, busily engaged during the day, sat up half the night to secure the triumph of the "good old cause" (which always happens to be your own). Of course, on the day when the poll is officially declared, you offer your best thanks to the chairman and members of your committee, and to your other friends, without whose aid the battle would not have been won. Yet how wretchedly bald and poor these acknowledgments appear at the time, and, indeed, ever after. And even then etiquette forbids you to express the gratitude you most deeply feel. Few candidates venture to thank the ladies, and yet I will undertake to say they are uppermost in their thoughts. I am sure they were in mine. I had met them all over the county engaged in canvassing for me. Sometimes they were walking, with a hue of health upon their cheeks, which was slightly deepened, perhaps, as I rode up, by the pleasure of telling me how they were getting on. Their zeal, too, was generally tempered by discretion. Dear Lady Goodwood, whose delicate health compels her to ride, and who drives her own pretty little pair of mouse-coloured ponies, got me fifty votes at least from the other side. I am afraid she bribed some of the old labourers, but the money all came out of her own pocket. Her style of attacking the small British freeholder was to take a bottle of wine, or some jelly, for any one sick or ailing in the house. She heard that Susan was getting on very well at the National School—was she not nearly old enough to go to a place? Whenever they could make up their minds to part with her she would try to get her something that would just suit her. By-the-bye, she had brought some very good scarlet anti-rheumatic flannel from town, and she intended to make Michael a warm flannel shirt against the winter. Good-bye! she could not

stay any longer, for she was out canvassing for Mr. Eydel. She could not, of course, ask Michael to vote for him after she had told him she meant to make him a little present, but she was *so* anxious for Mr. Eydel to get in. He had been such a *good* member, and was so kind to every one, &c. Michael, of course, got his red flannel, and equally of course voted right on the polling day. Dear Lady Goodwood! and you, charming sweet ladies, who likewise canvassed for me, who spared yourselves no trouble, and would take no denial—I kiss your shoe-strings, and the laces of your pretty Balmoral boots, in the depth of my humility and the fervour of my gratitude.

When the day of nomination arrived, our returns showed that the battle was already won. I gave myself no trouble about my speech. I had delivered so many orations, and had treated the politics of the day in so many aspects, that I made speeches in my dreams as fluently as Coleridge dreamed verses. My agent had engaged fifty roughs and blackguards to shout and interrupt the speakers on the other side if they began the game with us. I had stipulated that they should be shut up in the White Hart Yard until we saw what the other side were doing. They had engaged about the same number of roughs and blackguards, whom they let loose early on my mover and seconder. There was nothing for it but to send for our convicted poachers, pugilists, and ticket-of-leave men, to howl down, if possible, the "gentlemen" on the other side. The two bands of ruffians together did their business so effectually, that the proceedings were conducted in dumb show. My senior colleague in the representation was the first to present himself. He got very red in the face and angry—shook his fist at the roughs—and retired amid indescribable uproar. It was now my turn. The groans were renewed. I looked as pleasantly as I could at the crowd, and then at the ladies in the windows across the market-place, who waved their streamers and kerchiefs in a flutter of enthusiasm. Just as I was thinking of giving it up, a voice below me said, "Never mind them! make your speech to us." Looking down in front of the hustings, I observed two or three gentlemanly and intelligent-looking young men with note-books in their hands. I remembered having seen their faces in "the Gallery," and knew of course that they represented the London daily papers. I was tickled with the proposal, and prepared to comply with it. After a little dumb show directed at the roughs, to show that I was obliged to make my speech to the reporters, I began to speak, and they to take it down. The mob in the interest of my opponents, howled and yelled like so many demons, and the row was deafening. But my London friends

knew their business, and did it admirably. Standing on the benches below, they were nearly on a level with my lips; and by enunciating every word slowly and distinctly, I made myself distinctly audible to them. We were all so cool over it, indeed, that we kept up quite a little conversation, in what Mr. Helps would call the "intervals of public business." "Am I going too fast for you?" I said. "Just a little," said one; "we have no place to rest our books upon." Presently I heard one call out, "Please say the last few words again. I did not quite catch them." I complied. "Thank you!" I was so much amused and so cool that I stopped while they turned over the leaves of their books. It was immense fun. I had a long account to settle with my rival, and I gave it him pretty hot and strong, as you must have observed in next day's papers. The best of it was, that he could not reply, because he did not know what I had been saying until the London papers came down. When his turn came I backed up the high sheriff in trying to get him a hearing; but our blackguards were so infuriated that we gave it up, and the reporters, with their usual fairness, gathered round him. But he was flurried and disconcerted, and they soon shut up their books, and prepared themselves for the show of hands.

We lost the "show," but won in a canter at the polling booths. On the day of the declaration the London reporters turned up again, and gave another splendid report of the speeches. If I receive the same attention at their hands in Parliament, I shall be quite satisfied. There is something laughable and grotesque in being "girt with a sword," in token of your titular dignity as a knight of the shire—the sword employed being an old yeomanry cavalry sword kept at the Shire Hall for such occasions. I bowed to my friends, shooks hands with all and sundry, and received many warm and kind congratulations. Among the people on the platform was the agent who managed the Earl of ——'s estates in the neighbourhood. "I received instructions," he whispered, "to telegraph the poll every hour to the —— Railway Station, and I hear there were relays of grooms to take the returns to the Castle. The Earl *will* be pleased." Down! busy, flattering hope! Why do you whisper that it was not the peer who showed all this interest and anxiety? It was out of the question to betray the agent's little secret; but you may be sure I did not fail to write that very night to the Castle, placing myself unreservedly at the disposition of Lady Helen and Lady Flo, in the matter of the private theatricals, and confirming any and every promise made to Lady Gertrude in that little affair of the Ladies' Gallery.

EPICURUS EYDEL, M.P.

A Few Turf Memories.

MAN'S life, when it is spent in perpetually looking after "a real good thing," must be so miserable that it is hardly worth having on any terms. They may well grow wan and white haired, long before their time, in trying to penetrate the Asian mystery of the Turf. The catalogue of "knock outs" that we can call to mind in the last thirty years is almost too sad to think of. Dashing point dealers they have been in their day, and then brought to "potatoes and point" at last. For our parts, we care for nothing turfy, save seeing the foals in the paddock, the yearlings at the hammer, and the finished material at the starting-post. We never fell across more than two "dead certainties:" one was, that Marchioness d'Eu would be scratched for the St. Leger, albeit a sporting journal had prophesied her to win; and the other, which floated up from the London Docks—of all places—was, that nothing could beat Cawrouch for the Cesarewitch. The funniest "dead certainty" was communicated to a friend of ours by his old groom. He had been sent to the Islington Horse Show with a hackney, and had to sleep at night in a large, double bedroom at a public-house, where others of the craft slept. He had no bed-fellow, and, therefore, he had not to resort to the Yorkshireman's expedient of buckling on a spur, and using it gently whenever his companion trespassed on his half, till at last that devoted man said, in a voice of thunder, "If you're a gentleman, sir, you ought to cut your toe-nails." In this case, the Ascot week was nigh, and, of course, the grooms in the other bed were talking about the Cup. The old man knew nothing of racing, and so he held his peace, and pretended to be asleep. His companions were "very dark;" and, when they kept assuring each other of the certainty of the success of a certain horse, they would never name, but having indicated him, *sub rosâ*, repeated at intervals, that he was "a long way the best, bar none." The listener now felt that he had been too cunning for them, and that their secret was out. He turned over to sleep, and he was up betimes at his charger's side in the Hall. There were one or two more days of the Show left, and he had no earthly right to take his horse out. Moreover, a customer might have turned up, as one or two of the

owner's friends, as well as the secretary, were doing their best to sell her. However, he cared for none of those things; he was big with a racing secret, and he felt it his bounden duty to hurry home at once with it to his master. He therefore watched his opportunity: when there were no officials about, sheeted the mare, and put her in a horse-box in the station, and home he steamed some sixty miles. His master was very irate at seeing him, along with the mare; but the old man would pull his top-knot and keep scraping with his feet, and say, "I was bound to come, maister." Then he let the grand secret out, "You can win a pot o' money, maister, over the Ascot Cup; I've brought the winner for you; they thought I didn't hear them, that night, in my bedroom: it's a horse they call *Bar None;* there's no mistake in that; I heerd them say it, over and over again. You back him, maister; he's safe to win." It was no use being angry with such a zealous tipster, so he had a glass of wine to drink. "Bar None's" health, and luck to the mare at the next county show. To this day he can never understand why Bar None didn't even start. After all, his tip is, as far as the chances of winning go, not one whit less idle than eighteen out of twenty which "noble sportsmen" get hold of in the course of the season.

The term "season" requires a very different definition to what it did thirty years ago. Then trainers sent horses back to the owners' country houses in the latter end of October, and never saw them again (unless they were private trainers, and went into winter quarters with them), till early in February, when some of them came up as round as apples. Envoy, for instance, went back to Oakley, and lived so freely all the winter that he was never any use again. As the hunting season contracts, the racing one lengthens. The Oakley men now would never think of being at work round Cowper's Oak and elsewhere for 299 days, beginning on July 13th, as in Will Wells's day; but last season the trainers and jockeys were at work from Feb. 18th to Nov. 20th, a space of 276 days. During this period, the cups, stakes, and added money run for in the three kingdoms amounted to about 360,000*l.*, and the forfeit list for England and Scotland to only 2773*l.*, of which 365*l.* were due from a noble lord. There were 2150 races in all, of which 417 were half a mile and under, and 1535 of a mile and under; while those of two miles and upwards only reached 208, and those of three miles and upwards, 28. It seems also that 1870 foals (105 of them Mr. Blenkiron's) were registered, and that 2510 horses ran; which shows an increase of 1195 over the list for '49. Comparing the two-year-olds of that year, when Voltigeur was in their

ranks, and winning as a big, unprepared colt, with Bumby up at Richmond, there were only 264 to set against the 844, of which Belladrum, Pero Gomez, and Wild Oats, are the presiding triumvirate. The number of two-year olds have steadily increased, more especially during the last three seasons, and in '67 the total number of horses made a sudden jump of 449. The three-year olds only number 631, and the four-year-olds 418, which shows how early hard work "settles" them. Taking a three years' average of foals entered with Messrs. Weatherby, it is found that setting those which are not registered with Messrs. Weatherby against those which are entered as "dead," just about 50 per cent. start as two-year-olds. For instance, the 1539 foals of 1864 furnish, in 1866—68, 729 two-year-old runners, 661 three-year-olds, and 418 four-year olds. Again, the ratio of two-year-old starters to foals in 1866—68 is 2325 to 4605. It is to be hoped that Sir Joseph Hawley's motion may be reduced to a resolution not allowing any two-year-olds to run out a dead heat, and prohibiting their appearance in public before May-day. Any other enactment would completely dislocate many important meetings. If men will over-run their two-year-olds, they must do it at their own risk. We doubt whether our most carefully bred race-horses have deteriorated one whit, and believe that if foals were not raced until four years old, they would stand the requisite preparation, and do four miles just as well as Blacklock and Haphazard. Great mischief arises from breeders running after flashy, speedy sires, in the hopes of getting a smart two-year-old that will "spread-eagle" a field over five furlongs, and never thinking of anything else. Any one familiar with the stud book will also see sires used without compunction, out of mares which were "pheasant hearts" themselves, and have always thrown their stock without a heart. Englishmen are called "centaurs," but they are the most careless breeders under the sun.

When we see men who are reported great yearling judges give the wildest prices year after year for rips, we may well feel sure that no eye, however cultivated, can forecast what a yearling will turn out. Carisbrook, when he was sold at Lord Londesboro's sale and broke loose, was one of the very nicest yearlings we ever saw, but he only made 300 gs.; Formosa looked as finished as a four-year old mare; Kettledrum's strong neck and springy pasterns foreshadowed most remarkably his combination of speed and stoutness; but still Mr. Tom Parr passed him over for the more flashy Parasite; Touchwood, for yearling substance, we never saw beaten, but he did not look like a mover; for beautiful symmetry, two of the Cure's, which Lord Stamford bought at the royal sale, were almost unrivalled; and

Captain Skipworth sent up to Doncaster three very remarkable ones —small, but all there—by him, of which Zodiac was one. Ayacachuco was a very taking one, and we have seen nothing handsomer and more full of quality of late years at Doncaster than Peter, but what a duffer he has proved. Cawdor was also a very useful-looking colt, and so thought Mr. Merry, but he proved one of "the incapables," like Harvester, who is another proof that when Stockwell gets a colt very like himself in colour and form, he is generally very slow. Rustic, at two years old, is the only instance we remember to the contrary, and he, if nature had been obeyed, should never have been run at three years old, as he was a perfect Smike in horseflesh. We often wonder heartily how he ran as he did at Epsom and Ascot. Blair Athol was a remarkable foal, as we first saw him in the corner of a big barn, and looking all legs and blaze. Kettledrum was a very strong-jointed one, and seemed to fine down every year, till his arms are rather light for his top. Blue Gown we hardly remember at his infant stage, as we were so much more taken with Rosicrucian. As specimens of brood-mares we cannot whip apart Ellen Middleton, Aphrodite, and Madame Eglantine. Lanercost as a model of power, and Beeswing of neatness, were worth a forty-mile pea-in-the-shoe pilgrimage to see at the post together. Kingston and his son Ely were great beauties, though we never thought that the last had a very true two-year old frame. For savage grandeur and quality, commend us to Phlegon, for short-legged hunter style to Burgundy, and for racing character to Orlando. Still nothing could use his hind legs, when he was rising 29, like old Touchstone, and none galloped as a three-year old with any easier sweep than Newminster. We never saw him again from that day when Sim handed him home in front of Aphrodite, till we looked over his half-door last August, as he lay, looking worse than any worn-out poster, but eating oats and bran with quite "a roast meat stomach." John Day said truly, that he was too diseased to breed from, and we carried away a few tail hairs as a token. The Cure was a beautiful walker, as if hung on patent springs; and Alice Hawthorn and Nancy seemed to be going no pace, and yet they were always there. Some of the most nondescript style of stock we ever met with were by Fandango, and we doubt that we ever saw a poorer specimen of a two-year old saddled than Margaretta, by Midas, at York this year.

A clerk in some department of the War Office, where relatives used to search for news of soldier friends during war time, had, it is said, a very summary way of disposing of applicants. The moment he had found the name, he blurted out, all in one breath, "*Dead!*—

Fee a shilling!—No crying here!" and on to the next like a shot. We shall follow his cue, and indulge in none of those philosophic wails over the decline of the turf and its causes, but pass on to some of the pleasant days we have had amongst it, and the scenes and horses which struck us most, from the Tyne to the Tamar.

It is many years since we saw Newcastle races, and our recollections are not with Underhand or Caller Ou—words hard for Northumbrian lips—nor yet with Dr. Syntax and Gallopade. They go back to an intermediate period when "Slashing Harry collared Henriade," when Beeswing beat Black Diamond, when Harry Edwardes, by a mighty effort, shoved "lazy Lanercost's" head in front of the Hydra's, and when a Carlisle man was so cleaned out by Naworth's defeat for the Tyro Stakes, that he put up his slippers for sale at the Queen's Head that night. We remember, too, the grief which fell like a pall on the Moor, when Lanercost, with Calypso handy, beat Beeswing on the post through the deep ground for the cup, and how every tongue was loosened when she paid off him and his corns next year in the dry. We like to recall that time, and all its actors—dark-eyed "Sim," in his heyday; Job Marson, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, just earning his spurs on Charles XII.; Mr. Ramsay at Lanercost's head, as Noble saddled him, and listening to the cadaverous "lunatic" who was taking up his parable; and then, old Bob Johnson, in his long black coat, drab breeches and gaiters, among the glasses and decanters in front of the arbour (like Baron Nathan among the eggs at Rosherville), retreating swiftly, ere he had stammered out his sentences, before the coat-tail pull of the Squire of Nunnykirk, who flings down his scare-crow hat, puts himself in "the teapot attitude," and pours out his Attic eloquence in old Beeswing's name.

It was at Newcastle that Sir Tatton Sykes (Scott) took part in a great sliding match, which utterly ruined Fancy Boy. Four started for that Northern Derby, and the ground was so soaked with rain that Bill Scott, after many ups and downs, was formally left at the Newcastle turn with Little Jack Horner (Francis) to keep him company. The memory of the Derby which he had just lost on "the Surrey side," did not tend to tone down Bill's ire; and never was Mother Earth more emphatically denounced. Fancy Boy was also on his hind quarters at that point, but Sim recovered him, and adjured Job on Dolo, the only horse which kept his legs, to "keep wide of me at the Coal Pit turn, for fear we slide up again." The presentiment was too true, as when they reached it, Fancy Boy slipped and slid some five-and-twenty yards, Sim sticking to him

with his arms round his neck. Even in this fashion the pace was pretty good, but Dolo got so far a-head that he was never reached again, and the chapter of accidents put some 600 gs. into Lord Eglinton's pocket. Two hunters out of four came to grief in the next race, but a drying night set things square again for the morrow.

Our first recollection of Carlisle Swifts goes back some three-and-forty years. Springkell and Fair Helen's day was over, and the Maxwell family had ceased to have perpetual seisin of the massive gold cup. Mr. Houldsworth's green and gold jacket was occasionally seen, and The Earl was a great hand at four mile heats for the Queen's Plate. He liked to have his ugly head first in heats one and two, whereas some used to wait away entirely for the first heat, and just save their distance. The man with his flag in the distance chair was an absolute necessity in those heat days, and one of the most vigorous protests we remember against his judgment was Jem Mason's, at the Kensington Hippodrome, in '39. Capital horses arrived at Carlisle, year after year, from Middleham, each September, many of them *en route* to the Caledonian hunt, but up to the present date there have been only two St. Leger winners among them. One of them, Caller Ou, won the Guineas, but Warlock's jockey mistook the winning-post, when he had everything beat. We remember seeing Theodore on "the sands" at an agricultural show, but Gregson, "that great swell of a grey," was there too, in his prime, and the St. Leger mouse-brown, with the corny feet, was hardly looked at by the judges, except for the interest which attaches to a horse who wins such a race with 100*l.* to a walking-stick or a bottle of soda-water against him. Corinthian, who ran fourth to him, and was, like the second and third in the same Croft stable, if we remember rightly, not sent from Barrock Lodge, but Royalist came as usual from the Holme House in his blue rosettes. He was a good-looking, light-boned horse, with a very strong neck, and Templeman considers him to be one of the slowest and gamest he ever crossed. "Sim," who was always very fond of Carlisle course, and formed one of a large party at Mrs. Tweedell's, in Rickergate, won twice with him for Mr. Lambton, the first year he rode there. The pace was so hot in one race that Royalist was beaten a mile from home, but reached his horses inch by inch. "Sim's" luck was not so great, when at a pinch he had to ride Lady Moore Carew in a big exercise saddle, and was beaten half a length. His feet slipped through the stirrups and he couldn't finish on her.

The Swifts are full of curious Turf recollections. The jockeys seemed much taller men then, and "wasted" to thread-paper. As for Jacques,

he changed from a well-fed innkeeper into a skeleton when poverty overtook him, and he rode for Colonel Cradock again after his retirement. Vinegar and poached eggs were his only fare at times, and a lad who rode the rear horse, and drove the leader in the canal-boat, The Arrow, from Carlisle to Port Carlisle, tried the same fare rather than lose his place for overweight, and killed himself by it. Poor Cartwright was in immense force when he came out about 1829; and Mr. Aglionby engaged him three years previously, to ride a colt of his for a Cumberland Produce Stakes, which he won. Juba made a memorable level-ground jump near the last turn at exercise. It was measured to be thirty feet; and the lad vowed that his black would have the Eden with a little more practice, and advised his being turned loose in future. No two-year-old ever excited such interest as General Chassé, when he went to the post at the river side with Fobert, then quite a young man, leading him, and Bob Johnson on his back; and he showed them his light tail almost from start to finish. Muley Moloch was a lion in the days when the Raby pink and black stripes were annually looked out for with Tommy Lye to ride, and burly John Smith in charge. That "fine black hunter" Inheritor, and "Lazy Lanercost," were both winners; and the wiry little Doctor galloped away from his field from the Queen's Plate, through water and mud half-way up his hocks. The course had been quite covered on the previous day, and lads were actually sailing in washing tubs from tent to tent. On another occasion we are told that lanterns were tied to the posts, and the last heats were run by their glimmer. Harry Edwards, in his white kid gloves and ruffles, was quite a lion when he came out and won upon Naworth over the *T.-Y.-C.* This colt was a very difficult one to ride, and had turned rebellious, and only finished fourth at Newcastle; but "Old Harry" paid him off, and steered him with an energy and leverage of arm, such as no other jockey ever seemed to us to possess. At this time he was a V.S. in the town, and "wasted" the three miles out and in to Crosby, where he sat on a corn-chest "taking his rest," not with "his martial cloak," but several horse rugs "around him," and smoking a cigar.

R. W. Procter, a Manchester poet, has told us of

> "A party who went, on pleasure bent,
> On a journey to Heaton Park;"

but the spring-carts which carried the "Rough Robins" and their ladye loves on Sept, 25th, 1827, when the park was first opened for races, harmonised very ill with the Duke of Beaufort's four-in-hand,

or with the team of six piebalds driven by Mr. Knowles, the coach proprietor. There was such a crush, that at three o'clock the gates were closed, and the scrambling through the hedges did such damage, that in future no one was admitted without a ticket, and then only on horseback or in a carriage. Then the great question arose, "Is a truck a carriage?" and it was argued for the appellant, that anything that could carry was a carriage, provided it were drawn by a horse, ox, goat, or dog. The best illustration as to how a "carriage" should be drawn was, when "The Squire" brought Tom Thumb in his match cart, and gave him some rare "steps-out" round the course. He rode Catherina against Chancellor (Earl Wilton) in one of the finest finishes ever seen in the park, but "my lord" had the best of it on the post. "The Squire's" greatest victory was on Rush; and coloured engravings of it may be seen to this day. For two years running, Captain White, who was then in his Melton heyday, won the Matilda Gold Cup; and Becher, "the captain with the whiskers," after professionals had been admitted in 1835, screwed in Jagger first to John Scott's amazement, despite his vile temper and a broken stirrup leather. Earl Wilton had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins; and he was also on Prizeflower, the great bashaw of "cocktails," when Harkaway and Cruiskeen, the Irish chestnuts, fell. Don John came on from Doncaster with John and Will Scott, and Nat in his train; Slashing Harry and Miss Bowe, ran the most slashing of dead heats; the beautiful Vanish was great in Gold Cups, and the dam of Orlando did one of those "short, sharp, and decisive" things, at which for half a mile she has perhaps never had a rival.

People can hardly realise now what an event the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup was when General Chassé, Inheritor, and Charles XII. were winning it, or when Harkaway first made his appearance in England, and was beaten by Tommy Lye on St. Bennett. Very few turfites went to bed that night, watching for the mail guards.

"The days of its glory were o'er" with the Cup dead heat between John Day on Vulcan, and Chapple on Rhodanthe. Lord George threw such energy into the Goodwood management, and Mr. Etty was such a quiet-going person, that owners gradually began to reserve their horses for the south, and with The Baron and Van Tromp, its famous St. Leger ceased to throw any shadows before. The most extraordinary "turn up" during this great era, was the "walking race" between Catherina, General Chassé, and Birdlime. Sir James

Boswell had backed the General very heavily for the quadruple event, two cups at Liverpool, and two at Newton. Templeman knew what the tactics would be, and he said to Fobert in the weighing-house, "*Mind I don't catch you to-day!*" They walked and trotted, Holmes occasionally pricking his chestnut to keep him from lurching, till within the distance, when Templeman sent out his little mare like a shot, and got a clear length before Holmes could begin. He was, however, catching Templeman every stride, and would have beaten him in another twenty yards, but he just failed to get up, and then he flung his saddle into the weighing-room, and wouldn't go to scale. Tommy Lye on Birdlime had thought of nothing but Chassé, and finished at his quarters.

The race in which Newminster was defeated by The Calculator, was the most sensational we ever witnessed at York, but we have heard that it was nothing to the scene when The Miner seemed to start up suddenly at Blair Athol's side and beat him. It was on Knavesmire, too, that we remember poor Bill Scott having his last mount, a second on Snowball to Alfred Day on Tuscan. It is only twenty-two years ago, and yet seven out of the nine jockeys who rode in that race are dead. There has seldom been more curiosity and disappointment on Knavesmire than when the narrow Ivan, the first of the Van Tromps, had his sheets taken off before he beat Vindex. The struggle between Warlock and Fisherman was after our heart, and it was " a moral " to behold a fifteen-hand horse, like Underhand, carry 9 st. 1 lb., and stall off everything in the Ebor Handicap, by his marvellous condition and pluck.

We first looked on Doncaster in the mist and wet of a Sunday morning, when the races began on a Monday. It was then a long coach ride from Swinton Station. Herring's picture of Attila was part of our burden, and the Colonel's valet, who was in charge of it, was telling good anecdotes of his master's mode of shooting. That year some three St. Leger winners were walking together in one field at the Turf Tavern—to wit, Blue Bonnet, Charles XII., and Satirist; and there were also two Derby winners in the town—Little Wonder and Attila; and all, save Satirist, started. Crucifix and Bay Middleton were also at the Turf paddocks. The sight of the trio was almost as memorable as Blair Athol's and Gladiateur's mock tournay when they marched about in a paddock, and Knowsley neighed his *defi* over the wall. British Yeoman was thought to be the coming colt in Attila's year; he was neat and lightish, and had a thin, varmint-looking tail, and hocks with the web so like gossamer that you might almost see through them. His two-year-old race, with Maria Day, was

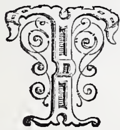
a rare treat; and sheer gameness, and a great effort of his jockey's, who rode two-year-olds to perfection, just gave him the short head in the last stride. The Cure's bolt in the St. Leger, two years after, was the only thing of the kind in St. Leger annals. It began about sixty yards from home, and he seemed to come right across the course, as if he was going to bury his defeated head in the judge's box—Mail Train's, in the Cesarewitch, was a trifle to it. The Eglinton procession of Van Tromp led by Eryx, as they came out with their jockeys up through the Carr House Gate, with Black Jemmy as beadle, and addressing the crowd, was a picture of itself; and we never met such a model of a cup horse as "Van" was that afternoon, and such a little beauty as Eryx as his equerry. Templeman soon knew that it was not Cossack's day. The stable had pressed him hard to ride Foreclosure, but he had refused to do so, as he felt sure that he was not within 21 lbs. of the chestnut, and the race proved it; though Cossack was short of preparation.

It was also a very pleasant bit when Tom Jennings took Gladiateur out of his van, behind the Doncaster Arms, but much fewer saw that; Beeswing hugging the rails as she went round the top turn in the Cup as jealous as a surveyor, lest she should lose an inch of ground; Teddington answering to Job's searching rowels, as stride by stride he caught Nat on Kingston; Tim Whiffler cutting down Asteroid at the Butts; Jim Robinson coming up, wide on the outside, and getting level with Voltigeur; "The West" and St. Albans fairly romping home for the St. Leger; the Marquis, just getting his head in front in answer to Challoner's last stroke of the whalebone; Lord Clifden lying away, and then reaching his horses at the Red House, as suddenly as if he had been at the end of an elastic band and they at the other, and the pressure relaxed; the thick fog and rain during Blair Athol's race, which made men look at their fellows and wonder if it really was the end of all things, and their hour was come; Lord Lyon, with a jaded, listless air, coming out once more to meet Savernake, whose middle showed that he was two weeks short of work; Hermit and Thormanby refusing to face their canters, as if they knew that defeat was before them; Kettledrum flying over the hill in the Cup, and twice the horse he was in the St. Leger; and Formosa going to the post with a skin like burnished copper plate, to show the Yorkshiremen what an "Oaks, One Thousand, and 'Guineas'" mare can do.

Other great courses may claim another notice.

H. H. D.

Numbers for the Sorrowful.

RUST Him who is thy God and have no fear:
His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep,
He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self-centred in His own infinity
He that is All is cause and law of all:
Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broadcast with His hand,
As o'er the glebe the sower soweth seed,
Till with His glory all the heavens are sown;

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent
The rain-drop glitters populous with life,
And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of Spring!
The pinky nipples of the budding leaves
Break in a night, and, lo, the wood is green!

Art thou more bare than is the Winter wood,
Or less esteem'd of Him who gives thee joy
In the fresh rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament,
"The leaves are falling and the fruit is done!"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See, where the cruel winds have swept the trees
And all are branching bare against the night,
There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars!

So, when the leafage of thy days is past
And life is desolate, repine thou not,—
God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss :
Growth and decay obey a common law,
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

Think ! Thou wert born and fashioned for a world
Assorted to thy needs and thy delights,
And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content.

Not of thy strength or cunning didst thou come
Into the fief and heritage of life ;
And shall all fail thee in thy going hence ?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips,
The blown sand of the desert in thy face :
Shall these outlast the ages and not thou ?

Content thy soul and comfort thee in this :
In God's design is neither best nor worst,
But ever ordered change is ordered good :

In Him love rounds the infinite of might,
And He who giveth both to live and die
Is equal Lord of Life and Lord of Death.

An Astronomical Triumph.

HEN, if ever, a chronological summary of scientific progress comes to be compiled, the past year will stand against an unusual array of discoveries and researches pertaining to the department of astronomy. This science is not one of rapid development: its data are, as a rule, but slowly accumulated; its results are very tediously achieved; and that year is a remarkable one which sees so much done during its course as did the year of grace 1868. Between February and October, eleven members were added to the known number of the planetary family, and of these, six were discovered by one observer. Several comets visited our skies, and one of these revealed a structure which will help the identification of those bodies with luminous meteors; for the analysis of its light proved that the luminous source was chiefly carbon, a substance found in many meteorolites. Then we had one of the most imposing eclipses that a terrestrial spectator can possibly witness, and circumstances favoured its observation more fully than has ever been the case before, regard being had to the comparative inaccessibility of the countries from which it was visible. Then came a transit of Mercury: a phenomenon not usually of vast importance to the science; but one which on this occasion was invested with a special interest, on account of the lessons that it taught, and the suggestions that it offered for the successful and profitable observation of the transits of Venus which are to occur during the next fourteen years. Then there was a redetermination from old and misinterpreted data of the fundamental measure in astronomy, the distance of the Sun, and a result so satisfactory has been arrived at that it may raise the question whether it will be worth while to incur the great outlay which the proper observation of the aforesaid transits of Venus would involve, seeing that costly expeditions must be sent to the Antarctic continent for the purpose. Lastly, the year witnessed a beautiful realisation of a long hoped for discovery—a method of seeing the red coloured envelope that surrounds the sun, and that has hitherto evaded all attempts at detection, save on the rare and brief occasions when the solar disc is hidden by the moon and the rosy covering peeps blushingly around the interposing body.

Each item of this list might form the topic of a separate chapter; but we purpose at present alluding only to the last, since it is that which at the present moment is uppermost in interest and to the fore wherever the doings of the *savans* are the subject of discussion.

Every newspaper and periodical reader ought by this time to know all or nearly all that is to be learnt concerning the red prominences that are the chief phenomena in a total solar eclipse. We had our say concerning them in a recent number.[a] The importance with which they are regarded by astronomers is shown by the sacrifices of time and money that are made to get a glimpse of them. For they are looked to to furnish evidence upon the chemical and physical constitution of the sun, upon the process by which its light is evolved, and upon the means by which it is sustained. We have learnt, it is true, that the photosphere is in all probability a furnace wherein or whereon metals are being fused and ignited, and that what might be called the atmosphere is a shell of glowing gas; but what connection there may be between the one and the other—whether the gaseous envelope is a source or a recipient of heat—whether it feeds the photosphere or is the offthrowing of some of the consuming fuel—why its structure is so irregular and variable—whether and what connection exists between the red envelope and the solar spots—are questions, a few of many, that remain to be solved, and for which solution must be hoped for by continuous and extended research. It will easily be understood how anxious astronomers have been for a means of watching the red atmosphere more frequently than solar eclipses permit; how they have regarded as a cynosure a method of viewing the prominences without having to wait for these rare phenomena. The idea occurred to many to cause an artificial eclipse, by hiding the solar disc by a circular plate of some opaque material; but it led to nothing; the diffused sky-light was too strong to allow the prominences to be seen. A modification of the experiment was suggested by Mr. Nasmyth and tried by the Astronomer Royal. The image of the sun was cast upon a screen of white paper, and a hole was cut in this just large enough to allow the disc of the sun to fall through into an unreflecting chamber beneath, leaving any outlying prominences to be caught by the edge of the aperture. But this failed; no rosy protuberances were seen: nevertheless the method still strikes the Astronomer Royal as so hopeful that he intends trying it again.

The trial, however, seems only needful for satisfaction's sake, for a

[a] Vol. I., pp. 173, *et seq.*

totally different method of detecting the prominences has been imagined and put into execution. The solution of the difficulty is another triumph of the wonderful power, *spectrum analysis*. There is a lofty sound in this term that frightens an ordinary reader: it is to be feared that many when they meet it regard it as a stumbling-block, and turn aside in search of a subject whose interest centres upon a less technical point. But it will be necessary for every one who aims at following the track of science in future to master the principles of this last and most potent means of research. At present no separate treatise, at least in the English language, exists which gives at once its rationale and its results with any pretensions to completeness, but it is hardly likely that such a work will be long wanting.[b] However, a very small amount of technical knowledge in the matter of this analysis will suffice for the understanding of the point under our notice, and this little we will endeavour to convey.

A beam of sunlight is made up of a collection of rays of different colours; it is like a thread formed of fibres of every tinge, but so fine and so closely twined that we fail to see the individual tints while the thread is perfect, though they all manifest themselves if we unravel it. But every beam of light is not like that which we call sunlight; every beam is not made up of many-coloured rays, but, on the contrary, many that come from different sources have only one or two coloured rays. These are like threads of a single-coloured fibre. The gases and metals, when heated to luminosity, give off light of this character. A pale hydrogen flame shows mostly blue rays; the brilliant colours of fireworks are produced by metals that, in combustion, yield light having only one or two coloured rays; strontium, for instance, yielding intense crimson, lithium, blue, and so on. Now, a prism of glass possesses the property of unravelling the light threads and, at the same time, of arranging the coloured fibres in a definite and invariable order; it opens out a beam like a fan, and the spot of light that such a beam, shining through a hole, would make upon a screen becomes, when it is passed through the glass wedge, a riband of gorgeous colouring. But suppose that the light is not omnicoloured, but contains only one colour, what happens? The prism lets it pass unravelled, and we have merely a spot or a thin line of coloured light presented to our view.

It will be obvious that, when a beam of the first-mentioned class is

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[b] Meanwhile, the best information procurable is, we believe, that comprised in a series of lectures delivered by Dr. W. A. Miller, at the Royal Institution, and reported at length in the *Chemical News*, vols. xv. and xvi.

spread out from a small spot to a long riband, its intensity will be diminished: the light that made a small area bright becomes, when made to cover many times that area, very faint. The extent to which this dilution of brilliancy may be carried has no limit; the actual amount of dispersion depends upon the amount of prismatic interference. One prism disperses a little; and, if the diluted light be sent through a second, it is further extended and weakened, and so on through several prisms. But this dilution does not go on with a beam of monochromatic light: let it be passed through half a dozen prisms, it is not untwisted, but comes from the last nearly as bright as it entered the first.

It was long suspected, and now it is proved, that the rosy excrescences upon the sun are of that character of light which has, if not one only, at least but very few coloured rays; consequently, when their beams are analysed by the prism, they are not dispersed and diluted, but retain the greater part of their original brightness. The photosphere of the sun itself, on the other hand, gives light that is so diluted. If, then, the two qualities of light are passed together through a prism, the latter, having its hitherto overpowering brightness sufficiently reduced, ought to allow the rays of the former to be seen in the shape of bright lines overlying the outspread spectrum of the photosphere. This was the argument that presented itself to the minds of spectroscopists. Who grasped the idea first, it is difficult to say. It seems to have occurred simultaneously to Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, and to Mr. Norman Lockyer, an amateur astronomer. The former gentleman, I believe, in the absence of documentary testimony, first put the matter to actual test; but he was obliged to abandon the experiment for want of prisms sufficient in number and dispersive power to secure the requisite reduction in the brightness of the photospheric spectrum; for although, for the sake of comprehensiveness, we have spoken of the analysis as if it were a simple matter, it is, in reality, one of extreme delicacy. Mr. Stone's trials were made two years ago. The matter remained in abeyance till the autumn of the past year, when it was brought to issue by two far-distant observers, Mr. Lockyer, in England, and Dr. Janssen, in India; the latter a well-known spectroscopist who was sent by the French Board of Longitude to employ his powers of research upon the great eclipse. To Dr. Janssen is due the merit of having first seen, though not of having first thought of seeing, the red prominences in spite of the blazing sunlight. The character of their light as revealed to him while the eclipse was in progress, prompted him to search for them on the following day. In actually seeing them he anticipated

Mr. Lockyer, but by a few weeks only. He would not have done so but for the delays which are inevitable to the manufacture of delicate instruments. Mr. Lockyer, like Mr. Stone, tried to see them, and failed for want of power; so he applied to the Royal Society for assistance to procure that power. A large spectroscope, with a battery of seven prisms, was put in hand; but it was late in the year before it was ready for use. It came at last; and the observer had the intense gratification of beholding the attenuated solar spectrum accompanied by the bright lines of the gaseous atmosphere, and thus of realising to the full the prophetic idea he had propounded two years before.[c] So close was the run for priority that the announcements from the respective discoverers reached the French Academy of Sciences within a few minutes of each other.

It is impossible to estimate the future value of this new and subtle power of observation, or to foresee the extent to which it will carry our knowledge of solar physics. It may be fruitful beyond our present conceptions; barren it cannot be. Already it has gone far to prove, what Le Verrier had declared without the power of proof—that these red prominences, of which but fitful glances have till now been obtained, are but the thicker and less regular portions of a sea of gaseous matter that completely envelopes the solar globe. It will now enable us to follow the prominences from day to day. The sun can be swept around its circumference with the spectroscope, and the form of the red marginal fringe mapped down; for a lofty flame-like prominence will reveal itself in the instrument as a bright line of extraordinary length, and even detached cloud-like patches of the red matter, such as some eclipse observers have depicted, will be rendered separately visible. Moreover, their light can now be leisurely analysed and compared with that of the chemical elements—a task impossible in the hurry of an eclipse—and their precise constitution thus ascertained. Altogether, the discovery of Messrs. Lockyer and Janssen promises to be as fertile as it is beautiful.

J. Carpenter.

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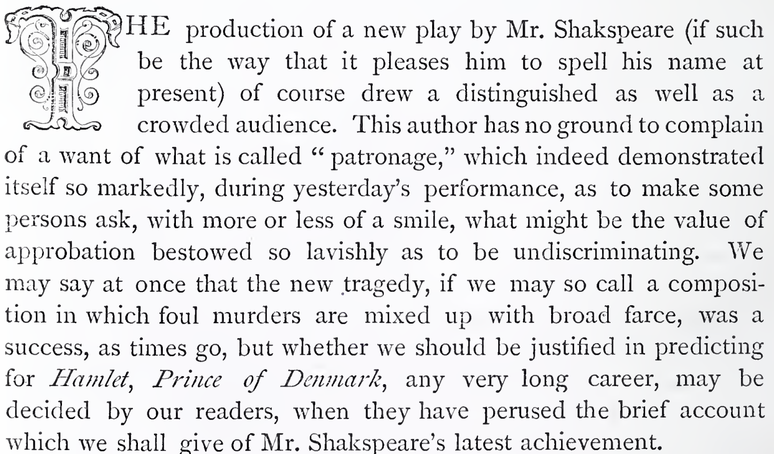
[c] It transpires, now that observers know what to look for and how to look, that they can see the spectrum of the prominences with less power than was at first thought necessary. This is natural enough. The minimum of light from the solar photosphere and the maximum of light from the prominences are obviously to be found around the edge of the sun's disc, and it is to this region that the research has hitherto been confined. By and by it may be extended all over the disc.

Shake-scene's New Tragedy.

[Readers of the old drama are aware that William Shakspeare was the object of much of the malevolence which pursues a successful man. "Your only Shake-scene" is a phrase which will be remembered by the student. In these days it is well to be cautious, and not hastily to believe in the authenticity of any newly discovered document. But the following criticism, which purports to have been written immediately after the production of *Hamlet*, certainly embodies the spirit in which a smart and shallow critic would address himself to his task; and though the language and the construction of sentences seem too modern to permit us to regard the article as genuine, it may be accepted as typical of what pleased a certain class in the poet's day, and would please that portion of the present generation which holds that "if one of Shakspeare's plays were produced now, it would be hissed."]



THE production of a new play by Mr. Shakspeare (if such be the way that it pleases him to spell his name at present) of course drew a distinguished as well as a crowded audience. This author has no ground to complain of a want of what is called "patronage," which indeed demonstrated itself so markedly, during yesterday's performance, as to make some persons ask, with more or less of a smile, what might be the value of approbation bestowed so lavishly as to be undiscriminating. We may say at once that the new tragedy, if we may so call a composition in which foul murders are mixed up with broad farce, was a success, as times go, but whether we should be justified in predicting for *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, any very long career, may be decided by our readers, when they have perused the brief account which we shall give of Mr. Shakspeare's latest achievement.

The author has not departed from his time-honoured, if not particularly honourable, custom of building his house upon foundations laid by others. Indeed we might almost say that he has rather refurnished an old Danish house than done much in the way of architecture. Every schoolboy knows the story on which Hamlet is founded. We shall not delay our readers by instituting a comparison between the ancient narrative of Amlet and the play which has been concocted therefrom; suffice it to say that Mr. Shakspeare, of whose faults timidity and respect for his predecessors are not two (as his brother dramatists can certify), has not, to our minds, made the fable more dramatic by his innovations, while he

has certainly lost some strong points which seemed to lie patent to him. But a writer is sometimes the best judge of his own strength, and Mr. Shakspeare may have felt that his own style, with its conceits and prettiness (to use his own word), was fitted to illustrate a milder scene than the rough one whence he has not very adroitly hewn his ideas. The taste of the day, moreover, to which he prudently appeals, with a philosophical disregard to posterity, is so effeminate, that a fashionable playwright need not be hardly treated for seeking to please those who are too cynical to be awed, too self-satisfied to be instructed, too indolent to be elevated.

The scene is laid in Elsinore, a locality of which it may not be uncharitable to suppose that the author knows about as much as any of the groundlings, of whom he makes a character speak very contemptuously. The play opens at night, a favourite contrivance with Mr. Shakspeare, nor do we blame him for again essaying what has answered his purpose before. Physical darkness operates to produce a certain solemnity, and the author of Hamlet has too much technical tact to throw away an effect. We are told by the label that we see a platform before the castle, and on this a soldier is walking as sentinel. He is promptly relieved by his officer, who takes his place —a way, we presume, which they have in the army of Denmark, where it would seem that the soldier addresses the officer in the most charmingly familiar manner, and even makes a joke about a mouse to his superior. Could not one of Mr. Shakspeare's military patrons have looked at this scene for him? Presently comes another officer, with one Horatio, a friend of the Prince of Denmark, and the author loses scant time in bringing in his ghost. An armed figure, supposed to represent the last King of Denmark, and father of the strange person who gives name to the play, stalks on, but, preserving due regal hauteur, stalks off again, declining to explain himself to the astounded trio. We wish we had no greater fault than absurdity to bring against this creation, but we regret to be obliged to point out that the Puritan author has seized the opportunity of testifying his contempt for the last offices of the church. The late Hamlet, we are told with emphasis, has been buried with every religious rite, yet the author makes him walk about, a disquiet phantom, and much more than hints that he is doing a penance for the errors of his lifetime. The negligence of the Master of the Revels in licensing this profanity is a matter of which more may be heard in Parliament.

After a great quantity of talk, explanatory of the condition of Denmark, about to be invaded by Fortinbras, who desires to avenge the death of his father, killed by old Hamlet, the silent ghost looks

in again, whereupon the disciplinarians of the Danish army hold themselves quite justified in abandoning their watch, and going to knock up the young Prince at the unseasonable hour of dawn, to tell him the news. We are then introduced to the court of Claudius, the reigning sovereign, who has married Gertrude, the widow of his brother and predecessor. We next see Hamlet himself, in deep mourning, and so ostentatious in his grief for his lamented sire, that both king and queen remonstrate with him in the presence of the court, not, we should think, the best way of appealing to the good sense of a young man. The king gives him consolation by the novel information that everybody's father must die some time or another; and then, on Hamlet's promising to keep up his spirits a little better, his majesty is so delighted that he orders cannon to be let off every time he takes a drink during the rest of the day. The royal couple and the court walk off, and then Hamlet indulges in a long and passionate soliloquy, wishes his flesh would melt into dew, or that, in the absence of a phenomenon that might puzzle Lord Bacon, it were not improper to commit suicide. Having relieved his mind further by general abuse of the world, he relieves our suspense by letting us discover that all this rage is because his mother has chosen to marry a second time, and to espouse her brother-in-law, which we admit was indiscreet in a middle-aged lady; but as it is not opposed to Danish law, we think the son's violence may be somewhat in excess of the wrong. But his tirade is cut short by the entrance of his friend and the two officers, who proceed to tell him the ghost story. He valiantly declares that he will see the spectre himself, and talk to it even if the infernal regions should gape—as the impartial part of the audience was in danger of doing several times during the play—and bid him hold his tongue. We next are introduced to a foolish old councillor, called Polonius, who has a son and daughter, Laertes and Ophelia. The former he is about to send on his travels, which he does with some really admirable advice, entirely out of place in a play, but which, if Mr. Shakspeare will take it out, and publish it as an educational tract, will be useful to many young persons. The father's paternal treatment of his fiery son is singularly contrasted with his rudeness, almost brutality, to his gentle daughter, between whom and Hamlet, it seems there have been love-passages (the prince was a beau of the first water before his father's death, an event which we know always depresses young princes into abject dejection); and the gentlemanly old councillor, in the coarsest terms, warns the young lady of the peril of flirtation with a prince, and even intimates his fear that he may hear of the final and interesting result possible in the case of

such a liaison. Ophelia is naturally wounded and rather silent, but promises to be particularly discreet.

But there are great tidings for Hamlet, who duly meets the ghost, and is informed by that impersonal personage that Claudius the king murdered his predecessor, the original of the ghost, by pouring some curious poison into his ears, when he was sleeping one afternoon in the open air. As this singular defiance of anatomical probability is in the old story, we must not blame Mr. Shakspeare for adopting it, though this is a case in which he might with advantage have performed some of that manipulation which he often employs in a less desirable manner. Hamlet swallows the poison—or rather the story of the poison—and having been requested by the ghost not to include his estimable mother in any vengeance he may intend—vows to remember what has been said to him as long as he lives, which, considering the circumstances, is not an extraordinary promise to make. Binding his friends to secrecy, in a scene of considerable comic merit, and into which the ghost breaks with noises from underground that increase the comedy, and induce his son to chaff him as an old mole, and a fellow in the cellar, the young Prince, with a few extra curses, goes off to consider his revenge, and ends the act. The house did not seem to know what to make of the mixture of fun and horror, but the applause of Mr. Shakspeare's patrons came down fast and furious.

It is not our intention to follow out the remaining acts at similar length, as we only desired to show the peculiar ideas which Mr. Shakspeare possesses as to the character and object of a tragedy. We may be right, we may be wrong, but our impression has always been that a tragedy was a lofty thing, and that the introduction of blue fire and jokes was absolutely out of the question. We are quite sure that neither Æschylus, Sophocles, nor Euripides would have treated such a subject in such a manner, but if these names convey any idea at all to Mr. Shakspeare, whose learning is not his forte, he can afford to smile at such criticism while his plays enjoy a run. Whether, three hundred years hence, his own name will not be as strange to everybody as those names probably are to him, is a question into which we will not enter. We proceed to indicate, rather than to detail, the rest of the—well, tragedy. The best way which occurs to Hamlet for avenging his father is to pretend to be mad, and we admit that in the assumed character of a lunatic, he does make himself very disagreeable indeed, not only to his step-father and his mother, who deserve all that they get, but to poor Ophelia, who has done him no wrong, and is indeed a very pretty creation, in

spite of her being, like most of Mr. Shakspeare's female parts (when neither viragoes nor romps), without much character. She is as unkindly treated by her lover as by the dramatist. It is made clear that Hamlet has induced her to believe in his affection, and she has repaid it passionately. Yet for the sake of carrying out his wild whim, he derides her gentle love, assails her with coarse satire, and advises her to go to a nunnery. Then, after a reproachful scene with his mother, so well written in the main, that we sighed, *si sic omnia!* He kills Polonius, whether by mistake or malice is not clear, and the double loss of lover and father sends the poor girl really out of her mind, and into a river, where her troubles end. Surely never had farce a grimmer finish. While condemning this part of the play, we could gladly have been spared a word of remonstrance as to the character of a song which the author has chosen to put into the mouth of a young lady of virtue and high breeding. We are aware that he can defend it on the ground that the disturbance of mental power frequently reverses a heretofore modest nature, but the stage is not a place for the exhibition of such phenomena. *Virginibus puerisque*—but we forget that Mr. Shakespeare is no great classic.

When the hero of the play is not scolding his mother, insulting his mistress, or making bad jokes with the courtiers, we find him in corners delivering himself of long speeches of a highly didactic character, which shows that his parent, however unwise in her love-matters, has caused her son's education to be attended to. It is not impossible that some of these orations may survive, and be recited by youths, at school breakings-up and the like, for many a day to come. But it occasionally occurs to Hamlet that his uncle deserves some kind of punishment. Suddenly the weak young man takes refuge in the idea that the ghost may have deceived him. Accident, on which he depends for motive, brings some play-actors to the castle, whereupon the prince, who is of a literary turn (and, indeed, forges letters later), finally sits down to dramatise the murder of his father, and having completed a little charade upon this agreeable subject, causes it to be enacted before King, Queen, and court. Claudius is either stricken with remorse or disgusted at the drama, for he rushes out of the hall of performance, and Hamlet, accepting the former solution, runs about in delight. The rest is soon told. He kills Polonius, and Laertes returns to hear of the death of his father and sister. We are in the last act brought into a churchyard, and shown the pleasing spectacle of a grave being dug, amid the stupid ribaldry of a couple of clownish sextons. The funeral of Ophelia follows—we need hardly speak of the taste that brings a religious rite upon a

stage, but Mr. Shakspeare has already told us of the value he sets on such matters. But those who were not present will hardly believe that the climax of this scene is the leaping, first of Laertes and then of Hamlet, into the grave, where they have a fight ! We feel that a statement of this fact is enough, and the toleration of such a spectacle shows of what the audience was composed.

The quarrel between Laertes and the slayer of his father, is patched up for the moment ; but the prince is bent on vengeance, and being of much sterner stuff than Hamlet, goes direct to his mark. Both are good fencers, and it is arranged, the king being in alliance with Laertes, that the latter shall poison his foil, and take an opportunity of wounding Hamlet mortally. To make the result safer, the king (with some poverty of invention) employs poison also, and drugs a cup of wine. The combatants meet, in presence of the whole court, and at first display equal skill. The queen gets thirsty, and sips the poisoned cup, and then the fencers close, Hamlet is wounded, gets angry, and closes ; they change foils, and Laertes is in turn wounded. The contrivance is clumsy enough, but we have no time to note it, for the queen and Laertes promptly die, and Hamlet, apprised that he has a poisoned weapon, stabs the king, and dies. Fortinbras, the long-expected avenger, arrives to find four corpses, to which slaughter must be added that of two courtiers who have been killed in England in obedience to forged letters put into their hands by Hamlet. Add the deaths of Ophelia and her father, and eight of the principal personages have perished by violent deaths in this gracious play.

We have only to add that it was admirably acted by all the performers, to whom indeed the author will owe any share of success, if any be obtained, now that the packed audience have separated. The labels descriptive of the scenes were boldly and beautifully written, and the arras was hung with exquisite neatness. The prompter was seldom wanted, but when required he gave the cue with a promptitude and adroitness which deserve all credit. The fruitsellers were in clean clothes, their civility was remarkable, and their wares excellent, and in fact all concerned had done their work perfectly, with the exception of the author, to whom we really must tender counsel that he abandon a walk of literature for which he is perfectly unfitted; and give his attention to the commercial pursuits, from which, if report speaks true, he withdrew in an evil hour to attempt success as a dramatist.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Players and Lookers On.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been long a wanderer, and now stood in sight of the place I had ever looked upon as home, held back by a thousand busy fancies. Another half hour, and I should be in the midst of all that my heart held dearest; yet I lingered, I knew not why, upon the very threshold of content, and played with the luxury of anticipation. Leaving my horse at the village inn, I walked slowly up the hill, and musing, leant across the gate where five years before I had said good-bye to Nelly. Five years! it was a long time, at least in our lives. I knew myself to be changed; in all things but one a different person to the boy who one early morning in summer had cast back many lingering looks upon the old house he now returned to. Should I, who came back altered, find those I had left the same? Should I quietly resume my long vacant place? Perhaps, I thought, I may have outgrown it,—or perhaps in my absence it may have been filled up by some other.

A feeling of disquietude was gaining fast upon me, when a turn in the road brought me within sight of the old manor-house, which seemed, as it lay before me in the warm September afternoon, to nod and smile away every doubt I was revolving; the waning sunlight flickered from window to window—and I never knew a house that had so many,—as if it were saying after its manner, "a hundred thousand welcomes home." It had been originally a religious house, and still, a venerable grey deceiver, kept up the outward semblance of quietness, and, folded within its ancient woods, looked as if it had stepped back a few paces from the world, being none the less, as it must have well known, the gayest and busiest house in the county. At once the gayest and the busiest, for here the *dolce* was only apparently linked with the *far niente;* a serious tone was at work beneath all the glee and merry-making that went forward, with a presiding hand that would not permit love itself to remain love-in-idleness.

"A charming woman is Lady Aspinall." "A wonderful woman is Lady Aspinall."

The second of these two epithets I always thought followed close upon the first in a sort of trepidation, as if the speaker were deprecating the influence he confessed. Lady Aspinall, it was certain, *was* a wonderful woman; too much the world's servant, yet not altogether its slave, she was at once better and worse than it thought her. Had she lived in a less settled age, she could scarcely, with such a genius for plot and strategy, have kept her head very safe: as it was, her heart had not escaped being in some measure subdued, like the Dyer's hand,

"To that it worked in;"

she breathed in a factitious atmosphere; were the world, in obedience to a poet's wish, to have rolled back and brought again the age of gold, I know not how she could have existed. For Lady Aspinall had never, even in her youngest days, been a dweller in Arcadia. Born and brought up in the House of Riches, both her father and first husband being wealthy London merchants, she had passed by her marriage with my uncle into the House of Honour, and never was there a more auspicious planetary conjunction. The great family tree of Aspinall, which, standing just where it was planted at the Conquest, had not a little exhausted the riches of its soil, felt a new sap strike through it, and begun, like the banyan, to take fresh root at its remote extremities, so soon as this lady, in the mild noon of her refulgent summer, took the old priory and its belongings under her benignant sway. She found it full of children, as my uncle, like herself, had been previously married; encumbrances, some would have thought them,—they were not such to Lady Aspinall.

Between her city and her county connection, between Leaden Hall and St. Stephen's, her resources were unfailing. She provided for us all, sons, and nephews, and cousins, far away twigs and scions, remote and previously uncared for,—for she was the one person, in and of the world, that liked a poor relation as well if not better than a rich one; she loved the excitement of a full hand, and had in her way, too great a soul to give all her attention to the court cards.

It was not pleasant, perhaps, to feel oneself a card in those skilful hands, even under the certainty of being played out, when the time came, to the very fullest advantage. I never liked it; I had been trained in a school (certainly not one of Design), so much unlike the one over which she presided, that it was impossible I should prove a very docile pupil. I was about fifteen when my poor father's death, by consigning me to my uncle's guardianship, made

over to my lady aunt's fashioning as stubborn a piece of the raw material of boyhood as her plastic genius had often been exercised upon. My mother died when I was too young to remember her. My father liked to have me always about him. He was a barrister of brilliant talents and ultra-liberal opinions; and our house was the rendezvous of half the choice and vehement spirits in London, at a time when political discussion ran as high as the interests with which it was concerned were deep and vital. I grew familiar with the names and watchwords of party while I sat on my father's knee, and played with his chain and seals; and while other children were thinking about tops and marbles, had amassed treasures of my own, quite as hard and hollow, in the shape of opinions and arguments, upon all the great questions I heard agitated around me, which I kept tied up in bundles ready to be unpacked at the shortest notice. Out of this forcing-house of contention I came forth what looks like, as I review my former self through the dim mist of years, a very disagreeable youth—awkward, obstinate, and conceited; most ignorant of the very things I most contemned—the world and its conventions, and yet honest, a rude reformer, a rigid iconoclast, striking at I knew not what, I stood up before my aunt, the very personification of that uncompromising letter in the nursery alphabet—

> "Q, that would not bend down;"

and from my unbrushed hair to my untied shoe-strings, took an austere pleasure in showing her upon every available occasion, how lightly I sat to every code and tradition that she held most venerable. But though I might contradict, I could not vex her; a shake of the head, half deprecatory and wholly good humoured, and a "pity that Philip will not do himself more justice," was the only return to my unprovoked hostilities. There is no perseverance so potent as that of good humour, and hers was unfailing.

Perhaps, beneath the crust of my eccentricity, she saw some serviceable stuff; or, perhaps, and this is possibly the more just as well as more generous supposition, she *felt* the true and friendly interest that she ever showed me. For who is in all things consistent to his creed, be it lofty or ignoble? Hers was so narrow, that her heart, I well believe, sometimes lifted her above it; but however that might be, my antagonism, finding nothing to work upon, did not long continue: the social Crusade, righteous as it had at first seemed to me, was soon over; a silent influence was at work. Arthur, my handsome, good-natured cousin (of whom more

hereafter), might well make himself merry with the idea of "Baron Grimm," as he was wont to call me, taking lessons in dancing. My aunt might, if she pleased, smile to think that she wound me, as she wound everybody else, round her little finger.

Her finger! It was Nelly, who, then but a little girl, stole quietly, and like a stray sunbeam, within the chambers of my neglected heart, breathing away the dust from its crowded receptacles, drawing all things she found there to light and order. Once, it is true, as is the manner of these domestic sprites, whether they choose to nestle themselves in heart or cupboard, she was the cause of sad confusion among my household furniture, and yet (this is to anticipate) nothing was either lost or broken.

That Nelly should have ever liked me was an enigma; that she should have liked me better than she did Arthur remains among those unsolvable ones to which, as children say, "There is no answer, therefore we may give up guessing." Arthur was handsome and good-humoured, I—ugly (I can the better afford, courteous reader, to confess it, because my features are of that cast which Time not finding much to steal from, deals with kindly)—in temper eccentric, and, to say the very least, peculiar. Each of us, in our own way, idolised and petted our little cousin; and I can now understand better than I did then, how Nelly liked *my* way, rugged though it might be, better than Arthur's. He patronised her; it was his way, in a careless and good-humoured, though lofty fashion, to do so with every one. I, amongst the rest, never in the least objected to it; and even to this day, when we are both grey-headed men, I would rather be patted on the back by Arthur, and feel, in some undefined manner, he still considers me under his protection, than receive the salaams of all the Indies. But it was otherwise with Nelly; gay and open as was her temperament, lavish apparently of smiles and sunshine, there hung about her, even from her earliest childhood, an atmosphere, soft and breezy, yet none the less slightly refrigerating, which gave to all her sweetness a charm, as of a flower that diffuses, but does not waste its odours. Free and sportive as were all her girlish movements, they never carried her beyond the limits of a circle drawn round her, I imagine (by the unconscious grace with which she moved within it), by the wand of the Fairy who had presided at her birth. Even as a child she could never be coaxed, by the merriest game at romps in the world, out of a certain demure propriety. It displeased her even in those early days that Arthur should call her "his little wife," and claim a sort of matter-of-course, taken-for-granted property in her. She exacted

nothing, yet liked, even then, the fealty and homage which lifted and niched her safe and high within the little shrine which has always been her own.

My Aunt Aspinall, I suppose, saw this, as she saw everything, and smiled through it all. Ever since Nelly, a well dowered, highly connected orphan, had been placed under my uncle's guardianship, to marry her to Arthur had been one of her settled points; and she, I imagine, being used to carry all points so planned and predetermined, looked upon it as *un fait accompli*, and, calmly abiding her time, took little account meanwhile of a childish preference. However this might be, she was far too wise a woman to worry either herself or us over doubtful and remote contingencies. My appointed career was the Diplomatic: at eighteen I was to be sent upon the Continent, with the prospect of being many years absent; during all which time Arthur, who was going into the Guards, would be at, or at least about, home. So she saw, and heard, and said nothing; and wove through all, like some lady of old romance, her silent, secret web. And all the while the woof and warp of her scheming was being crossed by threads, fragile and ephemeral as she might deem them,—

> "Light as gossamers on green,
> By their shining only seen;"

of a subtler texture than the looms of a thousand such Aranei as Lady Aspinall could have furnished. Five years had come and gone. Should I find any of these lying where I had left them, in the calm and dewy glitter of the early summer morn?

Such thoughts made my heart beat faster. Anxious and impatient, I still sought delay; and instead of keeping the direct road to the house, I struck off into a grassy wood walk which would bring me there, I well remembered, by a slight *détour*. All things about me were green and lonely. I paused, and without defining my sensations, felt the influence of a contrast with which life often presents us,—the outer calm, the inner perturbation,—when the stillness which was beginning to steal across my spirit was broken by the sound of advancing voices. Many they seemed, and cheerful; while a light, clear laugh came floating on before the speakers, as if to herald the approach of gaiety and youth: in a moment I found myself in the centre of a merry group. There was surprise, and greeting, and exclamation,—"Philip!" "Arthur!" "Nelly!"

I saw and heard no more: there were young ladies, young gentlemen, and, I believe, greyhounds and pointers about me; but these all vanished, I never knew where or how—and we three friends, left

to each other, wandered home together, oh! how slowly. There was no blank between us, no strangeness, no chill to be taken off each other's hearts before we could feel once again comfortably at home there. We found my aunt sauntering up and down the terrace, with her accustomed slow and meditative step. She turned upon me the same bland and beaming countenance I had left, save that, perhaps, the microscopic eye might detect here and there an added line and wrinkle, those Runic characters in which Time and care record so much thoughtful experience. But the smile she met me with was so kind, and so exactly like the one with which she parted from me, that I could have fancied—and perhaps not without being very far wrong—that it had never left her lips during my five years' absence. Yet her manner, however little it might flatter individual vanity, was never without its gracious and genial charm; for if she gave herself to none, she *lent* herself for the moment most completely to whoever might claim that moment's attention. She had never missed me for the last five years, and could do without me, I well knew, for the next five hundred. Yet she made me feel, as I followed her into my uncle's library, and listened to her confidential semi-whispering, as if "Philip" had been, was now, and ever would be, her all in all.

My uncle was delighted to see me. I cannot help, when I remember how much I owe to him, half reproaching myself for having kept him so long in the background; but it was the place he best loved to occupy. He was a man of high principles and respectable talents; good-natured, grave, and solid, he was the oracle of the country gentlemen for miles round, and uninterruptedly immersed in county business, he seemed to have made over the Home Department to his wife, for whose abilities he entertained a cordial admiration. Yet I believe he acted, perhaps unconsciously, as a wholesome counterpoise to his versatile partner: at least, I know he could sometimes, when occasion required, look up from the midst of his plans of roads and models of bridges, and show that, slackly as he chose to hold the reins, he *did* hold, and could tighten them at his will and pleasure.

Our greetings were soon over: he was glad to have me back again, and I knew it. Lady Aspinall, who had always administered to the small change of their joint social expenditure, talked and questioned, as was her wont, for both. We stood chatting together at the window; Arthur and Nelly still lingered on the terrace, waiting for me to rejoin them when our colloquy was over. I had now time to *see* them—I mean with my eyes—and confirm the impression which, as we walked home together, my heart had taken, without much aid

from those outward organs. I could not say that Nelly was *altered*, as that word, even when spoken in its kindliest sense, never fails to carry with it a certain sadness: it was not change, but expansion. Still slight and girlish, and no taller than I had left her, she had bloomed into a loveliness of which her former self had been but the hint and promise. I remember at this moment the attitude—half musing, half impatient—in which she stood upon the terrace, the warmth upon her cheek and lip, the light upon her brow, the tender, quiet, and, as it were, satisfied expression of her whole countenance, as she raised it to say something to Arthur. In him a change was more manifest. I looked at him, say rather up to him, with admiration. About his whole appearance there was something which I can only describe by saying that it is never to be met with out of England —a national type seldom even here produced to such perfection. I think he would have been what is called "oppressively handsome," but for the relief of a careless *bonhommie* natural to him, and now enhanced by a soldierly frankness of bearing, as he had served, since we parted, in the Peninsula.

My Aunt Aspinall's eyes followed in the direction mine had taken.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half absently; "Arthur and Nelly—a charming pair, are they not?"

But I made no answer, and did not return to the terrace. The sun-light seemed to have left it very suddenly, and I walked up-stairs, slowly and mechanically, to dress for dinner, instead of reaching my little bedroom, high up in the third story, by three steps at a bound, as I should have done before that slight and apparently casual observation.

CHAPTER II.

And now, dear reader, though I have taken you thus far into my confidence, it might be trespassing too far upon yours to ask if you have ever felt what I am about to describe. Your experiences, however, both in love and friendship, have been of the kindest, if they furnish you with no key to my meaning when I say that while Nelly, Arthur, and I continued on an apparently intimate footing, and were never, I am sure, crossed by a thought regarding each other that was not of the friendliest nature, a secret restraint stole within the spirit of our intercourse, robbing it of half its charm. It was in vain to wrestle with a phantom that never assumed a distinct outline. Yet, thin as it was, and bodiless and impalpable, the most solid substance

of reality could not have interposed more surely between us and the open heaven of confidence. Now and then a ray of heart-warm feeling would, as it were, pierce the misty curtain; a breeze setting in from some sunny quarter would begin to lift it at the edges; another breath, I thought, and it may be dispersed for ever—but, no, it was sure to gather and resettle. Mornings followed, and after them evenings, and found us three still together—together and apart—never again did we seem so near each other as we had been in that first homeward walk.

I have said that Nelly was reserved, though I believe no one but myself ever thought her so, simply because no one knew her so well. She seldom showed *herself*, her whole self; yet all that she allowed to transpire was so kind and gentle that the many, as they might well be, were satisfied with it, and sought no further; but I had once been within, and knew that there was something richer, deeper, warmer, which I was no more admitted to. The house, that autumn, was full of company—crowded with gay young people, among whom Nelly was an object of general attention, and in more than one case, as I could see plainly, of particular interest; but all this homage, whether it came to her by right of her position as young lady of the house, or in virtue of claims more strictly personal, she withdrew from. Even seeming to repulse would have been so foreign to her, that something in her nature seemed to render it unnecessary. She never spoke, or needed to speak the words—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and yet they were felt and obeyed by all, save by me, for whom no such line along the sands existed. With Arthur only was Nelly as she had been with me; that in days that were now no more to be recalled—tender, childlike, and confiding—the understanding between them seemed perfect; too much so, I should have imagined, for lovers, who generally contrive either to find or make for themselves some cause for disquietude; but so, I thought, may true love look—clear and unruffled to its very depths—when it has kept, as it so seldom can, its even tenour, and run a course as smooth and steady as with them. Having been together from childhood, it was natural that their manner towards each other should be characterised by few of Love's customary signs. Clouds and shadows, faint blushes, and momentary chills, these belong to the dawn of feeling, and theirs had already mounted to its meridian. And yet they still remained outwardly, upon the face of cousinship, no one, except perhaps the old servants, spoke of them as being engaged; but all looked upon it as a thing that would be—Lady Aspinall had carried another point.

The last it might seem that she would care to carry: Arthur was at once her favourite and her youngest son, now that his destinies were settled, and so happily, she might be said to be enjoying the Long Vacation of her life. But it was not in her nature to take a whole holiday; at that moment I believe, she had placed my fortunes under her pillow, and was revolving some scheme for making me rich and happy and *settled.* This term with her was compendious of all things eligible. A good appointment, a wealthy marriage, a summing up of all consummations discreetly to be wished for—"I should like to see Philip settled."

Yet too little grateful was I, I fear, for this friendly interest, and in no mood certainly to assist it by any exertions of my own. Chilled, and weary, and indifferent, I only wished to be let alone; and had not even energy, little enjoyment as now remained for me at the Priory, to think of spending my remaining months of liberty elsewhere. I would rather, like a ghost, stay haunting about the place where I had once been happy. Arthur and Nelly, little as they might now care about me, whom had I in the world but them? So I stayed on, vexed and unhappy, and injured, and being angry I knew not with whom, chose, in my uncertainty, a sure, if not very rational revenge, in wreaking it upon myself. I gradually withdrew from their society, rejected their friendly overtures, and they were many, for mutual companionship, and fell back in some degree upon the harsh and unsociable habits of my boyhood. I began to spend much of my time in my own room, and took up some "study:" I forget now its precise nature, only judging from its results it must have been of the very brownest complexion. Once more I was set down as "odd." Young ladies believed I was, or could be, very clever, and were afraid of me. Young men on the whole knew not what to make of me; so I carried, wherever I went, a sort of solitude about me, out of which Arthur kindly, and Nelly timidly and sometimes even a little sadly, tried to coax me, but in vain.

And time wore on, and the days growing wintry brought round Nelly's birthday, her twenty-first. My aunt, who never forgot anything that ought to be remembered, kept all birthdays with their due honours, and intending to celebrate this with more than usual state, had decided that we should have a ball. Nelly did not in general seem to care much about gaiety, but in this affair, perhaps in the first instance to please my aunt, who was trying to please her, she showed a lively interest, and many and deep were the consultations she and Arthur held together, over little matters connected with it, in which they tried sometimes to make me a party, but without success. The

day arrived, and my studies, which had for some time previous been unusually engrossing, were, on that morning, I remember, altogether unremitting; the house was a scene of, to ball-lovers, delightful confusion: my uncle and I dined by ourselves in the library, drawn together by a sense of mutual isolation from the bustle which surrounded us. He kept me with him chatting until the dusk was falling, when I set forth upon a long solitary ramble; the moon arose upon my way, and by the time I returned to the house, lights were glancing from every window, and I was greeted as I entered by a sort of murmur, seeming to pervade the whole mansion, the hum of joyful preparation, that deepened as the night advanced. I soon gained the solitude of my chamber, and being in no mood for connected thought, sat over the fire, and listened to the ceaseless sound of feet upon the stairs, the hasty clattering of doors, and the now not unfrequent sound of arriving carriages. I was startled out of my abstraction by the entrance of some one who burst rather than came into the room. It was Arthur, dressed in full uniform, superb if the expression may be allowed, with spirits and good-humour, a magnificent figure, that seemed to fill my little apartment as a picture does its frame.

CHAPTER III.

As Arthur thus stood before me, he gave a reproachful look at my muddy boots and generally disarranged costume.

"Not yet dressed," he exclaimed, "and the dancing to begin in five minutes!"

"Very possibly," I answered, with a coolness which I must confess was more than half assumed, "but I have no intention of making my appearance. These scenes are not my sphere. What have I to do in a ball-room?"

"Why to dance, to be sure," returned my cousin, looking at me in a sort of comic surprise; "to dance and enjoy yourself like the rest of the world. Balls are foolish things I dare say, but surely not worth doing battle against. Leave Don Quixote to fight with windmills, and mistake them for giants, if he pleases, and get ready like a sensible old boy. You shall stay in the sulks all to-morrow evening, and as many after it as you like—but not to night. Remember it is Nelly's birthday."

"Nelly's birthday!" I exclaimed indignantly, "as if she, or you, or any one else in the house or world cared whether I go or stay away, or would even know whether I was in the room or not."

To which Arthur replied by laying a hand upon each of my shoulders, and saying, "Oh, Philip, you foolish, foolish fellow."

I do not know whether the stubborn spirit within me gave way beneath this peculiar mode of exorcism, which literally as well as metaphorically, shook me out of my resolution, or whether it was something in his tone, so kind and brotherly, or in his clear honest eyes, looking straight into mine, that brought back the old feeling into my heart, and with it a mechanical instinct of obedience.

"Well," I said, beginning to pull off my boots, "I suppose as usual you must have it your own way."

"Of course I must," he said, quietly, "or else I should not be my mother's son. But come now, make haste and dress; there's not a servant to be had at this moment for love or money, so I will be your valet, and see that you make yourself presentable, and do not look altogether unlike a person of whom great things are expected. I believe, however, I should make by far the better diplomatist of the two."

So Arthur stayed,—standing with his back to the fire quizzing my slender appointments, throwing out every now and then a casual hint, under the firm impression that he was materially advancing my progress: and certainly, being no great adept in the art of dress, I was in so far a gainer by his superior science, that I never made a toilette at once so hasty and so satisfactory. In an incredibly short space of time, we were descending the stairs together, Arthur calling me the captive knight, and exulting openly in his triumph. I shall never forget the brightness of the scene as we entered the dancing room—my aunt Aspinall's expansive smile that seemed to include the whole hall within its genial coruscation, or the look which Nelly turned round upon us as we came in together—a kind look, and yet I fancied (though Arthur did not betray the secret of my perversity), a little reproachful. Oh, that evening! it was like a leaf torn out of a happier volume than that which had lately been my lesson-book. Memory turns over many and many a page, before it and after, yet lights upon none that gleams out of such an illumined margin! The county paper, deep in Lady Aspinall's interest, dwelt, in describing it, upon "the galaxy of assembled beauty," a phrase for once not hackneyed out of truth, for I saw no face that was not handsome, no looks that evening that were not happy; the very flowers that festooned the rooms seemed to glow, as if lamp-lit from their hearts; the music spoke. Often since my return had Nelly and I been alone together, with a world of silence and constraint between us; now, in the giddy revel, the whirl of excitement that sur-

rounded us, we found a deeper silence, a truer solitude,—the eddy drifted us together, we were alone, really near each other as we had been when children, and as happy.

Nelly danced, of course, with Arthur, and with many others; but I was the whole of that night—I knew it, and so did she—none the less her true partner, the sharer of whatever enjoyment it brought her. I followed her like her shadow, and was, perhaps to the many, as little an object of remark or observation. Arthur, while bent upon his own amusement, seemed ever near us, like a protecting genius, and in the splendour which he cast about him, I was content to be obliterated and happy.

CHAPTER IV.

I REMEMBER that same night, or rather morning, how long, after the house was silent, the lights extinguished, and everybody else asleep and dreaming, I stood at my window looking out into the moonlight, dreaming, but not asleep. From the moon surely, or some planet more gentle and benignant than this one upon which we toil and suffer, that night in its balm and blessedness must have been dropt down upon our earth, and drawn up again as suddenly; for morning came, and after it many and many another, announcing to me with bleak and chilling pertinacity, that I had been like the Prince in the Arabian story, lifted up heavenwards in a dream, only to be set down again, just where that dream had found me. To have to fall back upon life's prose after such a brief, sweet glimpse of its poetry, was too much for my philosophy. I took to it most unkindly, but there was no resource. Arthur and Nelly were now inseparable, so wrapped up it seemed in one another, as to be exclusive, without intending it, of everybody else. I was myself so restless and unhappy, that I became a sort of unconscious spy upon their behaviour; and in my morbid watchfulness, jealous both *of* and *for* them, I saw a great deal which puzzled me as much as it pleased me little,—more especially in Arthur, whose manner often struck me as strangely absent and pre-occupied. Sometimes, when entirely off his guard, his features settled into a cast of anxiety, so foreign to their natural expression, and so unsuited to his prospects, that I knew not on what grounds to account for it. I knew Arthur to be in debt; he had always been a little reckless about his expenditure, but even the supposition of his being more deeply embarrassed than I had reason to think likely, would scarcely in his peculiarly gay and *insouciant* temperament justify a more than momentary gloom. It was evident that

Arthur, favourite of nature and fortune, was by no means unhappy; yet no less plain that he had something upon his mind. Even when with Nelly, his thoughts seemed often elsewhere, yet he was never easy without her. Their conferences seemed endless. It was Arthur's way and habit which he had inherited from his mother, and one which I think made him very attractive, to invest all his communications with an air of secresy. You felt they were *to you* alone, when he talked to you; if only about his dogs or his fishing, there was something bewitching in finding yourself drawn into a little ring-fence of confidences, shutting out all the rest of the world.

"I want you, Nelly, just for a few moments." How passively and yet quickly she used to respond to this summons, which I used to think would have offended her five or six years ago; but her equanimity was never ruffled, except when Lady Aspinall, now grown too secure to be cautious, would sometimes think aloud so far as to couple her name with Arthur's. Once I remember she did this very openly, concluding some little arrangement about a drive with "and Arthur and Nelly together *of course*." Then Nelly looked much disturbed, and also a little angry; and Arthur coloured, but looked upon the whole amused, and tried to catch her eye, but could not.

All these things perplexed me. I was angry with them for being so unlike their old open-hearted selves, vexed with what I saw, still more vexed with myself for seeing. What right had I over them or their actions? I was ashamed of my self-constituted watch, yet weary and sick of my own vigilance, kept it still. I do not know whether Nelly saw this and resented it, but her manner to me underwent a visible change; it had always been kind, and I was sometimes inclined to think anxious and compassionate, as if she knew that I was not happy, without divining the secret of my disquietude. She had made many efforts to draw me out of my moody abstraction, but these ceased, as if she did not choose any longer to be repelled; and her manner became cold and distant, so that days occasionally went over without our exchanging a word beyond the ordinary greetings. As I had always been "odd," and had now lost the tie that chiefly linked me to sociability, I began to enter upon the privileges of eccentricity. Nobody, I think, much observed or minded me, except my aunt, among whose *fantoccini* I, the only one yet unprovided for, played, I have no doubt, a very important part, yet having no definite character assigned upon our little social theatre, I sank gradually into the walking gentleman of the old comedy, the *personnage muet*, of whom nothing is demanded or expected; so that I was quite surprised one evening, when all our young party were

being merry, to see a nice little girl come forward and insist that I should take a share in some game which was going on with great spirit.

"Why will you never play with us, Mr. Philip?" she said, simply. "I am sure you can, if you did but choose."

I took her on my knee, while she gave me instructions as to what was going forward. It was the game of Proverbs, I think they called it, carried on by questions and answers.

The one which fell to my lot was—"Do you believe in dreams?" The question came from Nelly, and I made answer in that low, bitter tone, addressed *at* as much as *to* the inquirer, "Perhaps I do—a little; they suit this world, being about as true as anything in it."

The little girl clapped her hands in exultation. My word was "world," and I had brought it in, she whispered to me, very cleverly. But Nelly was not so well satisfied, and, after our game was over, came back to me, and said, almost severely, "Why will you say such hard, bitter things, Philip? I am sure you do not *think* them, or else you must indeed be changed from old times."

"And if I am changed, Nelly," I answered, but in a milder tone, "can *you* wonder at it? Would it not be more singular if I remained the only one unaltered since the days you speak of?"

She made me no answer, but drawing her chair to a table near us, took up a book. "Oh, now," said the little girl, "you must not read; come and sit in the window seat with me and Mr. Philip, and talk to us." As she spoke she slid off my knee, and seated herself between us, holding a hand of each, as if she feared to lose the chat she was anxious for. "What sort of days were those you are talking about?"

"Very happy ones," said Nelly, smiling, yet sighing even with the smile, so that I could not help finishing the sentence for her,—"Yet not happier than the present ones—at least to *you*, Nelly."

"I do not know," she returned, "that they were not happier. I am sure they were safer—freer—simpler." Her lip quivered as she spoke, and we pursued the subject no further. The little girl was a medium between us. We chatted with and through her on no very important matters, yet so pleasantly that an hour, I believe, had gone by unperceived by any of us, before Arthur, who was that night in a very listless mood, sauntered up to join our little coterie.

"You must not come here, Mr. Arthur," said our little friend, coquettishly; "we three are telling each other our secrets."

"Secrets," returned Arthur, carelessly; "why, you are too young to have any, and Philip is too reserved to tell any, and you, Nelly," he said, looking at her very kindly, "know all of mine."

"And Nelly," continued the persevering little questioner, "is she to have none of her own?"

"Not from me," returned Arthur, laughing; "she never tells me any, because I guess them all." At this moment Lady Aspinall, who performed once or twice in the evening a sort of tour of inquiry round the room, came up to us. Arthur's voice sank into a whisper, low and meaning, and intended only for the ear he was addressing, but it did not escape mine, then sharpened as I have said into a morbid acuteness,—"Yes, Nelly, I guess them *all*."

She coloured deeply, but looked up at Arthur very proudly, and after a few minutes' silence rose and walked to another part of the room. It was the first instance in which anything said or done by him had seemed to displease her; and even now her resentment, from whatever cause it might arise, was not of a very lasting nature. Almost immediately, and with an apparent unconsciousness of having offended her, he was by her side, looking more confidential and, it struck me, more anxious than usual. They talked together during the rest of the evening. My little playfellow was sent off to bed, and I sat by myself in the window seat, with my eyes half shut, and was imagined to be asleep, yet was not, but only dreaming.

And so it was with me during the night. I slept little, but dreamt much, and some of my visions were so pleasing that I felt an anxiety, as one sometimes does, to knit up their broken chain and dream them out at leisure in the broad daylight.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD a favourite out-door haunt in those days, a log hut, built by myself and Arthur in our boyhood, and quaintly lined by Nelly with coloured mosses and fir cones, arranged in stars and diamonds, and all manner of fanciful devices. It lay close to the grassy wood-walk, yet it had been our pleasure to conceal its entrance, so that the uninitiated might pass it by without discovering its existence. They, I dare say, had long ago forgotten that there was such a place, but to me it was linked with happy associations of the little woodland drama of Robin Hood, Little John, and Maid Marian, that we there had been used in those days to enact together, with the aid of such stray scenes and "properties" as we found about us ready made; and the "Outlaw's Cave," as we had then called it, still remained in favour, in moods like my present one, when I wished to shuffle myself into the "mortal coil" of deep, uninterrupted abstraction. But this once my musings were strangely broken in upon.

It was a clear, cold morning; so still and frosty that the fall of a leaf, had there been wind enough to shake one from the bough, would have been audible most distinctly, when there arose a certain chitter-chatter,—two well-known voices in a familiar duet, at sound of which I shrugged myself more closely within my lair.

An elderly gentleman, and a lady of no particular age came slowly up the wood walk. Among all the cousins who went tame or wild about the Priory these two had come and gone so often that they had begun to assume, at least in my eyes, a certain historical interest. How familiar they must have grown during these years with my Lady Aspinall's polity; how many revolutions, counter-revolutions, and *coups d'état* they must have witnessed. I sometimes wondered that she had never "settled" them together; but they were both poor, and hers was not a grammar in which two negatives were ever allowed to become affirmative by coalition. Both were gossips by practice and by profession; and in this their vocation they laboured with equal diligence, but in a spirit not exactly kindred. The captain's gossip was altogether good-natured. One could enjoy it and him by the hour together without feeling that either oneself or any soul that breathed was the worse for a word that had been spoken. With Miss Octavia Aspinall the case was a little different. Not that, like the lady in Pope, she either tore or mangled reputations; yet a character, in passing under her hands, always seemed to suffer somewhat of an insensible wear and tear that might have justified its owner in a claim for damages.

Their conversation struck upon my ear without at first carrying any direct impression to my mind. Never was there a less voluntary, less conscious listener, until the sound of my own name roused my attention to what had gone before, and shook all the hard little unconnected bits and fragments of their small talk into a symmetrical pattern.

"Well," said the Captain, "they do not seem yet to understand each other, but I suppose they soon will; for it is evident enough to every one else."

"Yes," returned the lady, with a little short laugh peculiar to her, "plain enough to every one but those who *will* not see. Poor Lady Aspinall! How these very clever people *do* deceive themselves. She, too, who always piques herself on seeing so far into affairs of this kind."

"Ah, well," said the Captain, "she has been mistaken for once. Mistaken, too, from first to last. It was always a brother-and-sisterly feeling on both sides; never, on either, anything beyond it. Now, with this young Philip, even when they were both children——"

"Yes, I remember," interrupted the lady, with a slight touch of asperity; "and what she *could* see in him then, or *now*, has always been my astonishment. He was the very strangest, ugliest boy, and I do think he has come back now a little better-looking, perhaps, but more eccentric and unlike other people than ever."

"A little peculiar, perhaps, a little peculiar," returned the good Captain in a patronising accent, "but a fine young man, and one, depend upon it, who will make his way in the world, and cut a good figure before those who live to see it."

How little did the worthy man think that the object of his friendly prophecy was then so near him! The two pattered upon their way, and I, emerging from my unintentional ambush, returned home; that is, I reached the house in the usual way, but, for aught I knew to the contrary, so lost was I and absorbed in thought, I might have flown or swam there. There was a knocking at my heart, a bold, sweet surmise that would be let in. Was this, then, the solution, so strange at once and simple, to all that had been so perplexing? Had the key, that I was too dull to find, been dropt upon my path by these random chatterers? Nelly! Arthur! Has this been a game at hide and seek, longer, but not half so merry as those we used to play together when children?

One of the servants met me as I entered. "Mr. Arthur, sir, has been seeking you all about. I believe he is now in my lady's dressing-room." I looked up, and saw Nelly leaning over the banisters. She had seen me as I came, and was waiting to speak to me, evidently with some anxiety, as I saw from her tearful agitated countenance.

"Oh, Philip," she said, "we want you—we want you." She and I stood together for a few moments at the door of my aunt's room, while, with her hand upon the lock, she prepared me in a few hurried whispers for the scene that was going on within. Arthur had been long attached and engaged to a beautiful Mrs. Hervey, the widow of one of his brother officers. They had been much thrown together, and under circumstances that had called forth feelings of peculiar interest. Arthur's heart was gone before he knew, "And the lady was poor, and had three children, and my aunt, you know," said Nelly, "has her own views; and Arthur felt that this attachment would not meet them, and had not known, just at once, how to break it to her. And——" Nelly said no more. Arthur's heart had gone before he knew—before he knew that he had one. To lose one's heart may be a crime, but to *have* one at all, is not this the true original mistake, and would not my aunt so consider it? She who

had planned for son and step-son, daughter and step-daughter, that sort of ready-made felicity which seems, as we look round the world, to fit and wear (?) as well as the article we choose for ourselves most carefully, how would she bear this self-assertion from her youngest and her favourite son? We entered. My uncle, so I discovered afterwards, was in the room, but, at the first glance, I saw no one but my aunt and Arthur. They sat, confronting each other, looking most unlike their everyday selves, and yet, strange to say (a resemblance I had never before perceived) most singularly like each other. My aunt looked as I had never before seen her, flushed and indignant; and Arthur, very pale, wore about his eyes an air of settled, patient determination which fully justified his jesting declaration of being "his mother's son." I never saw an aspect which had so gained in dignity. He stood taller by the head and shoulders than the youth from whom I had parted so lately. He had shaken off concealment, and with it the embarrassing consciousness of a false position which had lately begun to fetter him, and he now looked up, honest, truthful, and affectionate, every inch the man he was.

There was a pause as we came in. My aunt broke it by saying to me in a dry and severe tone—"And have you, too, Philip, been cognisant of this affair? Arthur's mother has been the only one, I suppose, left in the dark."

But Nelly answered for me. "Philip has known nothing till this moment of Arthur's attachment to Mrs. Hervey. I," she continued, in a low tone, and blushing very deeply, "was the only one."

"Yes, and you, Eleanor," returned my aunt, bursting into tears, and calling her, as is usual in moments of displeasure, by her name at full length; "You, Eleanor, the last person, the very last whom I could have suspected of so playing upon one who had stood to you in the place of a mother."

"Playing upon you!" exclaimed Nelly, with a flash of sudden indignation, "What *can* you mean, Aunt Aspinall?"

"I mean," she said, losing for a moment (the single one, I believe, of her whole life) her long-practised, habitual self-command, "that I have been the dupe of a set of children." She rose, and paced up and down the room in violent agitation. My uncle, too, arose, and with his accustomed deliberation, led her to the open window. There was a momentary silence, which Arthur was the first to break. "Mother," he said, quietly, "if you have indeed been deceived, it has not been by us, but by something in your own mind, which has led you to plan for me and for Nelly things which never crossed our own imaginations. It is not her fault," he continued, with more

vehemence, "I suppose, nor mine, if we are differently constituted to those with whom you have had to do in general. My nature is one which does not easily adapt itself to arrangements. If I am ever to be happy, it must be by following where my heart leads; but to make me miserable, mother, wretched and good-for-nothing for the rest of my life, would not require the exertion of half *your* talents."

Lady Aspinall turned from the window. Her face, though large tears were rolling down it, was calm. "Oh, Arthur," she exclaimed, "that I should live to hear this from the lips of one of my children. I—I use my talents to make you miserable."

She said this with an air of dignity and tenderness that went straight to my heart, even mine, the stander-by, who knew that she was acting; acting I mean, because, to her, life itself had grown a part not to be gone through in any other fashion—for this was with her a moment of real feeling. Arthur was penetrated with remorse. "I did not," he broke in, "say so, mean so;" but Nelly stole up to my aunt, put her arms about her neck, and kissed away those last resentful tears. "No, dear aunt," she whispered, "you never made anyone among us miserable, only sometimes you may have tried, perhaps, just a little too much, to make us happy."

My uncle heard this, and laughed, and turned to his wife with a soothing, "Come, dear Frances," until at last she smiled, and kissed Arthur, and then Nelly, with a true mother's kiss.

And Arthur shook my hand, and looked at me as no one *could* look but Arthur, but said nothing.

Arthur, I, and Nelly—we understood each other in that moment, and have done so ever since.

DORA GREENWELL.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.

OUR authors and artists have long felt the want of a museum of costume, and it still remains a void. True it is that since the time of Shakspeare we have made great progress in the rendering both of pictorial and dramatic art, and even the sculptor of to-day can be heroic without adopting a toga or a buskin. Garrick would not now be tolerated, as Macbeth, or Lear, in a court suit with a huge wig, playing to Cordelia in hoops. A museum of costume should be in epochs, illustrated by model and by picture, somewhat as the French department in the Louvre, where they commenced with specimens collected from the International Exhibition of 1867, the admirable examples from Sweden, life-size figures, leaving little to be desired, either as models of the natives, or their habiliments, perfect studies alike useful to the ethnologist or the artist. Arms and armour have long been preserved, and many and beautiful are the examples that have been handed down to us—the museum of the Tower testifies to this—whilst moth and damp have destroyed most textile fabrics and articles of leather, the form of which we alone know by picture, monument, or brass. Formerly, the only museum of costume was at Dresden, and that store bore resemblance to Rag-fair—being quite the opposite of popular wax-work displays, where, with some semblance of probability, probity is set at nought. In 1862, Mr. Leighton, as superintendent of the "Arts-Design" department of the International Exhibition, proposed

to Her Majesty's Commissioners, a century of costume, to form a collection coeval with the period of Art displayed in the great galleries at South Kensington; but for some reason connected with the Department of Art, it was not carried out, though revived by the abovenamed artist in association with a memorial to Shakspeare, at one of the Tercentenary meetings in London, a year after. Had the Metropolitan Committee seeking to honour the world's poet, gone in for a museum of Costume, the Drama, and Music, they would doubtless have met with much sympathy, and laid the foundation of a practical useful institution, such as the late Mr. Charles Kean would have consulted when, as an archæologist, he mounted Shakspeare's plays to the age and body of their periods. The historian, poet, painter, decorator, player, and antiquary, the fabricant of stuffs and maker of many wares, often desire to consult costume, and the race should be, who will form the first collection. As a portion of a great mediæval museum (possessing a few specimens), it would be apropos, at Brompton; but for prints and books, the Royal Academy Library at Burlington House is more central. Within the period of the *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the records of fashion have been amply illustrated by engraving, specimens of which could easily be obtained. Civilisation, when she banished national costume, inflicted a tyranny unknown before, costly alike to health and purse—a despotism that set season and climate at nought; as if a great State could not exist without fickle fashions. The ancient Greek costume fully refutes this fallacy.

How long before the velocipedestrian mania attacks young England? France revived the obsolete machine and gave interest and excitement to its use by altering its form from the four-wheel species, safe as a three-legged stool, to the graceful two-wheeler that demands skill and dexterity from the trundler. From our neighbours across the channel the furore migrated to our brethren across the Atlantic, passing over us. The go-a-head vehicle is exactly suited to American ideas; walking, say the New York wags, is on its last legs. Schools, with the imposing name of *Velocinasiums*, for teaching the young idea how to gyrate, are being established; races are being rolled; men and boys are whizzing here, there, and everywhere, at the speed of twelve miles an hour. Inventors are improving the machines, and manufacturers are making them wholesale, the supply at present falling short of the demand. Our turn may come yet. Or have we had it? There was a considerable rage for velocipedes in England some thirty years ago. There may be those living who can recollect seeing no less a man than Michael Faraday spinning one up Hampstead Hill; he was very fond of the exercise, and, we may infer, saw good in it. Did he originate his own machine? The velocipede appears to have had several inventors. Nicéphore Nièpce, one of the fathers of photography, has been set down as the first. But he was not. An old Paris newspaper, bearing date July 27, 1779, tells of some novel feats of locomotion performed by MM. Blanchard and Masurier,

with a machine whereof the description exactly represents the old form of velocipede, only it was ornamented with a figure-head in the shape of an eagle whose outspread wings served as tillers to the steering wheel. But this may not have been the earliest of pedal locomotors. It is natural to suppose that the idea would suggest itself to the first man who turned alternate into circular motion—to the inventor of the crank, in fact.

IN last month's obituary notice of William Harrison, read "Macfarren" for "Macfarson." This is a printer's error. If those who are curious in such matters will consult "The Laughing Song" in Loder's opera of "The Night Dancers" they will discover a mistake of another kind, which Mr. Macfarren once made.

IN the old days, *The Gentleman's Magazine* had many imitators. They tried to work out some of Mr. Urban's subjects, as modern imitators of his new series have done; but they rarely interfered with his title. Dr. Johnson attacked them fiercely nevertheless, called them quacks and robbers, and spoke of them with mingled contempt and pity. What would he have said in behalf of his friend Cave, if some specially successful effort for additional popularity had brought out *The Country Gentleman's Magazine*, and *The Young Gentleman's Magazine?* The competition of 1750 was paradisiacal to that of the present century. One or two worn-out garments which Sylvanus Urban recently threw aside are seized upon for a new periodical called *The Register*. We do not complain of this; but we should be glad if the writer of "Dialogues of the Dead" in *Once a Week* would ask Dr. Johnson's opinion upon the present law of copyright, with special reference to the pirating of famous titles and well-known title pages.

THE Poet Laureate has been often credited with having originated the idea, so happily worked out in his *Princess*, of an university for ladies,

> With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
> And sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair;

but the outline of such an institution is to be found in one of the unfinished MSS. of no less a person than that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, in an essay addressed to Queen Charlotte, written apparently while he was residing at East Burnham, soon after his marriage with Miss Linley, suggests the establishment of a college for ladies in England on the same plan as that followed by Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. The king, he supposes, would of course have no objection to "grant Hampton Court, or some other place, for the purpose," and he adds (addressing the queen), "as it is to be immediately under your Majesty's patronage, so should your Majesty be the first member of it. Let the constitution of it be like that of an university; your Majesty chancellor,

with some of the first ladies in the kingdom sub-chancellors; whose care it shall be to provide instructors of real merit. The classes are to be distinguished by age, none by degree; for, as their qualification should be gentility, they are all equal. The instructors should be women, except for the languages. Latin and Greek should not be learnt; for the frown of pedantry destroys the blush of humility. The practical part of the sciences should be taught, as for instance, astronomy. In history the ladies would find that there are other passions in man beside love." And then after some remarks on novels and romances, which he sums up by excluding from the ladies' colleges "all novels that show human nature depraved,"—much as Plato banished poets from his model Republic,—he concluded by enumerating the good effects which the examples of female virtue would produce not only on the "girl of the period," but on persons of the opposite sex. This essay is mentioned in Tom Moore's "Life of Sheridan," but as it does not appear in the published collections of his works, "Sylvanus Urban" may be pardoned for placing it on permanent record here.

WHAT elastic consciences some strict church-goers enjoy! I live within a stone's throw of a church and a chapel, and the number of cabs and carriages that pass me on Sunday mornings—especially such damp ones as we have lately had—full of godly folk going to pray that their hearts may be inclined to keep the law that prohibits the performance of work by servants and cattle on the Sabbath day, impresses me with the belief that there is a vast deal more practical unholiness among goody people than they would have us believe. If you tax them with it they say that they must ride to church or stay at home, and that they hold the first to be the least of the two evils. Thus the fault is reflected upon those whose duty it is to arrange and furnish places of worship and those who ought to provide for the comforts and convenience of worshippers. Why should we, who must go wet-coated to church sometimes, be compelled to sit in our watery garments, and soak our feet in the drippings from our umbrellas? Every church ought to be provided with proper receptacles for the weather shields that our climate renders necessary, either in the pews themselves, which are now most strangely deficient in this particular, or in some duly appointed vestibule, under the charge of an authorised attendant. Of the space that is sacrificed and the money that is spent upon adornment of ecclesiastical buildings, surely a little might be spared to make them more fit to receive Christians than they now are. Cold, dreary, cheerless unfitness seems to be the highest aspiration of the designers of church interiors in the present day.

A FRIEND of ours has a very fine dog of the retriever breed. All who saw it advised that it should be sent to the Birmingham show. A month ago it was resolved that this advice should be acted upon. The coachman, who had known the dog for years, was thereupon instructed to get the

animal into condition. Thomas began his work with tender care, dressing the dog's coat, and looking after him with unusual attention. Nelson grew dull and moody under the treatment, and at last, when he was put into a new collar and saw himself dragging a spotless chain, he refused to notice his master or any one else. The dog evidently felt that he was the object of some wretched design. By-and-by the time for his removal arrived. Thomas patted him and coaxed him, but Nelson resisted all friendly appeals, though he permitted Thomas and a couple of other servants to lift him into an open light cart. The coachman chained his companion to the seat, and away they started for the show. When just upon the borders of the family estate, Nelson suddenly leaped upon the coachman, pulled him down upon his back, and seized the reins in his mouth. The horse, a quiet, steady beast, continued the even tenor of his way, and Thomas, in a wholesome fright, dared not interfere with the dog, which continued to exhibit ugly signs of desperation. Failing to stop the horse by means of the reins, Nelson, plunging to the full length of his chain, seized the horse's tail, and by this time Thomas coming to the front, turned the horse round, and drove home, unmolested by Nelson, who, however, regarded him with a watchful and threatening eye. "I knew he'd never go, sir," said Thomas; "he never meant to go," and he did not go. The story is worthy of a place in "Jesse's Anecdotes."

In the life of Percy by the Rev. John Pickford, M.A., prefixed to "the Folio MS." lately published, mention is made of Dromore having been, a century before Percy's time, the scene of the labours of Jeremy Taylor, who held the see in conjunction with those of Down and Connor, and is there buried. It is in contemplation to erect a chancel there by way of memorial to the author of "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying"—a Bishop whose praise is in all the Churches—should funds sufficient be raised for the purpose. The Church population at Dromore is one of the largest in Ireland, amounting to 3,700. Mr. Pickford's memoir of Percy has elicited from Mr. J. Payne Collier an interesting account of a personal recollection of the Bishop some sixty-five years ago, which is recorded in *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Collier also prints there a "Morning Spring-Song," which he imagines Percy to have *copied* from some old lyrical work which had fallen in his way, though he has ransacked in vain to find it in the pages of Herrick, Drayton and Daniel. From internal evidence, it would not seem as if the arrow ever issued from the quiver of the Bishop. It has far more the joyous ring of old Herrick, who wrote—

> "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
>   Old Time is still a-flying;
> And that same flower which smiles to-day,
>   To-morrow will be dying."

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

Mr. Urban,—In looking over that very excellent work by John Henry Parker, Esq., F.S.A., &c., "An Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture," I came upon the following passage (p. 98), "At the same period," (1195-1205) "but continuing later, we have Glasgow Cathedral, the work commenced by Bishop Joceline, in 1195: he was buried in the crypt, which proves the completion of that part of the work, one of the finest crypts in existence." Now, Mr. Urban, there is one or two mistakes here; Joceline was not buried in Glasgow, but "he died at his old abbey of Melrose, and was also buried there, 1199. Again, Joceline did not commence this building in 1195, for "between 1189 and 1192 we find him anxiously engaged in the restoration of his cathedral," the former one having been consumed by fire (*igne consumpta*). To build his new one he seems to have imported (probably from England) one of the church building fraternities, then so common there, for which he obtained the royal protection; he also at the same time formed a society to collect funds for his building, which was also sanctioned by the king. This building of Joceline's being consecrated in 1197 also shows the mistake of the above 1195 date.

Again, this crypt of Glasgow Cathedral (the present one) seems not to have been built by Joceline, but by a successor of his, viz., Bishop Bondington, between 1233 and 1258.

The style and character of the work of Glasgow crypt is too florid to be so early as Joceline's time. There is a transitional pillar near the south-west corner of the said crypt, which looks like part of an older building than the present; it is about 6½ feet high, over all, including square pedestal, 21½ inches broad and 5 inches thick, shaft 4 feet 1 inch high and 17 inches through narrowest way, the shape being the "vesica piscis," or sharp pointed oval; the capital is ornamented with foliage, and the abacus, 6½ inches thick, is octagonal, with the lower part chamfered off by a slight curve, with a small moulding on the square close above chamfer, the abacus is 31 inches across. This pillar is supposed by local antiquaries to be part of Joceline's building; it is attached to the wall.

Mr. Honeyman, architect, who, in 1854, published a small pamphlet on "The Age of Glasgow Cathedral, and of the Effigy in the Crypt" (which effigy he proves to be Robert Wiseheart's, the "Warlike Bishop" 1316), is very decided in his opinion that the present crypt and choir are the work of Bishop Bondington, and that the nave is later still.

Billings, again, says that the whole lower division of the western end is the oldest. These two assertions look like contradictions, but I believe both may be right so far. Supposing that Bondington really built the present crypt, the query arises, upon what site did he build it? Answer, Bondington may have built his crypt on a new site immediately on to the east end of Joceline's building. Bondington, desiring a new and larger choir for his contemplated change in his cathedral services, built the present one, on the completion of which he introduced the church ritual of Sarum.

He also established the liberties and customs of Salisbury as the constitution of Glasgow Cathedral.

About 1260, therefore, we would have Bondington's new crypt and choir connected to Joceline's building. Joceline's portion, however, must have been greatly altered since then, for assuming Billings to be correct in his above quotation, he also says that "the entire body of the nave is of much later date."

The base of the nave is very plain, no mouldings, but merely three distinct slopes with a square break between each, which contrasts strongly with the more elaborate bases of the crypt and transepts; the junction of the two bases is plainly seen outside of where the Norman pillar is.

I shall say nothing further regarding this, but I consider that Glasgow Cathedral (which is the only one entire on the mainland of Scotland) deserves to be far more thoroughly examined and explained than it has yet been.

There is some fine and curious work about it. On the east end of Lady Chapel, the two northern and two southern lancets have the tooth ornament deeply cut, running up between the shafts; the capitals of the northern ones especially being exquisitely carved, having a succession of pairs of doves pecking, enclosed in foliage, shaped into something like an ornamental heart. The capitals, also, immediately to the east of these, have grotesques, finely wrought, having the head of man, body of a bird, and lions' claws, and appear as if looking out from underneath the foliage above.

The tooth ornament is seen on face of arches leading from aisles of choir to nave. At two centre windows of east end of crypt, the tooth ornament is also found finely and deeply undercut; these two windows are formed each of two lancets, which are connected on outside by a dripstone, which forms one pointed arch above, leaving a space which might have been pierced for tracery, but is not.

There is no tracery in windows of crypt. In choir above, however, plate tracery is found, some of it of rather uncommon pattern, so far as I am aware, several eyes having the form of a pointed trefoil arch, supported by a row of small shafts, lying at an angle of about 45 degrees; they approach at base—the shape of eye reminding one of a mitre.

Every person must be struck with the diminutive appearance of Glasgow Cathedral on approaching it from the west, on account of the want of western towers. These, however, and not so very long ago either, existed; and, because it was supposed that they did not form part of Joceline's building, and were only about 600 years old, they were quietly removed

to make room for—nothing! I most heartily join with Billings in his denunciation of this act of Vandalism.

As a centre finial there is now stuck up a paltry cross in place of the old Scottish lion which formerly sat there. It is a great pity that these and other landmarks, after having, through the courage of the craftsmen of Glasgow, escaped the storms of the sixteenth century, should in this nineteenth century have been torn down with the *enlightened* sanction of those in authority.

It is a question with some whether our Scottish cathedrals and monasteries, built before the War of Independence, were of English or continental construction. I therefore hope, by-and-by, to hear the opinion of Mr. Parker upon this point.

I believe that he has fallen into the mistakes I alluded to, by inadvertently taking for granted as correct some remarks he has read somewhere on the subject, he not having seen Glasgow Cathedral himself, or having had his attention particularly drawn to its history. I hope, however, he will now find an opportunity of examining it for himself.—I am, &c.,

PICTUS.

PARISH REGISTERS.

MR. URBAN,—The following entry, somewhat similar to the one you noticed in your number for January, occurs in the register for this parish:—"1674. Jan^{ry} 10th, John, a negro servant of Mr. Pepperill, about the age of nineteen yeares, upon declaration of his faith before the congregation, was baptised." This entry is the only one of the kind in the whole set of registers,—Yours, &c.,

Bovinger, near Ongar. B. L.

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

SIR R. MAYNE, K.C.B.

At the close of last year died, at his residence in Chester Square, from the effects of an operation for an abscess, Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. He was of Irish extraction, and was born in 1796. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees, and being called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, he joined the Northern Circuit. On the establishment of the new police, in 1829, he was appointed, together with the late Col. Rowan, joint Commissioner of the Force; and in that position he had placed upon him the responsibility, not only of organising the force itself, but of providing the raw material out of which it was composed. In spite of the great unpopularity of the scheme, he succeeded in the task laid upon him; and he received the Order of the Bath in recognition of his public services. He was a man of untiring energy and business habits; and his popularity is shown by the fact that a large sum of money has been subscribed among members of the police force which he commanded, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory.

THE KING OF SIAM.

We do not usually look to royalty, and especially to the royalty of semi-civilisation, to furnish instances of scientific martyrdom. Yet did the Supreme King of Siam die under circumstances that justify us in citing him as such an instance. Journeying to Hua Wan, to view the solar eclipse of August last, and to assist the French expedition in selecting a station for its observers, he was attacked with fever, produced, it was thought, by jungle malaria. Eight Siamese men of rank who accompanied him were similarly prostrated, and all have since died. The king rallied and lingered till the first of October last, when the fever terminated fatally. As an Oriental monarch he was a remarkable man. He was born on October 18, 1804, and educated at a Buddhist monastery. He studied all the Indo-China dialects, in middle life acquiring the French language from Roman Catholic missionaries, and English by the assistance of missionaries from the United States; he became an extensive reader of European and American publications. His reading engendered in him a taste for our European customs, which, as far as possible, he introduced and adopted in his court. When, and with what view, he commenced the pursuit of astronomical science, we know not;

whether as a hobby or from the thought that it would bring benefit to his country and people. Certain it is, that as an astronomer, at least, he deserves a higher place than we should accord to a mere amateur. He contributed to the Bangkok Calendar calculations of eclipses and occultations of stars by the moon, and otherwise so distinguished himself in the science that the Royal Astronomical Society elected him, in 1856, one of its honorary fellows. Subsequently her Majesty sent him a present of books and scientific instruments in acknowledgment of the magnificent gifts laid at her feet by the Siamese ambassadors of 1857. His reign as Supreme King commenced in 1851, when popular acclamation called him to the throne which, for twenty-seven years, had been held by an usurper, his brother. The bent of his mind influenced the acts of his government, and to his enlightenment and liberality are to be ascribed the advancement and prosperity that marked his reign, and that must exert a happy influence upon the future well-being of the country. His regal name was Somdel Phra Paramandr Maha Mangkut, which signifies his Majesty the King encircled with the Great Crown. His eldest son, Chau Fa Chula Longkorn, has succeeded to the throne; let us hope that he inherits the parental virtues.

ROSSINI.

In November last died, in his apartments in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, aged 76, Giacomo Rossini, the eminent composer. His death was not unexpected at the last, for his health had been gradually declining for some time previously, and he had already passed the allotted threescore years and ten. Though Italian by birth,—his native place being Pesaro,—he was thoroughly French in all his ways and sympathies, perhaps because that nation appreciated his genius so well; be this as it may, however, it is certain that nowhere did he feel so much in his own element as in the gay and brilliant Parisian society, among the highest circles of which he was always a well-received and welcome guest. Among his greatest friends were Auber, Meyerbeer, and Gustave Doré, all of whom, together with many other men of note, he used to entertain liberally at his summer residence at Passy. Strangely enough, Auber used to foretell in what order they would die; namely, first Meyerbeer, then Rossini—which prediction came true; Auber, the survivor, is still hale and hearty, although senior to the two who have gone before him. The Viennese admired this great composer's works almost as much as the Parisians. However, he seems to have had little sympathy with German taste, as his music is of a less ponderous and grave style than that of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, their two greatest composers. In London Rossini was well received; he spent but five months in our capital, but in that short time he received no less a sum than 10,000*l.*, which is a plain proof that we are not unwilling to reward foreign genius,—possibly because we have so little native merit on which to lavish it. Rossini was twice married: his first wife was a Mdlle. Colbrand; she died in 1845, and two years later he married Mdlle. Olympe Pélissier, who survives him. "Mosé in Egitto" may be called his *chef d'œuvre*, although

there are many other famous ones; in fact, so many, that in this limited space we cannot record them all, but we give a few:—"Il Barbière di Siviglia," which first came on the boards at Rome, and was far from being properly appreciated; "La Cenerentola" was better received. At Naples appeared "Semiramide" and "La Donna del Lago," also "Tancredi" and "La Gazza Ladra." "Guillaume Tell," is a charming operetta, which, compared with his great "Stabat Mater," shows how he could excel in different styles. Rossini's admirers will be glad to hear that the inhabitants of his native place have resolved to erect a statue to the memory of "the Swan of Pesaro."

PRINCIPAL FORBES.

ON the last day of the old year there died, at Clifton, at the age of 60, James David Forbes, D.C.L., and L.L.D., sometime Principal of the united colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard at St. Andrew's. He was a son of the late Sir William Forbes, Bt., of Pitsligo, N. B.; was born in 1808, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he gained early distinction by his devotion to natural science. In 1833, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in his University, and while holding this post he published his "Travels in the Alps of Savoy," his "Norway and its Glaciers," and his "Papers on the Theory of Glaciers." He was also a large contributor, on subjects connected with his favourite science, to the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, from whom he had received both the Keith and Rumford medals. He had resigned his Principalship a few months only before his decease.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD.

TOWARDS the close of the month of November, died, at his residence at Paris, the Baron James Rothschild, aged upwards of 70. He was one of the sons of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the house which bears his name; and he had lived nearly all his life in Paris, where he was responsible for the administration of the branch house of the Rothschilds. His connection with affairs of state in France dated from the Restoration, and he was in confidential relations with all the ministers of that period, whom he aided with his counsel and intelligence. His action was not less during the reign of Louis Philippe, when he gave the greatest impulse to the establishment of railways in France. The revolution of February found him at his post; in the general turmoil of the times, he helped to save the commerce and industry of the country from an additional catastrophe; and, it is said, that the Bank of France and the house of Rothschild proved, at that time, the two pillars on which the state leant for support. He was commonly called "the King of Bankers and the Banker of Kings," and his taste and judgment in the fine arts were admitted to be as sound and unquestionable as they were in matters of finance. He was generous and charitable, and extremely devoted to his

family. In the Revolution of July he subscribed 12,000 francs for the wounded of "the three Days," and no less than four times that amount for those wounded in the Revolution of February, although his villa of Suresnes had been destroyed and sacked by the ungovernable mob. He was a sound and sensible financier, and was thoroughly opposed to the modern system of the Crédit Mobilier, and, indeed, to all crude and rash speculations. He died so rich, that a legacy duty of 500,000*l.*, at the rate of one per cent., was paid on his property.

M. BERRYER.

Pierre Antoine Berryer, the most eminent legal orator of modern France, who died at the close of November last, was the son of Pierre N. Berryer, a celebrated advocate in his day, who was counsel for the doomed family of Louis XVI. He was born in 1790, and commenced his career at the bar when little more than just of age. In early life he proclaimed the fall of the great Napoleon, and mounted the white cockade. In 1815 he gained his first laurels as an orator while associated with his father in the defence of Marshal Ney: he subsequently defended Generals Debelle and Cambronne. About 1830 he was chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and from that time forward he acted as the strongest and most chivalrous supporter of the Bourbons. He silently acquiesced in the state of things around him under Louis Philippe, and he used his influence in dissuading the exiled branch from risking valuable lives in making hopeless attempts to regain their hereditary crown. He sat as a Deputy for many years, representing the constituency of Marseilles; and in 1854 was elected a member of the French Academy. He defended Louis Napoleon after his unsuccessful attempt to invade France at Boulogne in 1840, and eighteen years later stood up in defence of the Count de Montalembert, when prosecuted by the Imperial Government, on account of his powerful pamphlet contrasting the free institutions of England with the despotism of the French Empire. In spite of this, however, and of his strong and undisguised Legitimist opinions, he retained the friendship and regard of moderate men of all parties, and so lately as 1863, he offered himself—along with M. Thiers—as a candidate for the Corps Legislatif, and took the oaths of allegiance. In his oratorical powers he has been compared to the present Earl of Derby when in the prime of life. In November 1865 he was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by the Benchers of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn—a dinner at which his old friend, Lord Brougham, was present: and on returning to his own country he received a similar honour from the Bar of Besançon and Bordeaux. M. Berryer married early in life, but became a widower many years ago. He has left a son to inherit his name. He was followed to the tomb by a great many public bodies, including many members of the French, and also of the English Bar: the officiating minister was M. Dupanloup, and no less than eight funeral orations were delivered over his grave.

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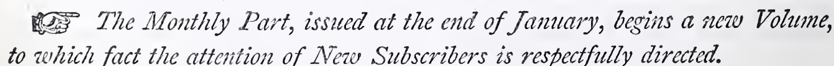

The Monthly Part, issued at the end of January, begins a new Volume, to which fact the attention of New Subscribers is respectfully directed.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1869.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHAPTER BY THE WAY.

WE have been travelling for Cissy's benefit, and change of scene brings back some of her wonted cheerfulness. It has come to Mr. Kenrick's knowledge that the Rev. Paul Felton is about to be married. The engagement has been a short one, but the lady has money. She is a widow, and will no doubt know how to take care of it. I hope my son and the parson may not meet. Tom might forget himself. There will be little chance, however, of an encounter; for Tom has at last got into the Line, and is to go to India with his regiment.

This northern air is good for intellectual work, and physical labour too, for that matter. We are staying in Edinburgh for a few weeks. The season is wonderfully favourable for travelling. February never came in so mildly and with such Spring airs. There is a chilly blast in the wind now and then; but it is open, genial weather generally.

Bess has drawn up her chair "for a good chat." "We must make up for lost time," she says; "I have been pitying your sufferings most cordially."

"His sufferings!" says Mrs. Kenrick, in her quiet way; "your father has been romancing. Do you think it is likely that he was ever so poor? And if he was, I have no patience with such revelations to our friends."

"I suspect those highway scenes are touched up with what father calls local colour," says Cissy, with something of her former sprightliness.

"Mrs. Kenrick has long been of opinion that the career of her husband is a very remarkable chapter in biographical and general history," I say.

"Pray do not quote that any more, Christopher; I have been too often reminded of my folly."

"Oh, by-the-way," says Bess, suddenly, "why do you call our mother 'Sarah' in your chapter by the way?"

"Do I call her Sarah?"

"Yes, indeed you do."

"Perhaps it was a slip of the pen," I say; "perhaps it was a weak device to baffle the reader. Thackeray often miscalled his characters; I think he mentioned the circumstance in a 'Roundabout.' It is a common thing for novelists to forget the names of their heroes and heroines. You should see their proofs, and the queries in them, where one lady is sometimes called by half-a-dozen names; one time Sarah, then Esther, then Susan, then Julia."

"How absurd!" says Cissy; "fancy an author forgetting his heroine's name!"

"Perhaps I did not forget Mrs. Kenrick's name," I reply.

"I am very glad if you did, Christopher," says Mrs. Kenrick. "I wish you had forgotten all our names, and indeed you should not have written the story at all, if I had known what it would be."

"I will not deceive you, ladies and gentlemen; this is no story of exciting adventures, of moving accident by flood and field, of most disastrous chances," I say, nodding pleasantly at Mrs. Kenrick.

"I believe you have committed your own preface to memory for the purpose of quoting it to annoy me," says the lady.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver of my whole course of love," I reply.

"For goodness sake, Christopher, be quiet," she says.

"You *must* have suffered those sad chances in the battle, as you call it," says Cissy, with an expression of sympathy and sorrow.

"In the way of a cordial and truthful narrative I find some formidable difficulties," I say, still quoting and looking at my wife. "Amongst the chiefest is the fear of wounding Mrs. Kenrick's pride, and lowering the dignity of my family."

"You silly old goose!" exclaims my wife, giving me a hearty kiss, and laughing at Bess.

"I am sure I cried heartily over that chapter in which the hero (I will say the hero, not father) fears he will go mad, and wonders if Esther is true to him."

"There is a stroke of true genius in that bit of description," says Bess.

"Thank you, my dear," I reply with mock solemnity.

"That picture story is something like the case which has just occurred at Worcester, where a working man bought a painting for six pounds, and sold it for seven hundred and thirty guineas."

"It is a little like, Bess; only that poor Abel Crockford has not sold his picture, and the one is a Proccacini, whilst the other is supposed to be a Velasquez."

"And if that in your study at home is not Abel Crockford's picture, I am a Dutchman, as Father Ellis says," Bess replies.

"Hush, Bess; don't let us anticipate, as the liners sometimes say; you are disturbing a future incident of my story. There was a case, some years ago, where a Reading tradesman thought he had made his fortune by the purchase of a picture at a low price. He was offered a thousand pounds for it. Judges in art said it was the lost Velasquez. The Reading man refused a thousand pounds for his prize, sold his business, and took his picture to London, where he exhibited it. The work did not prove a sufficient attraction to sight-seers, and the picture was seized for the rent of the room in which it was exhibited. In the middle of the night the poor Reading man got through the window, cut the picture out of the frame, rolled it up, made off with it, and exhibited it in another part of London. Finally, the man went mad and died, and his picture was sold by auction for fifty pounds."

"I hope you told Abel that story," says Bess.

"I did."

"And I can guess what became of his picture."

"Then don't," I reply.

"And have you still more troubles for your hero?" asks Mrs. Kenrick.

"He comes to terrible grief in the next few chapters; but the sun will shine by-and-by," I reply.

"Have you any manuscript in hand?" asks Bess.

"I have."

"Then instead of a good chat, I propose that father reads us a further instalment of his life and adventures."

"Yes, yes; I second the proposition," says Cissy.

"Content," I say; "that is, if Mrs. Kenrick's silence may be con-

strued into assent, and on one condition,—I must not be interrupted, or asked to make alterations in the text."

"Agreed," says Bess.

I look for some reply from my wife. She only nods her head, and says, "Go on, Christopher;" whereupon I read to my family critics the following chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONCE MORE AT STONY-HEARTED STONYFIELD.

It was not until the next day that I reached Stonyfield. I journeyed thither partly by train and partly on foot. The latter part of the way I chose to walk, and the familiar country smiled upon me, in the early morning, as I neared the old town.

Nearly five years had elapsed since that little fellow with his little bundle stood and looked up at his father's house and bade it good-bye in the autumn mist.

It had seemed to me like fifty years instead of five; but now as I approached my native town once more the past was like a dream, as if I had never really run away at all.

The spring sunshine was lighting up the fields and hedgerows, and flashing on the brooks and ponds of the well-known country round Stonyfield. Here and there black patches of coal-land with small mountains of fuel and pit-gearing disfigured the landscape; but these only made the green fields seem all the greener and the lark's song more fresh and welcome. How bright and sunny and radiant, how hopeful and sweetly-scented that morning was I shall never forget. And yet it is a black, bitter day in my memory, a dark dismal day, with a pall in it and a funeral bell. The trees were putting forth new buds, and all the colours of autumn shone out in the bursting leaves, all the colours of autumn touched with the fresh beauty of spring. They seemed to welcome me back again, the giants of the neighbouring woods, stretching out their arms to me like old friends; and I met on the highway two farmers whose faces I knew. Nearer still to Stonyfield I encountered several factory women going to their work, and passed a group of pitmen who had been in the bowels of the earth all night. One of them had plucked a handful of primroses; the others were carrying pieces of wood and coal. They were all lively and merry, and so was I until I stood upon a hill and saw the town in the distance; and then all the old heart-break came back. All my persecutions, all the little indignities I had suffered made them-

selves into a small army and marched in procession before me. The dirty-red houses stood up in the early smoke of tall chimneys, and the harsh church-bell tolled out the hour. My heart sank within me. I was hopeful no longer. That dream with my mother's sad voice in it came up in my memory. "And I love him too." The words, and the sad, sad tone in which they were repeated, were in my mind. I seemed suddenly to remember all the tender things which my mother had said to me in childhood. I saw myself on her knee, I heard her singing "Robin Adair" in a sweet soft voice. And it came into my mind that I should see her no more.

I walked on until I entered the town. It seemed to me to be smaller and dirtier and more contemptible than ever. I loathed it, and yet how I loved those trees and brooks and meadows beyond the reek of the Stonyfield chimneys. When I came to my father's house it was eight o'clock. The shop was open. The same old books and pictures, the same miscellaneous things, the same small panes, the same counters, the same desks, the same stool, the same chairs, nothing altered, except that old man who was opening his morning letters.

I went boldly in and stood before him.

"Who are you?" said the stern voice of the old man, who raised his eyes from the desk.

"Your son, sir," I replied, calmly.

"You are no son of mine," said my father, showing me a pale wrinkled face.

I noticed in a vague, blank sort of fashion that his hair was very grey, and that he was dressed all in black.

"I say you are no son of mine," the same stern voice repeated.

"Would that I were then!" I said in a penitent voice, "I have suffered very much."

"You have chosen your own way—walk in it," said my father.

"I came to ask your forgiveness, and my mother's," I replied, and I trembled when the soft, kindly word, mother, escaped my lips.

"Your mother is dead," said my father, with solemn deliberation, "dead and buried, God rest her soul!"

I staggered for a moment under this terribly hard blow, but somehow I knew that she was dead when I saw his grey hair and black clothes; and it had been in my mind long before that I should never see her again. It was a hard, sudden blow, nevertheless, to be told of her death in this cold bitter spirit, and my heart was steeled against my father. Recovering myself, I returned his calm gaze with a glance of defiance.

"And is this the way in which you tell her son that she is dead?"

"You broke her heart," said my father.

"Oh no, no, no!" I exclaimed, "that is cruel, very cruel."

"She talked of no one but you when she was dying."

"God bless her!" I said.

"She pined after you in secret."

"My poor mother!" I said.

"You must be punished for your ingratitude."

"I am punished, I am a miserable outcast!" I said, all my fine resolutions of firmness and defiance breaking down.

"Have you anything more to say?" my father asked; "I have business to attend to."

"Father," I began, intending to make a penitent, dutiful, and affectionate speech, if only out of respect to my mother's memory; but the old man cut me short.

"Don't father me; you are no son of mine, I tell you."

I bowed my head and left the place, and walked on through the smoky town with a benumbed sensation about my heart that seemed to make me impervious to all sense of sight or feeling. I walked on and on, I was not in pain, there were no tears in my eyes, no choking sensation was in my throat. I was like an automaton, with legs and arms and no heart, no mind, no brain, no pulse. How long I remained in this condition I know not even now; but for a time I must have lost my senses, and it was long before they all came back again. Far in the afternoon I found myself sitting on a high-road with several people round me.

"He's been in a fit," said one.

"Nowt of the sort," said another, "he's nobbut had a drop too much, I wouldna moind being in a fit of that sort ivery day of my loif."

"The young man is not well," said a kindlier voice, "he will be better soon, don't crowd about him."

"What is the matter?" I said, looking round in astonishment.

"Ah, thot's what we want to knaw, thou's been getting drunk, young whipper-snapper," said a rough looking fellow, one of the Stonyfield gamins, of that class whom I had had to fight at every street corner when I was a boy.

I leaped upon him like a tiger and gripped his throat with a deadly clutch; but the people parted us. I could have murdered him; for I felt just then that Stonyfield had murdered me.

"Oh what a vixen!" said a woman.

"The brute!" said another.

"Gie him a dommed good hiding," said a cockey-looking boy to the one whom I had seized so suddenly.

"Who'll do it?" I said, shaking off the man who had held me by the arm, planting my left foot firmly down and clenching my fists, ready to revenge all the insults and cruelties I had suffered in Stonyfield upon the first comer.

At this moment there arrived upon the scene a lady and gentleman who had evidently been out for an afternoon walk. A dog was leaping on in front, and the group about me was thus increased.

"What's going on here?" said the gentleman, adjusting a pair of light spectacles.

"Ho, ho, ho, haw, haw," exclaimed the lively youth, who had suggested that I should receive a good hiding, "he wants to put it i' the paper."

"Silence, you brute!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Ho, ho, haw, haw," shouted the youth, running off. "Specs, specs, ho, ho."

The Stonyfield youth varied his amusement by throwing a stone at the dog and nearly hitting a woman, whereupon another youth threw a stone at the other youth, and got up a fight with his brother in consequence. During this encounter Mr. Noel Stanton came up to me and said,

"Why, it's Christopher Kenrick."

"Indeed," said his wife, (formerly Miss Birt) "and a nice disgrace he is to any one; come along, Stanton."

"What is the matter—can I assist you?" said my old Editor.

"No, thank you, Mr. Stanton," I said.

"You can only assist him to a fight—that seems to be his idea o happiness," said a bystander.

Noel received this remark with an uncomfortable shrug, and I glanced sorrowfully up at my Lindford antagonist. He took me aside, despite his wife, who looked contemptuously at me from a little distance.

"You are in some trouble," said Mr. Stanton. "I am the editor of the *Stonyfield News*, and the lady who was Miss Birt is my wife: if I can do anything for you, my address is No. 10, Coaldust Crescent."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"Come, come, Stanton," said his wife.

Stanton plucked up his collars, adjusted his spectacles, offered Mrs. S. his arm, whistled his dog, and went his way.

The little crowd of lookers on dispersed. I found that I was on the outskirts of the borough, and it was nearly evening.

When it was quite dark I entered a wayside inn, and found lodgings for the night. In the morning I asked how far it was to Lindford.

"Thirty miles," said the host.

"Straight on?" I asked.

"Yes, this is the old coaching road."

"Is there a railway station near?" I asked.

"Yes, a mile off."

And I started on my way towards Lindford. I do not know why it came into my head to go to Lindford, unless it was that the name was so familiar to me. I hardly thought of Esther or Mrs. Mitching, or anybody. I did not seem to care for anybody or for anything. I was too indifferent about myself to take the trouble to commit suicide, or I might, perhaps, have got into a river, or thrown myself down a pit. I trudged along the road in a mopish, apathetic, careless way, until I was faint with hunger, and then I bought some bread at a village, and went on again until night, when I entered another inn, and obtained a lodging.

It was an old-fashioned bed-room, this second one in which I slept on my way to Lindford, and there was a picture of "Our Saviour Blessing Little Children" on the wall. That beautiful story of the Man of Sorrows had always touched me in my youth, and the sight of the picture struck a tender chord in my heart. I fell upon my knees for the first time since I had heard of my mother's death. All my own sufferings at once paled before the memory of the Master's sorrow. If I had been rejected, if my heart had been seared, how had Christ suffered, and with what sublime magnanimity had He borne His cross. Who was I that I should complain and curse my wretched fate? I prayed earnestly that God would forgive me my sins, and guide me in this my hour of tribulation. As I prayed I came to myself again. That dull, apathetic numbness about my heart softened, and I saw my mother's face and heard the gentle words of my dream, "I do love him, I do love him." And then I thought of Esther, and wondered strangely if God would reward me for all I had suffered by bringing us two together at the last.

What strange dreams I had that night, varied by terror and happiness, struggles with demons and rescues by angels. I must have slept well at last, for I did not wake until nearly eleven o'clock, and I felt something like my old self again; but still sad and weary and anxious, and fearful about the future, and sorry for the past.

I had only two-pence after I had paid for my bed; so I took no breakfast, but spent the whole of my capital on some bread at the

next village, and walked on as fast as I could, hoping to reach Lindford at night, but quite uncertain about what I should do when I got there.

Oh, what misery might have been spared to him and to me, if my father had only relented for one moment in his manner towards me. I learnt in after years that cold and harsh and cruel as he had seemed to me, there was a soft corner in his heart, where some of the true paternal nature still nourished a fond thought of his wayward son. His was one of those strange natures which is ever crying, "justice," "duty," "obedience," and which lays its heavy hand at once upon any who fall away from the hard, beaten path of principle and duty. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' my father had laid down as the one command for his son; obedience, strict, severe obedience, no frivolity, no boyish waywardness. I broke down under the discipline, and it was right, according to my father's theory, that I should be punished. There came a day when he was sorry for me, nevertheless. The more the pity that he thrust back his better nature when the penitent son was ready to throw himself at his feet.

Fathers, be generous as well as just to your children. A tender word now and then to that boy in the Stonyfield printing-office, would have made him as happy as the prince in the fairy tale.

Some little consideration for the bent of Christopher Kenrick's genius would have made that old shop, with its old-world books and songs, a paradise. Even Stonyfield might have been endeared to his memory had justice been tempered with generosity, and paternal discipline softened with paternal tenderness. Kind fathers make kind sons; when they do not, then is the son accursed; let his sins be upon his own head. I can say this honestly and fearlessly, though I did run away from home; for the memory of those sufferings of my early youth has in it a pang of bitterness even in my later days. I can look back and pity my own poor little self with the pity of a man who has suffered and is strong.

This by the way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I AM PENNILESS AND HUNGRY.

I MUST have lost my way, for at night-fall when I inquired how far it was to Lindford, I had still eight miles to go. I crept into an out-house where there was some straw, and slept the sleep of the weary and hungry. It has often occurred to me since then

that I might have been locked up, under the vagrant laws, for "wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence." What would they have done with me, the justices? Perhaps some blundering, hard-hearted idiot might have sent me to gaol. Christopher Kenrick, Esquire, of Hallow, gentleman, author, artist, and J. P., might have been condemned to a week's imprisonment, as a vagrant, for being penniless and houseless. That crime is terrible in the eyes of some of my own brother magistrates. The Rev. Paul Fulton (who is just now appointed to the commission of the peace) would have given me a month. Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes, an empty pocket is the worst of crimes. But an empty stomach too, dear friends, what a terrible thing that is; how it gnaws at your heart-strings, and twists all your better feelings into hard, bitter knots!

I got up in the morning, and happily sneaked out into the highway before Mister Farmer found me on his straw; and out on the highway I felt so pitifully hungry, and wretched, that I nearly came to begging for some bread at a cottage. The blood of all the Kenricks revolted at the notion; but it was rather a weak revolt, it only crimsoned my cheek for a moment, and then rushed back to my heart like a half-starved garrison retreating after an unsuccessful sortie.

Here was I, the son of a well-to-do father, the heir to an honourable race of men and women, a young man of literary promise, a proficient reporter, a musician, something of an artist, and one who could be husband to a beautiful rich lady; here was I, this accomplished gentleman, starving; yes sir, literally starving. I say it fearlessly, howsoever much my family may now blush at the declaration. I did not beg, but I very heartily wished I had my fiddle that I might play a tune by the way, and see if anyone would pay the minstrel for his melody. "Oliver Goldsmith, the beloved of all men, travelled throughout Europe," I thought, "and paid his way with flute melodies; why should not I, Christopher Kenrick, fiddle my way to Lindford?" I was in a weakly satirical mood, and tried to think how much a road-side cottage would pay for "Robin Adair," and what an ancient set of quadrilles would bring at a public-house, where a jolly farmer was watering his horse, and quaffing a jug of ale.

Oh, but it was heart-breaking work, and by the time that I had walked about four miles, I began to think I should faint by the way and die. I paused to rest near a quiet bend in the road; and my eyes fell with a soothing, gentle kind of impulse upon the green

lawn of an old country house; my eyes rested on the grass, and then wandered, with ivy and spring rose-buds, up the sides of the house, and away amongst its old gables, in which a small flock of birds were secretly building their nests. What a quiet, retiring, kind-looking old place it was, with white blinds and half-open windows, with stunted smoking chimneys, with trees peeping over lichen-covered roofs, with spring breezes wandering about it, and moving the blinds as they went in and out of the little diamond-paned windows. "If I had only my violin," I thought, "I would play 'Robin Adair' to this kind-looking house." "Sing it," said my poor, empty stomach, "sing it, Kenrick, and they'll give you sixpence; there is a village beyond, and bread and cheese for sale." Again the blood of the Kenricks struggled into my cheeks; but I was very hungry.

Pulling my hair about my forehead, slouching my hat over my eyes, buttoning my collar up round my throat, and assuming an awkward gait, that I might thus disguise my person, I pushed the gate aside, stood nervously upon the green lawn, and began to sing. I remember hearing a weak, trembling, hollow voice sing or say, "What's this dull world to me?" and that is all. I must have fainted, as I had feared I should, from sheer weakness and hunger. When I came to myself, I was sitting in an easy-chair in a comfortable little room. A mild, soft-eyed old lady was by my side. On the table there was wine and meat. I stammered out all sorts of apologies. The lady begged me to eat and drink, and I did so with an eagerness that I was ashamed of.

And this was at once one of the darkest and brightest hours of my life. Who says Fate guides us not to our fortunes? Who says a merciful Providence doth not stoop sometimes to put a poor mortal in the way that shall lead him to happiness? It was a lucky nook that green wayside retreat; it is still a bright spot in my memory on that dark road from Harbourford to Lindford. Heaven knows it was high time some gleam of sunshine should light on me! As I left that old house I saw, whom do you think ascending the staircase, whom do you think? For a moment I nearly shouted with joy. Just as I was passing through the hall a voice that I knew startled me. I looked up and behold there was my darling on the stairs, leading a child by the hand; there she was, my blue-eyed, round-faced, graceful, gentle, Esther. I bent my head, and put on my ugly gait, she did not know me, but I caught a glance of her eye, and it went straight to my heart.

Once more in the road, and on my way, I wondered why Esther was here. "She has married Mr. Howard," said a miserable, sneak-

ing whisper, for a moment; but I denounced it as false and wicked. For all that, I stopped a butcher boy on his way to the house.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"Lady Somerfield," said the boy.

"Do you know the young lady there?" I said, with cunning deference.

"What, her with the blue eyes and the soft voice?"

"Yes, yes," I said, cheerily.

"Should think I do!"

"Do you know her name?"

"Yes, I know her name."

"What is it, sir?" I asked, with eagerness, but still deferentially.

"Miss Esther Wilton."

"God bless you, God bless you!" I shouted; dashing into his hand one of Lady Somerfield's two half-crowns (which she had slipped into my pocket), and nearly shaking his arm off.

How strong I felt, I could have hugged that butcher-boy, and carried him in my arms.

"Good-bye, good-bye," I said, waving my hand to the astonished youth.

How my thoughts rattled on. "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more," I said aloud. "Now, Kenrick, be brave, there is luck in that wayside house; be brave, and you will conquer yet!"

I thought how the first half-sovereign I got I would buy a present for Lady Somerfield, to wipe out the stigma of alms. Was that mean or high-spirited, generous, proud, or what? I cannot decide even now.

"What is Esther in that house," I wondered; "governess or companion? Has she rebelled against the undue influence of Emmy, with regard to Mr. Howard, and left her home? Has she been forced to go out to earn her own living, because she won't marry the rich suitor? Is she still true to Christopher Kenrick?" My heart said she was, and my memory endorsed the affirmation with a thousand treasured confessions of the Lindford maiden. "They made me do it, I do love you." Dear, faithful, true, loving words, my heart set them to a sweet tune, and I sang them all the way to Lindford.

It was borne in upon me that the turning point in my fortunes had come, and it was so; but there was a hard, rugged road still to be mastered. I cared not for that, if there was a reasonable hope at last of reaching that goal, whence Esther and I might go on hand in hand together for the remainder of life's journey.

Lindford looked quite bright and cheerful as I entered it that evening on foot. None of those bitter memories which crowded on me at Stonyfield, broke in upon the welcome which the old city seemed to give me. Crossing the common where I had walked with the girl in the lama frock, I stopped to watch the sun setting upon the fine old cathedral, and tinging the waters of the quiet, peaceful river where Esther and I had sailed amongst the weeds and rushes, gathering water-lilies and making love.

The shops were all open and the gas was lighted. I stopped to peep in at Mitching's and think of the past. My dress was travel-stained, or I should have entered at once. The windows did not look so well filled as of yore, and the shop was not so neat; but there was the old smell of Russia leather, a perfume which to this day always conjures up in my mind the picture of that famous shop, with a runaway boy peering in at the door.

From this point I went straight to Mrs. Nixon's. She came to the door herself, with a candle in her hand, the usual rainbow in her cap, the old pin in her eye (it represented a clever ophthalmic operation, that pin) and her customary self-assertion of manner, which made her at once the terror and envy of her neighbours.

"Who is it?" she said, after a short pause. "I know the face."

"Christopher Kenrick," I said. If my fortunes had not been so low I should have said Mr. Kenrick, and effected an entrance at once. As it was, I hesitated on the door-step, and said "Christopher Kenrick, and I hope you are well, Mrs. Nixon."

"Yes. Well, as times go, thank you. Come in. Don't stand there."

In former days she would have said, "Come in, sir," and been as obsequious as a due sense of her own importance would have permitted; but she could see at once that I was not a flourishing member of society, and she treated me accordingly.

"Why, lor bless us! how thin and pale you've got," she said, when we were within that little back room which Tom Folgate and I called the spider's den. She used to sit there, and spin her webs, we said, and dart out upon poor flies, who were attracted by the notice of "Genteel apartments, with attendance."

"Can I have a bed-room, Mrs. Nixon?" I said; "I am not very well off; but I can pay for my lodgings."

"You always did pay me," she said, in a patronising way; "and I will trust to your honour again, though it is more than I can say of some people as was grander in their ideas and stuck up. Where have you left your luggage?"

"I have none, at least none of any importance; and I have walked some distance on foot," I said.

"Have you got no change of things?"

I felt myself getting angry at these questions; but I controlled my feelings sufficiently to reply calmly and courteously,

"I have not. If you object to let me have a room, Mrs. Nixon, I must go elsewhere."

"Object! not I, indeed. We've all gotten our ups and downs; and I was only thinking as when you went away you left a waistcoat, a shirt, and some collars behind. People that has been in the habit of letting lodgings regular would have considered them perquisites; but, when you go up to your room, I'll lay them on the bed for you, and you can testify to the difference between professed lodgings and them as is brought up in a higher state of life. Next year I shall go out to my husband in America, and have done with lodgings. I'll light you upstairs; and, perhaps, you would like a cup of tea?"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Nixon," I said. "This is, indeed, kind. Has Mr. Folgate left you?"

I began to feel anxious about things that had happened during my absence from Lindford.

"Lor bless you! Left me? He's bin gone from Lindford this many a month—eighteen, at least; and didn't you know?"

"I thought he might have gone to Russia," I said, "but I did not know."

"Ah, deary me!" she said, tossing up her rainbow ribbons, and nodding her head at the ceiling; "it's a queer story—a very queer story."

"I know little or nothing of Lindford since I left it," I said, encouragingly. "I shall be glad to hear all the news."

"I'll tell you all I know," said Mrs. Nixon, "when you come down,—ah, deary me! Lor bless us!"

It was my old bed-room. That was kind and considerate. If Mrs. Nixon had treated me with more personal respect I should positively have liked her. I drew aside the window blind to look at Esther Wilton's dear house. There were lights in all the other windows but in these. By the glimmer of an adjacent gas-lamp I could see that the house was shut up, and "To Let" written upon it. I closed the blind with a sigh, and picked up my old waistcoat and the other things which Mrs. Nixon kept for me. How familiar they looked! Esther had lain her dear head once upon that waistcoat. I kissed the place where her brown sunny hair had been, and when I descended

the stairs in that well-remembered garment (it was a black velvet with tiny grey spots upon it), I felt as though Esther's dear hand was upon me.

"In the first place Mister Folgate owes me seven pounds fourteen shillings and twopence halfpenny," said Mrs. Nixon, after tea; "and I 'spose that's gone for good, and that's not a comfortable thing to have on your mind; but, however, thank goodness, I can get over it. And didn't you know as he had eloped?"

"Eloped!" I exclaimed, thinking to myself,—and that is why Wilton's house is to let,—"Emmy and Tom have eloped!"

"Yes! lor, the fluster and noise as it caused in Lindford. First, Mr. Folgate was missing, and then Mrs. Mitching."

"Mrs. Mitching!" I said.

"Mrs. Mitching," she said, as though she revelled in the name,—"Mrs. Mitching."

I did not understand what the woman meant.

"They went separately, and met at Liverpool, where they was followed to by the police, but without no effect."

"Tom Folgate eloped with Mrs. Mitching?"

"Lor bless us! Yes; it was in all the papers."

"Then, that was what Fitzwalton fancied I knew, and which he would not repeat."

"Fitzwalton! that's him as was the brother-in-law of the young lady that Mr. Stanton married; and wasn't it a wedding! Deary me! why all Lindford was there. And to see the bridegroom a-wiping his glasses, and pulling his collars up every minute! If it wasn't as good as a play I never see one."

Mrs. Nixon laughed heartily, and flourished her capstrings at the remembrance of this wedding scene.

"And to see the lady a-looking round, as if all the men in the church was envying the gentleman in the collars! Well, it was fun, though she was a pretty girl for all that, and a nice, pleasant face, which might have done better than take up with a newspaper fellar—begging your pardon for once, Mister Kenrick, as you know I always thought higher of you than the common run of such people."

It was deftly done, and clever of Mrs. Nixon, to call me "Mister Kenrick" at this juncture, though I was too much interested in what she was telling me to care whether she put her news to me offensively or not.

"It's been a great break up, I can assure you. Poor Mitching! He was took ill, and he's gone quite silly, poor man!—quite im-

becile; and he's in this very house, under my care, and a melancholy object to see: always a-waiting for his wife, till it makes a body as has a heart fit to cry, and long to kill that heartless woman. I am not one as is given to weakness, having been so long obliged to make my own way in the world, and knowing what it is; but my heart bleeds for that old man, though it's true an old man shouldn't have married a young, flighty girl. He'd only just gone to sleep when you came in, and he wakes up in the night like a child."

"Terrible news!" I said, "terrible news!" and then I remembered a hundred little circumstances which indicated something more than mere friendship between that pretty, fascinating little woman and Tom Folgate. Before I could ask a question about Emmy Wilton, Mrs. Nixon, who seemed to relish her narrative, dashed on into further details. The bearer of news, bad or ill, usually takes a portion of the importance of his tidings unto himself. Mrs. Nixon seemed to swell with oracular power. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks were red with excitement, her ribbons were in a perpetual flutter; and she awed me with the vastness of her gossip.

"Knowing as that affair between you and the youngest is put off, and as none of the t'others care a button about you, it won't grieve you much to know as the Wiltons was not long in coming down from their stuck-uppishism. Them two megs—poor squinchy things! with their noses up in the air and their gowns in the mud!—one on 'em is keeping a school, and the 'tother is living on the bit and sup as the mother has got left to her. It's a mercy as you didn't carry on your notion of marrying into that family, which it is always burning the candle at both ends; but that married brother got the best of 'em at last, and burnt his end right up to within an inch of the 'tother; so they had to sell up and go away, and the old woman is living in a little house at Fleetborough."

Whilst Mrs. Nixon took breath I asked, with as much unconcern as I could assume, what became of Miss Esther.

"She's companion, or something, at Lady Somerfield's, a few miles off, as the late Lord S. he knew her father; they lived on his estate, I think. It's a nice child, Esther, if it was not for the family, and good-looking enough; but a bit dollish. They say as young Squire Howard made her an offer, but it's the pride of that Emmy to say so, because, of course, she'd have jumped at him if he had. It was a fall for Miss Emmy, that 'lopement of Mr. Folgate; but pride always has its falls, and I niver stopped saying as the Wiltons would have theirs."

"And where is Emmy Wilton?"

"Oh, lor bless you! she braves it out. She's governess at Doctor Sharpe's, Uphill, and struts about as if nothing had happened, as proud as Lucifer, and cuts the megs, I'm told—though I admires her spirit for that."

And this, in substance, was the news on which I went to bed that first night of my return to Lindford. How rapidly events had developed themselves! The occurrences at Lindford, for the time, thrust the miseries I had endured during the last few days out of my thoughts. Even my dead mother, and that terrible encounter in my father's house, were pushed aside by those two desolate houses: that one in the High Street, and the other over the way, with "To Let" upon it. The disparity of the age of Mitching and his wife had struck me, boy as I was, when first I saw the lady on that memorable day when Mr. Mitching announced to me, in presence of his charming wife, that I should give them the benefit of my experience in the art of printing and publishing on the morrow. What a pretty, piquant, swan-like little fairy the woman was! Then I remembered that famous party, and how I sat in the church-porch, and heard a voice say "Good bye, dear;" then I remembered how the lady had spoken to me of Tom and Emmy Wilton; and I could not help thinking how short-sighted I must have been in those days. Poor old Mitching! his young wife was the idol of his life; and, now that it was broken, no wonder his weak little brain was turned. Dear, pompous old gentleman, with his gold-rimmers, I shall never forget him as he used to stand, making speeches at me, and believing himself to be an orator, with the sweetest and dearest and prettiest little wife in creation.

I put out my candle and looked over the way, and thought of the Wiltons, and I could hardly realise all the changes that had taken place. I forgave Emmy for her unkindness to me, and my heart ached for her. "They made me do it." Surely Tom Folgate had not helped Emmy to believe that I had behaved badly in visiting Julia Belmont! I had often thought that something might come between Emmy and Tom to prevent their marriage; but that Mrs. Mitching would be the evil genius of Emmy's life I never dreamed. Tom, somehow, did not believe in Emmy. Perhaps it was because he did not believe in himself. He never trusted her implicitly, and he never trusted himself. Emmy, like a little woman of the world, no doubt, tried to hurry on the engagement into matrimony; but whether she used more than the customary arts of the sex, I know not. I think

Tom might have been conquered by loving, gentle, tender wiles; but Emmy was proud, and a trifle worldly. And what was Tom Folgate? Passion's slave! A wayward, uncertain fellow, without moral ballast, and yet one of those manly-looking, outspoken, hot-headed, generous-seeming men whom men like, and whom women admire. I used to love Tom Folgate. I had a sneaking affection for him, notwithstanding that elopement; but he behaved like a villain, and he has two blighted lives to answer for. So far as Mrs. Mitching is concerned, she made as much love to Tom as he made to her; her sin be upon her own head; but poor Mitching and Emmy Wilton, he blasted their lives entirely.

What a break up it was! It seemed to me as if I was an old man in sorrow. What experiences I had had. None so young, I thought, could have seen the way strewn with so many wrecked hopes. And yet the moon, "like a silver bow bent in heaven," shone out serenely as I stood at the window contemplating that sign of misery, "To Let." I watched it sailing on with a bright sentinel star in company; I watched it calmly pass over the spot where the river slipped away through the meadows; I watched it glimmer upon the red roofs of the High Street; I watched it shine on that white ghost-like board over the way, and I spelt out the letters once more, "To Let." Then I thought of that sad house at Stonyfield, and the churchyard; and a silent, prayerful hope escaped my lips, that God would turn my father's heart towards me; and I saw my mother's pale face in that Harbourford dream, and heard her poor, broken voice. "O moon!" I said, "what a bitter lot is mine!" The "pale queen" only sailed on with her attendant star; but there was something hopeful, nevertheless, in the clear bright night. Perhaps Esther, I thought, is looking out into the moonlight; and I stood in fancy by her side with the moonbeams tenderly clasping her dear lithe figure, and the ivy of that old manor-house rustling in the low, murmuring breeze, "I will be true to thee, Esther," I said aloud; and I repeated over and over again those dear words in pencil, "They made me do it. I do love you."

I closed the window at last; and soon afterwards the moon shone into the room, as if it had heard my complaint, and was sorry for me.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

At various periods of my life I have attempted to keep a diary; but only when the tenour of my way has been broken in upon by startling and important incidents—startling and important to me as affecting my own career.

For some time, commencing immediately after Mrs. Nixon's extraordinary narrative, I made a series of notes in my common-place book, from which I transcribe the following extracts :—

May 2.—This day I saw a most touching and pitiful sight. I had been out in the morning, and returned to dinner. Coming to Mrs. Nixon's house, saw an old man hiding round the corner. He peeped about, to see if he were being watched. Then came out Mrs. Nixon, making a sign to me to notice what would occur. With a great show of mock caution she peered round the corner, and then the old man got cunningly behind the yard door. It was poor Mitching !—that self-same George Mitching, Esq., who used to pin me down with his gold-rimmers ; that same tender, confiding old gentleman, who told me that it was a proud and blessed thing for anyone to win the esteem and good opinion of Mrs. Mitching. He was a poor, foolish imbecile now ; he spent half his time in pretending to run away and hide from Mrs. Nixon, and the other half in asking when Mrs. Mitching would come back. "She is a very long time," he said, in a complaining voice, when he came into the house. "I do wish she would come. We will give a grand party when she does come." He looked at me in a maudlin, silly fashion through the same heavy glasses that he had always worn, but he did not know me. It made my heart ache to see him . . . . . I must leave these lodgings ; the sight of poor old Mitching is a perpetual torture to me. "Out of doubt, Antipholis is mad."

May 3.—Met Cator Manners, manager of the Lindford Theatre. Condoled with me; lent me a sovereign, and engaged me as prompter at the splendid salary of one pound a week, "until I can better myself." I am to assist Mr. Manners in his correspondence (he has three other theatres besides Lindford), and make myself generally useful. Have written to Esther at Lady Somerfield's, and put all my heart into it. A court of law would laugh at it. How is it that people laugh at love-making ? Surely it is the best and purest and noblest impulse of our nature. For my own part, there is nothing that I would not do for Esther Wilton. My enthusiasm, in this respect, is redoubled since

I permitted those mercenary ideas about Julia Belmont to creep into my mind. If I had never seen Esther Wilton I wonder if I should have been in love with Miss Belmont.

May 4.—Joy! Letter from my dear girl. Very short, very sweet, and the last words are the dear old pencil words over again, "They made me do it. I do love you." I am not to come and see her yet, for reasons which she will explain. She is still my own dear Esther. Hazlitt's maudlin passion for "S." would not have been more satisfied with a tender return than my own true love is with this dear letter . . . . . Abel Crockford sends me an order for two pounds, on account, he says, of the things in his possession. He is a good soul. His picture has been mentioned in a newspaper. *Mem.* Might not an interesting tale be written with Abel for its hero: "The Story of a Picture?" There is much character in Abel Crockford. Wonder what has become of my other stories: are they bread on the waters? Will they turn up again after many days? And how? through the butterman, or in type, and printed?

May 6.—"More matter for a May morning." This is my lucky month. How strange, in the midst of my speculations about those stray manuscripts, to find that one has been used. After the play, last night, went with Cator Manners to drink whiskey at the Shakspeare Inn. Picked up a newspaper,—saw, quite accidentally, a quotation from *The Athenian Magazine*, headed, "Fathers and Sons," and at the bottom, "Christopher Kenrick." I shouted hurrah three times, and then showed the paper to Manners. The extract was from one of the numerous essays I had written at Crockford's. I made an excuse to leave the Shakspeare as early as possible. I went out into the street, and almost cried for joy. My thoughts seemed to influence my legs; I walked and walked and walked until I was in the country, away from gas-lights, almost unable to control the proud and grateful throbbings of my heart . . . . . I am very successful at the theatre. Wonder if Esther would object to my being an actor. Julia Belmont used to praise my reading. Mrs. Wilton told me that newspaper persons were as bad as theatricals . . . . . *Mem.* To write an essay on "The Stage," and show that the drama represents the highest order of art. Believe this has been done; but no matter, do it again in a fresh, light, trenchant style. What a charming, sweet, delightful *Miranda* Esther would make! with C. K. for *Ferdinand.* "O, most dear mistress!" I would find a real *Caliban* at Stonyfield, where such devils abound . . . . . Called this day at the *Lindford Herald.* The house is in the hands of a new firm. The editor said the paper would represent "the other side" of

politics in future. He talked of the great and glorious liberties of the people; gave me the date of Magna Charta, and declared that, if his pen could influence the course of national events, the new year should clothe in effulgent rays the undying splendours of an enlightened and pure government, having its foundations deeply laid in the hearts of a free, unselfish, and independent people. I said, "Good morning, sir," and wondered, supposing he had ordered me out of his room, if I could have "floored him" as easily as I did Noel Stanton in those past days. Fancy poor, dear "specs" marrying Miss Birt! I am getting quite brisk and lively. The sun is rising in my heart. There are shadows now and then,—dark ones; but I begin to see the light,—I begin to see the light.

May 8, *Sunday.*—Did not think my clothes were good enough to be seen at church in. I despise myself a little for staying away on this account. Took a long walk, and prayed earnestly and thankfully in the fields, surrounded by the most sublime and beautiful evidences of Divine power. O, the beneficent budding Spring! Composed part of a jubilant welcome to the season:—

Joyous, flaunting, tender Spring,
Songs of hope to thee I'll sing,—
Waft them, Zephyr, on thy wing,
And whisper Esther's name.
* * * *
Hail! Mother of the flowers,
Dear saint of leafy bowers:
Thy tears are Summer showers,
When blossoms droop and fade.

Shall polish this up "for music" . . . . . This morning got a cheque for three pounds from *The Athenian Magazine*, with a kind note, saying that the editor desires to hear from me again. *He shall* . . . . . *Mem.* To write a supernatural story. I begin to believe in all manner of strange things. I have no doubt my poor mother appeared to me in *that* dream. Her death is what Fitzwalton alluded to in the letter which offended me. Was it not some mysterious power that led me from Harbourford to Lindford, past that manor-house, and showed me my dear Esther . . . . . I have sent to Lady Somerfield, in a feigned handwriting, a beautiful copy of "Quarles," and inscribed it, "From one to whom Lady Somerfield was very kind when the sender was poor and ill, and could not sing 'Robin Adair.'" Poor Kenny! you have had some hard trials, and you have behaved tolerably well under them. There was one of your ancestors who fought the Saracens: he had a long, hard miserable time of it; but he was a

soldier,—wore mail and feathers; and you are a soldier, too, Kenny. "Stand firm!" Remember the grand motto of the Kenricks.

May 10.—Have been too busy to write in my diary, must discontinue it altogether soon. Should like to keep it a little while longer. . . . . Have removed from Nixon's, the sight of poor Mitching unmanned me, and made me unfit for work. Esther is anxious to "tell everything" to Lady Somerfield before I see her, especially as Lady S. seems to have noticed that Esther has had a great many letters lately. . . . . I have worked "like any nigger." Written two papers for *Athenian*, one is accepted; offered my services to almost every publisher, and got bright prospects of increasing work. . . . The other night played a little part at the theatre, company being short, everybody complimented me; manager, for some reason, is anxious I should get up in *Claude Melnotte;* am doing so; very tinselly, flashy language, but a fine play for all that, and I confess I like it much. . . . . Have written to my father and sent him the *Athenian.* I hope it will touch him; the more independent I begin to feel in money matters, the more desirous I am that the sun should not go down on my father's wrath: he is an old man. My poor mother, what would she have been like, I wonder, if her own nature had been allowed to develop itself; I think, a kind, considerate gentlewoman; but my father's strong, firm will, entirely neutralised hers. He overawed her with his own severe nature. My mother must have been well brought up. Her father was a clergyman of Stonyshire. . . . . What on earth could there have been in my boyish conduct to have estranged me so terribly from my parents! If I ever had a son, it would give me the greatest possible delight to see his genius developing as if in its own kindred soil, amongst Border ballads and fairy tales, amongst books of plays and quaint old essays. I am sure I was not a bad boy; therefore my miseries were undeserved punishments, unless they were to serve some good purpose which an all-wise Power had in view. . . . . I have seen Emmy Wilton. I bought some new clothes, and called upon her at Doctor Sharpe's. She refused to see me. I called again, and she came into the little fusty drawing-room, into which I was shown. We both looked nervously at each other. I put out my hand, she took it, and burst into tears; burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. I could not speak for some time. At last I said, "Don't cry, Miss Wilton." I did not know what else to say. By-and-by, when I had sat down beside her, with a hard portrait of Dr. Sharpe looking fixedly at us, she said,

"Can you forgive me? You know how I have been punished."

"Forgive you, O yes!" I said. "I should never have forgiven you if I had lost Esther; but I have not."

"I tried my best to get her away from you; but it was for her own good, I wished to see her rich."

"Pray do not talk of that, Emmy; I was in the wrong; but I did not know it at the time."

"I thought you were, but I was too glad to get an opportunity to advance Mr. Howard's suit. Esther seemed to give way, but she did not, and she would have died first."

"The dear girl!" I said.

"We have all come down, you see, as Mrs. Nixon predicted,—the fiend!" said Emmy, having overcome her tears, and evidently determining to give way no more. "It is a grand triumph for our enemies; but I don't care for them. You are afraid, I see, to mention your friend Tom Folgate; you needn't be. I always doubted him. He was most emphatic, by the way, in denouncing your conduct. I don't think I should have written so strongly to you, had it not been for him."

"And I thought he really loved me," I said.

"He loved nobody," Emmy replied, her eyes flashing. "You think I did not either, but you are mistaken. I did; and I was proud of that man, proud of his strong limbs, proud of his commanding manner, proud of his ability, and I should have been true to him to the last, and under all circumstances."

Her voice trembled, and there were very nearly more tears in her eyes. I put my hand tenderly upon her shoulder, and said,

"Emmy, let us be true friends; brother and sister——"

"Not brother and sister!" she exclaimed; "that means hate, not love."

"Friends, then, Emmy!"

"Yes, friends," she said, and I kissed her.

* * * * * *

Strong-minded though she be, that girl will fret her heart out about Tom Folgate. She loved him and was proud of him. All her hopes centered in him; now her future is as blank as mine would have been if I had lost Esther.

May 14.—An article by Christopher Kenrick, on "The Drama," has appeared in the *London Stage* newspaper, and the Editor has written to the happy writer thereof for more "copy." Bright and blessed sunshine! And I am to see Esther at the end of the month. I may write as often as I like. She has "told Lady Somerfield all!" . . . . Cator Manners tells me he has been talking with the *Lindford*

Herald proprietors. They say their Editor is a fool, and Mr. Manners has advised them to engage me. "It is very likely they may write to you," he continues; "they know nothing of newspaper work; builders by trade, and have been successful; they bought the *Herald* from Mitching's trustees, and some other people have the bookselling business. The Editor is a local man, an amateur architect and political agent, and a conceited and ignorant ass. I shall make you an offer to stick to the stage; but you can do what you think best. I shall only make one condition, and that is, that you play *Melnotte* for me this month, and give me a fortnight's notice whenever you leave." "My dear sir," I said, "there is my hand on it, and I shall for ever hold myself your debtor."

May 15.—The proprietors of the *Herald* have made me an offer, and I have given Manners notice. I am to conduct the paper in my own way, and it is to be independent in politics. What a rush of good luck! I am worth this day in hard cash, three pounds and ten shillings. I do not owe a farthing in the world. I have got my "fiddle and things" from Harbourford, and returned Abel Crockford his money. To crown all, my father has acknowledged the receipt of my letter, and commended my article in the *Athenian*. To-night I am really happy. If it were not for those shadows of the past coming up in black regiments to darken the sunshine, I should be perfectly happy. At the same time, if it were not for these shadows I might not understand what happiness really is. Rochefoucault says, "it is a kind of happiness to know to what extent we may be unhappy." I can fully appreciate the deep philosophy of that maxim, and it is equally true that one is happy by comparison with previous or contemplated miseries. "To be good is to be happy," according to one sage, whom I have encountered in books; but that is only a partial truth; to be good and yet be persecuted and misunderstood and thought bad, has something of misery in it. . . . . *Mem.* for a sketch or essay. "The Miserable Good and the Happy Bad." An opening for metaphysical discussion. What is good? What is happiness?

May 16.—"Julia Belmont will appear for one week only, in a round of her famous characters!" The engagement is to begin next week; and Mr. Manners tells me I must play *Claude Melnotte* to her *Pauline.* I reply that it is impossible. He reminds me of our agreement. Why can he be so absurd, I ask. His leading man, I say, would never permit it. That gentleman's engagement, I am informed, will be concluded the night before the "Lady of Lyons" is to be played, which will be the end of Miss Belmont's week. His

place will not be filled, because two stars join at Witham for a month on circuit. I am to be announced as a distinguished amateur, "his first appearance on any stage." Manners cannot think why I can object, is satisfied I shall make a great success, and that this will be an opening for me to a new and splendid career, despite my engagement at the *Herald*. He is satisfied that I shall desert the press for the stage. If it were to play with anyone else but Miss Belmont, I tell him I would not object, and indeed should be glad of an opportunity to test my abilities. The manager is astounded beyond all expression; thought I had a sneaking kindness for the lady; felt he had been doing me a double service; had thought more about me in the matter than himself. . . . . Why am I persecuted by this woman? On second thoughts, am I persecuted? Let me be just to Miss Belmont as well as to myself. If I know anything of such matters, she is in love with me, or I am a vain fellow who ought to be kicked. Yet women do fall in love with men, and why not Julia Belmont with me? . . . . Is this a double plot, this "Lady of Lyons" scheme? Did Cator Manners write and tell the lady I was here? Or has she found me out through Abel Crockford? I would not risk the chance of annoying Esther or even Emmy again for all the gold of Peru. By the way, did anyone ever see any Peruvian gold? I never did. O, this love! my days and nights are days and nights of longing to see Esther, to look into her dear eyes once more, to hear her sweet voice. Can it be possible that Julia Belmont should feel any such desire about me? Me! A poor, sallow-faced, melancholy beggar such as I am. The idea is absurd; yet I have felt her hand tremble in mine, and seen her eye light up at my presence. *Titania* never saw *Bottom's* long ears and snout when she embraced him. Love is blind. If she do love a miserable wretch like Christopher Kenrick, I pity her. Then why do I not pity Esther? That is different; we are betrothed, we have walked together hand in hand beneath the stars; we have heard the whisperings of that gentle river; we know each other's innermost thoughts; we have sworn in our hearts to be faithful ever. . . . . I must be as good as my word with Manners. Shall I tell him all? All? All what? That I think Julia Belmont is in love with me, and I with another? Absurd. Shall I see Emmy and ask her advice? Or Esther? No, I am not to see her until the end of the month. Why not explain myself to Miss Belmont? And be snubbed, perhaps, for my condescension.

May 18.—Have written a silly but honest letter to Julia Belmont, explaining my position with regard to Mr. Cator Manners, but more particularly referring to my unalterable attachment to Esther Wilton.

I hope I have done this in such a way that you shall not for a moment imagine that I know her own secret. It is absurd for me to say it even to myself that Julia Belmont is much attached to C. K. She thinks it was my pride that led me to leave Harbourford; but she is a woman of the world, and able to conquer any wayside passion of this character. At all events, she will understand upon what terms we meet again. . . . How long the days seem that shut me out from Esther. . . . Cator Manners has been here, and full of chat about Julia Belmont. She has told him many times that she would never marry. Why? Did I not know, he asked? "The bar sinister, my friend, this is the miserable shadow on her life; though hardly a soul knows about it, the legacy recently left to her is the death-gift of a repentant father." Good Heavens! I exclaimed. "Bah! what does it matter," replied the manager. "She is the most noble-hearted girl in the wide world." . . . *Mem.* Delicately treated, this secret of Julia Belmont's would make a fine story; work out the sudden discovery of her misfortune at an important and critical period of her history; and trace the effect of the baneful truth on a highly sensitive and moral nature. Shop again—I am as bad as Falstaff, turning diseases to commodities; but one must labour in one's vocation.

May 23.—Met Miss Belmont at rehearsal. She greeted me most cordially; but I thought she seemed sad. I know she received my silly letter, though she never answered it. I must have appeared very confused in my manner. This would be put down to the arduous part of *Claude*, which I had undertaken. Somehow I felt sorry for Miss Belmont, and yet this seemed to be presumptuous. She might marry a score better fellows than I, if it pleased her. . . . I was perfect in the words, I did not attempt to act, though we arranged several special points. Cator Manners was delighted; he said I should make a name on the stage, and Miss Belmont praised my histrionic intelligence. . . . Courtesy compelled me to see the actress to her lodgings after rehearsal. Although she is rich, Miss Belmont has not changed her rooms. It recalled the past in a rush of strange sensations to see that little sitting-room once more. There it was, as of old,—the square piano, the fluffy sofa, the wicker chair, the baize-covered table. Just the slightest attempt had been made to remove the general littery character of the room, but this only seemed to bring out the ordinary features of the place in stronger relief. "I see you remember it," said Miss Belmont, looking round the room as she flung herself carelessly down upon the sofa, with a palpable effort to appear cool and indifferent. "Shall I ever forget it?" I replied. "Yes, yes," she said suddenly. "You have already forgotten

that poor girl in the curl papers, who told you to kiss her hand at parting." And then the great actress, the rich worldly lady, buried her head in the apoplectic pillows of the old chintz sofa, and cried like a disappointed child. The situation was most embarrassing. I kneeled beside her and kissed her hand again. She looked up at me tenderly, like a mother might, and said, "Don't be angry with me, Kenny, it is all over now; let us be good to each other, and I will try and love Esther Wilton for your sake." . . . And this woman could take her own part in the great world, fight her own way, and enact tragedy on the stage with almost masculine force.

May 24.—It was a brilliant house, and never did woman look *Pauline* better than Julia Belmont. If my dresser is to be believed, *Claude* was worthy of her. Manners sent a pint of champagne into my dressing-room. I drank it almost at a draught. With an effort of will I threw my whole soul into the part. I *was Claude Melnotte*, and Julia my *Pauline*, my Esther, my love. "Wealth to the mind, wealth to the heart, high thoughts, bright dreams, the hope of fame, the ambition to be worthier Esther." The foot-lights seemed to blaze up into my eyes, the audience was a small sea of faces and colours, I saw nothing distinctly; but I felt the impulse of some hidden power. I was "called" with enthusiasm at the end of the first act of the second scene, and went on with Miss Belmont; but I saw nothing. Manners came to my dressing-room, and almost wept for joy. "You will be a great man, Kenny." A thrill of sympathy ran through the house as Julia Belmont spoke those tender words to the disguised *Melnotte*, in the last act:

> "Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
> That was not his; that on his wandering way,
> Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
> Tell him even now that I would rather share
> His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast;
> Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light
> Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
> The Bourbon lost!"

Great, hot tears rolled down the woman's cheeks as she uttered the speech line by line. They stung me for a moment like daggers; but all my heart was in my eyes with sympathy, when looking up at me with a strange smile of real resignation, she said,

> "Shall I shrink
> From him who gave me birth?—withhold my hand,
> And see a parent perish? Tell him this,
> And say—that we shall meet in heaven!"

The curtain went down amidst thunders of applause, and the call for Belmont and *Claude* was tremendous. . . . Whilst I was dressing to go home, Cator Manners told me it was the largest and most fashionable house he had ever seen in Lindford. "Lord Duffeldt and a party were in the stage box; Sir Manfred Carter was in the dress circle, and Lady Somerfield, with a select party." "Lady Somerfield!" I said. "Yes, and you were too much for one of her lot; a young lady, the prettiest girl I ever saw, nearly fainted, and had to go out into the lobby." I listened with breathless attention now. "I got water for her, and when the lady, who went out with her, turned away for a moment, she asked me in the sweetest way if "Christopher Kenrick was not the name of the actor?" "And you said?" I exclaimed. "That it was," he replied. "A curse upon you, Manners," I shouted, hurling the prince's hat and feathers at his feet, "you are my evil genius." . . . I have apologised to Manners; how should he have known any better? And what wrong did he do after all? Why should I shrink at Esther discovering her love in *Melnotte?* But I will send a note by messenger to Lady Somerfield's, and follow me in his footsteps.

> "It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
> The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
> And in her train there is a gentle lady;
> When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
> And Esther they do call her: ask for her;
> And to her white hand see thou do commend
> This seal'd-up counsel."

(*To be continued.*)

The Irish Railways.

HERE seems to be, for once, a chance of a really great question coming before Parliament without being treated as one of party; and, what is more remarkable, the question is an Irish one. It is not, of course, the Church, and not the land; but it is the means of traversing the land now provided by the thirty-nine railway companies by whom Ireland is at present afflicted, and which may hereafter be provided by as many companies more who are authorised to afflict it further as soon as they can.

Mr. Disraeli has expressed very forcibly his sense of the vital importance of the subject; and it was, we believe, less from any public pressure than from his own conviction of its necessity that he appointed the Commission which has recently presented its second Report. Mr. Gladstone has said, emphatically, that he "knows of no way in which a benefit can be conferred upon an entire community better than by the cheapening of railway communication." In the Lords, the Marquis of Clanricarde has given his opinion that no measure of greater importance to Ireland, except, perhaps, that of Catholic Emancipation, has been taken in hand since the Union than the proposed measure for the purchase of Irish railways by the State. In short, there is a general concurrence of opinion amongst leading public men as to the necessity of dealing with this matter from an Imperial point of view.

From a merely financial point of view the question is not a large one; but it is quite well understood that the question is by no means one of finance only, but of principle. The Lords of the Treasury, however, looking at it first, like good men of business, in a financial aspect only, instructed the Commissioners to direct their inquiry to all facts which they might "consider that a prudent person or company should be acquainted with before entertaining the question of purchase as a commercial speculation." The Commissioners, whose special knowledge of, and long connection with, railways gives great weight to their conclusions, have acted carefully in the spirit of their instructions, and, with the help of a staff of engineers and accountants, examined every mile of railway, every engine, every depot of carriages and wagons, and the books of every company in Ireland. The result

is a set of tables marked distinctively with nearly all the letters of the alphabet, from which "My Lords" can hardly fail to learn all they wish about the real position and value of the lines. If, after due study of these tables, their lordships of to-day decide to "go in," as the phrase is, for the speculation their predecessors had in view, we hope they may drive a good bargain, but not an ungenerous one. The terms of the bargain to be driven are, however, as we implied, a small matter. What makes the question a large one is, the consideration of that stimulus which a statesmanlike mode of dealing with it may give to the material progress of the great mass of the Irish people.

We may expect, accordingly, that early in the present session the reports which have been made by the Commissioners will become the subject of conversation in the House; and that conversation will receive much of the public attention. The present is therefore not an unsuitable time for glancing briefly at the present position of Irish lines and at the general aspects of the question.

In looking at a map of Ireland (and the maps contained in blue-books are usually so good that one wishes some Member would move for a new atlas) we hardly know whether to be more surprised by the extraordinary extent of country still untouched by railways, or by the extraordinary places to which railways have been made. No one who has travelled at all on Irish lines can fail to remember the impression of weariness and desolation, which was too often produced upon him by the country through which he passed, as he moved from one large town to another. The interminable peat morasses grow to haunt one, by and by, like a distressing dream, out of which we struggle to awake in vain. The passage from busy life—as busy life is reckoned in Ireland—to busy life again, through solitude broken only by here and there a few huts, which make the waste more desolate, compel the stranger to look eagerly for the intermediate Ballynashandrys and Ballymooneys, and he generally finds Bally (whatever its termination) disappointing.

There are at the present time 1900 miles of railway at work in Ireland, of which 500 miles only are double, the remaining 1400 running mostly through a country of the character we have described, and finding a *single* line of rails usually rather more than the traffic requires.

This system is in the hands of thirty-nine distinct companies, each with its own board, secretary, and staff, and each (for the most part) making it its object to work as awkwardly as possible with its next neighbour. These lines have been constructed at a cost of twenty-

seven and a half millions sterling, or an average of fourteen thousand pounds per mile,—a price much below that which we have got into the way of paying for our great English railways; but at which the thirty-nine Irish railways, nevertheless, cannot be considered cheap articles. Indeed, we suspect they are thirty-nine articles to which no one of the subscribers any longer pins his faith,—the Commissioners estimating the net divisible profits arising from the whole, and available for dividend amongst the preference and ordinary shareholders, at about half a million a year.

There are half a dozen independent companies in England each of whose respective capitals exceeds that of the whole of the Irish railways. The London and North-Western alone disposes of a net revenue of more than three times the amount which the Irish companies divide amongst them. The Great Western (whose forte, unhappily, is not revenue) finds work for 852 engines, while Ireland has only 461 within its borders.

The North-Western, with nearly double the capital, and more than treble the revenue of the Irish railways, is managed by thirty directors with a result of order and profit; and would (some people think) be managed still better if the directors were about half as many.

The Irish railways are managed by 333 directors, 70 auditors, 13 general managers, 35 secretaries, 17 accountants, 10 traffic managers, 35 engineers, and 12 storekeepers,—with the very natural result of bankruptcy to the shareholders, disappointment and irritation to the public, and, speaking generally, return of chaos.

Lord Clanricarde complained in the House of Lords, last year, that in very many instances the charges for the conveyance of goods from point to point in Ireland were actually higher than they were before railways were made; that cases could easily be brought forward in which the facilities of intercommunication formerly enjoyed by the public had been restricted instead of increased; and that the railway companies entered into agreements with each other, with canal companies, and steam-packet companies, which were most pernicious to the public interest.

His speech was the occasion of the Treasury issuing an instruction to the Commissioners to call for all existing agreements relating to traffic between the companies; and, though the copies of agreements appended to their report are few in number, there are instances enough in them to justify all Lord Clanricarde's strictures.

We find four of the Irish railway companies, for example, entering into an agreement (now in operation) to pay to a Glasgow steam-packet company the sum of 400*l.* a year, in consideration of the

steam-packets discontinuing their calling at Belfast, either on the outward or return voyages, between Morecombe and Londonderry. We find three other railway companies agreeing to pay a fixed sum to the Dublin Steam-packet Company, in consideration of the sailing of the steamboats being reduced to one trip each way between Dublin and Belfast *per week.*

We find other companies agreeing amongst themselves that traffic ordered by particular routes, which they favour, shall be booked through and its transit facilitated; but if ordered by certain other routes, which ought to be equally eligible, it shall be booked locally only, charged ordinary local rates, and (it follows, as a matter of course) subject to vexatious delay.

Similar agreements to facilitate the levying of black-mail on the public, and to prevent their being pampered by too many conveniences, might we dare say have been found without going so far as Ireland; and some of the Commissioners may have found it convenient that they were not called upon to express any opinion respecting them. It is well, however, that their existence should be known.

In all this there is nothing new—nothing which might not have been described in similar terms for many years past. Chronic disappointment on the part of the shareholders, chronic irritation on the part of the public, the maximum of charge for the minimum of accommodation, these have been the characteristics of Irish railways as long as they have existed, or nearly so.

There was, indeed, once, a time of brief happiness, which old shareholders yet remember, when good dividends were paid (out of capital), when the public were sanguine that the millennium had actually commenced, and when the fear of Parliament appeared to be that Irish, as well as English, shareholders, Jeshurun-like, might hereafter wax too fat and become unmanageable.

To meet that contingency, an Act was passed in 1844, reserving to the State a power of compulsory purchase of all lines sanctioned after that date, at the end of a certain period, and on certain terms into which we need not enter. Under the terms of this Act, 900 miles of Irish railway became purchaseable on the 1st of January, 1869, and the rest of the Irish lines (with an unimportant exception of a few miles made before 1844) will, from time to time in like manner, become at the disposal of the State.

The circumstances under which the Government have to decide how they will use their option are as different as they well could be from those the legislators of 1844 contemplated as a possibility. It

is not a question now of taking up undertakings out of which proprietors are making too good a thing. It is a question of trying whether, by a totally new system of working, such undertakings may be just made to pay their way. It is a question, further, if even a little loss might not be wisely risked by the State in view of the development and progress of Ireland.

The first point which the Commissioners had to consider, therefore, was, what prospect the Irish railways have of amelioration from within, and they hardly conceal that they estimate such prospect at "nil." The traffic increase for the last three years has been so little in itself, and accompanied, if not caused, by so considerable an increase of capital expenditure, that net earnings may be considered to have remained stationary. The companies are, in fact, in a vicious predicament. They know quite well that their income can only be increased by a large and general reduction of charges, which for a while would involve them in loss, and from which their lines would need time to recover. They know that, if they fail to meet their debentures and fixed charges, that law of credit which declares that "so long as a man can pay he need not; but as soon as he cannot he must," will bring them down as unrelentingly as the law of gravitation, and land them in the Bankruptcy Court. In short they simply dare not reduce because they cannot possibly tide over the time necessary for their reductions to take effect.

The Irish companies, in short, and the Irish people, have about resigned themselves to the continuance of general paralysis throughout their railway system, unless a stronger power than their own take the whole matter in hand.

The arguments, so far as we have heard any, against interference, seem to be always based upon false premises, and on analogies which do not exist. The true objections to the measure have, in fact, yet to be brought forward, and do not appear to be quite ready.

A cry is attempted to be raised that the Irish question is not merely what it seems. We are told that behind it stands a much greater question entirely unconnected with Ireland. That there are distressed companies in England and Scotland. That if the State reaches out its hand to the Irish companies, it will be called on by-and-by to take an equally paternal interest in the Chatham and Dover, for example, in the Great Eastern, the North British, and other undesirable properties. That for these and other reasons the proposed step is, *un premier pas,* to be by all means avoided.

The short answer to all this is, that there is really no analogy at all between Irish and English railways, and that the absence of this

analogy has always been recognised,—that what is proposed is no first step at all,—that Ireland has always been treated in the way that a rich country in good credit treats its poor and undeveloped dependencies,—that on this principle the State advanced large sums of money for the construction of Irish canals and the improvement of Irish river navigations. On the same principle it has from time to time advanced loans to the Irish railways (and stands their creditor now for upwards of a million), without which loans many of them would probably never have been made. In short, if any analogy does exist between Irish railways and those of any other country, that analogy is to be sought in Canada, or in India, where we have already, with the very best results, long since accustomed ourselves to the intervention of the State.

The arguments in favour of interference are, on the other hand, strikingly obvious, not the least being that the State can do, without ultimate loss, that which the companies cannot do at all.

Mr. Monsell calculated the market value of the railways in 1867 at 19,500,000*l.* Mr. Laing put it at 20,000,000*l.* The net revenue is given now at 897,502*l.* per annum, twenty-five years' purchase of which (in accordance with the Act of 1844) would be 22,437,550*l.*, to which would have to be added something small for lines now producing no net revenue. Taking the cost at 23,000,000*l.*, and putting the interest on that sum as high as 3½ per cent., the annual charge is 805,000*l.*, leaving a clear profit on net revenue of 92,000*l.* per annum.

The Commissioners, after certain calculations of another kind, name the sum of 88,000*l.* a year as what they think may be saved by the State from the amount now paid by the companies for borrowed money, and 32,000*l.* a year as the saving to be effected by the concentration of management.

The late Mr. Dargan, many years ago, calculated that from 100,000*l.* to 120,000*l.* a year might even then, when the system was much less extensive, be saved by consolidation.

These several estimates, made by different men on different data, correspond, it will be seen, with remarkable closeness; and there can be little room to doubt that if the railways were taken as they are, and continued on the present tariff, they would leave a certain amount of profit to the State,—such profit arising entirely from the high position of the national credit and the advantages of concentration.

The question, therefore, is narrowed to the consideration of what amount of temporary loss, for the good of the Irish people, may be

involved in a very great and general reduction of charges, and how long it may take to enable the growth of trade to overtake that loss.

It is to this part of the subject that the second Report of the Commissioners is almost entirely devoted. The comparisons which are drawn, and the calculations, which are tabulated with much minuteness, relate almost entirely to the railways of Belgium, where the means of locomotion, both for goods and passengers, are cheaper than in any other part of Europe.

The main lines of that country, after being constructed by the State, have been for upwards of thirty years entirely under State management.

Where lines have been constructed in Belgium by independent companies, the tendency has always been, and still is, towards amalgamation. Comparatively few of the lines are worked by the owning company, the greater part of those not belonging to the State being worked by one of two large companies formed specially for working the Belgian railways, or by foreign companies whose own lines are chiefly beyond the Belgian frontier.

Both the people and the Government of Belgium are so well satisfied with their experience, that the question is now under discussion of an immediate purchase of all the railways belonging to independent companies, so as to vest in the State the exclusive control over their traffic and charges.

The lines now owned and worked by the Belgian State have a mileage of 535 miles. They were constructed at a cost of a little over ten millions sterling, the money for making them being borrowed, on the principle of redemption by periodical payments. For many years, while the lines were still uncompleted and their traffic undeveloped, expenditure exceeded receipts; for the last sixteen years, however, the balance has been a steadily increasing one on the other side, until, not only have the accumulated losses been all wiped off, but at the present time 19 per cent. of the original cost has also been redeemed. There seems every reason to believe (judging by the recent rate of development of traffic), that by the year 1885, at latest, the whole of the capital of the railways will have been repaid, and the State will be at liberty to apply the revenue derived from them to the reduction of taxation.

No part of this history is more encouraging than that of the great checks which, from time to time, have been given to the increase of receipts by reduction of charges, and the way in which revenue has recovered from such checks. In 1852, the receipts exceeded the expenditure by only twenty-eight thousand pounds. In 1854, that excess

had increased to a hundred and fifty thousand. In 1855, a very great and general reduction in the rates for goods traffic was made; and in 1856, the receipts showed only sixty-seven thousand pounds increase over expenditure. From that time the traffic steadily developed, until, in 1864, there was an excess of three hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds. In 1865 and 1866, reductions, on an equally liberal and comprehensive scale, were applied to the passenger traffic. The excess revenue fell again to a hundred and eighty-three thousand in 1867, with an enormous *increase* in the number of passengers carried. For the whole of 1868 the returns are, of course, not yet available; but, as far as they have gone, they show a progressive recovery, which is perfectly marvellous, and bids fair in the result to exceed that which was formerly shown by the goods traffic.

The principle which has been so successfully adopted in all these reductions is, that the charge per mile shall decrease in proportion to the distance travelled; a natural principle, which obtains more or less on all railways, but on no other system has been carried out so thoroughly. The Belgian Minister of Public Works sums up the result of his operations by saying, that in eight years the average reduction in the charges for goods traffic has been 28 per cent.—though, on some descriptions of goods, it has been as much as 80 per cent. That the public have economised upwards of 800,000*l.* on the cost of carriage, while the Treasury has realised 231,240*l.* profit, after paying the cost of working, and interest of new capital.

It is, however, in passenger fares that the meaning of high or low always comes home to a community most intelligibly. And even before the recent reduction took effect in Belgium, the scale of charges was such as to make an English or Irish passenger envious. The old—and, as it is now considered, exorbitant—charge in that country was, for first class, 1¼*d.* per mile; second class, a little less than 1*d.*; third class, about ⅝*d.* The effect of the reduction which has been made is shown thus on a journey of 155 miles:—First class is reduced from 16*s.* to 6*s.*; second class, from 12*s.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*; third class, from 8*s.* to 3*s.*

At these rates, a third class passenger would travel from Birmingham, or Worcester, to London for 2*s.* 6*d.*; a first class passenger for 5*s.*

In Belgium, third class carriages are also attached to express trains, at an increase of 20 per cent. upon ordinary third class fares.

These reductions, for the sake of experiment, have not been applied on all Belgian railways alike, and an official report gives statistics showing the increase of traffic both on lines to which the

reduction has been applied, and on those to which it has not. The increase in the number of passengers carried on those lines where the reduction has been made averages 92 per cent. On those lines where the fares remain unaltered it averages 2 per cent.

The pecuniary result of the reduction of fares for the year ending 30th April, 1867, was a loss (in comparison with that of 1866), of 71,000*l.* In the next twelve months this was more than recovered, by an increase of 82,000*l.* The returns for the year, which will end 30th April, 1869, are waited for with confidence.

Unhappily, however, we cannot change Ireland into another Belgium by adopting a Belgian tariff, the circumstances of the two countries being widely different. While Belgium is the highway of the transit trade to Germany, and the great European Continent, Ireland has a trade which is almost entirely local and agricultural. While Belgium teems with coal and iron, Ireland is poor in those great sources of national wealth. While Belgium has 442 inhabitants to the square mile, and sees its population rapidly increasing, Ireland counts only 171 to the mile, and sees that number dwindling. While the thirteen largest towns of Belgium show a population of nearly a million, and are near to each other, the thirteen largest towns of Ireland show a population of three hundred thousand less, and are wide apart, with a thinly scattered intermediate peasantry. The population of Ireland in 1841 was upwards of eight millions, now it is five and a half.

These, certainly, are grave facts, and calculated to check the most sanguine. But, on the other hand, the shipping of Ireland exceeds that of Belgium tenfold, pointing to a vast agricultural trade. Those who know Ireland well, speak hopefully of the prospects of development of its minerals, if capital can be tempted into the country. And, surely, the fact of one-third of its people having left it within the last twenty-eight years is enough to warn us that no experiment must be left untried which may help to keep the remaining two thirds from following them.

It is impossible for us here to follow the elaborate comparisons made between the present charges of Ireland and Belgium. Every newspaper has made known the substance of the recommendations with which the Commissioners conclude their second Report. They are clearly of the opinion, which has already been expressed by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Laing, that, if anything is to be done, it must not be a little thing; and that a *slight* reduction would be simply so much money thrown away. The scale of passenger fares which they propose for Ireland is as nearly as possible that in operation in

Belgium *before* the late reductions—1st class, 1¼*d.* per mile; 2nd class, ¾*d.*; 3rd class, ½*d.* The reduction proposed in goods traffic is almost as comprehensive. We do not like their recommendation to make no distinction between "long" and "short" traffic. But their suggestions are on the whole so good, that we do not quarrel with them for being no better. That the reduction is liberal, is shown by the estimate that the loss it would involve in the first year would be 645,000*l.*, or 42 per cent. of present gross receipts; against which, of course, has to be set the saving of 120,000*l.* gained by reduction of staff and rate of interest, leaving the estimated net deficiency for the first year 525,000*l.*, if the traffic should remain stationary.

No one, however, can suppose for a moment that the traffic would not exhibit a considerable and immediate increase; and we are justified by all experience in expecting that this increase, though not in so large a proportion, would afterwards continue year by year.

In short, the conclusion to which the Commissioners have come after very careful consideration is this:—that

"At the expiration of *eleven years*, the receipts from the increased traffic will be of sufficient amount to pay all working charges, cost of increased rolling stock, siding and other accommodation, interest on borrowed money, and on capital advanced to meet losses incurred during the eleven years' period, and leave a balance in favour of the Exchequer."

In the twelfth year of working the clear profit to the State is estimated at 50,000*l.*; in the thirteenth, at 90,000*l.*, and so increases progressively,—the calculation being made on figures which even the least sanguine would scarcely think too high.

Such profits, when they arise, would, of course, be available for repayment of money advanced during the period of loss.

During that period of loss it is worth remembering, too, that the Irish public would pay for the increased traffic of twelve years 12,000,000*l.* less than they would have paid at existing rates; receiving thus a remission of taxation, in its most direct and sensible shape, to the extent of a million a year.

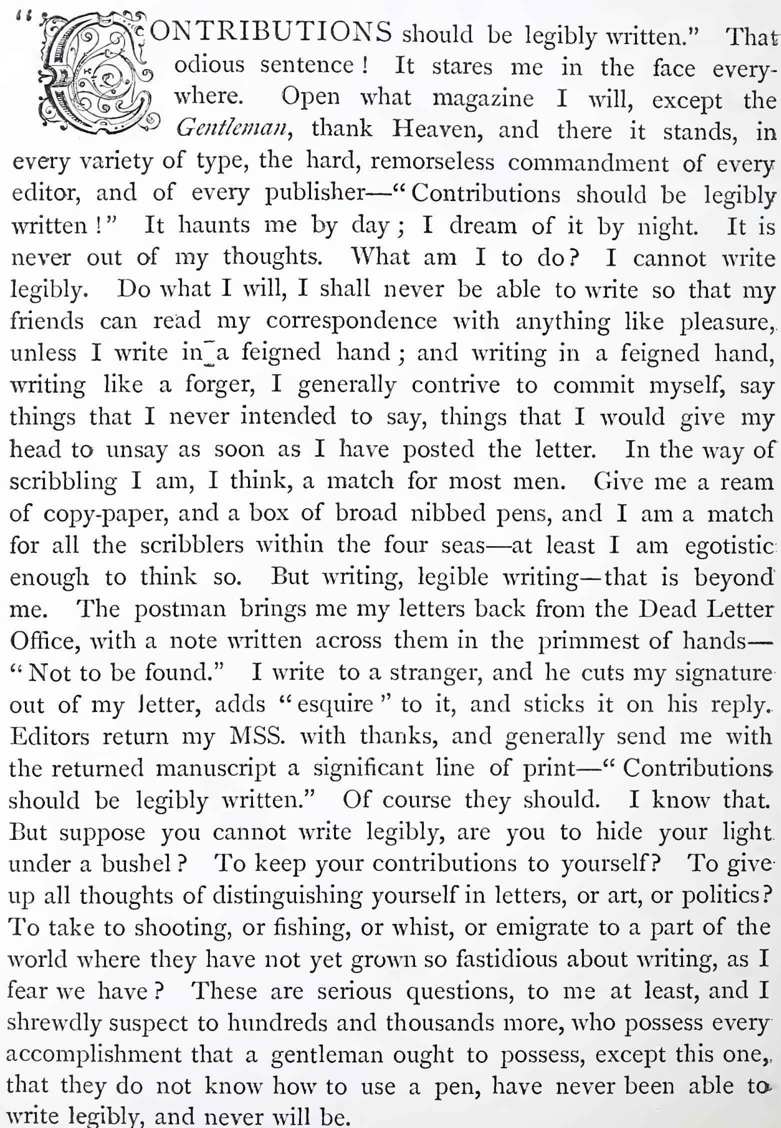
Such results are surely very appreciable, and by no means Utopian. The indirect good which would be done to Ireland by a judicious and generous settlement of the railway question, is a good equally appreciable and still more certain; but its value cannot be expressed in figures.

We believe that those who are likely to oppose the adoption of a comprehensive measure are mainly influenced by a groundless fear of the possible evils of Government management, and by jealousy of the

increase of State power and patronage. It is to be remembered, however, that State ownership does not necessarily imply State management, against which, indeed, the present Premier has expressed himself in the most emphatic way. There could, of course, be no difficulty whatever in arranging for the management of the lines by an independent company. It is not our province to pretend to say precisely what form Government action should take. Even Mr. McLaren's scheme of a compulsory amalgamation, with management by Commissioners, and a division of earnings on the basis of past averages (the principle, indeed, on which the amalgamation was based by which the English North-Eastern was constructed) is better than no scheme at all. We only say that, let Government do what they will, they cannot possibly, in doing it, commit so great an error as they will commit if they do nothing.

ROBERT HUDSON.

Why do we Write?



"CONTRIBUTIONS should be legibly written." That odious sentence! It stares me in the face everywhere. Open what magazine I will, except the *Gentleman*, thank Heaven, and there it stands, in every variety of type, the hard, remorseless commandment of every editor, and of every publisher—"Contributions should be legibly written!" It haunts me by day; I dream of it by night. It is never out of my thoughts. What am I to do? I cannot write legibly. Do what I will, I shall never be able to write so that my friends can read my correspondence with anything like pleasure, unless I write in a feigned hand; and writing in a feigned hand, writing like a forger, I generally contrive to commit myself, say things that I never intended to say, things that I would give my head to unsay as soon as I have posted the letter. In the way of scribbling I am, I think, a match for most men. Give me a ream of copy-paper, and a box of broad nibbed pens, and I am a match for all the scribblers within the four seas—at least I am egotistic enough to think so. But writing, legible writing—that is beyond me. The postman brings me my letters back from the Dead Letter Office, with a note written across them in the primmest of hands—"Not to be found." I write to a stranger, and he cuts my signature out of my letter, adds "esquire" to it, and sticks it on his reply. Editors return my MSS. with thanks, and generally send me with the returned manuscript a significant line of print—"Contributions should be legibly written." Of course they should. I know that. But suppose you cannot write legibly, are you to hide your light under a bushel? To keep your contributions to yourself? To give up all thoughts of distinguishing yourself in letters, or art, or politics? To take to shooting, or fishing, or whist, or emigrate to a part of the world where they have not yet grown so fastidious about writing, as I fear we have? These are serious questions, to me at least, and I shrewdly suspect to hundreds and thousands more, who possess every accomplishment that a gentleman ought to possess, except this one, that they do not know how to use a pen, have never been able to write legibly, and never will be.

I have heard illegible writing justified as a mark of genius. That of course is a very flattering theory. I wish I could think it true. But like most of these flattering theories about disagreeable eccentricities, it has one fatal fault. It is inconsistent with notorious facts. Men of genius do not, I believe, as a rule scribble. They write legibly. Thackeray we all know was a beautiful penman. He prided himself on his writing. He could write the Lord's Prayer in a legible hand on a bit of paper not bigger than a sixpence. I never heard that Charles Dickens had a contribution returned because it was illegible. "Douglas Jerrold's copy was almost as good as copperplate;" and my friend, who, in his own graphic style, is sketching the career of "Christopher Kenrick" in these pages in a masculine, clear, and flexible hand, tells me that one of Jerrold's friends, "Shirley Brooks, writes plainly, and with very little revision." Lord Lytton's manuscript is written in a careless scrawl, but it is not illegible, though from interlineations and corrections, perhaps now and then puzzling to printers; and Mr. Disraeli writes in a large and angular running hand, legible enough if not particularly elegant. And most of our leading politicians are excellent penmen. Mr. Gladstone seems to write as he generally speaks, in a hasty, impetuous manner. But with all his haste and impetuosity his writing is perfectly legible. It is an Oxford hand. Lord Derby writes, what I may perhaps call, an aristocratic hand—at once elegant and legible. Lord Russell writes a ladylike hand. It is like everything else about the Earl, small, and occasionally puzzling, but not inelegant. Mr. Bright's letters are as distinctly and regularly formed as this print. Lord Stanley's despatches are as legible as large pica. You may run and read them. Every character is fully formed; every "i" is dotted, every "t" crossed. You will find no sign of haste or slovenliness in his MS. I might go on in this style through a dozen more names. But it is not necessary. I have cited enough cases to prove my point, that illegible handwriting is not a mark of genins, or even of superior intelligence. I know, on the other hand, that there are many men of genius who write and have written execrably. Sir John Bowring is one of these. It is said that Lord Palmerston once sent back an important despatch of Sir John's to China, with a request that it might be copied in a readable handwriting; and Lord Cowley, our late Ambassador at the Court of France, wrote so hastily and so illegibly that Lord Granville, I believe, once asked his Lordship to keep the originals of his despatches for his own information, and send copies to the Foreign Office. "Lord Lyttleton, who moved a clause to the Reform Bill that nobody should

have a vote who could not write a legible hand, writes so illegibly that the clerks at the table could not read the resolution which he handed in;" and Christopher Kenrick adds, that "Tom Taylor writes as if he had wool at the head of his pen." And these men are the types, I fear, of a far larger class than the first set of politicians and authors whom I have enumerated. In this age of haste and hurry illegible scrawls are the rule, and plain intelligible handwriting, handwriting that it is a pleasure to see and to read, the exception; and it is in the interest of the mass of the scribblers and scrawlers that I ask this question—Why do we write at all? But not in their interest alone, for it is a question that must often suggest itself to the minds of the plainest of writers, to authors, critics, and journalists, to politicians, and clergymen, and men of business—Why must we write? for there is nothing over which more time is now needlessly wasted, and, what is more, generally time of the highest value, than in the work of transcription, either for the press or for the business and correspondence of life.

Remarkable as this age of ours is for many things, perhaps there is nothing by which it is more distinguished than by the variety and ingenuity of the devices that have been struck out from time to time to economise labour. Half the powers of nature have been pressed into our service. We have made the sun our artist. The lightnings of Heaven are our messengers. Walk through our manufactories at Leeds, or Manchester, or Birmingham, and see what the ingenuity of man has done to lighten the burdens of mechanical labour. Look at our steam engines, at our Nasmyth's hammers, at our automaton machines, working with a regularity and precision that almost bespeak life and intelligence; and one is lost in admiration of the diversified ingenuity of the human intellect. But take up a pen in the first glow of enthusiasm to describe what you have seen, and how sharply, how exasperatingly you are brought to a stop! You are full of thought. You are teeming with information. If you could only stereotype your facts, if you could only photograph your thoughts, what a vivid and eloquent paper you might write! You touch a pen, and the inspiration is gone. Ere you have written a dozen lines your enthusiasm has cooled, your facts are all in confusion, your thoughts have all vanished. The charm is broken; and you throw down your pen in disgust. What is this mystery? That you are not a trained writer? That you have no imagination? That you do not understand the art of expression, are not a master of picturesque and vivid phrases? Partly this, perhaps; but partly and mainly, I believe, the mechanical difficulty of writing. You cannot

crystallise your thoughts as they arise, and then reproduce them on paper in all their original freshness by the slow mechanical process of writing. To do this you must go through the drill of a Roman soldier. You must accustom yourself to work in heavy harness—must go through a process of severe mental discipline.

The art of writing is, I believe, the only art in which we are still two or three thousand years behind the age. Except that we have abandoned papyrus and the stylus, and now use paper, and either a grey-goose quill or a Gillott's steel pen, we are still as Plato and Aristotle were. Except that we have ceased to use parchment, we are still in the state of the old Saxon chroniclers, still in the state of the clerks of mediæval times, to whose industry and skill in penmanship we owe those illuminated MSS. which are the admiration of scholars and archæologists, and the envy of every law stationer in Chancery Lane. Why is this? Why must Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley still labour over their histories as Herodotus and Tacitus did over theirs? Why must Tennyson still sit at his desk hour after hour writing out those Idylls of his, as we know Virgil sat down to write his, as we may, perhaps, presume Homer sat down to write out his battle pieces, his description of Achilles' shield, and his account of the parting of Hector and Andromache? Why should Mr. Stuart Mill still be chained to his desk for the best years of his life, in order to present the world with a system of political economy, and a system of logic? Why, in fact—and this is my point—must we still write out our thoughts as Aristotle wrote out his thoughts? Why does the pen still lag far behind thought? Why do our thoughts still outstrip our power of expression by the slow and tedious process of writing? Does this slow and tedious process represent the highest attainable point of human intelligence and mechanical ingenuity? And are we doomed in this go-a-head age of ours to waste years and years of our life in what, after all, is only clerks' work?

It is easy enough to translate thought into action. Generally it requires only a word. Look at that picture of Kinglake's, of the Emperor Nicholas sitting alone in his solitary and plainly furnished room, and governing his vast Empire by a telegraph needle. A few jerks of the handle, which governed the action of that needle, transmitted an order from St. Petersburgh to Sebastopol or Warsaw, to Siberia or to the army of the Ukraine; and half the diplomatic and commercial correspondence of Europe is now transacted through the same agency as the Czar governs the destinies of All the Russias. Provinces are bought and sold, the fate of millions is fixed, as far as it can be fixed by kings and governments, treaties are negociated,

war is declared, or peace is proclaimed, by a few mystic symbols flashed along a coil of copper wire, stretching through thousands of miles of ocean, across deserts, and over great continents. Yet with all this the man who wishes to speak to his fellow men through signs like these must still give up hour after hour, week after week, often year after year, to the work of writing out his thoughts in a set of hideous hieroglyphics. Look at the Duke of Wellington's despatches! What hours of dull, hard, mechanical work those volumes represent! And all those hours were either hours stolen from sleep or from the time that ought to have been given up to health and relaxation. They were so many hours taken out of the writer's life. Looking at those volumes one wonders how the man who found time to write all these despatches found time, also, to fight all the battles that he fought, and to look after the ten thousand trifles in the management and control of his army, which we know he did look after, and upon which his success in the field frequently depended. It was the same with Napoleon. He worked at his desk like a clerk. He was hardly ever without a pen in his hand, except when he was in the saddle. Perhaps Wellington and Napoleon might have economised their own labour a great deal more than they did by the employment of secretaries, although, as it is, they kept their secretaries generally as hard at work with their pens as they worked themselves.

But the highest kind of literary work cannot be done by the aid of secretaries. I know Sir Walter Scott could walk about his study at Abbotsford, and dictate chapter after chapter of his novels to an amanuensis. But Sir Walter Scott is the only man I know in literary history who could do this. Charles Dickens tells us that when he had made up his mind to write a Christmas story, he shut himself up in his study for six weeks, put his whole soul into the work, and came out again looking as haggard as a murderer. And that is the condition under which most literary work must be done. Take Macaulay's History. It was the pride and pleasure of his life to write this; and we all know with what ambitious hopes he looked forward to the accomplishment of the task which he set himself—to bring down the history of his country to a period within the memory of men still living, and with what bitter regret, after years of labour, he narrowed his hopes to the reign of Anne. It must be a saddening sight for any man who knows what literary work is, to look through Macaulay's manuscript, to run his eye through his first rough draft, "absolutely illegible (as Prescott tells us) from erasures and corrections, *cle* standing for castle, and all on that plan," to contrast that with the fair copy which he afterwards made with his own hand for

the printers, and then to think of the hours and hours of labour, of downright mechanical hard work, of what I may perhaps call mere clerks' work, which that rough draft and fair copy represent.

I know Macaulay's style is in the highest degree artificial, as artificial as Charles Dickens's; that it is not a style in which any man could write, as Sydney Smith, for example, wrote many of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, with his girls around him in the drawing-room of an evening, chatting over the last novel or practising a new piece of music on the piano; that it is not a style in which any man could have dictated a single page to a secretary, for it is a style which must have involved constant revision, alteration, and recasting of sentences. But if Macaulay could only have poured forth his vast stores of thought, of anecdote, and of historical information, in the sparkling and epigrammatic English in which he talked at Rogers's breakfast table, he might have left us a complete work instead of a mere torso, or might perhaps even now be among us to enjoy the splendid fame of the most brilliant of historians. But, tied down to his desk, compelled to draw up first a rough draft of his work, and then to rewrite it by the slow and tedious process which, under our present system of writing, must characterise all work which is to live and to be read as we still read Tacitus, and Horace, Milton, Shakespeare, and Scott, those hours which might otherwise have been devoted to original research or composition were necessarily pre-occupied in the work of a copyist.

Of course there is short-hand. That is, to those who can use it, and train their thoughts to express themselves in its characters, a vast economiser of labour. But man, after all, is a creature of habit, and to most men thinking in short-hand would be about as hard a process as thinking in French or German instead of their native tongue. Perhaps, with practice, a man might accustom himself to think in short-hand, just as he may accustom himself to think in French or German, and then, having disciplined his thoughts into this habit, accustom himself to dictate those thoughts to a short-hand writer. This plan is practised to a large extent in the conduct of commercial and legal correspondence. But that, after all, is obviously a round-about way of economising labour. In point of fact, it is a plan for economising the labour of an author at the expense of a secretary—transferring the mere clerk's work from the author to a clerk; leaving precisely the same amount of work to be done, only leaving it to be done by two sets of hands. Perhaps that might be better than the present system, for it represents a better division of labour; but there will still remain the same amount of work to be done. You cannot

hand your short-hand notes to the printer. They must still be copied out as of old; and this brings me back to the question which I wish to raise—Why must we still write? Why cannot an author sit down in the full flood of inspiration, run his hands over the keys of a writing machine and, like Liszt, play off, impromptu, an article for the *Gentleman* or an essay for *Once a Week*, or a chapter in his novel, say a love scene, a quarrel, a murder, or a bit of dialogue? Why should he be compelled to sit down at a desk and, pen in hand, go through the odious penal labour of writing out his thoughts by the present process of transcription?

The orator, in the full flush of excitement, stands up in the House of Commons and pours out in an hour a stream of argument, wit, eloquence, and epigram that he could not write out in long-hand in five or six hours. Contrast Charles James Fox in the House of Commons, speaking that splendid speech of his on the Westminster Scrutiny, with Charles James Fox in his library, writing his "History of the Revolution." On his legs in the House of Commons, addressing Mr. Speaker, his thoughts are as free as air: he touches every note in the gamut of eloquence, is overwhelmed by his flow of words, electrifies his hearers by his passion, his logical keenness, and his wit, and pronounces a speech that will live as long as the English language. Sitting quietly in his library at Holland House, with nothing but the "bust of Pallas" before him, or the portrait of Addison, and with books only for his companions, the brilliant and practised orator of the House of Commons writes what is, to my thinking at least, the least readable book ever written by a man of genius. With a pen in his hand Fox, who in the House of Commons never wanted a word, and rarely wanted the right word, was continually being brought to a standstill for want of an apt phrase to express his ideas, had to cudgel his brains for the word he wanted, had to go out and stroll about the garden with a note-book in his hand, to collect and systematise his thoughts, and often only got through a single page of his work in a day.

Of course, there are many men who are the exact reverse of Fox in this—men who, if you only give them a pen and a quire of foolscap, will sit down anywhere,—in the cabin of a Cunard steamer crossing the Atlantic, or in the morning-room of a club,—and write as freely amid all the hubbub of conversation as if they were in their own study; and yet these men, if you ask them to say half a dozen words in the form of a speech at a dinner table, will be almost flustered out of their wits,—will hesitate, and hum and ha, and throw their thoughts together in a manner which might excite the derision of the orators of the Temple Forum. Theodore Hook was one of these men.

He could write a squibbish article for *John Bull* anywhere: in a smoking-room, at a breakfast table, in a travelling carriage, or in the sub-editor's room. He talked at a dinner-table, like Foote, till fox-hunting squires laid down their knives and forks to listen; and after dinner, with a select circle, he would get on the table and go through a parliamentary debate upon any topic that might happen to be uppermost, mimicking the tones, and gestures, and language of Peel, and Canning, and Palmerston, and Grey, and their companions, with marvellous fluency and skill. Yet this man, after all, could hardly put together a dozen sentences in the form of a speech of his own in acknowledgment of a toast to his health at a lord mayor's dinner. And Theodore Hook is only the type of a class. I know a journalist of note, a brilliant writer, a deep thinker, a man who possesses, probably, as keen and vigorous an intellect and fluent a pen as any man on the press, who once came forward as a candidate for the representation of a great commercial constituency, which, if intellect and information were all that is required in a parliamentary representative, few men could have more fittingly represented, and ruined all his prospects by sheer incapacity to give expression to his ideas—ideas which, with a pen in his hand, he could have worked up into a thoughtful and striking political article.

Probably all that Theodore Hook needed to make him a ready and sparkling debater, an orator, like Sheridan, at least, if not an orator like Fox, was a little of that practice which developed the genius of Fox and Sheridan alike; and it is possible that, with a corresponding practice in the opposite direction, the great parliamentary orator might have trained his literary faculties till they were as powerful, as elastic, and as bright as even those of Gibbon or Macaulay. But, as a rule, a man who distinguishes himself as a speaker rarely makes any mark as a writer; and there are few great writers who have distinguished themselves as speakers. Macaulay is a case in point. His speeches on the Reform Bill are equal, in point of literary beauty, to any of his essays, and superior, infinitely superior, to the general run of the Liberal speeches that were delivered on this topic. Yet we know that those speeches made but a very slight impression on the House of Commons, where they were originally delivered; and even, after years of practice, Macaulay never distinguished himself as a parliamentary debater. The reason is obvious. It lies on the surface. It is the business of the writer to concentrate his thoughts. It is the business of the orator to diffuse his thoughts. In speaking a man gives rein to his fancy, to his imagination, to his wit, to his passions. He abandons himself, like Pitt, to the inspiration of the scene and

the moment. In writing a man must reverse all this. He must restrain himself. He must keep a check upon his faculties, control his imagination and his passion, curb his wit, and develop, by a slow process, the thoughts that in the orator flash and coruscate upon the fancy for the moment and are gone. Compare an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the Irish Church, with a speech of Mr. Gladstone's. The speech is delivered in a couple of hours. The article is the work of a week. Yet, in both the article and the speech the question may be discussed from the same point of view, the line of argument may be identical, the facts and illustrations the same. Yet what a mass of labour, of downright hard work—and much of it mere clerk's work—there is in that article in comparison with the speech. You may think out an ordinary newspaper article in a quarter of an hour. It will take an hour and a half, at least, to write it, and, possibly, double that time. You see clearly enough, beforehand, the line of observation or criticism you mean to take. You know the points you are going to work up to. You are at no loss for ideas. You have an ample command of apt and vigorous language. Yet, for want of an easier and more expeditious code of signs than that which we possess at present for the expression of our thoughts, a man must spread out what ought to be the work of only a quarter of an hour into, perhaps, two hours and a half.

Or to vary the illustration, look at the work of our parliamentary reporters. What an immense, what a needless waste of time and labour is there in this! In reporting you have the notes before you. All you have to do is to write them out for the printer. Yet to do this all our daily papers have to keep in the gallery of the House of Commons a staff of ten or fifteen men, men for the most part of high education and trained skill; and here they are all through the Session, night after night, writing out in long-hand, at the rate of, say, a column, in three hours, speeches which they have taken down at the rate of perhaps three columns an hour. It is plain that this ought not to be. Supersede our present system of long-hand writing and you save a third at least of this labour at once. It is, I know, a great deal easier to throw out an off-hand suggestion of this kind than it is to suggest a code of signs for the supercession of our system of long-hand writing. Yet no one who knows how our system of telegraphs is worked need despair of one day seeing the dream of a universal system of short-hand realised. The printer is the weak link in the chain of our present system. It is for him that all the labour of transcribing short-hand notes and rough drafts has to be gone through. A reporter may now walk into a telegraph office

at Liverpool, Leeds, or Manchester, and read off to the clerk, at the rate of perhaps fifty or sixty words a minute, his notes of a speech of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright; and at the other end of the wire in Fleet Street or the Strand, a little needle plays off the mystic signs in a series of dots. To the telegraph clerk these dots are as intelligible as the short-hand notes which they are reproducing from the reporter's note book. He can read them off as easily as he may read this type. But you cannot pass these slips of dots to the printer. They must all be written out for him in long-hand. Why is this? I have answered the question by anticipation. It is the printer's fault. He can read almost anything in the way of manuscript that is legible; and I speak on this point with experience, and therefore with feeling, for I owe more to the compositors than most men. But at present they cannot read signs, hap-hazard hieroglyphics, or telegraphic dots; and this is the point to work up to, the object to aim at in any future attempts that may be made to economise the labour of transcription in the preparation of our newspapers, or in general literary work. Educate the printer to read a system of signs like those which are now read off at sight by every clerk in our telegraph offices; and a reporter with a bookfull of shorthand notes may sit down with a transcribing machine and work off a speech of three or four columns in the time that he now takes to write out a third of that amount, a leader writer with the speech passing through his hands in the form of a telegraph strip of paper, may turn to another instrument and work off his comments in the form of an article, and a critic fresh from the opera or the theatre may play off a column of compliments or criticism without even taking off his gloves.

An ingenious Yankee, I see, has done something towards realising this pleasant dream of mine. He has taken the type-setting machine, which made its first appearance, I believe, at the Exhibition of '51, fitted it up with an electrical apparatus, and brought it to such a degree of perfection mechanically that the reporter or editor may take his seat by the side of the instrument, and set up his own report or article in type, or if he wish, instead of setting type, produce a matrix—by operating a series of arms and levers, having type attached, and made to strike upon a moveable plastic surface, from which a stereotype plate may be cast ready for press in a few minutes after the composition of the article or the delivery of the speech. But this is a plan for superseding the printer altogether, and though it is possible that we may do that one day, I have no hope that it will be done in my time. No; what we ought to work for is a plan for abbreviating the labour between the writer and the printer.

That is the weak part of our present system. The printers will take care of themselves; and in their own good time, no doubt, hit upon a plan for lightening their labour. But if we strike too high, if we try to supersede the printer, and to make every author his own compositor, we shall in all probability fail in our purpose altogether. Trying to kill two birds with one stone, the chances are that we shall miss both; and, after drifting about for years, still find ourselves labouring at the oar as we are to-day.

What I wish to see—what I hope yet to see—is a system by which we shall be able to translate our thoughts into intelligible signs as fast as we think—a system by which we shall not be compelled to stand pen in hand, hesitating, and stuttering, and stammering over a thought, or an epigram, or an argument, working it out, as we do at present, by the slow and tedious process that has frozen the genial current of so many souls. It is this labour that spoils style. How few men write as they talk! How few men write as intelligent and well-bred men talk! No doubt, take us all in all, we write better now than perhaps we ever did. We are easier, freer, more colloquial. Our style is more like our conversation. It has lost its stiffness and starchness. Possibly, too, it has lost some of its point and condensation. Thought is thinner. But at least our light literature is not now what it was in the days of Wyndham—confoundedly hard reading. It is, on the contrary, I think, speaking generally, of course, agreeable and suggestive reading; for hard thinkers have of late years discovered the art of expressing their thoughts on paper in the easy colloquial style in which they talk "over the walnuts and the wine" after dinner; and all that we now want to make this style as free, as piquant, as playful, and crisp as the conversation of keen wits and thoughtful intellects at a dinner table, or in a club window, is an instrument to supersede the present system of writing, and to realise the—I hope—prophetic aspiration of the learned and accomplished Jesuit, Famianus Strada, the aspiration of every man who knows anything at all of the labour of writing, and the aspiration probably of many who do not—

> "O utinam, &c.,
> Consecraremus calamum, magnetis ad oras."

That hope is now nearly three centuries old, but even yet I do not despair of seeing the Poet Laureate presenting his pen, as a votive offering, on the shores of Magnesia, and winning for himself an everlasting name as the last of the poets who used a steel pen or a quill.

CHARLES PEBODY.

Weeping Stars.

HEN New Years come the merry night
Bids all the stars to smile in space;
But when the old ones take their flight,
They stand in tears upon her face.

Yes, yes in *tears* for what we see
We may believe. Behold they weep,
At least it seemeth so to me,
As here I lonely vigil keep.

There is a sympathetic bond,
Linking all matter unto mind;
And objects near with those beyond,
A truth which he who seeks may find.

Things seen and unseen have their times
And tides of feeling; and the years
When flitting, pause, to list the chimes
Which fill the stars' bright eyes with tears.

To some the sun is but a seed
That blooms in the diurnal air;
I look upon the tiniest weed,
And recognise a sister there.

And loving all things for the love
Which all things seem to bear to me;
I comprehend why stars above
Have souls of finest sympathy.

Edward Capern.

Steeple-Chasing.

NOT many years ago we remember, as, doubtless, will many readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, to have heard and seen English commerce described, neither inaptly nor untruthfully then, as "The Juggernaut car of this country, beneath which the bodies of men, women, and tender children were ruthlessly cast year after year, as the only means by which the wheels of the huge machine could be made to move for the advantage and benefit of the individuals who constituted the commercial community of this country."

In those days, not yet so very remote among the past illustrations of our then much-boasted civilisation, there were no enactments to restrain the individuals whose interests propelled that English Juggernaut; and, had the latter been so left to the unchecked exercise of their selfish will and ways, the hecatombs of British children alone, sacrificed to their rapacious lust of gain, would soon have culminated in an aggregate infinitely more numerous than Superstition ever cast under the wheels of the Juggernaut of the Hindoos.

In the England of the present day there is yet another Juggernaut, which, set in motion from February to December in each year, moves through the length and breadth of the land, remorselessly crushing out beneath its wheels one of the noblest races of horses ever founded by the art of man. Though differing in the victims utilised and immolated, the motive-power that propelled the English Juggernaut of the days to which we first alluded, and that which sets in motion the wheels of the present one differ in little.

Within the last twenty years, the increased passion for gambling, which had brought Englishmen of all classes to consider their once duly-esteemed and noble breed of race-horses in no better light than as instruments for its sordid gratification, has become the dark brand on our national character; and finds writers who, in designing flattery of the popular vanity, ascribe the all-pervading frenzy of the day for the sport of horse-racing, now supplemented with the mercenary horse murders of the civilised barbarity called "Steeple-chasing," to the pre-eminent national quality and ethnical attribute

that distinguishes the English people as "the most horsey nation upon earth."

It has been, perhaps, somewhat cynically, though not altogether untruthfully, observed by a modern writer, that the appetite and digestive powers of the ostrich are as nothing compared to those of national self-love : it may, therefore, be inferred that the attribute of pre-eminence in horseyness was one to the especial taste of a vast majority of readers of all classes, who would accept that dictum of the discerning scribe as praise in the highest; and quite exculpative of any excess of a quality so distinguishing according to their notions in a national point of view.

The meaning which the writers intended to convey in that refined vernacular of the stables was, doubtless, most comprehensive of all that in the present day the "stable" recognises as denoting the close propinquity of social relationship in tone and manners that has of late years elevated it to that equality of footing with the higher classes of English society, which the intimate association of interests and a congenial standard of thought and action have conduced to as a result so natural, and illustrative of the so-called "levelling-upward" principle of the times we live in.

That it should be thought, moreover, to imply a host of very creditable characteristics, honourable alike to the individual and the nation at large, was as doubtless, also, the writers' object. It would, of course, be considered a trite and racy denomination, universally understood to express the all-surpassing ethnical attribute of propensive love and affection for the equine race, which is coincidentally inborn in every Englishman with his attributed belief that, as a Briton, the unerring knowledge of the nature and faculties, physical and moral, of the horse is native to him beyond all men upon earth; enabling him to discern and estimate their merits or defects at a glance, and to measure their capabilities and power of endurance with a judgment and humane regard for their conservation unequalled by any other people, as demonstrated by his conception of the uses to which the Creator designed their generous instincts and noble powers should be applied.

That the thus proclaimed discovery of a national quality so comprehensive could be turned to account by those who had the cunning to manipulate this modern phrenological development of the English cranium, may be inferred from the constant attribution thereto of the increasing passion for "the manly and healthful sport of the steeple-chase," and the ardour with which its honours are emulated for by "gentlemen riders" in the present day, despite the puritanical

carpings of a Christian humanity, and of that hyper-refined sentiment which would deprive a sensational-loving public of an amusement so disinterestedly proffered both by the caterers and the performers.

But, happily for our nation's repute, many English gentlemen, in the sense in which that designation still implies all British-born men bred in that regard for the principles of honour which makes gentleness and manliness twin feelings, and rectitude of thought and action the rule of life, judged differently of this assumed pre-eminent attribute of our horseyness in the present day: nay, more, who cordially agreed also with the opinion recorded last year by the undergraduates of Oxford in their Union Debating Society, that, the "turf" as at present conducted, was undeserving of the countenance and support of Englishmen.

But it is far from our purpose to descant here upon the "turf" *in* and *per se*, as an institution perverted from its original commendable purposes. The sordid vice which bred the misuses, unprincipled devices and degrading contaminations that of late years have been let in from all sides at full flood upon the "turf" by the apathy of those who have its curatorship and administration will be its own and *best* physician, or like most other great vices, bring its avenging Nemesis. To these, in the opinion both of well-wishers and impartial men, they are best left.

There are, nevertheless, sides of a popular sport, however perverted, as of many other things, which are more accessible to amendment and the influence of the logic of facts when these bear less directly upon the whole, than upon an excrescence of later growth that has been allowed to disfigure it; the conservation of which is not only unnecessary to the interests of the thing itself, as an originally constituent part of it, but seriously detrimental to them. Our object, therefore, in the present instance was more especially to show by such facts as are incontestible, the deplorable error committed in past years by the members of the Jockey Club in permitting the unsportsmanlike excrescence of the inhuman Steeple-chase to be engrafted upon the "turf," as a constituent part of that once esteemed, and yet redeemable national pastime.

Though the origin of abuses, as well as of uses, is a subject of some interest to those who consider progression in its true light, of a series of ascending or descending consonances, as worthy of notice in the customs of a people as in the products of nature, yet our space does not permit us to trace back that of the modern steeple-chase, which years before that expressive name had been assigned to it by the

journalists who chronicled some of the sporting incidents of the early part of the present century, had here and there, perhaps, frequently, at the close of the preceding one, its suggestive type, as regards the primitive form of the thing; though far from foreshadowing the extended sense of its modern corruption, and practices in such unsportsmanlike counterfeit of the spirit of the old English riding to hounds which "gentleman riders" of the present day affect is simulated in the steeple-chase.

Towards the close of the last century, when the infusion of the Oriental blood of our thorough-bred coursers, whose powers of speed and endurance were not then as of late years called upon and used up in the years of their equine childhood and early adolescence, had imparted its ameliorative and invigorating influences to our breed of English hunters, wager-matches between such of the latter as exhibited the combined qualities of jumper, weight-carrier, speed and endurance, were naturally enough made now and then by their respective sport-loving owners, in the same manner as the annals of the turf show that the owners of race-horses were then frequently wont to do at Newmarket and Doncaster, on the flat.

From those incidental wager-matches between the improved English hunter of the close of the eighteenth century is distantly and faintly reflected the origin of the present numerous steeple-chase meetings, wherein oft-times twenty horses and upwards, the majority bred for, and trained to flat-racing alone, to four, five, and six years old (with here and there, perhaps, a preliminary cross-country winter training of a few weeks only) are made, too frequently, to contribute towards the solution of the questions now often asked: "What becomes of the five, six-year old, and aged race-horses and mares which won a good repute as two and three-year olds? And how is it so few are now heard of winning races of note, or in training at those ages to contest them, when, in the natural order of things, their powers of speed and endurance, fairly husbanded by their owners, should be at their best?"

That steeple-chasing is of English origin and growth, and not an introduction to us from abroad, as was and still is the belief of many, there can be no doubt: and as little, that at the period we have referred to, indicative of its rise, that it sprung from a spirit of rivalry for notoriety, and pre-eminence, in such sporting feats as had gradually become the ambition of those country squires, who had little or no ability for anything else.

But in this kind of cross-country race at that period, it must be borne in mind, the obstacles were not as now *artificially* con-

structed and augmented; and the separate lines of progress pursued by the riders, were over such obstructions, as incidentally lay in their way,—greater or less, for one or the other as chance might have it. In that feature, therefore, the steeple-races of the period still retained some analogy to the fair cross-country riding of the hunting-field, and not as now, obstacles devised purposely by the study of man to augment the perils of the race, and humanely increase the obstacles beyond the leaping powers of an otherwise good and able horse!

The competitive spirit of the class of country gentlemen and sporting characters who in that day, also, hunted more for the sake of the "hard-riding part" of hunting than from a genuine sentiment for the major interests which the ever-varying events of the hunting-field afford to the real lovers of the sport, found therein a suitable opportunity for the exhibition of what they considered the quality-criterion of a first-rate rider.

But these break-neck wager-matches were by no means, as now, the result of an established custom and organised system. They originated most frequently over the bottle, when the respective speed and fencing capabilities of two or more horses were disputed, and spontaneously appointed for trial, for a small stake on the part of the owners. Of the kind we may adduce the mad December night-ride in 1803, of the cavalry officers quartered in Ipswich, who, in their night-shirts over their uniform, with night-caps as head-gear, rode their weird, phantom-like ride of four and a half miles to Nacton Church for a "pony," as an example of the illimitable folly and recklessness with which, in those days of "barrack society" and *professional culture*, the English officer would seek an outlet for the effervescence of his animal spirits after the potations of the mess.

Though at the risk of being taunted with "dwelling upon a scent," we will readily incur it, from the conviction that, in the present day, alone by a reiterated and oft-recurring exposition of the sordid cruelty of steeple-chasing—the most disgraceful, modern-styled "National" sport of England—it can be duly held up to the execration of society, and run to earth like prize-fighting, as a stigma upon our civilisation. That we seek, therefore, in the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, to address this subject to the earnest consideration of that portion of society whose higher culture imparts to them a loftier sense of nationality, and of what *is* creditable or unworthy of being designated and upheld as a national custom, will, we trust, be thought no error in the choice of tribunal.

Denounced last winter in the columns of an influential public

journal some reminiscence of the disgraceful horse-murders of 1866 at the Croydon and other steeple-chases may yet linger in the minds of a few of our readers. But the frequency with which the like revolting circumstances have long constituted, and still form the distinguishing feature of this ignoble sport of English "gentlemen riders," has become so familiar in the numerous localities where they are "established fixtures," that the general public might be induced to believe from the few instances in which the disgraceful incidents attending them have of late years been exposed, that they are actually as popular with all classes of the community, as conducive to "the improvement of our breed of horses," and to the maintenance of "a healthy condition of the Turf," as their promoters pretend, in furtherance of their own mercenary views and interests.

We know, however, and the knowledge is derived from many trustworthy sources, that such is virtually not the case; and that in the same manner as the majority of the present day flat-race meetings are got up and prolonged to nearly mid-winter, solely in the interest of clerk, course, and stewardships, for the benefit of the owners of inferior horses, licensed victuallers, &c. &c., so these proclaimed popular exhibitions of unsportsmanlike and fool-hardy horsemanship, which so frequently convert the fair fields of Britain into a horse-shambles, owe their "get up" and increasing reproduction in the present day, to similarly sordid speculators, who under the specious pretence of gratifying "the popular demand for the sensational sport," do a good stroke of trade for themselves and their congeners.

Though few voices may have been raised of late years against the inhumanity of this practice, yet our readers must not therefore imagine it has attained its present pretentious legitimacy to the title of an approved English national sport, without loud disclaimer from many of our sporting countrymen in the past; for it has been sternly rebuked and denounced as barbarously cruel and unsportsmanlike, in days when those who countenanced it were much less actuated by the venal feelings of its present promoters and abettors. English gentlemen and sportsmen true, whose social standing and repute as bold but humane horsemen in the field, gave no little weight to the written expression of their sentiments, have recorded them without fear or reserve at a period of our social history when its deplorable practice had grown to the dimensions of a fashionable sporting frenzy, under the patronage of many of the highest noblemen of the land.

Those opinions have not only lost nothing in truthful force by the lapse of time, but they are as strong in cogency of reason and as applicable to the circumstances of the present day as they were to the occasions which then prompted the writers to make those opinions known, and thereby denounce to their countrymen the practice of steeple-chasing as disgraceful to our civilisation.

We consider it, therefore, in the light of a duty to hark back to the opinions of some of those authorities,—to adduce them here as well meriting to be recorded anew, and brought to the cognisance of such of the present day public who have a proper regard for the repute of our nation, for that manliness of character and intrepidity which are never more admirable and worthy of respect than when attempered by that merciful regard which, next to the sufferings of our fellow-men, extends to those lower animals that contribute so largely to our necessities, and to those rational uses and pleasures which are alone within the legitimate domain of their utilisation.

The steeple-chase installed at Liverpool, 1839, under the high-sounding but mendacious name of "Grand National," the now adopted titular style for every petty meeting of the kind got up, or of previous "fixture," near London and in the provinces, was the first high carnival of horse-murder [a] that exhibited those notable devices of prepense cruelty which have up to the present day been resorted to by the ingenuity of man to make the natural obstacles of the course "fitted for use," in the sense implying increase of peril to life and limb of his fellow-men and those of the horses. It took place under the patronage of a nobleman of exalted rank, and of the unreproving countenance of a large assembly of persons of both sexes of the most cultured classes of the land.

The civilisation of that day looked down upon the scene of human abuse of God's creatures without a blush of shame or a pang of remorse that they were there. But for the honour of our country, the voices of some English gentlemen were soon raised in stern reproof of its inhumanity. We pass over all further notice of the first "Liverpool Grand National," to reproduce an early evidence of such reprobation in a letter addressed to "Craven" for publicity in the periodical he founded, so ably conducted, and enriched with so many valuable contributions. It refers to an exhibition that came off shortly after, and which further contributed to make the third decade of the present century such an anachronism in the time reckoning of its improved civilisation.

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[a] The pace had been killing, and Dictator fell dead after taking a fence.

"*Harrold Hall, Bedford, March* 13, 1839.

"Sir,—I wish to record, through your widely-circulated pages, my sentiments of the painful exhibition I have this day, for the second time, witnessed—the Northampton Steeple-chase. The opinions I formed, on seeing the death of my old acquaintance, Grimaldi, at St. Alban's, in 1835, I have this day seen reason to strengthen; and I do hope that, as I have lived to see the commencement of this mad pursuit—I will not call it sport—so I may live to see its termination; as I boldly affirm that it is no criterion of the best horse, but a mere game of chance, and gambling transaction. From many quiet and observant farmers, I heard the following remarks:—'This is a cruel exhibition, with not one feature to recommend it; and if the good sense of Englishmen does not put it down, I hope the legislature will.'

"I will quote from a work now before me, language bearing entirely upon this point:—'The steeple-chase is a relic of antient fool-hardiness and cruelty. It is ridden at the evident hazard of the life of the rider, and likewise that of the life and enjoyment of the horse.'

"'Nimrod,'[b] my early acquaintance, has done honour to his head and heart in the recorded way he has expressed himself upon it; and it is the duty of every man, who values the most generous of all animals, the horse, to raise his voice against it.

> 'Woe worth the chase—woe worth the day,
> That cost thy life, my gallant grey.'—*Scott.*

But enough; my purpose is answered. If you insert this, let it appear 'literatim et verbatim;' my shoulders are broad enough to bear the odium.—Yours, a White Collar,

"JOHN HESKETH LETHBRIDGE.

"P.S. Notwithstanding the high bred pleasantry of Lord Chesterfield, I am bound to add; I believe the majority of the spectators were disappointed with their day's recreation (many disgusted). The third impediment to the horses was the river Nen, twenty-seven feet wide, and requiring an exertion of ten yards to clear; this reduced the field from twelve to two, who struggled on their tortuous course, Mason arriving at the terminus first, at a pace a fast jackass could have kept."

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[b] The *nom de plume* of Mr. Applebey, the well-known and much esteemed sportsman and *litterateur*, author of "On the Condition of Hunters," "Reminiscences of the Crack Riders of England," "My Horses," and other works.

The second Liverpool Grand National, in 1840, drew from "Nimrod" a public expression of his sentiments in regard to steeple-chases:—

"It is well known that I was never favourable to what is called steeple-chasing. In fact, I have always looked upon it as the most cruel, the most unsportsmanlike, the most cocktail pursuit ever entered into by English gentlemen; and more especially so by that portion which comes under the denomination of real sportsmen. Each succeeding year has strengthened the force of this impression; still, although I have occasionally given vent to its influence, to a certain extent, it is now only that I am induced to speak boldly out, in consequence of what has just taken place at Liverpool, in a disgusting exhibition of this nature, absurdly designated the 'Great National Steeple-chase.' I do this without the slightest apprehension for the result, from a confidence that I shall be backed and supported in my opinion and censure by nine-tenths of the true sportsmen of Great Britain and Ireland. Let us look at steeple-racing in all its bearings, and in all its repulsive forms.

"In the first place its cruelty. We can have no right or authority to call upon an animal—as we do in this case—to perform for us more than his natural powers, assisted by what is called high bodily condition, enable him to do, without extreme danger to his life, or, at least, great temporary suffering. Think of the number of excellent horses which have been sacrificed to this, miscalled, diversion! I am afraid to state the number, lest I should not be correct; but the list I possess is a long one.

"But these noble animals have not been sacrificed unheeded, or unlamented, by a vast portion of the public. The celebrated surgeon of Charles Street, St. James's Square, Dr. Wardrop, obtained the heart of one of the victims—the well-known and victorious Grimaldi, who died from a rupture of it, after passing the winning-post.

"'It was of uncommon dimensions,' said he to me, 'larger than that of Eclipse; but it could not stand steeple-chasing. It burst in the moment of victory!'

"Then what said Mr. Haycock to me? I mean the equally celebrated Leicestershire yeoman, one of the best sportsmen and horsemen of the day. 'In the last steeple-race which I rode,' said he, 'I saw three horses engaged in it, lying on the ground in the same field, and one, sitting up like a dog, with his back broken!! I have made up my mind never to ride another.'

"I cannot think steeple-racing can be classed among objects of amusement. It is a part of man's nature, unless he be one of the

corpus sine pectore kind, to feel sympathy for his fellow-beings, though strangers to him, when exposed to hazard of life or limb, which is assuredly their position in steeple-racing. Death, indeed, has ensued in two cases; broken bones in several; and others have received injuries, the consequences of which will be felt by them to the last hour of their lives.

"Next, let us look at steeple-racing as a field for betting. Why, it is nothing short of a matter of surprise to me, supposing all to be right, or 'on the square,' as the term is, that any man should risk a sovereign in so dangerous a game; still less, that he should back one particular horse, and at odds, against a field of a dozen or more, as Lottery was backed at Dunchurch. That he is a very superior horse, and had a very superior jockey on his back, does not admit of a doubt; nevertheless, an over-reach in deep ground, a mistake at a fence, or being knocked down by a competitor, are all chances against him, which do not exist in legitimate horse-racing.

"Press of time will not permit me to refer at length to the kind treatment of animals—the horse especially—by the Pagan world, both ancient and modern. But this much I will say, if steeple-racing and its abominations be persevered in, in our part of the Christian world, it will be justly subjected to the charge of cruelty, and of cruelty under the patronage and by the encouragement of those persons who, from their rank in life and their education, ought to be the last either to sanction or to encourage it."

We think these excerpts from "Nimrod's" recorded sentiments on the subject will convince every unbiassed reader by whom the knowledge of their expression may have been ignored at this distance of tiem. As was graphically conveyed in an eloquent leader of the *Daily Telegraph*, in July last (we quote from memory), cruelty is perpetrated by "no creatures of prey, they kill, and there's an end," but by man alone, in whom "it blasphemes and distorts the lofty gifts of intellect and reason." But in how much more, we ask, when perpetrated from lust of gold, under the specious pretence of a manly, healthful amusement, by men professing Christianity and the culture of civilisation?

Animal anguish so inflicted, and blood pitilessly shed under the influence of motive so sordid, and pretence so preposterous, "are never dumb." That they have pleaded "to the great and ever open ear of heaven," and ofttimes obtained in various shapes, a fearful retribution or life-long admonition, we believe, and could cite many instances that adumbrate such a belief. Let, then, we say, all men of

merciful minds unite to stop the further practice of cruelty in this country, in the savagely sordid sport of steeple-racing.

Of the ladies of England we ask, are you less gifted with those tender feelings of humanity which comprise a merciful sympathy for animal sufferings, than was evinced years ago by your sisters in Ireland, who refused to grace a race-course with their presence until the cruel practice of "heats," then customary, in steeple-chases was abolished? Emulate them, we pray you, ladies of England, by abstaining to countenance a "sport" in which man despotically inflicts sufferings upon the horse which are disgraceful to mankind; and by using your influence with your husbands, sons, brothers, and friends, to withdraw their countenance from the abominable practice of steeple-racing. Then, without appealing to the legislature for its suppression as disgraceful to our civilisation, the Christian nations of the western world, and the Pagan peoples of the east,—world-known from all time for their kindly usage of animals, and of the horse in chief,—will accredit the abolition from our land, of so cruel an amusement, to the generous spontaneity of the British public.

R. P.

Quoting and Capping.

FELICITOUS quotation is irresistible. All are alive to the subtle charm of it. The words quoted may simply be apt, as serving to express a thought forcibly or with neatness; but the mind will relish them from a quick recognition of that aptness, as well as from detecting in quotation a certain aroma of learning, analogous to the pleasant scent of Russia bindings in a library. A happier use of quotation is when it affects the mind like a pun, causing surprise or a lively sense of incongruity, and so affording unexpected pleasure. Of a yet higher order is the quotation so applied as to carry with it all the force of an epigram.

In any case quotation gives an agreeable mental stimulus, if it has only the merit of being felicitous. That is the point to be aimed at, and it is not to be reached without taste or culture. There is a quality in the human mind which enables it to derive pleasure from simple iteration. This is the secret of the charm of the *refrain* in song; it explains also why, on the stage, the repetition of a sentence gives it, in time, the piquancy of a joke. This quality accounts for the universal enjoyment of quotation. But to quote effectively is an art. He who ventures to quote should have a delicate perception of fitness, bordering on the fastidious. Not only should his passages be chosen daintily, but he should discriminate between kinds, and have an instinct in application. For example, the quotation which is simply used to give force to an expression or to help the turn of a sentence, must not be hackneyed. A certain amount of familiarity in its sound is well; that arrests the attention, and helps to give zest. But it should be more rare than that which is to be changed in the alembic of wit into something brighter than itself. Where a quotation is to be used in epigrammatic fashion, no matter for its age, or how common-place it may be, the manner of its use will give it a momentary freshness and brilliance of which it appeared incapable.

As illustrating the quotation in its simplest form, that is, as a help to the rounding of a period, I may cite what was said of Louis Philippe by an antagonist, in 1834, "He endeavours to steer between the two antagonistic principles of monarchy and revolution; he is,

therefore, obliged to appeal alternately to the one and to the other; his language is that of the bat—

> " 'Je suis oiseau—voyez mes ailes ;
> Je suis souris—vivent les rats !' "

As an instance in which force and intensity were the result of quotation, I may recall to the reader's mind Mr. Gladstone's application of a famous passage in Tennyson to Mr. Lowe's conduct in respect of reform. Admitting that Mr. Lowe was faithful to his principles, after a fashion, he said that—

> " His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

The effect of the passage was immense; but it will be seen that its sole merit lay in stating concisely and forcibly what it would have taken the speaker a very long time to have put into his own words.

Of quotation simply involving a pun, or play upon a word, an example was afforded in the House very recently, in the course of the debates on the Boundaries Bill. Mr. Bernal Osborne, speaking of Mr. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London, as the real presiding genius of the commission, said, "It appears as if the right hon. gentleman at the head of the Government was enacting the part of Hamlet, and, in his difficulty, said, 'Bring me the Recorder.'" The quotation was not exact, but the pun was seized on, and a burst of laughter resulted.

The epigrammatic form of quotation goes far beyond this. Here is an instance of it. In the course of conversation at a literary club, allusion was made to a member more remarkable for brilliance than principle; given to borrowing money, but above the weakness of returning it. "And yet," said a miserly old member, "I once lent him ten pounds, and he returned it." "Never!" exclaimed one of the listeners, "you—once—lent a man—ten pounds? Why this is history!" "Not the 'history' that 'repeats itself,' at all events," was the old member's quiet rejoinder.

There is a capital story told of a popular author, whose name I withhold, and respecting whom it will be sufficient to state here that he was educated as an artist, but afterwards devoted himself to letters. At a friend's house he one evening met a young painter, and the next day was anything but charmed to receive a picture by parcels delivery, accompanied by a note requesting a written criticism on it. The painting was execrable, and our friend at once returned it with an intimation that he was too busy to attend to the young man's request.

But the painter was not to be put down so easily. Next day, back came the picture, and another note, saying he was in no hurry and would be content to wait any time for the coveted criticism. A postscript intimated that it would be conferring an additional favour if the author would also furnish a motto for the work. Enraged at the fellow's audacity, our friend packed off the picture once more, and posted a letter somewhat to this effect—" I return your painting, neither having at present nor being at all likely to have time to give you an article upon it; but, as I write, a line from Tennyson occurs to me which you may take both as a criticism and motto. It is from 'The May Queen'—

" 'And if it comes three times, I take it for a *sign!*' "

The temptation to Scriptural quotation is to be avoided, though even the Puritans were not very scrupulous in this respect. I will venture to give two examples only. At the time of the Duke of Wellington's death, it will be remembered, Disraeli ventured to adapt from the French, as applicable to the occasion, an oration which had been spoken at the funeral of General St. Cyr. The discovery of the source of the oration raised a storm, which was all the more unfortunate as the Conservative party had sustained a series of mishaps just about that time. Who then could repress a smile, when there appeared in a Liberal paper an article on the subject with the motto, " But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs ? " The other quotation to which I have alluded was used in the course of a discussion on the irreligious tone of the newspapers of the day. " They not only do not help us," said a young clergyman, " but from their worldly tone, they actually stand in the way of those who seek to Christianise the nation." " Exactly so," retorted a clever young barrister present, " but it must have been always so, you know; you will see it recorded, 'They could not come nigh unto Him *for the press.*' "

At least half our popular quotations are from Shakspeare, and perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that of the Shakspearean popular lines half are from *Hamlet.* Poor Guest Tomlins used to tell an amusing anecdote *apropos* of this. During the run of Fechter's impersonation of the Danish Prince at the Lyceum, two languid swells, who were evidently quite in the dark about Shakspeare, occupied seats in the stalls. Having yawned through three acts, they exchanged views on the drama. " Haw—how d'ye like it ? " one asked. " Not bad," drawled the other. " No ! but—haw !—dooced full of quotations, aint it ? " Shakspeare's want of

originality has seldom been more *naïvely* commented on! Experience shows that there is hardly any phase of life, any modern invention even, to which the great poet's words are not applicable. This has been very aptly illustrated by an anecdote. A stranger at a club demurred to the assertion of an enthusiast that Shakspeare had anticipated the resources of our age so far as poetical description went. "How about the treadmill?" he asked, triumphantly. "In what words would you describe the feelings of a man sentenced to a turn upon that?" "Nothing easier," was the rejoinder. "Lear might have had it in mind when he said:—

"'Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!'"

A good instance of epigrammatic quotation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well-known as possessing, among other acquirements, an exceptionally great acquaintance with Shakspeare's works. He was present at Gore House one evening among a number of distinguished men, and as the Countess of Blessington saw him to the door on his departure, she said, "I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakspearean *mot* suitable to every occasion? Come; what have you to say now?" "Madam," replied Reynolds, without a moment's hesitation, "I take my leave

'Under the shade of melancholy *boughs*.'"

He *bowed* profoundly as he spoke, and went.

The very happiest quotation on record is recalled to mind by the death of Lord Brougham. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was a curious and significant fact that no prosecutor appeared, and it became most important to show that the king was the real plaintiff. Questions to witnesses bearing on that point were objected to, and Brougham in a memorable outburst indignantly protested against this, urging that, for all he could tell, the prosecution might suddenly vanish into thin air, since he knew not under what shape it existed—

"'If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,—
Or substance might be called that shadow seem'd;
For each seem'd either,—what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'"

The effect of this quotation, apparently so spontaneously conjured up in the memory of the speaker, yet so singularly apposite, was electrical.

Quotation reaches its perfection in capping. To cite a passage

in such a manner that by reason of the way in which it is used, it shall attain the point of an epigram or the severity of a sarcasm, is comparatively easy. But instances are few in comparison where the force of one applied quotation is destroyed by another, the adversary being overcome by a superior master of his own weapon. There occurs to me an illustration of what may be termed practical capping, that is, where an effect was destroyed, or sought to be destroyed, by an adroit attempt to "cap" it on the part of an antagonist. Every one recollects Burke's famous dagger-speech; that oration in which he gained so great an effect by working himself up to a fury, and then flinging a dagger at his feet on the floor of the House. That effect, they tell us, was almost destroyed by the happy audacity of an opponent, who, starting up at the moment, inquired, "Could the honourable gentleman oblige us with the *fork* also?" The romance attaching to the dagger was gone; the wit had reduced it to a mere dinner-knife.[a]

The best modern instance of capping was offered during the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill in the Commons some two years since. In the peroration of his speech Mr. Gladstone, modifying a famous Tennysonian passage, called on the House to

"make
The bounds of freedom wider yet
By shaping some august decree;
To keep the throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon the people's will."

The effect of this was very good till Mr. Lowe rose, and declaring himself equally desirous of securing peace and prosperity, demurred to the bill before them as unseasonable, and taunted Gladstone with being conscious of this when he mutilated the Laureate's stanza, by leaving out the very lines that expressed the true state of the case, viz., that stability and content were only to be secured to her Majesty's dominions, when

"Statesmen at her council met,
Who *knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand.*"

The records of House of Commons' debate are full of instances of

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[a] Speaking of knives, and to an extent *apropos* to this tale, I may mention that within the memory of a literary friend, this startling announcement was to be seen in the window of a public-house at the corner of Clare Market,—"To be seen within, the fork belonging to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab his Majesty, George III." Something like a curiosity, that!

capping, but it is chiefly in the way of quotation from the classics. It was the favourite amusement of a past time, when to quote an English writer was almost *infra dig.* The change of taste in this matter is worth noting. In our day Tennyson is quoted in the House as often as Horace.

Two words further in regard to quotation. A great point is that it should be accurate. Nothing offends the scholarly mind more than looseness in this respect. Yet there are some familiar lines scarely ever quoted correctly. Take, as an example, that from Milton's "Lycidas"—

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Almost invariably it will be found that "fields" is substituted for "woods." Yet this is done at the expense of the poet, who is virtually made to repeat himself, seeing that "fresh fields" is almost identical with "pastures new." Milton was the very last writer to fall into an error of this sort.

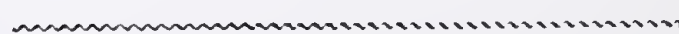
The most amusing instance of misquotation which has come under my notice of late is this rendering of the famous line in Keats,

"The owl with all his feathers *had* a cold."

The substitution of "had" for "was" is very simple, but how utterly it drives out the poetry!

While felicitous quotation is always attractive, there is nothing so offensive to good taste, as the habit of quoting for mere quoting's sake: the abuse of the principle as exemplified in feeble authors and writers of newspaper paragraphs. There is no justification for a style which is a mere mosaic of popular phrases. It is neither clever nor smart, and is probably merely adopted from poverty of idea and language. Or it may result from an indolent falling back on convenient forms of expression, since it is always so much easier to use the old worn coinage, than to strike out phrases fire-new from the mint of one's own brain. Whatever the cause, the effect is detestable. The reader finds himself in the position of a man crossing a turbid stream on stepping-stones, his anxious care being to hop from one quotation to another without endangering himself or his author.

WILLIAM SAWYER.



Morals of the Period.

IF there is any truth in what the papers continue to say, we are living in a time when the forces of morality are being relaxed in various directions. Admitting that there is a great deal of what might be termed professional misogyny at work in the construction of essays on women, there is no doubt whatever that in manners and dress ladies give some occasion for those wonderful anatomical dissertations which are vigorously read by themselves. To say nothing of the bold nomenclature of the modern toilette (which is very significant and suggestive), no one with the least experience of London society can miss perceiving the gradual slackening of the rules by which ordinary intercourse between ladies and gentlemen used to be regulated. This intercourse may be comparatively described as being as different from what it was, as the minuet from the waltz. And here we have more than an illustration. However we may get accustomed to the deux-temps or the polka, which is again turning up, we cannot cover the fact from our eyes that the licensed embracing permitted in round dances must, as a matter of necessity, disturb the purer instincts of a young girl in a manner which would cause our great-grandmothers to blush through their paint. We shall be told that to the pure and simple all things are pure and simple; but, as we know, this would be as good an excuse for any sort of immodesty that could be desired as well as for dancing. We do not complain of drawing-room dancing, we only point to its sensual development as a sign of the times, which must be taken into account.

It is also worthy of remark that the very best poetry of the day is strongly tinged with voluptuous colour. Without particularising, our readers can bring to mind numerous proofs of this assertion; and this voluptuous colour is quite new—as new as mauve or magenta. The elements which go to compose it entirely belong to this period, the sort of heat generated in it is produced from combinations which did not enter into the subtle chemistry of the writers of the Elizabethan, or any other era, in literature. In the first place, it is discharged of coarseness, it is prepared for delicate ears, it is carefully perfumed. Still there is in it the constant presence of a

sort of unconscious and indefinite body worship. The poet who writes of his mistress gets too close to her; he is no longer satisfied with comparing her lips to rubies, her eyes to stars, and representing his own condition as extravagantly affected by those attractions, he swoons and fumes, raves and pants, and in his paroxysmal fervour whips up his readers to a questionable sympathy with his emotions which it is not easy to describe. We are now putting an extreme example; but throughout the whole range of modern verse literature this kind of impulse is to be found. Even in the miserable words strung to drawing-room ballads the desire for intimacy and affection comes out in a style which indicates the ground that has been traversed from the time of Sir Charles Grandison to the present. All this is supposed to be carried off, or half-hidden in an aromatic mist of subtle and pathetic expressions. The age is honest, Greek, and natural; we are men and women under our clothes, insists the poet as well as the philosopher. On the whole, the effect of the belief is beneficial. It may be stated with perfect confidence that, taking the bulk of poetry and poetic taste as it stands, we may compare with the richest of times past, and this in some measure because so much has been handed down to us. But in the effort to be honest and true to nature, the minor versifiers commit excesses—they lose their heads where the stronger brains manage to keep cool; and the worst of it is, that there is almost as appreciative a public for the Philip who is drunk as for the Philip who is sober.

Turning to the stage, we find that the performances there almost require another Matthew Prynne, or Stephen Gosson to deal with. What a change from the times when men acted women's parts.

> "Of height so great, of limbs so uncompliant;
> When you called Desdemona—entered—Giant."

Now the burlesque ladies shuffle the gentlemen into petticoats, and appoint themselves in such a way as to exhibit their limbs and acrobatic powers to the best advantage. They sulk if not permitted to do this, and vie with each other in the boldness with which they now prance and gambol before the public. A step lower, and we come upon the ballet, which might be called the British Nautch. In this degrading show there is seldom an attempt at anything but a group in which the women incline towards a centre, with their toes directed towards the faces of the occupants in the stalls. If there is a variety, it may consist in the fescennine diversions of the *can-can*. There is no effort at artistic grace or study; each performer represents

> "A mere dancing girl who shows herself
> Nightly half naked on the stage for money,
> And, with voluptuous motions, fires the blood
> Of inconsiderate youth."

Not long since the writer of this paper went to study those social objects of natural history that abound in music-halls. He was then a witness for the first time to the contortions of a female acrobat. Of this lady, in the first place, it might be said that she would have been mistaken for a man had her demeanour been a little more modest, but she evidently knew the tastes of her audience. She crooked her knees round a stick, bent her spine over another, caught a trapeze handle with her chin—and the spectacle would not bear a detailed account. In another place the writer witnessed a play in dumb show, which resembled nothing so much as a Dutch farce described by Smollett. This was followed by the bringing forward of a brace of well known monsters, supposed to have been caught in a fabulous city. What struck him as remarkable about this disagreeable sight was, that the idiots were attended by a young lady dressed in tights and a short jacket, who held a wand in her fingers and pointed to the deformities of the gibbering little objects under her charge. Here was a stroke of genius on the part of the managers of the concern, indicative of a knowledge and experience of their age not often surpassed! It would be difficult to combine more completely provocatives for the most depraved appetites; and the consequence was that the drinking went on with the greatest briskness, and the sodden-tainted jokes became fouler and more obtrusive under the influence of the precious spectacle, in which lust and curiosity were tickled at one sight.

Can we descend to a lower deep? There is a newspaper from which the owner derives an income sufficient to enable him to keep an extensive country house, out of which we could take advertisements of the most shameless and abominable character. This diabolical broadsheet presents its myriad readers each week with a print of a choice murder, in which there is almost invariably a female as a victim. The artist not only represents the scene with all the horrors he can have the least excuse for inventing under the circumstances, but he makes it a point to expose the figure of the female subject with an indecency rendered absolutely appalling by the situation in which she is exhibited. This is the sort of seed upon which our gallows birds feed, and it is no wonder that they should be brutalised, until, in self-defence, we are obliged to have them flogged or hung. Throughout the purlieus of the town, in low

tobacco-shops, there is a current sale (never interfered with by the police) of papers devoted from beginning to end to sketching the adventures of street-walkers, and the modes by which they cultivated their profession. It is not within the province of this paper to refer to the Blueskin literature which accompanies these abandoned records, but in it also the evidences of a leprous impurity are distinctly manifest.

There was a notice in a recent number of this journal of a woman whose name has been as notorious as that of the once famous Anonyma. It may be remarked that there is in London always some person of the kind to wear the varnished honours of a queen in the *demi-monde;* but it is not so generally known that it is only within the last twelve months that a regular *demi-monde* class has sprung up in our midst. We borrowed the name, but we had not the set to which it applied. Our *hetæria* consisted mostly of ignorant girls from milliners' establishments, the daughters of broken down tradesmen, or domestic servants. From these the ranks of prostitution, both high and low, were mainly recruited. But, within a short period, a remarkable change in the manners and customs of this class showed the introduction of a different element. The women became more cautious in style, and were approached with much more audacity by their patrons. They fell into a kind of organisation, similar to what exists in Paris, and even contributed amongst each other to get up private balls, sending out invitations to those whose addresses they were acquainted with at the West End clubs. It will astonish some simple and old-fashioned people, who were in the habit of speaking of Doll Tearsheet, to learn that tickets for these festivals were not only sought for, but that the recipients of them had had their names scrutinised by a committee ; and so far from some young gentlemen hiding such favours in their pockets, they were glad to boast of them, and claim advantages over companions who were not sufficiently in the fashion to be so honoured. What this all tends to, we cannot venture to prophesy. Reckoning up these few facts, along with the amazing description of novels with which some ladies have favoured us, we cannot certainly congratulate ourselves upon the purity of our times, even when contrasted with others. We are not such hypocrites as our ancestors, that is the best we can say; and in some of our mistakes there is a leaning towards artistic truth and liberalism. But we badly want a reform in our amusements, and a decidedly more vigorous application of Lord Campbell's Act. That the theatres would not be worse attended if the actresses resembled ladies instead of nondescripts we may be pretty sure. The houses where dressed

comedy is sustained are well filled, and the managers have no cause to regret that they have depended on the brains of an author, instead of on the legs of a page, for attracting money to the doors. With reference to hot poetry, the evil will cure itself, and it is not an oppressive one just now; indeed, its follies often bring us more precious thoughts than the soberer movements of the cool Wordsworthian neophytes, who were satisfied with caressing clouds, where the modern rhymer proclaims his partiality for a mere woman. This is not an easy theme to pursue with safety and due candour in a periodical intended for general reading. I can therefore only hit one or two blots, but they appear to me sufficient to prove a state of things which English society would be all the better for alleviating, by peremptory and drastic treatment.

W. B.

The New House of Commons.

No. II.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE SESSION.

STRANGE and difficult to describe is the interest with which an old M.P. looks round the House at the opening of a new Parliament. Each man has an excited expression on his face, as if he had just escaped shipwreck himself, and knew that you, too, had had to fight for your life. There is, to discerning eyes, a murderous, wolfish air about the representatives of the people, as if each man had gone through a struggle for a plank or a hen-coop, and was obliged to drown somebody else to get it. That well-fed, vigorous young fellow on the bench below, after a sharp tussle, has submerged and put out of political life one of your dear old friends who was worth a dozen of him. Most men have stories to tell of hair-breadth escapes, excited contests, stormy meetings, sharp practices on the other side, spies in the camp, bottled-up voters, and the whole catalogue of election dodges. For the next three months the smoking-room will, from time to time, be in a roar with anecdotes of the late general election. If each member were bound to tell, or write, some amusing episode connected with his election, and Mr. Helps would lick it into shape, we should have one of the most readable books in the world.

The new men look with a certain defiant air at each other, and especially at the opposite benches, and the older members think the new a poor exchange for the old and well-remembered faces. So many have gone that the House hardly looks the same. Somebody declared that the Speaker rubbed his eyes on the first night, and could hardly believe he had not just come back from Australia; after a ten years' absence. Lord Hotham, the father of the House, precise, and somewhat punctilious, but courteous after the manner of the old school, will no longer defend the Horse Guards, and take part in discussing the Army estimates. Who is not sorry to lose General Peel, brother of the great minister, himself an able War-office

administrator, once spoken of as leader of the Conservative party in succession to Mr. Disraeli, whose frank, brusque, soldier-like speeches, flavoured with attic salt, were the delight of the House? Which of the new men can replace Bernal Osborne, the audacious farçeur, who has said more witty things than any man in St. Stephens, and whose wit generally sugars and enwraps a great deal of good sense and argument? Who will make up to us the loss we have sustained in Roebuck? that man of feeble frame and superb self-reliance,—the Alexander Pope of English politics, as Osborne is its Samuel Butler—atrabilious, irritable, sensitive, and egotistic; but spirited, pointed, and incisive? Who did not wince, if not quail under, that accusing fore-finger, pointed in turn at every part of the House, as he claimed to speak, with proud independence of party, in the name of the English people? Was any oration more simple or more touching in its pathos, ever delivered in the British House of Commons, than his speech on the losses of our army before Sebastopol? Samuel Laing may be, in the opinion of some, a self-seeker and financial adventurer; but who spoke on fiscal and financial topics with wider knowledge, or with greater clearness, and power of illustration? Edward Horsman's tall, gaunt figure is no more seen below the gangway, in the seat he coveted, but did not always obtain, next to the diminutive member for Sheffield. No more shall we hear his gloomy vaticinations, or his elaborate reviews of the political situation, to the discredit of everybody—his long midnight orations, heavy with the fumes of the midnight oil, yet polished by the file of the skilful rhetorician, and abounding in ingenious antithesis. Who, like him, can spend a month in writing a pamphlet of gloomy jeremiads, and can then come down and repeat two or three volumes of type without the omission of a word, and without assisting his memory by a single note? Of the loss of John Stuart Mill less need be said, because party politics may give him back to philosophy without a single regret, and because the insight he has obtained into the arcana of representative government may help him as much as Gibbon's captaincy of the Hampshire Grenadiers assisted the historian of the Roman Empire. Yet we miss the fine bald head, the thoughtful features, the profound attention, the encouraging "hear, hear," to the young Liberal member learning to think, and the pitying, compassionate smile, when Conservative orators undertook to quote him to his own confusion.

Nor, among lesser lights who have disappeared from the parliamentary horizon, can I forget that we have lost Sir W. Heathcote, the most gentlemanly of baronets, the amiable, fine-tempered successor

of Sir R. H. Inglis in the representation of Oxford University; William Jackson, a hard-headed, self-made man, who has written his name in the history of Birkenhead, and of many railway undertakings of the great railway time; ex-Lord Advocate Gordon, the most affable and successful of the recent possessors of that office; George Carr Glyn, the shrewd City banker and consistent Liberal member for Kendal; Sir George Bowyer, a constitutional lawyer and a Paladin of courtesy, although he did suit and service to one party in the guise of another; Henry Baillie, so long the Conservative representative of Inverness-shire, a clear, self-possessed speaker, who saw men of far inferior ability pass him in the race through some want of tact, or temper, or pliability; Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, most accomplished of Scotch members, who declined a peerage at the hands of Lord Derby, to meet with a humiliating defeat in Perthshire from an English stranger, the son of a Liverpool merchant; Mr. Smollett, descendant of the great novelist, a retired civil servant of "John Company," whose dry and caustic humour found vent in some remarkable speeches on Indian subjects and home politics; John Abel Smith, head of the great City banking firm of Smith, Payne & Co., in later days the pale, venerable advocate of Permissive Temperance Bills, but in his "hot youth" very near upon picking a quarrel and forcing a hostile encounter upon "Vivian Grey," when the latter first stood on the hustings at Wycombe; Poulett Scrope, one of the mildest-natured, most accomplished men in the House of Commons; Sir John Trollope, a model Conservative country gentleman; old John Steel, of Liberal Cockermouth, the best judge of port wine in the House, who succumbed, not to a husting's contest, but to grim Death. Tacitus says that "women weep for their friends, but men remember them." It is pain and grief to miss so many "old familiar faces" from the House; and the new men, however full of promise, do not as yet supply the void. Many of the men I have named have given the best years of their manhood and age to the House of Commons, and few men can adequately realise how much political experience and constitutional lore are acquired during this long period of parliamentary service.

After a General Election we usually reckon upon seeing about one hundred and seventy new members. In this Parliament the number is much exceeded. There were fifty-three seats redistributed by the Reform Acts. The new constituencies naturally turned their eyes to new candidates, and provided themselves with representatives known to the locality, who had not yet sat in the House. Hence it happens that well-known men like Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, and

Captain Hayter, drop out of the political firmament through disfranchisement, while the newly-enfranchised boroughs send us strangers and, so to speak, "nobodies." The result is, that we get the large number of two hundred and twenty-eight new members in the present House of Commons. New and often young faces occupy the seats which we have been accustomed to see sacredly reserved for the magnates of Parliament. The new men seem much interested and impressed by the *genius loci*, and faces of great intelligence and intellectual vigour are seen among them. They have their spurs to win, and they mean to win them. I never felt more certain of anything in my life than that the first Parliament after the new Reform Bill has brought a number of young politicians into St. Stephen's who will shed new lustre upon our glorious House, and become a part of its history.

There are more young Englishmen than ever who devote themselves to a public career. Do they propose to themselves a light task? Do no great social political problems demand from them a solution? Mr. Mill, in one of his earlier speeches, enumerated the great evils still waiting to be dealt with by the Parliament of this country. I wish you could print them in letters of flame, to attract the eyes of our young M.P.'s:—

1. The Curse of Ignorance.
2. The Curse of Pauperism.
3. The Curse of (preventible) Disease.
4. The Curse of a whole population born and nurtured in Crime.

I don't want to preach to our young Members, but I can't forbear adding a remark once made by the best nobleman of his day, who said that a young man who wished to be useful in his day and generation need not wish to be born in an age in which there was greater, graver, and more serious work to do. The Eydel family have, I admit, never made much impression on these deep-seated evils, but, for that matter, has any one else? They are somewhat out of my line; and I handsomely and unreservedly make a present of them to the young Members, evidently fond of hard work and full of hope and enthusiasm, who filled the benches of the House of Commons on the first night of the Session.

The first glance round the House was depressing. It seemed as if these strange faces had no right to be there, and to shoulder away such numbers of older, more experienced, and certainly better-known men. Not very pleasant, moreover, to a reserved and quiet man is the prospect of having to make the acquaintance of all these new Members at some time or other. But if the first aspect of the benches

was novel and strange, a second glance was more assuring. There is still a good store of old friends left. What hearty salutations and kindly nods of recognition sweeten this first night and many subsequent nights! No where in the world are more sincere friendships formed than in the House of Commons. In many cases, moreover, it is a friendship sharpened by the zest of absence and separation. You live on terms of unreserved intimacy with many of the men near you (and not a few of those on the opposite benches). You listen to the same speeches, rub shoulders in divisions, pass many weary hours in the same committee-room, meet at the same club in the morning, and the same "reception," the same dinner-party, in the evening, and discuss the same bit of gossip in the smoking-room or lobby of the House. Then comes the prorogation, which sends one of you to the West of England, perchance, and another to the North or East. Sometimes you exchange visits, compare notes about your respective places and property, and do a little shooting together. But, as a rule, you might as well both be dead and buried for anything you hear or see of each other in the recess. Then comes the first night of the Session, which restores you to your House of Commons' friendships, and to the golden balm of your existence. These are not men capricious in their attachments, but of proved stedfastness, upon whose good offices, kindness, consolation, and sympathy you may rely with unwavering faith. The grasp of the hand is brief, and the words of greeting are few, for it is *mauvais goût* to be demonstrative in St. Stephen's; but you promise yourself, I can tell you, many hours of pure and unalloyed social enjoyment with the brother-members of your set.

Nor are these friendships confined to the men who sit on the same side of the House. Many of the men opposite, whose cheers you fling back, and whose taunts you retort, are your very good neighbours and intimate boon companions. With them you lend and borrow, shoot and hunt, sit in judgment on poachers, highway roads, and county bridges, and with their families you marry and intermarry. There is usually a certain flavour of formality or punctiliousness in the intercourse of the men who sit opposite each other, but with a score of them you would trust your life, and to serve these you would go to Nova Zembla.

The House of Commons is in truth a great Club, and in this lies its secret charm. It contains infinite diversity of character for the man who studies life and manners. The British Parliament boasts among its members many of the finest orators living, and if Mr. Gladstone does not come up to your mark, a short walk along a

corridor will bring you within hearing of Lord Derby. House of Commons talk and gossip is the most delightful in the world. Everything else seems vapid and flavourless to an old M.P. It is abundantly spiced with the personal element, but it is redeemed from frivolity by the immense importance of the issues with which you are sent to deal, and the grandeur of the traditions which surround you. The House of Commons demands every year larger and larger sacrifices of personal ease and comfort from its members. But then every year it is growing in power, becoming more predominant in the State, silently dwarfing and menacing the Upper Chamber, taking into its own hands more and more of the duty of the Executive and Administrative, and transforming England into a virtual and unacknowledged Republic, tempered and adorned by a great and constitutional Queen, and regulated by the balance-wheel of an illustrious Second Chamber of rank, wealth, and vast social influence. We are all justly proud of our functions and dominating position, yet if I were disposed to moralise, I should say that never had a representative assembly in a Christian land less cause for overweening vanity and conceit, when we remember the depths of ignorance, vice, and wretchedness of large masses of our population.

The Treasury bench fills early, and its crowded state gives point and significance to Mr. Headlam's announcement, opportunely made to-night, that he will early call attention to the accommodation supplied by the present House, and to the report of his committee thereupon. When secretaries, and law officers, and under-secretaries are jammed together, so that there is hardly room for the Premier, Mr. Gladstone arrives, fresh as the camellia in his coat, and looking equal to any amount of work. He is cheered by his followers. The mover and seconder of the Address—in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, and the old court-dress respectively—are at first the observed of all observers; but they are comparatively unnoticed when two ministers are observed to be seated together, who raised terrific bursts of laughter and cheering at each other's expense only two or three sessions ago. Members gaze with unappeasable curiosity at the Right Hon. John Bright, President of the Board of Trade, and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer, who sit "cheek by jowl," as the vulgar have it, on the Treasury bench, and ever and anon exchange amicable remarks. We could not forget that the one had called the other the "intellectual gladiator" of the House, and that the "intellectual gladiator" had talked at his friend as a "mischievous demagogue." So much truer is it in politics than in friendship that you should

speak of your enemy as if he might one day become your friend, and of your friend as if he might one day become your enemy.

It is impossible to look along that first Ministerial bench without admitting the tremendous debating power and weight of the Treasury broadside. The Premier himself is a three-hundred-pounder, if that be the largest piece of ordnance known. Lowe and Bright have proved against each other the prowess which they will now employ —"how long?" it would be too curious to inquire—against the common foe. Cardwell, precise, clear-headed, and fluent; Coleridge, the silver-tongued; Layard, the impetuous and antagonistic "bull of Nineveh"; Moncreiff, the rotund and rhetorical Lord Advocate; Bruce, Goschen, Stansfeld, Ayrton, Baxter, Otway, Grant Duff,— these are colleagues of whom no Prime Minister need be ashamed. Nor is this all the debating strength at the back of the Premier. On the second bench are two ex-Ministers, not inferior in weight and ability to the best of his colleagues. Sir George Grey, fertile in resources and an experienced administrator, sits behind the Government to give it the benefit of his counsel; and next him is Sir Roundell Palmer, who has abstained from seizing the splendid prize of the Great Seal, because his conscience is tender in the matter of the temporalities of the Irish Church. Truly, Mr. Gladstone, when he looks down the Treasury bench, and casts a glance behind, may feel some confidence in the number, valour, and skill of the army he leads forth to battle.

Yet, when Mr. Disraeli rises to criticise the Queen's speech, how speedily he tranquillises the apprehensions of his friends. Under his easy, pleasant, almost patronising air, towards the Government, there lurks a consciousness of power which possibly occasions secret misgivings on the Treasury bench. It is impossible to deny that his recent tenure of power, his attainment of the premiership before the great orator his rival, his consummate tact, not only in managing his party, but in leading the House, have inspired his followers with increased confidence in his boundless resources. His brilliant success is just of that kind to nerve him to higher deeds of daring, to give new point to his sarcasms, and a higher flight to his rhetoric. He is himself a host, nor are his troops in other respects badly officered. If Lord Stanley declares upon any matter connected with foreign affairs, that our policy has been injudicious, the House of Commons will hardly believe Mr. Otway's assertion to the contrary. In Sir John Pakington and Mr. Corry, the new Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty will find critics who are not to be pooh-poohed, and who will insist upon economy being

attained without any diminution of efficiency. Mr. Hardy is quite a match for Mr. Bruce in Home Office administration, or Mr. Goschen in Poor-Law legislation, while he is a better debater than either upon church questions. Lord John Manners now and then dashes into a debate with no little success, and has made the rafters ring as loud as anybody, in his time, with friendly plaudits. Mr. Ward Hunt is a "general utility" debater, and is voted by everybody to be a pleasant, unassuming, good fellow.

Mr. Disraeli, moreover, has two ex-Ministers on a back bench, with whom he can trump Sir George Grey and Sir Roundell Palmer. Who has more weight with the House than old Mr. Henley? or who has greater credit for amiability and good intentions than Mr. Walpole? These two parliamentary magnates still remain constant to their third bench on the Conservative side. They sit together, and the ex-Home Secretary supplies the missing links which the deafness of the venerable Member for Oxfordshire causes him to lose. Mr. Henley's independence of thought and homely originality of expression always secure for him an eager hearing, and perhaps if Mr. Disraeli had his pick and choice of the men behind him, he would rather leave a Liberal orator in the hands of Mr. Henley than of any one else.

The strange aspect of the House this session is not a little increased by a new arrangement of the seats under and in the front gallery. The front seat on the floor of the House under the gallery has always been reserved for peers. Here, as the place of the greatest distinction and convenience, the late Prince Consort listened to Sir Robert Peel's speech on abolishing the Corn Laws. Here the Prince of Wales is found half-a-dozen times at least every year, and especially when the great debates of the session culminate in a division. Here, the Royal Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge take their places by his side. Now, royalty is driven from the floor into the gallery, and the peers must follow. Members have the first and greatest right to their own house, and as the Speaker will not hear of a new House of Commons in his time, declaring that it will be impossible to get a larger house, in which every one will be so well heard, and as the new Government refuse to find the money for a new building, Mr. Layard has set to work to gain thirty-six additional seats for members. The believers in omens must needs shake their heads over the fact that the first act of the new and more democratic House of Commons is to "turn out the Peers." The victims of this case of "eviction in high life" will be accommodated in the front row of the gallery, now allotted to ambassadors

&c., and a second bench also along its entire length will receive the overplus of peers and distinguished visitors. Royalty would much prefer to occupy the old seats, which were cozy and in shadow, and from which it could hold conversation with individual members, while in the gallery it will sit in a most prominent place, and in the flood of light which pours down from the roof. On the other hand, the royal princes will escape the seeming indignity and real inconvenience of being turned out of the House on a division being called, and of meeting a crowd of members at the door and percolating slowly through the assemblage until the hall outside was gained. The distinguished visitors in the Ambassadors' Gallery will not leave their places on a division; but the royal party have been able hitherto to come and go so quietly and unobtrusively during a debate, that they are likely to take the change to heart, and to be rather less frequent in their attendance in future. This we should regret, for the best orators, we observe, speak with more spirit and vivacity in the presence of the heir-apparent.

The debate on the Queen's speech was a contest with swords of lath. Of a very different character will be the debates to be inaugurated when this sheet meets the eyes of Mr. Urban's readers. Rapier and broad-sword, carefully polished and sharpened, will then be taken out of the parliamentary armoury. Ringing cheers on one side will be answered by counter-cheers on the other. The chiefs will taunt and mock each other, like those of Homer, and the whole nation will watch the fray, and array itself either on the side of Achilles or Hector.

Epicurus Eydel, M.P.

No Peace.

THE ashes of our perished sires
Are blown about, or damped by rain;
The earth is torn by sullen fires,
The ocean writhes as though in pain.
There is no peace; the winds are heard,
From east and south, and north and west;
The forests with the storms are stirred,
The clouds a moment never rest.

The mind of man is never still,
Weak men are smitten by the strong;
The sands are scattered from the hill,
And right is fettered oft by wrong.
The rage for conquest never tires,
And human lives like waves rush on;
While gold the hearts of millions hires,
Their idol and their greatest one.

Our virtues lessen, vices grow,
The voice of discord ever raves;
In many a sad and ghastly row,
War's victims sleep in nameless graves.
Where concord should abound there wakes
But fiery passion—hideous greed;
A turmoil as when thunder shakes,
The mountain and the river reed.

The moans of ocean in the night
Like human murmurs blend and sound,
As though in darkness, or in light,
Great misery grasped the whole world round.

The earth and sea alike are filled
With awful truths—with hopes and fears ;
The nation's cries are never stilled,
But roll through all the solemn years.

The discords of the great and small
Are mingled in one endless roar ;
Our hopes, like fire-sparks, rise and fall,
And reach the ravaged heart no more.
Things seem at rest that are not so,
There is no peace on land or sea ;
While centuries come, and centuries go,
Man's solemn woes will ever be.

S. H. Bradbury.

A Few Turf Memories.

No. II.

IT is difficult for any enthusiast to get away from his Doncaster theme. The Moor,—with its long line of stands; its historical Red House, where we have so often stood with poor Mr. Robinson, watching the Portland Plate horses marshalled for the start; and "the hill" which breaks the flat so beautifully,—looks more the real racing thing than any other course in the kingdom. The hill especially is big with the memory of Bill Scott. Here, in '37, his horse Epirus (belonging to "the remarkable young 'un," as he always termed Mr. Bowes) rolled into the ditch, and threw him into the course right on the track of Harry Edwards on Prime Warden. His collar-bone united quick enough, but when, next year, he was on Don John, the first St. Leger winner ever trained at Pigburn, and reached the spot once more, he sent out his horse as if with a savage determination to be by himself this time in front, and Lanercost and every horse in the race felt it "like an electric shock." The brothers Scott have always been specially connected with Doncaster, and it is no wonder that there is a regular rush from all parts of the Moor at the Tuesday morning exercise, when the Whitewall fly, with the white horse in, is seen coming across it to its well known post two distances from home. Perhaps The Wizard never surprised Doncaster much more than when Taraban, with poor Carroll up, took the lead at starting in the Doncaster Stakes, and won by a head. The chestnut was full of port wine that day, which he had drunk most greedily. They had tried whisky, but it passed off too soon; and they gave champagne in vain to General Peel between his Ascot Cup heats.

There could have been no finer treat than seeing Blacklock go the first two miles in 3·37 min. of that four-mile race over this course, in which he fairly galloped the St. Leger-winning Duchess to death. Old Yorkshiremen may well hate to hear him and his blood abused. They tell how he went four miles at the same pace without a falter, reaching further and further, as it seemed to their enraptured vision, at every stride. His queer forelegs and short tail, and "half-moon head," did not improve him, but his stride was what they loved.

Mr. Kirby used to tell us about him, as he did of his dealings with the house of Romanoff, and the great Scotch trotting match with Lord Eglinton's father in it; and once when we sought for a little more information about General Chassé, the old man rose from his chair, at eighty-five, collared us, and made us support him across the room, while he followed, lifting up his legs, to show how the chestnut stepped on ship-board, when they had blindfolded him, and he had become nervous by hitting the doorstep of the stable. Chassé was a savage, but there were many nearly as bad, and Major Yarborough (who was prone to hang erring greyhounds in the field) wouldn't have Dumpling back to Heslington when, after rearing, he knelt down and bit the ground at York till he was absolutely beaten from the starting-post with a rail. We do not remember to have ever seen any demur as to starting, at Doncaster, or any of those extraordinary waiting races, which sometimes occupy more than twenty minutes, because no jockey will make play. The present Duke of Buccleuch was quite puzzled when he once started the horses at Dumfries, and each jockey had orders to wait on the other. "*Go, go!*" said his grace; but a walk was the only response. "*Go along!*" "I beg your pardon, your grace," said "Sim," touching his cap, "when you've said '*go*' we can do as we like." "Oh, that's it," was the rejoinder; "I thought you were obliged to begin and gallop directly; so good afternoon."

Many old customs have departed from Doncaster, and among others, the late Earl of Scarborough's, viz., sending a subscription of 4*l.* every year to the race fund. Those were the days of race-balls and carriages-and-four with outriders, from the great county seats, all freighted with visitors to the stand. The cup was once simply a flagon of honour, and was handed round full of mulled wine at the race-ball. It was then washed out, and the clerk of the course took it round, and it was not unfrequently filled to the brim with fivers, one-pound-notes, and sovereigns, and the stewards made up the balance. The whole face of things seems changed since then. The club is deserted where there used to be such merry doings, and where a noble earl threatened to make old Artis, late at night, "a pale martyr, with his shirt of fire," because when he came down in his night things he didn't get a glass of whisky fast enough. Whole acres have been covered with fresh houses; an enclosure row is one in truth, now that Leadbeater, who could project his massive form into the thick of it, and fairly cleave his way to some wretched welsher at the core, is sleeping in a 6 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. coffin (as the sexton took care to tell us), not far from Vincent Dowling and

Little Joey Munyard, at Brompton ; and the secret of the sale field is thus defined by cynics : " Take chestnuts as big as a mountain and as much white as you can get on them to Doncaster, so that the buyers can see them well—those are the things to sell."

From Doncaster we get over the Trent, and away to Newmarket. We once walked across the country from Ely, and a weary dead level way we found it. Except as a quiet contrast, the heath never had the same charm for us as the two great northern meetings, as everything is changed since 1842, when the rail only came to Bishop Stortford. Conolly (whom we had seen the year before, the lion of the Wolverhampton meeting) died of brain fever that week, and John Day, Robinson, and Chifney, were all in the saddle. Old John won that day on Canadian, which was soon after the subject of an action against the fourth estate ; and we found " Old Sam " giving a three year old a bye-canter for Mr. Thornhill's benefit. " Crocky " was there with his expressionless face and glassy eye, and his roll of white linen round his neck ; so was " Crutch Robinson," with his broad Lancashire ; and Gully, upright as a life-guard and grave as a Denman, on his cob, by the side of the cords, with his card in his hand, and his cigar,—whose fire was as eternal as that of the Prytaneum—between his lips. Every ancient landmark of wood or brick was there then, little brick barns for weighing-houses, with windows like those of a bad cow-shed, mere pumps for betting places, on one of which Mr. Pedley's voice was often heard " supreme." The magnates of the Jockey Club had only the ring, a few country people, and the fowls of the air as their audience ; no cheap visitors to disturb their repose by defying Starling and his myrmidons. The present noble army of roughs was undreamt of, or in its boisterous babyhood somewhere. Mr. Thornhill could call up Chifney after the canter, to the side of his phaeton, of which he filled about five-sixths, and left a sixth for his wife, and talk without being earwigged ; and Lord Exeter looked almost happy with his clear cut, pale, patrician features, as he rode towards the Ditch stables, with Sam Darling, or Mann, at his side and his umbrella under his arm. " The Squire " could linger near the Ditch stables after the races, and have a trial, and scarcely a soul, save " a solitary horseman " trotting back to hall in Downing College, would see him. To particularise events is a bootless task. We never saw a finish for steadiness and measure like that of Chapple's on Landgrave for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and strange to say, the horse was subsequently stolen from Mr. Gratwicke. He was heard of on Salisbury Plain, but after that, all trace was lost. "Where did the dark brown go?

Gentle shepherd, tell me where?" The prettiest sight we ever saw there was Lord of the Isles, led dancing away with a perfect network of veins in his beautiful coat, after winning the Two Thousand, and the Marquis of Anglesea dashing after him like a boy, to pat his quarters. The saddest was Teddington, after he had been beaten under 9 st. 7 lbs., for the Cesarewitch, led off then and there for a race over the Beacon course, under 10 st., and pulling up with Weathergage, both broken down, behind Kingston. A brighter and more perfectly trained horse, to the eye, we never saw stripped than Blue Gown, when Wells and he joined company with Birdcage before the last Cambridgeshire. For Criterion excitement nothing equalled the day of Mountain Deer, when the little "Squire" almost went crazed, and galloped his pony into space, waving his stick and shouting when the colt went to the post.

Our first recollection of Epsom is in 1842, when the horses started out of The Warren, and the "Surrey căvalry" came charging over the hill to get a view of the race at both ends. Attila's beautiful white-reach head, of which old Herring was wont to speak with such rapture, was in front, some two distances from home, and the big brown Robert de Gorham, with a quart of Gorhambury ale inside him, essayed to catch him in vain. Job Marson, then quite a youngster, was third on old Mr. Allen of Malton's Belcœur, and the fourth horse, Lord Westminster's Auckland had a peculiar interest for us. As a yearling, he and a black filly were almost boiled alive, coming by the North Western, from Moor Park to Eaton. The latter was the most fearful object we ever beheld, and she soon died; but the colt ripened into Auckland, a pretty fair colt in his day. It was said that the railway were glad to compromise with the Marquis, and that 3000 guineas was the sum. Coldrenick was the bubble of that Epsom day, and Old John could not even make a decent fight of it up to the road, while the thin tailed Rover, with the ruby-faced Macdonald up, made a comical pair in the ruck. Sam Chifney and his nephew Frank Butler, finished together fifth and sixth, for when his uncle was concerned Frank's bump of veneration was large, and he always liked to be near him in a race, and take a lesson in the creeping business. None of those twenty-four jockeys take silk now, and fourteen are in their graves. Bill Scott, or "Black Bill," always looked remarkably well in Colonel Anson's "all white," as his dark complexion was such a fine contrast to his jacket. Attila did no good. We believe that he did not leave a foal in England, and that he died in the ship on his passage out. The 9 lb. extra at Goodwood, and the wanton cutting up which Scott gave him

on that occasion, virtually broke his heart. Herring and Lord Chesterfield quarrelled about his picture, and the former always calculated that taking the horse cost him 200*l.*

Those were grand days for the road. Each drag seemed to have a man on it, whose whole study had been neat chaff, and bad riders and policemen caught it heaviest. We were never more pleased than with the calm objurgation of the funny man to a policeman, who was talking to a servant-girl over a garden wall in Epsom :—"*Oh, Robert!*" As for an old lady who had got among the Philistines by mistake in the railway, when some one asked a wayfarer out of the window what o'clock it was by his gaiters, she went into such a fit of laughter, that her husband had to pat her back to bring her to. As regards scenes in the paddock, we have seldom seen a greater rush than there was when Voltigeur, the lusty hope of Yorkshire, showed there all "ready to go for't brass." We always think of poor Frank manœuvring to go last out of the paddock, on the little chestnut and the big bay, as Wells in the cherry jacket did in after years; of Beadsman, as the very plainest, and Wild Dayrell as the biggest of Derby winners; of Catherine Hayes, the very pick of Oaks mares, both in look and hill creeping; of Blink Bonny, looking short and ragged as a 30*l.* hack; of Kettledrum, with a skin like satin; of Ellington, looking as ill-natured as colt could do when he was saddled; of Blair Athol, who might, to the eye, have been six weeks in work; of Klarikoff, who was sold for 6000*l.*, smothered in a railway fire, and buried in a sand pit near Doncaster, before he was three weeks older; of Savernake, stepping proudly across the sward with his flag up, and looking very different to his potbellied Doncaster self; and of Hermit, the despised "Barebones" of a day of snow and hail which broke the heart of Lord Hastings, though as he said to a friend not long before his death, "I never showed it—did I?" There are many groups, too, that will rise up before us, Sydney Herbert, that handsomest of Englishmen, in that black surtout and white trousers which became him so well, lolling full length on the grass with some other cabinet ministers, and starting up and running to look at a favourite; Mat Dawson in vain trying to get the saddle to his mind on Buckstone, because Mr. Merry, from an idea that it will impede the action of the shoulders, won't hear of a breast girth; Mr. Meiklam walking out of the meadow gate with Tom Dawson behind Stilton, with Carroll, not bigger than an ape, up; Marlow, and the fat, golden-haired Palmer, the poisoner, following Nettle out of the same daisied meadow, the latter little thinking that the rope was already made which was to hang him in the next

"Merrie month of May;" poor John Osborne, walking moodily by Saunterer's side, and throwing up his hands and saying in despair, "*I know nothing of him*," and yet knowing too well that Jackson had his black as safe in money fetters as if he were hamstrung; and joyous old Pam, who had ridden down, chaffing Baron Rothschild about his "great camel, King of the Vale," and getting countered about his "scrubby little Baldwin." Of course Pam had the best of it, as "the camel" fell, and Saccharometer fell over him, and thence came paralysis and death to poor Lord Strathmore.

Lanercost was poisoned the first year we ever looked on Ascot, in days when every one had to "walk through the forest," from Slough station, to get there. The Kirby chocolate jacket pulled up in desperate distress, while Beeswing forged a-head, and Mr. Ord was avenged on Bob Johnson, who swore by all his gods that he wouldn't come south with her—"*You may gang yersel.*" The pair were six times pitted against each other, and the horse had three to two the best of it, and there was a dead heat as well. We have never had such stirring antagonism since, and never shall again. The brown, as a specimen of an English cup horse, and she as a sweetly-turned mare, were almost unique; and it was worth a five-pound note to see them walk to the post together, even with such moderate *artistes* as Noble and Cartwright in the saddle. Curiously enough, she was never put to him; but her owner preferred Sir Hercules and Galanthus, before he became convinced that Touchstone was the nick for her. Mr. Charles Davis, the Queen's huntsman, used to sigh, as the stands lengthened and the gazeboos grew higher, for the good old times when lords and ladies promenaded on the course between the races, and when Fitzroy Stanhope and all the bucks of his generation were young. With the crowd, Ascot has more especially lost its charm, as of all courses it is one of the worst for foot people to see the finish. Teddington and Stockwell, West Australian and Kingston, and Tim Whiffler and Buckstone were such struggles as few would have cared to miss. General Peel pitched ominously a mile from home, and when he did crack at the stand, he seemed to stop in his stride as if his heart had burst. How a horse who ran the cur he did in the Doncaster Cup the year before, finished level with Ely the first time, neither of his trainers nor his jockeys can explain.

The meeting of '53 was the one we always liked best. Besides Teddington's Cup there was an opening finish between two chest nuts, both cracks, but very different to the eye, Ephesus and Ariosto. Alfred Day won that remarkable stakes in which he waited away in the Palmerston green jacket nearly half a distance on Buckthorn;

Ilex and Weathergage, those two stickers, had a fine struggle "once round;" and Frank Butler won one of his grandest finishes on Ninny-hammer. The New Stakes is, after all, the heart of Ascot racing; but, somehow or other, the winner always fails over the Derby. One year we thought we had found something delightful at last among the dark ones as they saddled, and it proved to be Musjid; but he and his Derby second, Marionette, were only third and nowhere. Never did such a good-looking trio as Kingston, Hobbie Noble, and Buckthorn come out for it; but the same curse was on the winner, "Hobbie," when he arrived at Epsom with 6,000*l.* on his head and a prizefighter at his heels. Even Thormanby, great as he was at weight and a hill, failed by a neck to break the spell. One of its recent lucky winners was Clydesdale, but his legs went; and Alfred Day seldom "rode for dear life" as he did on little Alvediston, when things looked lowering at Danebury, and all the family money was on. It was only a head after all.

Our next jump is from "the royal county" to Sussex, but we must look in at Mitchell Grove on our way to Epsom. It lies some four miles away from Ham House. You pass an old lake rich in coots and dabchicks, and ride up a long avenue cut out of nut woods, where Lord Leaconfield's never draw, and which once formed part of the Goodwood country. From thence you emerge on to a sort of park run wild, with clumps of trees and underwood, amid which many a rabbit

> "Fondles its own harmless face,"

and then skirt a road on the hill-side, which takes you past a deep grove of beeches, right into the dell. The old manor house, with its turrets and great gates, seems to have shrunk from its original size, and on the height in front is the clock-tower, which takes no note of time, except by its cupola, which has rotted from the bottom and sunk to one side. Harry Hill, and Lea Farm, and Old Greys, lie on its north-west side, opposite to Findon. Here was old Forth's domain, and he strolled about that large thatched drive, or sat out cogitating under the shadow of his favourite tree some new surprise for Epsom. He never menaced touts with pitchforks, but he once took a much more effectual revenge. When he once saw one of those ambassadors up a tree, he simply called to the lad on the favourite, "*Come here, boy; don't you see that horse is lame?*" and tied his handkerchief so tight around him, that the horse limped in his walk. Of course, two messages went up by the coach that night, one to lay, and another to take. He was a great believer in destiny. A

purse lay in the compartment of the railway carriage when he entered it to go to Merry Monarch's Derby, and he felt a conqueror at once. Frederick, Foig-a-Ballagh, Little Wonder, Merry Monarch, and Sting, were all trained by him here, but he and his white hat have long since been missing from among the living. Rama, and a host of other winners, have repaid Goater's care since then, and touts have to guide their ways with discretion. The spot has also contributed Governess to the Oaks' roll, and very heavily Mr. Gratwicke paid for letting a jockey see over the stable, when she went rather amiss that summer. At times that Sussex squire had as many as fifteen to sixteen horses in training, but his devotion to them proved his end. The cold wind nipped too shrewdly when he tried Preceptress with Ebony, and he never looked up again, and the pyebald pony's daily task was ended.

It is quite a treat to see Goodwood in August, when all the races are forgotten.

The guns of the naval review at Portsmouth were discoursing their wild music in the distance as we left Chichester, whose cathedral spire is reared once more above the late Duke's resting-place in the Lady Chapel. The dust and scurry of a race crowd, and the flying chaff of the tinker, take all the marrow and beauty out of a walk. Thence as we strolled down the well-remembered road, under the giant elms,

> "Whose self-same shadows flecked the sward
> In days of good Queen Anne,"

which enjoy the lower ground, as the beech of barrel and staves utility does the downs, and past thatched cottages, rich with clematis and honeysuckle, or clusters of the cottage vine, we felt that we knew at last, after a quarter of a century's self-delusion, the real delights of Goodwood. The cedar of Lebanon spreads its arms so widely over the road at Waterbeach inn, that on a winter's night men have to sit up with it, like the gardener with the sick cactus, and sweep the gathering snow from its branches. John Scott's horses have always stood here as far back as when Hornsea and Carew took the Cup in successive years for Lord Chesterfield. Messrs. Payne and Grevile's team always went to the house. The Dairy, Singleton, Shebbington, Westerton, and all the farm-houses round, take in race-horses, and both farmers and men jealously hold "a watching brief" to see if their stable wins. About thirty can be taken in at the Farm, where Mr. Clark, the under-steward, resides, and he has enough to do sorting them and finding pails. He could only accommodate Ely by empty-

ing the guano house; but Tom Oliver was delighted, and vowed when he ushered his bay into residence, that "it was as big as all Nottingham race-course," and when he had won the Cup, he declared to Mr. Clark that his horse never ran so well, and that the smell of the guano was the tonic which did it.

Once under those beautiful elms and limes, and we arrive at the scene of many turf tales. Charles XII. striding past Hyllus in their thousand guinea match; Robinson sailing home on Envoy to the utter dismay of the "House Party," as the Duke had not dropped a word about his chestnut over the claret at night; General Gilbert winning on The Tiger; Cotherstone helped a cripple off the course; Ithuriel lumbering home by himself, while Red Deer and the rest ran the wrong course; Lord George standing with folded arms in the weighing house, and giving one of his jockeys a look under which he quails; Alice Hawthorne, with "Sim" in the pea-green, slipping along like a hare at half speed; Van Tromp leading Cossack a weary Queen's Plate dance, and Lord and Lady Eglinton meeting the tartan jacket on its return to scale; John Day bidding the pigskin farewell on The Hero; Dervish dying inch by inch, despite all Alfred Day's nursing; The Wizard quite happy to be stopped without any aid from Sam Rogers's formidable check rein; Saunterer and Fisherman having their third and last grand duel; and Ely coming back to scale with his gay head in air, and Cambuscan owning him his true master at last.

After all, it is the earlier days of Goodwood we love best, when we lived by Bognor, and walked through the cornfields across the plain from the sea, or rode down from Fetter Lane by Falkner's coach. The old Duke was then in being, and he and "George" were starting upwards of fifty horses from the house stables at a meeting. The old steward, father-in-law to Frank Butler, in a black coat, seemed to be clerk of the course, and the labourers, in smock frocks and staves, kept the course in their own queer fashion, refreshing themselves with green apples and ginger-beer, often looking on with rapture and awe at that pea and thimble, which they were told to suppress, and cheering, like country gentlemen behind Mr. Disraeli, whenever the house stable won. The old Duke liked to see them there; but thieves multiplied, and the A's grew inevitable.

The Duke began racing in 1824, with Dandizette, by Whalebone (second for the Oaks), Hurly Burly, Spree, and Miss Craven, the ancestress of Baleine, Physalis, and the other Glasgow roans. Helenus and Hampden were his somewhat dubious paddock sultans, and out of fourteen or fifteen brood mares there was no line

of blood he liked better than Artis by Quiz, from which his H sort—Hindoo, Hindostan, &c.—sprang. His first Oaks winner, Gulnare, by Smolensko, was a good 800 guinea purchase, very speedy and with a beautiful head, but rather light of bone, and a doubtful stayer. Still, no mare could have run more gamely in a long, punishing finish with Dandizette's half-sister and Brocard from Tattenham Corner. She won her first eleven races for the Duke, and died of enlarged heart at Hampton Court paddocks, a few seasons after she had foaled The Corsair. Linkboy, by Aladdin, a purchase from Mr. Nowell, was his Grace's first Goodwood Cup winner, but it was Mus, whose forte was 1¼ miles, which brought the Orange Cup to his sideboard. His Grace had been aid-de-camp to the Prince, and therefore he set a special value on this trophy. The big Bizarre was a very remarkable horse, and good either for a short course or a distance. He went to the stud, and was then trained again, won races, tried one of his own stock, and beat him at the weights.

Lothario was a small, clever, and nice tempered horse. The Port at Newmarket was his best performance, and Lord Exeter was so astonished at his defeat of Phlegon by a head, that his lordship backed him ever after. Red Deer, own brother to Red Hart and Red Hind, was very blood-like, slow, and a great stayer. Red Hart, on the contrary, began badly, but had great pace when he was once in action,—"a clipper if he got the best of it, but he seldom did." John Day thought it impossible that he could beat Conyngham over the A. F. for the Grand Duke Michael, and vowed he would "*make him whistle before he gets to the bushes*," and John Kent immediately bet him an even sovereign that his colt was not in front any part of the way—and won it by a head. There was no nicer and gamer little mare than Refraction, and she did her greatest thing in the Nassau, when carrying 9 lbs. extra she ran a dead heat with Queen Pomare after being left at the post. Officious was very fast and never beaten, and Ghillie Callum was far better than either The Nigger or Bee Hunter, on the latter of whom the party put 15,000*l.* in the Port, when he finished a dead heat with Knight of Avenel. Hernandez was a useful, lucky horse, who could not "act" on hard ground. He and Red Hind and The Nigger won the first Triennial Stakes at Newmarket.

His Grace liked stable time better than either races or trials. Lord Stradbroke matched for him, and Newmarket, Goodwood, and Ascot were almost his only battle fields. He did the thing in a princely way at Goodwood during the race week, and the trumpeter, at the top of the corner stand "sounded for the assault" the moment the starter's flag went down. When Lord George died, his Grace seemed to care

less about horses, and Red Hind's temper and Ghillie Callum's break down sadly disappointed him. After a short period of "Mr. Gordon," the whole thing was given up. A future winner of the Derby, Wild Dayrell, was sold among the yearlings. The Kents, father and son, took to farming and winning with their Southdowns at the Smithfield Club, and nothing but the plates of "Borneo, late Do the Boys" and William the Conqueror were left in the racing stables.

On the Cup day, Lord March's visitors from Molecomb joined the house party, and as many as eighty would dine in the large ball room. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Waterford, Lord Exeter, Lord Jersey, Lord Eglinton, Lord Clifden, Lord Glasgow, Lord Derby (who always proposed the Duke's health), Lord George Bentinck, Lord Winchelsea, Mr. Grevile, Mr. George Payne, and Mr. Gratwicke were all there; and Admiral Rous would read out the list for the next day, when the ladies had left. Lord March, Captain Pettat, Lord Winchelsea, General Gilbert, "The Squire," the Hon. A. Villiers (with his long legs and peculiarly dusky leathers), Count Battyhany, Mr. Scobell, Lord Howth, Major Richardson, and Mr. Percy Williams were all gentlemen riders. "The Captain," as the last-named was generally called, was in great repute, as he could ride 9 st. 12 lbs., and the trainers and Lord George used always to say that he could get the last ounce out of a horse. Hence he had Alice Hawthorne, The Cure, Pyrrhus the First, Red Deer, Red Hart, St. Lawrence, and Bellissima, and some rare cocktails through his hands. Many of the gentlemen jocks formed the house party; but those who were in great requisition for the light weights seldom cared to "aggravate" themselves by coming in to dinner, and often "walked" instead. The Duke always kept a place near himself for such absentee jockeys, and would ring for a cup of tea, and gravely hand them a peach to eat with it, when they appeared, after their toils, at dessert. The trainers didn't like the heavy weights, with a strong week before their horses; but on Thursday and Friday they had plenty to do, and even Lord George would enter three horses and run them all.

In earlier days, when Mr. Delme Radcliffe was in the saddle, there was a Cocked Hat Stakes; but they never descended to bonnet absurdities. Still, if you ask gentlemen jockeys of a past generation which course they loved best, you will find that they were fondest or the Bibury, and always talk with enthusiasm of the hill from old Day's, when they "come such a clatter into the bottom."

H. H. D.

Tales from the Old Dramatists.

No. I.—Grace Wellborn.

SHOWING HOW A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WAS HELPED TO A GOOD HUSBAND BY A MADMAN.

E shall have to take you into a low neighbourhood inhabited by many very disreputable folks, but as a charming young lady was wooed and won there it is to be hoped that your gentility will pardon us. Besides, as one of those to whom we shall introduce you loftily remarked, on being told that none went thither of any quality or fashion, "We are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion."

Do you know what being "Begged at Court" meant, in the time of King James the First. If not, read a delightful little novel, of that name, by Mr. Charles Knight, and you will learn that, and a hundred other things about our ancestors. Do not, moreover, think of our ancestors as people who lived in remote ages. Grace was twenty-two at the time we are going to speak of, and she lived to see the great fire of London, which has often been described to your grandfathers by an eye-witness.

Miss Grace Wellborn, an heiress, had been begged by a London gentleman, a Justice of the Peace, Mr. Adam Overdo, and she therefore became his ward, and could not marry without his permission, to obtain which, according to the custom of the day, she must have paid him a large sum of money. The practice of thus using a man's influence at Court was not then considered what we should now consider it, and there is nothing else to be said against Justice Overdo, who was a worthy magistrate, perfectly satisfied that he was the wisest man in the world, and rather given to freaks and impulses, and to trying to do justice with the aid of round-about contrivances. He had married a Miss Cokes, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, who had made herself his master, and had devised a marriage for Grace. Mrs.

Overdo's intention was that her own younger brother, Mr. Bartholomew Cokes, a country squire, should have the well-born and accomplished heiress. Now Bartholomew Cokes was an ass.

Such an ass, in fact, as one has hardly had the good fortune to see. He had been utterly spoiled by his mother, and allowed to go rambling about to the houses of the tenants, who were naturally glad to please the young heir, and his tutors could do nothing with him. He learned vulgar songs, and would sing them at all times and places, and follow a wandering ballad-monger half over the county, to pick up his trash. His other tastes were childish—not child-like—and a puppet-show, in which the characters discoursed in the most unseemly manner, was perfect bliss to him. When I have added that he was as greedy as a bad sort of schoolboy, and as self-conceited as a bad sort of schoolmaster, that his curiosity was unbounded, but that he was too frivolous even to wait for the explanation which he asked so eagerly and impertinently, you will have a tolerable idea of the lover whom his clever sister had chosen for Grace Wellborn. He was tall, however, and not bad-looking. Having been told by his sister that Grace was to be his wife, he had made up his mind on the subject, and spared himself and the young lady any trouble in the love-making way. Poor Grace, who was a girl of sense and some spirit—not more than is wanted in a happy home (a point which heroine-makers mostly forget)—had submitted to the match, having no choice; but she had the most utter contempt for her clownish suitor, and I believe was silently casting about for means of deliverance. They came in a single morning, a fact which I should have kept a secret, but that the description of Mr. Cokes must have satisfied everybody that Grace could never become Mrs. Cokes.

They came in a curious manner, and that this may be quite understood, it is necessary for me to conduct you, as my informant conducted me, into the low scene of which I have spoken, and among the vulgar people. I may as well say that I shall not take you everywhere that he has taken me, nor shall I let you hear a great many things which I was obliged to hear. Our ancestors were not particular, provided they had a good story and a good laugh, and the best proof that they saw no harm where we see much vulgarity is in the fact that the gentlest and purest women, whose own language arose at need into exquisite poetry, were depicted as present at conversations which a man in his study now passes over as defiling coarseness. I believe that I can separate what, without an intended joke, I may call dirty chaff from golden corn; and this is what I

mean to try to do in the papers which MR. SYLVANUS URBAN has been so courteous as to demand of me. My friends who read the old plays will know what it means, and will agree with me that unless the sifting be performed, the capital stories which the plays contain, and their pathos and wit, must remain, for the most part, unknown to those by whom it is the poet's greatest honour to be loved. It is due, too, to the noble old dramatists themselves, to say that they must no more be judged, in regard to their poetry and their power, by the outline sketches which one makes from their plays, than the dramatic works of the present day are supposed to be understood from the clever analyses which critics furnish the day after a performance. Let this protest do service for a conventional declaration that I ought to feel ashamed of manipulating the writings of the mighty dead. I am not, for I do the work out of admiration, and out of wish that such admiration may be possible to many who ought not to read the old text. There is no Bowdlerian cant in this matter. I believe that I am not overfond of describing as an agricultural implement for the delving of the soil that which I could call by a monosyllable, but reading men know that the old dramatists are impossible for reading women. This explanation once for all.

So far advanced were the matrimonial prospects of pretty Grace Wellborn, that her intended husband had come up from Harrow to London in order to buy the marriage licence, which was then, as now, to be procured only under the shadow of the cathedral of him who tells us that, on the whole, we had better not marry. The jovial proctor of 1614 was a different personage from the lofty practitioner to whom Mr. Copperfield introduced us; and Mr. John Littlewit, who had been instructed to procure the licence from Archbishop Abbot (Laud's predecessor) was a merry little cricket of a man, "lavishly" fond of his pretty little Puritan wife Winifred, devoted to the art of making the most elaborate little jokes, and moreover a dramatic author, as he thought, though he lived in the days of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. He wrote for the puppet-show. We find him in a happy condition of playfulness and uxoriousness, when his sallies of wit and love are interrupted by the entrance of a Gentleman. This handsome gallant is Mr. Winwife—our dramatists have only just lost the habit of indicating a character by its name—and he comes a-wooing. Not, we are speedily made aware, because he is in love, but because Mrs. Littlewit's mamma is a rich Puritan widow. I take it that Mr. Winwife is in debt, as all the young gentlemen must have been in days when garments were so handsome and dear, and it was matter of course, in those times, to sell one's bachelor liberty of

being locked up by a tailor for the gentler custody of a wealthy wife. Mr. Winwife has a rival, another gentleman, named Mr. Quarlous (I think you may sub-hear "quarrellous"), who is a jolly, noisy, bawling fellow, ever ready to banter or to fight, and much better handicapped, one would think, in the race for the widow than the more refined Winwife. But the elder lady is not without protection against aristocratic suitors. She has her Charles Honeyman, her spiritual director, in the shape of Rabbi Busy, an Elder, and also a baker, from Banbury, a marvellously faithful type of the hypocrite religionist, and perhaps the best portrait of the kind among the hundreds which the dramatists have delighted to give. He, too, has his designs on the widow, but he certainly does not seek to please her by complimenting her family, for the loving little married couple tell with indignation that Rabbi Busy has declared a proctor to be a claw of The Beast, and that every line he writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair combed out of the tail of Antichrist.

The gentlemen are on capital terms with Mr. and Mrs. Littlewit, they pay her all sorts of gallant attentions, and fool him by grave commendations of his absurd epigrams, and the Littlewits do not seem to care which may win the widow, provided the hated Rabbi be discomfited. Moreover the gentlemen, though rivals, are upon the frank and generous terms of the friendship which the old dramatists are so fond of picturing. They would fight one another, with some reluctance, but each would fence his best; meantime either would draw, at a moment's notice, in defence of the other. This flavour of chivalry comes to the refinement of many a play in which there is not much else to please one. While the four chat, in comes Mr. Cokes's servant, a fiery little attached wretch, named Waspe, who has a doglike fidelity to his silly master, but who abuses him, and every one else, without a tittle of respect, and flies into the greatest rages at the slightest provocation, or even when anybody agrees with him without permission. He has come for the licence, and is dreadfully rude because Mrs. Littlewit, who has been sent into the next room for it, cannot instantly find it. To his enormous wrath, he is followed to the proctor's by his master, and Mrs. Overdo, with whom comes Grace, who has not only the mortification of seeing her intended exhibit himself as a most intolerable fool, but that of noticing that he is caught by the prettiness of the proctor's wife, whom he audibly wishes he could marry. "So do I," sighs poor Grace, and the gentlemen hear her, and take note both of her beauty and her unhappiness.

Mr. Cokes, however, has not much thought for his licence, or his old love or his new one. His heart is set upon one great object.

The day is the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's day, and London is holding Bartholomew Fair.

There he will go, and Grace shall go, and Waspe (whom his master and his sister call Numps, probably a nursery nickname) shall go, and finally everybody resolves to go, Grace Wellborn's protest, hinted at in our first paragraph, being answered by her lover as there stated. And all the rest of the drama takes place in the Fair, which gives name to the play by Ben Jonson. The fair is abolished now. In our time it has lost all the fun it ever had, and was a riotous assemblage of roughs and thieves, who maltreated and robbed such of their foolish betters as visited Smithfield. But it must have been jolly enough in the days when low folks were kept in marvellous order, except when their licence tended to the scornful amusement of their superiors, who were tolerant only of the vice that entertained them. Mr. Morley's delightful book on the fair will tell you some of the things which Miss Wellborn and her party saw. Toy booths, stalls, shows, conjuring, wild beasts (usually manufactured out of tame ones), fireworks, puppet performances, and combats, will occur to all; but all may not know that the correct thing in the fair was to go to a booth, and eat roast pig, price from five to six shillings, drink ale at sixpence a bottle, and for men to smoke tobacco at threepence a pipeful. I know that it must seem very vulgar to say so, but perhaps if one could have slunk into a booth with Ben Jonson, and some more of that sort, and had pig and ale and smoke, one might have remembered the day as a good one, even when one had forgotten a turtle lunch at Birch's, and one of strawberries and cool cream at Grange's.

The rich Puritan widow, however, and her spiritual director, had to be won over by the Littlewits, who were most eager to go to the fair. For the fair, as the Rabbi remarked, was the tents of the wicked, and to eat a Bartholomew pig (under that name) was idolatry; and indeed pig was the unclean beast. But what cannot a resolved little lady, bent upon pleasure, do? Answer that, my married readers, or, wiser, be silent. Such reason did the young wife give to her loving mother why the fair should be visited and the pig eaten, that Dame Purecraft instantly became advocate with the Rabbi. And her seed fell upon no stony ground. That righteous Elder, grave, and even grieved, speedily brought his casuistical skill to bear on the difficulty. Surely, surely the matter might be managed. It had a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face, but the face might have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were. "It may be eaten, I take it, and in the fair—in the tents of the wicked. The place is not

much—not very much. We may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety and humbleness, not gorged in with gluttony or greediness—there's the fear. For should she go there as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, it were not good." Should not Mr. Chadband have known this Rabbi, would not Mr. Stiggins have loved him? But more. An inspiration seizes him. *He will go himself.* Yes. "In the way of comfort to the weak, *I* will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy. There may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: by the public eating of swine's flesh to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly."

And so, for all sorts of reasons, interest, love, whim, curiosity, gluttony, and religion, and Grace on compulsion, everybody of whom we have yet heard goes to Bartholomew Fair.

Grace's guardian, Justice Adam Overdo, is there before them. He has disguised himself, however. Into the head of that great unpaid has come the idea that if, instead of trusting to foolish constables and sleepy watchmen (who have vilely misled him) for information touching the wickedness of the wicked, he could see it with his own eyes, he should come at the truth. He has done much justice in the chair of the Court of Dustyfeet, the Court of Pie-Poudre. But now he will see things at first hand. So he has made himself up as a known madman, Arthur O'Bradley, and likens himself to Junius Brutus. Thus hidden, Justice Overdo penetrates into the fair, visits the booths, talks with the wicked, and comes to extraordinary grief. But we will not stay with him in the evil society into which he gets, only let us write that his first discovery is that of a civil and virtuous young man, whom he regrets to see in bad company, and hopes to reform, and make a clerk of; this meritorious youth being really a most impudent and accomplished thief, named Edgeworth, whom you shall hear of again. Let us leave the poor justice, for our Gentlemen have arrived. They heard that Miss Grace and her party were coming to the fair, and being light of foot, they soon distanced the majestic Mrs. Overdo, and her loitering, staring, fly-a-way brother. By way of filling up the time, the noble spirits promptly proceed to an exchange of Billingsgate with a most dreadful old woman, a pig-seller, and Mr. Quarlous condescends to fight one of her touts and bullies; but, catching a sight of the approaching ladies, the Gentlemen have the sense not to be caught in a vulgar brawl, so they disappear. Then, into the midst of the

rascaliest gang, male and female, which a noways fastidious dramatist could picture, doth Mr. Bartholomew Cokes bring his betrothed bride and his sister. In a twinkling Cokes's pocket is picked by Edgeworth; Waspe, whom his master charges with looking like a cut-purse, flies into a fury and beats the justice desperately for having preached against tobacco; and Grace, begged by her lover not to be sad about his loss, as he has money left to buy her a fairing, assures him, most truthfully, that the event has not vexed her. The Gentlemen are again flitting about, and this time they haughtily repulse any low person who dares to speak to them, though with proposals to which Mr. Quarlous, at least, would have been too prompt to listen at other times. They have been gay young men, I fear; but Grace's beauty has put good thoughts into their heads.

Mrs. Purecraft, the Rabbi, and the Littlewits come; but we will leave them, as soon as Busy, who has been prophesying as he promised (preaching) in the loudest manner, against the vanities of the fair, shall be set down to his pig. He loses no time—he smells the savoury roast, and there is no holding him. He sniffs after it like a dog, and cries unto Littlewit, who would first look about him a little, "Be bold—enter the tents of the unclean. Let your frail wife be satisfied, your zealous mother-in-law and my suffering self will also be satisfied." And he adds an argument which Lord Lytton quotes with the happiest adroitness in one of his earlier novels, in which the hero does not altogether regret having been launched young upon life. "*We scape so much of the other vanities by our early entering.*" Afterwards, you will be happy to hear, that having eaten as much as is good for him, and drunk a good deal more, he becomes outrageous, bellows his comminations, knocks down stalls, and is put into the stocks.

Now it came to pass that the year before, Justice Adam Overdo, justly or unjustly turned out of his place as a Pie-Poudre officer a poor fellow named Trouble-all, who thereupon went mad. Very harmlessly; he was quite gentle, but the terrible name of the great justice who had dealt him this blow was upon him, a presence for ever. Nothing would he do, unless told that there was a warrant from Justice Overdo for the act. The poor fellow, of course, went mooning about the fair, and came in the way of the disguised justice, who felt that he had been harsh and cruel, and resolved to make Trouble-all what reparation he could. For the justice's head and heart were both soft, and you will say so when you hear what he did. The character is not very interesting, but I must ask you to remember it.

The Gentlemen think that they must do something besides walk about and wish for Grace; so, catching Edgeworth in a theft, they compel him, under threat of the law, to commit another. They set him to pick Waspe's pocket of the marriage licence, which he was obliged to bring with him, as he could not leave his master. Then they join Grace, and behave so gallantly, that she tells them frankly of her condition, and says with a pretty plaintiveness that those who cannot work their fetters off must wear them. She expresses the confidence of a lady in the respectful intentions of gentlemen, "is so secure of her own manners that she will not suspect theirs," and accompanies them to a more retired part of the fair, where the conversation continues, and where, after a little while, the Gentlemen, more and more delighted with her, show their manners by drawing their swords, and preparing to fight for her. Then Grace rises into a little heroine. She will be made no swordsman's prize. But she owns, poor child, in her despair, that sooner than be yoked to the dolt who is just then the laughing-stock of Bartholomew Fair, she would take almost any husband. She slily says that doubtless she might marry a fool and manage him; but she must have a husband whom she can love, or she cannot live with him. The gentlemen honour her, are both men whom a lady could like, but they cannot suppose that after two hours' acquaintance, she could so forsake her modesty as to say which she will take. And after a little maidenly hesitation, very graceful, and the declaration of both gentlemen that they will implicitly obey her orders, she declares that she will leave the matter to chance. Each shall write down a word in a pair of tablets which Mr. Winwife has just brought. The first comer shall be asked to mark one of these words. But they are not to demand to see which, until they shall have conducted her home, and they are to vow to be good friends as before, whichever wins. The vow is made, each writes a word, and the first comer is Trouble-all, that madman. Grace, in much trepidation, asks him to mark one word, which there is great difficulty to get him to do without Justice Overdo's warrant, but at last he does it, and returns the tablets to Grace. But whose word is marked Grace reminds them that they are not to ask.

The gentle Winwife keeps faith, but the impetuous Quarlous cannot wait, and a wonderful scheme comes to him. He has got the licence; Edgeworth stole that without an effort. So he hurries away in search of Trouble-all, and changes clothes with the madman. Then he throws himself again in the way of Grace, with whom Winwife has remained, and with an imitation of the insane man's

manner, begs to see the tablets, that he may mark them again and again. Unsuspecting Grace gives them to him, and the next moment he blurts out,

"*Palemon* the word, and Winwife the man."

And very prettily Miss Grace surrenders herself to a lover who promises that she shall never repent her choice, but rather make her think that Fortune, usually blind, had, in choosing him, both her eyes.

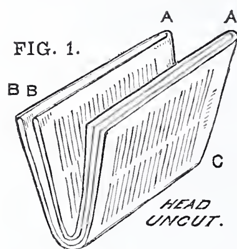
So Grace has a husband. But the fine on the estate? Well, we said that the wise justice was going to do a wise thing. He actually intended to give Trouble-all a blank parchment, signed and sealed, that the madman might fill in what compensation he liked for the wrong done him. Meeting Quarlous, disguised, he takes him for Trouble-all, and gives him the document. So, at the end of the play, when everybody else has been in every kind of vulgar scrape, Mrs. Littlewit has been lost, Waspe has been in the stocks, Mrs. Overdo has been engaged in a most disgraceful fight with a naughty virago, and all is at sixes and sevens, Quarlous, who has managed to secure the hand of the widow, appears triumphantly, shows the parchment filled up assigning Grace to its holder, and intimates that his friend may keep his wife, but must pay value for the boon. And as Grace had intended to make the loser some compensation for his disappointment, she was not displeased, and the happy Winwife took his wife to his heart. We will hope that they lived happily, and blessed the madman and Bartholomew Fair.

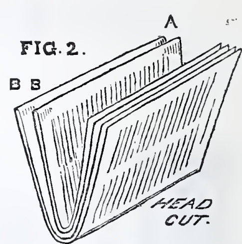
SHIRLEY BROOKS.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.

IS a very old saying, and one that Sylvanus Urban hopes his kind friends will never forget—for it has now been a periodical practice with them to cut him and come again for nearly a century and a half. The cutting of books and periodicals by machinery, has of late been mooted several times in the journals, yet the question has never been finally settled, even for cheap literature. In America it is the universal custom to issue books maimed; in France never. Here we cut our pamphlets, railway volumes, directories, almanacks, and guide-books. But as regards valuable books, we still reserve for the expectant first reader the gratifying sensation of cutting up as he goes. There is a pleasure in this akin to that experienced from the first whiffs of a choice cigar, or the fresh sparkle of a newly opened bottle of Moselle. It is not given to every one to handle a book with tact and delicacy, much less to cut it up sharply with a firm hand and clear cut to the very back of the page. Some very practical readers desire all books to be cut at the edges, a predilection which obtains also with the indolent and impatient, who skim rather than dive into books while the real lover of good books prefers that they be kept intact—the sheets being alone folded and sewn—contemplating hereafter the replacement of the first jacket or dishabille suit, with a binding of more ambitious pretensions. The invention of the Guillotine-machine has rendered the cutting of books very facile, and very many fine margins have of late been curtailed of their fair proportions by the rapacity of the binder, who delights to see his shaving-tub well filled with the spoil—a fatal damage to a good book; and fully illustrated in the pamphlet that is despoiled by the broche and the knife, stitching taking the place of "sewing" and a cut edge of the virgin paper. Brochures are not books, and from their trivial nature may be exempted.

But as regards books, or good serials, they should never be cut by machinery, until they are done up permanently, in volumes ; unless,—the top edge alone of all books could be slightly cut thus relieving the reader of 75 per cent. of his labour, and with but little damage, getting rid of the two ugly top cuts in every sheet, so difficult to a clumsy cutter with an imperfect paper-knife, those at A A (fig. 1), if not continued to C, causing a positive tear upon opening the volume. If the reader of all new books had only to cut open the "bolts" at B B (as in fig. 2), delicious clean strokes could be made with the folder, passing out at A, and the 'fore-edge' set free with but little injury to the book ; while for standing upon the shelves, the cut edge would not readily permit the entry of dust, which is much more easily removed from cut paper than folded. We submit this to the consideration of our Longmans and Murrays, trusting that the compromise will satisfy the bibliographers both conservative and whig. To show the value of a margin, we will conclude these remarks with an anecdote somewhat pertinent to the subject. It will be known to most well-informed persons that the value of early editions of rare books depends much upon the fine condition of the books, and the width of the margin ; the tallest and widest copy fetching the highest price. Well, an old lady, having a first edition of Shakspeare, was well aware that she possessed a treasure, from having been frequently told so. This ancient lady had, furthermore, a favourite nephew ; a lover and collector of rare books, to whom, as a matter of course, his aunt's first edition of the Bard of Avon was not only an object of surpassing interest, but in petto, ardently coveted. In a codicil appended to her will, she bequeathed the precious book to him as a special mark of her favour ; and, to enhance the value of her gift, in forestalment of any expense he might incur, she got it handsomely and richly bound. This was done by her provincial book-binder, who dwelt not far from the shadow of Windsor Castle. The book when sent home in its gorgeous livery of morocco and gold, with glittering edges, was not worth a tithe of its value before it was sent to the binder ; for not only had his ruthless plough made a clean cut of the edges—but with those three cuts a good legacy fell into the waste-tub of the binder.





WE are glad to hear that the work of exploration and excavation is going on energetically and successfully at Rome this winter, and that greater facilities are offered by the authorities to those engaged upon them. In these the British Archæological Society of Rome takes the lead. Durin January another pit has been dug on the line of the wall

of Servius Tullius, between the Cœlian and the Aventine Hills; one of the galleries in the Circus Maximus, together with its staircase, has been brought to light; and another excavation in the sand on the bank of the Tiber, has brought to light a considerable portion of the tufa wall known as the "Pulchrum littus" of the Roman kings. Further excavations at the lower end of the Port are being made under the auspices of the Baron Visconti; Mr. J. H. Parker, too, is busily prosecuting the researches on which he has so long been engaged. The Corporation of Rome have voted £600 towards carrying on the investigations of the Mamertine Prison on the plan commenced by the Archæological Society; and some of the Roman princes are busy in excavating another part of the wall of Servius Tullius, near the Railway Station. The Archæological Society, we may add, has not laboured in vain this winter. "Hitherto," says a correspondent, "every object that they have sought has been found; and they have thrown considerable light on several vexed questions in the history and topography of Rome, especially the true site of the Porta Capena, of which the classic poets so often speak; the principal chambers of the Mamertine Prison; the Lupercal of Augustus; and several Castella Aquarum, or reservoirs for aqueducts, previously unknown: also the source of the Aqua Appia and Aqua Virgo, and the line of their subterranean conduits, to a considerable extent. This is pretty well for one season, and with very small means at their disposal.' They have now appealed for help to the archæologists of all nations, on the ground that Rome is the natural centre of history and archæology, and that there is, or ought to be, a noble emulation among different nations as to which shall contribute to the greatest extent in order to ascertain its early history, and bring to light its antiquities. "It is hoped," adds the correspondent already quoted, "that the national jealousies of Europe, which have hitherto done so much mischief at Rome, may be turned to a profitable account."

LOOK to your hosiery! The cry against scarlet hose and mauve shirts is not a false alarm; and it is to be presumed that the gentlemen who have been advertising in the *Times* for information from "all persons who have suffered from wearing coloured socks, or other coloured surface clothing," have good reasons for prosecuting their inquiries. Of the poisonous character of some of the dyes used for these articles there can be no doubt. A French chemist has been investigating the point, and has brought the subject before the Paris Academy of Sciences. Picture to yourself a grave assembly engrossed with a discussion upon *les bas de soie rouge!* Blue-stockings in solemn session upon red stockings. The doctor, Professor Tardieu, had been consulted by a young man whose feet were inflamed and ulcerated from the wearing of red socks; and, at about the same time some other cases came before him of like evils, evidently traceable to a like cause. So he took his patients' *chaussettes* and extracted the colouring matter from them by chemical treatment.

Then he injected small quantities of it beneath the thigh-skins of a frog, a rabbit, and a dog. All the animals died with poisonous symptoms: the frog in four hours, the dog in thirty-six, and the rabbit on the third day after the experiment. Next he procured some of the original dye, known from its beautiful tint as coralline, and made similar trials with the same results. A colleague actually succeeded in dyeing a skein of silk with the matter re-extracted from the lungs and liver of one of the poisoned subjects. Coralline is a near relative of aniline, the blue and violet dyes from which are stated by an English chemist to be dangerously contaminated with arsenic. It is a treacherous family altogether, and we must be chary of allowing our connexion with it to become too intimate.

MR. NOVELLO, writing from Genoa to the *Athenæum*, suggests that the world should no longer be bothered by the differences of time between different cities and countries, but that one reckoning should be used all over the globe. Set your watch to Greenwich time; start on a journey, and find yourself right with the clocks everywhere you go. Very simple: but how about your association of times of day with natural phenomena? Fancy waking up at sunrise and finding your chronometer indicating twelve o'clock; or seeing the golden orb at its mid-day height with the clocks at half-past seventeen! Mr. Novello gives Greenwich the preference as zero; but does he think other countries would adopt it? Would France, who wants to cram her standards down all our throats, and to make the franc the monetary unit in spite of the sovereign which is honoured wherever it is seen? Would Russia, whose territory embraces so many hours of longitude that her standard of mean solar time, if one is everywhere maintained, must be a near approach to *Hora Mundi* as it is? Would America, one of whose sons wanted, some few years back, to upset geography and astronomy by instituting another "first meridian?" Supposing a common time agreed on, how is it to be kept with accuracy? Greenwich time is indicated over England by the help of daily telegraphic signals sent from the Observatory; are these to be extended over the civilized and uncivilized world? If this is not done, the longitudes of places must be accurately determined, for maps could not be relied on for the purpose. A couple of years ago St. Peter's, at Rome, was decided upon as marking a first meridian for the Italians; and a suggestion was made that all Europe should keep time by it: but I expect Europe laughed in her sleeve at the idea, if, indeed, she ever came to hear of it.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

INEDITED MEMORIALS OF DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Urban,—There seems to be a fitness of things in inviting, through the medium of your Magazine, the attention of your readers, to some original and inedited documents which I have before me, relating to Dr. Samuel Johnson and his family.

His intimate connection with the early establishment of your publication, and the contemporary acceptance of my grandfather's contributions "i' th' antiquarian trade," may excuse the attempt of a native of Lichfield to deduce, from the documents referred to, some evidence in vindication of the social circumstances of Johnson and his family, of which, I think, the text of Boswell and the Commentary of Croker, have hitherto conveyed an unworthy estimate.[a]

In note 2, page 4, Croker says,—

"There seems, however, considerable difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory opinion as to Michael Johnson's real condition and circumstances."

But the compiler of "Johnsoniana" does not experience that difficulty, for he states (page 465) that—

"The circumstances of Michael Johnson appear to have been for many years extremely narrow, but by untiring industry he at length acquired some little property, which he lost by speculating in the manufacture of parchment, and became a bankrupt in 1731, whilst his son Samuel was at Oxford."

There is not merely no authority for this conjecture, but the facts on record decidedly point to a more favourable *appearance*, as to the real condition and circumstances of Michael Johnson. Moreover, the conjecture must be received with hesitation when the assertion that Samuel Johnson was at Oxford in 1731, the period of his father's misfortune, proves to be untrue. He quitted College the 12th of December, 1729, and never returned. (Croker, note 2, page 13.)

An attention to dates will scarcely justify the inference that "the circumstances of Michael Johnson were, *for many years extremely narrow.*" On the contrary, they afford evidence of early success in business, and consequent responsibility as a citizen.

In the note above referred to (note 2, page 4), notwithstanding the "considerable difficulty," Croker inevitably arrives at the correct conclusion that "for near fifty years Michael Johnson occupied a respectable

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[a] In the observations I shall have to make, my references will be to Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson. 1 vol., 8vo. Murray, 1853.

rank among his fellow citizens." And he adduces instances in proof of such respectability, but not the most obvious proofs. For instance, he does not notice that in 1686, when Michael Johnson was but thirty years old, he was appointed overseer of St. Mary's parish, in which he resided; and in 1688, he held the office of churchwarden.

Now there are important conditions required in the qualification for these offices—parochial residence, pecuniary responsibility, and general intelligence.

As regards the first, there can be no doubt that he was then residing, and in business, in the same house in which he lived ever afterwards, and in which he died. The fact of carrying on an intellectual business in his own "handsome freehold house, in one of the best situations in the city," establishes the second requirement; and Boswell's assertion that he was "skilful in his trade," and was "a pretty good Latin scholar" (page 5), is conclusive as to his intelligence.

With this groundwork of facts, I arrive at a much more comprehensive conclusion than the words of Boswell are calculated to convey, as to Michael Johnson's early history.

He says (page 4), "Michael Johnson was a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer."

This passage leads to the inference that his birthplace was not known; that he was of low origin, and migrated to Lichfield, as an established trader, from some other place. Whereas, we know, upon the authority of Samuel Johnson himself, that his father was born at Cubley, in Derbyshire. (Vide, Epitaph, note 2, page 798.)

The term "obscure" may have been intended merely to mean "not known;" and the obscurity of his birthplace (an agricultural village) did not afford the opportunity of his learning or practising the craft of a bookseller and stationer there.

From this evidence, real and circumstantial, I deduce the opinion that Michael Johnson was the son of a farmer, who was able to give him the best education the village could afford. That it was above the ordinary course his acquirement of Latin proves. With this talent and, it may be inferred, a taste for books, it is natural he should select the trade of a bookseller.

At the age of fourteen, therefore, it is probable he was brought to Lichfield, the metropolitan city of the diocese, and apprenticed to one John Bayley. That at the expiration of his indentures, when he would be of age, he again engaged himself with his master, as journeyman, for another period of seven years; during which, by good conduct and economy, he accumulated sufficient means to purchase a house and commence business on his own account; and at the date referred to (1686) had been so established two years.

Some such course of events must inevitably have occurred to qualify him for the office of overseer at this date, and churchwarden two years later.

Again, Boswell says (page 5),—

"Michael was, however, forced by the narrowness of his circumstances to be very diligent in business, not only in his shop, but by occasionally resorting to several towns in the neighbourhood."

His diligence either at home or abroad, by no means warrants the conclusion that it was compulsory by reason of "the narrowness of his circumstances," for, from ancient times, even to those days "pedlar" was almost synonymous with "tradesman," and the practice of hawking wares, especially books, was common. At all events, it was the common, because successful, practice of Michael Johnson, as the following address (not noticed by Boswell or Croker) in one of his sale catalogues will show:—

"To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, in and near Worcester,—I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood, as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c., with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you.

"You must not wonder that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is, a room is some time a filling, and persons of address and business seldom coming fast, they are entertainment till we are full; they are never the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the catalogue you will find law, mathematics, history; and for the learned in divinity there are Drs. South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, and Flavel, &c., the best of that kind: and, to please the ladies, I have added a store of fine pictures and paper hangings; and, by the way, I would desire them to take notice that the pictures shall always be put up by noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by daylight.

"I have no more, but to wish you pleas'd, and myself a good sale, who am,

"Your humble servant,

"M. Johnson."

"Printed for Mich. Johnson, 1717—18."

To the assertion that he sold his books in Birmingham market every week, because there was no bookseller's shop there, I am inclined to demur, because we afterwards find (page 21) that at the time of Michael Johnson's death there was an established bookseller and proprietor of a newspaper, of great respectability, named Warren. And it is very improbable that Birmingham, with a population far exceeding that of Lichfield, should have no resident bookseller, when Lichfield had two at least.

This remark brings me to the explanation of my conjecture, that Michael Johnson was articled to John Bayley, who was an established bookseller at Lichfield in 1686.

I have already given my reasons why I conceive that Michael Johnson must have arrived at Lichfield at an early period, and must have learnt his trade there; and as it is on record that John Bayley was in business at that period, that it is improbable that there should be another bookseller, and that none other is mentioned in the extant records of Lichfield, the conjecture as to Michael Johnson's apprenticeship is, I submit, fairly supported. Some circumstantial facts are available to strengthen this inference.

John Bayley was churchwarden of St. Mary's parish the same year that Michael Johnson was overseer. If this was premeditated, what could be more reasonable or creditable than that the confidence and respect entertained by Bayley for his former apprentice and assistant, should have influenced the association of the two in the conduct of parish affairs?

The following events and dates, from public records, serve to establish, not only the main question of Michael Johnson's success as a trader and position as a citizen, but show also a premeditated association with Bayley

in the highest public offices, not by chance or routine, but by stated and customary election of the municipal body.

In 1706 Michael Johnson married. The following is the verbatim entry in the register of Packwood, Warwickshire :—

"Michell Johnsones, of Lichfield, and Sara Ford, married June ye 19th, 1706."

In 1708 he spent money in the enlargement of his house, obtaining, at the same time, from the corporation a lease of an encroachment he had made.

In 1709 he was chosen sheriff of the city: John Bayley being chosen junior bailiff the same year, at the same time.

In 1712 he was elected a member of the corporation, and put upon the commission of the peace.

In 1718 he was chosen junior bailiff, and at the same time John Bayley was chosen senior bailiff.

In 1725 he was the first citizen of Lichfield, holding the office of senior bailiff and chief magistrate.

Therefore, up to this date, when he was 69 years of age, and had undoubtedly been in business upwards of forty years, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that he had experienced an uninterrupted career of, at least, comparative success, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens.

One of the documents I refer to at the commencement of this letter, supports the reasoning advanced in the foregoing remarks in a very interesting manner. It is the bond of Mrs. Johnson and her son Samuel, to Theophilus Levett, Esquire (at the time town clerk of the city), to perform covenants of an indenture of mortgage for 80*l.* dated 31st January, 1739.

Samuel Johnson writes in one of his diaries :—

"1732, Julii 15. Undecim aureous deposui, quo die quicquid ante matris funus (quod serum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperari licet, viginti scilicet libras, accepi——"

Two facts are disclosed by this entry :—First. That Johnson came into possession or expectation of no property by the death of his father, except 20*l.* Secondly. That he would come into possession of other property after the death of his mother; which points to some source of former substance reserved from the gulph of his father's misfortune, and that was the "handsome house" in the Market Place, which was settled upon Mrs. Johnson and her children at her marriage, with benefit of survivorship. Thus the mortgage of this property, in 1739, confirms the possession of it in 1706, when Michael Johnson married; and there is no doubt that it was the same house in which he resided, at his first establishment in business, previous to 1686.

Thus concluding my endeavour to obtain for Johnson's father a more creditable reputation than existing biographers allow, I desire to continue my remarks upon the document I have mentioned, for the further purpose of vindicating the filial affection of Samuel Johnson himself, which Croker distinctly disparages in two places.

Boswell says (page 48) :—

"His circumstances were at this time (1743) embarrassed; yet his affection for

his mother was so warm and so liberal, that he took upon himself a debt of hers, which, though small in itself, was then considerable to him."

Upon this Croker remarks (note 4) :—

"Dr. Johnson was, no doubt, an affectionate son, and, even to indifferent persons, the most charitable of men ; but the praises which Boswell lavishes upon this particular affair are uncalled for, as the debt was hardly so much Johnson's mother's as his own. It has already appeared that he had something of his father's property to expect after his mother's death: this was the house in Lichfield, which was, it seems, mortgaged to Mr. Levett. By the nonpayment of interest Levett would have been entitled to get possession of the property, and in that case Johnson would have lost his reversion, so that he very justly says, that 'he looks upon this and the future interest on the mortgage as *his own debt*.'"

Boswell's chronology and Croker's logic are both at fault.

The disinterested affection of Samuel Johnson, was not manifested in his paying the arrears of interest due in 1743 ; but in taking upon himself the responsibility of the debt in 1739, when, though embarrassed himself, he voluntarily mortgaged his reversionary interest to pay his mother's debt.

Again (note 6, page 113), Croker impugns (not very courteously) Boswell's record of the "reverential affection" of Samuel Johnson for his mother, and says,—

——"though Johnson may have been in theory an affectionate son, there is reason to fear that he had never visited Lichfield, and consequently, not seen his mother since 1737."

It would have been well for his argument if Croker had given his "reasons" for "fearing," because they would have become very untenable when opposed to the evidence for knowing, which the bond presents. It was executed at Lichfield, by Mrs. Johnson and her son, in the presence of each other, and in the presence of Catherine Chambers, Johnson's "dear old friend" (his mother's servant), and Walter Robins (Mr. Levett's clerk), on 31st January, 1739. And as we know that Johnson visited Ashbourne about this time, I think a future editor of Boswell, by the aid of Johnson's subsequent letters to his mother, may venture to say that there was a practical character in his affection.

Another interesting document upon which I beg to offer some remarks, is an inedited autograph letter from Nathaniel Johnson, to his mother. It is without date, or place from whence it was written.

The first portion of it relates to details of the bookselling business ; in which it appears he was, at the time, engaged on behalf of his mother, at Burton-upon-Trent.

The letter was probably written soon after his father's death, when it became necessary to collect such accounts as were due to him. But the most interesting part of it is that which relates to his own circumstances.

It is a significant fact, that Samuel Johnson never mentions, or alludes to his brother in his correspondence ; nor does Boswell in his biography, or Croker in his notes, show that, in conversation or any incidental manner, he recognised him.

The tradition, from Samuel Johnson's contemporaries is, that Nathaniel (being the very antipodes of his brother) was of ordinary understanding, wrong-headed, wilful, and irregular in his habits, was thoroughly disliked and frequently reproved by Samuel.

This is elucidated—I had almost said, established—by the letter before me. Nathaniel writes as follows :—

"I have neither money nor credit to buy one quire of paper. It is true I did make a positive bargain for a shop at Stourbridge, in which I believe I might have lived happily, and had I gone when I first desired it, none of these crimes had been committed which have given both you and me so much trouble.

"I don't know yt you ever denied me part of the working tools, but you never told me you would give or lend them me.

"As to my brother's assisting me, I had but little reason to expect it when he would scarce ever use me with common civility, and to whose advice was owing that unwillingness you show'd to my going to Stourbridge. If I should ever be able I would make my Stourbridge friends amends for ye trouble and charge I have put them to. I know not, nor do I much care in what way of life I shall hereafter live ; but this I know yt shall be an honest one, and yt it can't be more unpleasant yn some part of my life past.

"I believe I shall go to Georgia in about a fortnight. Cotton's things I will send.

"I thank you heartily for your generous forgiveness and your prayer, which pray continue. Have courage, my dear mother. God will bear you through all your troubles.

"If my brother did design doing anything for me I am much obliged to him and thank him ; give my service to him and my sister. I wish them both well.—I am, dear mother, your affectionate and obedient son,

"NATH. JOHNSON."

Addressed,
"MRS. JOHNSON, Bookseller, in Lichfield."

It may be unnecessary to remark upon the trait of character of a man talking of going to Georgia, who had neither money nor credit to buy a quire of paper, nor, as may be inferred, a friend in the world to help him.

I refer to another document simply as an autographic curiosity probably unique. It is a shop bill, and receipt of Michael Johnson, as follows :—

"For the Executors of the late Dr. ffowke.

	1 Haversham's Speech	0	2
Sep. 20, 1710.	1 Queries	0	2
	1 Good Old Cary	1	6
	1 Troutbeck's Sermon	0	3
	3 Transactions	3	0
	2 Volumes bound	4	6
Jun. 30, 1710	1 Costolias Jest, Gilt	3	0
		12	7

Feb. ye 5th, 1710.

"Received above the contents of this bill, and all accounts,
Witness my hand, Mich. Johnson."

Dr. Fowke was President of the College of Physicians, and resided occasionally upon his estate ("Wyrley Grove"), about seven miles from Lichfield.—Your's faithfully, RICHARD GREENE, F.S.A.

February, 1869.

THE ROTHSCHILD LEGACY DUTY.

MR. URBAN,—In your obituary of February, you record of the late Baron James de Rothschild, that a legacy duty of 500,000*l.*, which I read as five hundred thousand pounds, English currency, has been paid on his property, being at the rate of one per cent.; this, I reckon, would make his property 50,000,000*l.* sterling.

Do you mean francs, or should the 500,000 be 50,000? the former of these alternatives would make his property about 5,000,000*l.*, the latter about 3,000,000*l.*

Excuse the liberty, but I know you wish to be accurate.

Jan. 29, 1869. A. HALL.

[It is most unlikely, and indeed impossible, that even a Rothschild should have died worth "fifty millions sterling." We have been at some little pains to test the fact alluded to by our correspondent, who will doubtless remember (1) that the French *livre* is an ambiguous term, and (2) that it is by no means certain that the legacy duty payable in France *is* only one per cent., as apparently he assumes to be the case. It is probable that the late Baron died leaving property worth about five millions sterling; but it is impossible to ascertain the truth more definitely, at all events at present.—S. U.]

UMBRELLA RECEPTACLES AT CHURCH.

MR. URBAN,—In one of your "Notes" this month you say, "Every church ought to be provided with proper receptacles for the weather shields that our climate renders necessary." It usually rains in Glasgow on Sundays, which may account for our providence in this little matter; but weather or no, in the church I attend every pew has its weather shield receptacle,—viz., a brass rail and a shallow tin vessel, in which the umbrellas are placed as you take your seat. To leave these indispensable companions in the vestibule would require a greater stretch of faith in human nature than we have yet attained in Scotland.

Yours, &c.,

Glasgow, 4th February. TEKA.

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY, BART.

"Accidentally drowned, by the upsetting of a ferry boat!" Such is the concise method of judicially recording the most fearful accident that has dimmed the lustre of a hunting-field for many a year, wherein Sir Charles Slingsby, the tenth baronet of that name, with five other companions of the chase, came to an untimely end in the waters of the Ure. The details of the sad disaster, which will render Thursday, the 4th of February, for years a *dies infaustus* among hunting men, may be briefly told. The York and Ainsty foxhounds, of which the deceased baronet was the master, met, shortly after eleven o'clock, at Stainley House, which is situated half-way between Harrogate and Ripon. The weather was fine and the field large, including, in addition to the noble master, Sir George Wombwell, one of the gallant "Six Hundred," whose ride into the valley of death at Balaklava has been immortalised in the stirring strains of the poet laureate; Lord Lascelles; Viscount Downe; Mr. Robinson, of York, one of the straightest riders in the county; and most of the leading members of the hunt. No fox was found until the party reached Monkton Whin; but, once started, Reynard gave them a good run of an hour's duration, in the direction of Newby Hall, the residence of Lady Mary Vyner, and finally took to the river Ure, opposite the Hall, with the hungry pack in full pursuit. Many of the horsemen attempted the ford, some distance up the stream; but the master, with some fifteen or sixteen other adventurous spirits who were well up, despite of the turbid state of the river, swollen by the recent rains, sprang into the ferry boat, which had been piloted across by the Newby Hall gardener and his son, in response to the signal of "the master." With this heavy freight of living souls, considerably hampered by the addition of twelve horses, the boat went on its perilous and ill-fated journey. Ere one third of the distance had been traversed a panic seized the horses, and the boat, after swaying from side to side, was finally overturned, and its entire cargo precipitately hurled into the river. Sir Charles Slingsby was one of the first to rise; but even he, expert swimmer as he was, was unable to battle with the resistless current, and it was not until the setting sun had already commenced to gild the earth that his corpse was discovered, some three hundred yards below the scene of the accident. Wherever sport is cherished there will the name of the deceased baronet be held in veneration, for it would be difficult to find one who so eminently distinguished himself as a sportsman, "Sans peur et sans reproche." Indeed, his sporting proclivities may be said to have been born with him, as at the early age of fourteen he found himself the master of a pack of harriers.

These he maintained until he accepted the mastership of the York and Ainsty in 1853, with which pack he has ever since been closely identified, and with them his last breath was spent, for he literally died in harness. As a master of hounds he was without a peer: his patience, complete self-control, and determination, coupled with the great popularity he enjoyed with the farming interest, all stamping him as especially fitted for the management of one of the most famous packs in the Riding. For years he had acted as his own huntsman, and the quality of the sport enjoyed by the hunt fully testified to his success in this department. He was equally fortunate in the pigskin, and his victories at the Hunt Races at Doncaster, Malton, and Thirsk prove him to have been little below the first flight; while, as a breeder of hounds, his success at the Great Wetherby Hound Show, in August last, whereat he took all the chief prizes for young hounds, with his Nestor, Nosegay, and Novelty, represents a feat altogether unprecedented. The subject of our memoir was born at Lofthouse Hall, near Knaresborough, on August 22, 1824, and was consequently at the time of his decease in his forty-fifth year. He succeeded his uncle to the baronetcy in February, 1835; was gazetted as a Cornet in the Horse Guards in 1843; promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in 1845; and left the service in 1847. In politics he was a staunch Conservative, and took an active part in promoting the return of the Tory candidates for Knaresborough and the Eastern Division of West Riding at the recent election. He was unmarried, and consequently the title becomes extinct, the estates falling to the Duncombe family. He was essentially a Yorkshireman in his tastes and habits, and in his death the inhabitants of the broad shire will have cause to mourn the loss of a liberal landlord, a thorough sportsman, and a true friend.

ROBERT KEELEY.

ANOTHER long-famous actor is dead. Mr. Robert Keeley expired at his residence, Pelham Crescent, Brompton, on the 3rd of February, aged 74. Mr. Keeley was born in 1793, at No. 3, Grange Court, Carey Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. When very young he was apprenticed to Mr. Hansard, the printer, and like many others, gave up the composing stick to become an actor. At the age of twenty he made a first appearance at the Richmond Theatre, Surrey; from thence he went to Norwich, where he was a favourite; and then, with true histrionic ambition, he sought the London boards, obtaining an engagement at what was then the West London, and is now the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Low comedy was his *forte*, and he soon made his way up the theatrical ladder. Mr. Keeley never sacrificed gentlemanly feeling and conduct to buffoonery; and to this may be attributed much of his success. He played at Birmingham; returned to London and made a hit as *Leporello* in "Giovanni in London;" joined Elliston's company at Drury Lane in 1818; and appeared at the Adelphi in 1821. Here, as *Jemmy Green*, in "Tom and Jerry"—the sensation piece of that day—he developed those abilities which made him famous. Subsequently, he played for several seasons at

Covent Garden, where he performed the part of *Killian* in "Der Freischutz." He married Miss Goward, a member of the company at "the Garden," and the two made a short trip to America. On his return to England, Mr. Keeley enlisted under the banner of Madame Vestris, afterwards playing with his wife at the Strand and the Princess's. Mr. Keeley in 1844 took the Lyceum—having as a partner Mr. Strutt—and made money by the speculation. Jointly with Charles Kean, Robert Keeley became for a short time manager of the Princess's in 1850; then he and his wife played successively at the Adelphi, and at Drury Lane, when Mr. E. T. Smith had that house. It was on the classic boards of "Old Drury" that Keeley took his farewell of that public with whom he had been so great a favourite. Forty years of popularity! who would wish for a larger tenure of successful public life? Mr. Keeley leaves a widow and two daughters, one of whom (Miss Mary Keeley) married the late Mr. Albert Smith; and the other is the wife of the talented barrister, Mr. Montagu Williams.

JOHN JACKSON, OF FAIRFIELD.

By the death of Mr. John Jackson, the "Squire of Fairfield," formerly more familiarly known as "Jock of Oran," the turf has lost one of its most remarkable characters, and one of its most representative men. Born in a comparatively humble position in the north of Yorkshire, he early showed that love of horseflesh and racing which is characteristic of the great county; and while yet in his "teens," flung himself with ardour into the whirl and excitement of the ring. He commenced bookmaking on a very small scale, in accordance with his circumstances; but from the first he made his mark, if by nothing else, by the strength of his lungs, and the power of his shoulders. After "creeping," however, for some time, he began at last to "gang," and soon attracted the attention of some of the "leviathans" of the ring, more particularly Davis, who predicted for him a great career, and whose mantle ultimately fell on him. His shrewdness in regard to market operations, his sound judgment in matters of horseflesh, and his invincible perseverance, were not long in procuring him influential patrons; and his connection with the Richmond and Middleham stables gave him a store of valuable information. It was Ellington's Derby, however, on which he won something like 27,000*l.*, that really advanced him to the front rank of betting men. and thereafter he became famous both as a layer of the odds on the largest scale, and as an owner of race-horses. The amounts that he won on certain events were almost fabulous; though, of course, he frequently lost in proportion. Among the most notable of the horses that he owned, either wholly or in part, were Saunterer, against whom he laid such a lot of money for the Derby; Neptunus, who though a great favourite for that event, could only get fourth to Caractacus, the Marquis and Buckstone; Tim Whiffler, who won Mr. Jackson his only Chester Cup, the Queen's Vase, the Doncaster and Goodwood Cups, and other trophies; Elland, who brought the Liverpool Autumn Cup to his sideboard; Repulse, whose name figures opposite the One Thousand; Tunstall Maid, who gave

Gildermire, the winner of the Oaks, such a dressing in the Great Yorkshire States; while among others may be named Blackthorn, Sprig of Shillelagh, and Terrific. Mr. Jackson stood out prominently from his class by his genuine love of sport, and his marked impulsiveness. He was not a mere cold bettor, but a thorough sportsman; and his wild attachment to the colours of Lords Glasgow and Zetland, however they might influence his "book," and his loud shouts of joy when he saw either bowling over the Rowley Mile, or careering in front of the field down from Tattenham Corner, were uncommon characteristics. At the same time he was an enthusiastic follower of the hounds, and with the Bramham Moor, or the York and Ainsty, rode as straight as an arrow; even on the flat he matched himself with Neptunus against Fordham on Levity, but was beaten; and he was an ardent lover of cricket, in connection with which few who saw it will forget his play at Newmarket with the professional Diver, when the latter wielded a broomstick, and the bookmaker, who won, a bat. He lived for many years at Catterick; but about seven years ago purchased from Mr. H. S. Thompson the estate of Fairfield, where he formed a magnificent breeding stud—including some splendid mares and Blair Athole, for two-thirds of whom he gave about 5000*l*.—that would in time have rivalled that of Middle Park. But consumption had marked him for its own; the stud had to be sold last year; and Mr. Jackson died, at the early age of forty-one, on January 26, leaving a widow and six children, for whom he had made ample provision. He was buried on the 2nd of February, in Catterick churchyard, near the racing-ground where he first imbibed his passion for the turf.

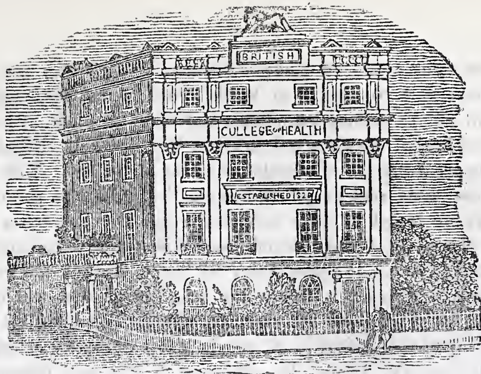
JOHN STEPHENSON.

The grave had scarcely closed over one of the greatest of modern turf speculators, the famous "Squire of Fairfield," before the racing world was horrified to learn that another, who, of late years, occupied, in the same line, as eminent a position, and was as remarkable a character, had perished by his own hand. On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of February, Mr. John Stephenson, who resided at Bayswater, rose at an early hour, and, stating that he wished to write some letters, went downstairs to his library, where he was found shortly afterwards with his throat cut. For some time past it had been observed that his demeanour on the race-course, and at the betting clubs, had been, even considering his usually excitable temperament, singularly wild; but latterly he had become greatly depressed, anxious, and haggard, and fears were by many entertained as to his mind being utterly shaken. Not a few, on hearing of his terrible fate, were disposed to attribute it to severe losses during the past season, or the gloomy prospects of that which was about to open; but both surmises were incorrect. Mr. Stephenson was, at the time of his death, possessed of ample means, and his "book" on the Derby, the only coming event on which he had speculated, was satisfactory enough. His sad end can only be attributed to overtaxed powers acting on a nature abnormally excitable and prone to become "worried" by petty vexations.

Like many of his class, Mr. Stephenson had risen to great eminence in his business, and the wealth to which it often leads, by invincible energy, native shrewdness, and a rare turn for figures. He was born in a humble position, it is believed, in Yorkshire; but upon this point he was exceedingly reticent, unlike most of his associates, who are rather fond of comparing their present means with their former lack of them. He became associated with the turf at an early age, but first made a mark by winning a considerable sum over Nancy's Chester Cup in 1851. From that time he went on with prodigious strides, until he became known as a Behemoth even amongst "leviathans." His betting was characterised, not only by its magnitude, but by a peculiar dash and great pluck; and his courage in speculating huge amounts against what are known as "corpses" or "dead 'uns," made him very formidable to harpies, whether reputed respectable or otherwise, on the turf. He could rapidly detect the false position of a horse in the market; had a quick eye for the finessing of those who bring their animals into the quotations for the purpose of "milking" them by laying against them without intending to start them, and always courageously came to the rescue, betting heavily until the "cat" was thoroughly "out of the bag." He was for several years associated with Mr. Graham, the owner of Formosa, in managing that gentleman's horses; but he made far less over them than was generally supposed. With his own animals, particularly that great lumbering brute Stradbroke, he was very unfortunate, and generally contrived to be heavily "on" them when they lost, and to send them to the post unbacked when they won. Mr. Stephenson was a mighty hunter, and might often be seen following the Queen's or Baron Rothschild's hounds. His riding was in harmony with his character, for nothing stopped him, and his cry always resounded as loudly over the field as it did on Newmarket Heath. His honour was unimpeachable; his straightforward conduct gained him general esteem; there were many excellent points in his character; and there can be no doubt his loss will be greatly felt on the turf.

ERNEST JONES.

On January 26, died at Manchester, from the effects of a sudden chill, Mr. Ernest Jones, the eminent Chartist. The son of an officer of the 15th Hussars, who was equerry to Ernest, Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), he was born in 1819, and was baptised by the name of Ernest after his illustrious godfather. As a child he was brought up in Holstein; but at an early age ran away from home to help the Poles in the cause of liberty. He came to England about the year 1838, and soon afterwards published a romance entitled "The Wood Spirit," which was followed by some poems. In 1844 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and in the following year joined the Chartist agitation, in which his violence led to his being arrested and imprisoned for sedition. He was one of the unsuccessful candidates for Manchester at the general election; but he had been chosen, only a few days before his death, as the candidate of the Liberal party at the next election.



REPORT OF THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, FOR 1869,

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MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES.

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND!

It is again our pleasing duty to inform you of the progress of Hygeian principles throughout the world. It was in 1825 that James Morison, the Hygeist, published his "Morisoniana," which has been the means of effecting so much good; and he not only did that, but at the same time introduced his invaluable vegetable universal medicine (*a purgative of transcendent efficacy*), which has been a salvation to hundreds of thousands. We constantly hear from parties, "What a change in my existence since I became a convert to Morison's pills and Hygeian principles! Instead of leading a life of misery, everything seems clear and bright to me, and at what little cost and trouble all this has been effected!" and so forth. Now, when we consider the beautiful simplicity of the Hygeian system of medicine, all this can most easily be understood, and strongly contrasts with the old plan of treatment—try this, try that; and, after all, nothing but disappointment.

Another edition of the "Morisoniana" (the 110th thousand) has just been published, price one shilling, by which all who desire to know the truth as regards the cause and means of cure for their complaints may most easily be ascertained. There is also in the press, and will appear immediately, a compilation of the cures effected by Morison's pills since the year 1825, with the names and addresses of the parties, which must form a most important work in Hygeian statistics.

During the year 1868, a large meeting of Doctors was held at Oxford, at which, as usual, they grossly attacked Sir Thomas Watson, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, because, forsooth, he had been honest enough to speak the truth as regards the treatment of Cholera by purgatives—a more discreditable exhibition was never seen; but although these contradictions of Doctors are continually appearing, they seem to have little effect on the minds of our legislators, who, with open mouths, are always ready to gulp down anything (however absurd) in medicine, provided the nonsense is spoken by "*the Doctor.*" So it was with the Vaccination Bill. There was scarcely a member of Parliament who professed to understand the question; and, fools like, they allowed themselves, by the Bill, to be bound hand and foot to the chariot wheels of Doctors, and even to poison their children by vaccination for generations to come, because a set of interested Doctors told them to do so. We ask again, what will these M.P.'s have to say when it is shown, as it is sure to be, that vaccination is a poisoner of the blood, and therefore the curse of the country?

In conclusion, we have to inform you that our opposition to vaccination continues unchanged. In it we can see the gradual downfall of the country. From year to year the health of the country will degenerate. The lymph, as it is called, is nothing but *putrid matter, poisoning*

[TURN OVER.

the blood, and thus transmitting all kinds of disease. We are now told, *as another dodge*, that vaccination from ARM TO ARM is to be the order of the day, and that lymph was a *mistake!*—that will also be nothing but another system of infection. We conjure all persons to look into this most vital question, and to arrest the wholesale slaughter of the innocents which is now going on under the misdirected sanction of the law. Your fellow countrymen and women are now being sent to prison because they refuse to poison their children by vaccination; others are forced to leave their homes and hide themselves, to avoid the paid informers. Was there ever a more terrible inquisition in any country? The system of vaccination is nothing but one to make money and create disease; and what must a country come to under such a system? Surely the judgment of God will be upon it, for the presumption of thus interfering with his work, and attempting to alter the stream of life—the blood—by the introduction of *poison!* If you have doubts on this all-important point, read the works of Dr. Collins, Dr. Pearce, Dr. Nittinger of Stuttgart, Germany; Dr. Hameruik of Prague, Dr. Bayard of Cirey, and Dr. Schiefferdedier of New York, all of which tell you the real truth as regards vaccination, that radical poisoner of the blood, and therefore the cause of all kinds of disease. Look at the infantile mortality of children under five years of age. Look at the increase of insanity and suicides, also of diseases of the teeth and eyes, all of which can only proceed from such a *poison* as vaccination. If Doctors were wrong as regards inoculation and bleeding, why should they not be wrong as regards vaccination? which is nothing but inoculation under another name. Therefore, all who are for bringing this most important question to a final issue should immediately enrol themselves as members of the Anti-Vaccination League, whose offices are at No. 1, South-place, Finsbury, London. Hon. Sec., R. B. Gibbs, Esq.

Vaccination is also causing pauperism throughout the country. The working classes cannot afford to have sick children continually on their hands, and to be paying doctors' bills.

The country is decimated by fever produced by vaccination. Let the public understand that small-pox is merely an *effort of nature* to rid the system of impurities, and, when once that is known, all the mystery is over. We are glad to see that the Russian Government have offered a prize of £400 for the best Essay on Vaccination. All the nations are allowed to compete for the prize. Statistical information regarding vaccination may be had at the British College of Health. In the hope, therefore, that hosts of honourable men of the medical profession will step in and stop the work of death and disease now produced by vaccination, we remain, fellow countrymen, your most obedient servants,

THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
FOR THE SOCIETY OF HYGEISTS.

Euston-road, London,
Jan. 1st, 1869.

The following lines from Hamlet give such a true description of the working of vaccination on the blood that we cannot refrain from placing them again before the public. The lines should be learnt by all classes, then they could not be so easily imposed upon in medical matters.

"The *leperous* distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with BLOOD of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it *courses* through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset (*a*)
And curd, like eager (*b*) droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

HAMLET, Act I., s. 5.

What is vaccination but a *leperous* distilment and a poison?

We advise all persons to read the "End of Vaccination," by John Morison, Esq., price 6d.; also the "Dialogue Between a Mother and her Daughter" on the same subject, price 1d.; to be had of all the Hygeian agents.

a Thicken. *b* Sour—acid.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1869.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CRITICISM AND GOSSIP.—A CHAPTER BY THE WAY.

FROM Edinburgh to Durham. The latter is an out-of-the-way city, but picturesque beyond description. By the advice of Bess we have taken it *en route*, and are staying here for a week. We had not been in the place an hour before Father Ellis dropped in upon us.

"What am I doing here? Visiting a brother cleric. Why should I not make holiday as well as other people?" said the reverend gentleman, his eyes sparkling and his cheeks glowing with health.

The Reverend Berkeley Ellis is quite a picture. Tall and portly, with grey hair and a white beard, he looks like a patriarch; but there is a youthful twinkle in his eye, and his full, ruddy cheeks have all the glow of robust middle age. He is not more than forty-five, and yet we treat him as if he were a sage of seventy.

"I am delighted to see you, Father," I say; "you shall clear up for us that point about the blood on the stairs at Holyrood. We are fresh from Edinburgh, and full of historical crotchets."

"Riddle me no historical riddles," says the Father, promptly; "I am out for a holiday, I tell you. Let us go and see Finchale Abbey, and talk of Bede."

"Yes, that is the best thing to do," says Bess.

Mrs. Kenrick is out with Cissy. They are at the cathedral service.

Bess, the Father, and myself, go for a long walk. We are all full of chat and gossip. I never remember the Father being so bright and lively. He called the Rev. Paul Felton a bad name, and said he was to be married that very day. I am thankful there is no prospect of my son Tom encountering him. It would be most reprehensible if Tom should pull his nose; the boy is too impulsive to remember what is due to a clergyman, in respect of his cloth. Tom is in London, preparing for his Indian journey.

In the evening after tea we are quite a happy family party in the northern city, and this is our talk.

Father Ellis. I like the story. It is good, honest work,—no sensationalism, no murders, no bigamy.

Myself. "Wait for the end," I say; you do not know what may be coming. The subtle novelist may be reserving his blue fire for a grand flare-up at the last.

Father Ellis. Does Mrs. Kenrick still object to the story?

Mrs. Kenrick. Yes; I am paying the penalty of admiring my husband's genius.

Father Ellis. You are afraid the Hallow folk will not like you so well because C. K. had to fight his own way, and got stained a little with the dust and mud of battle.

Mrs. Kenrick. My thoughts were for the children, Mr. Ellis. Christopher, in my mind, is too high above the world and its pettiness for me to care what Hallow thinks of him. Hallow and Hallowshire ought to be proud that he condescends to live in the county.

Father Ellis. Bravo! Spoken like a true wife! And Hallow is proud of him, is it not, Miss Bessie?"

Bess. I hope so. We are.

Father Ellis. *We* are, indeed.

Myself. I wish I were worthier your pride. It is pardonable vanity for my wife and children to be proud of me; but I have done nothing, nothing. The standard of excellence, which I raised for myself throughout life, towers up mountains higher than any point I have reached, or ever shall reach. I am content, and therefore happy, as who would not be with a good wife, a reasonable income, and children that are blessings?

Father Ellis. "Happy man be his dole!" I like those extracts from your diary, sir. Genuine, I suppose?

Myself. You are too much of a gentleman, Father Ellis, to doubt my word. If I were to say "No," you would be puzzled; if I said "Yes," you might not be quite satisfied even then.

Cissy (interrupting). I knew they were coloured, as you call it. I

told mother so when I found her actually crying over one particular entry.

Mrs. Kenrick. Cissy, dear, do not be so impulsive; you will be as bad as your brother.

Bessie. In your early literary career, father, did you ever meet Thackeray?

Myself. Yes; and he gave me an encouraging word of advice: he was struggling himself in those days. I remember travelling with Etty to York one day after I had been introduced to Thackeray. The author would, I fancy, sooner have been the artist. Etty was telling me how he picked up his model for Joan of Arc. The picture had been waiting for a woman's face, and the right one he encountered accidentally in Westminster Abbey. His niece followed the lady home, found out her address, and Etty painted her by the consent of herself and father, a doctor of London.

Father Ellis. He painted rapidly?

Myself. Very. I once saw him at work.

Cissy. You will tell us something about your art studies, and your successful and happy days. Your troubles seem never-ending.

Myself. Happiness, as a rule, is not interesting in print. The repose of success, quiet success, wants incident.

Cissy. What becomes of Tom Folgate and Mrs. Mitching?

Myself. Ah, that is a sad story to come!

Mrs. Kenrick. Poor Mitching! I remember seeing him myself, a weak, maudlin old gentleman, with wandering grey eyes. That woman deserved all the dreadful things which could befal her!

Father Ellis. Not said with your usual charity, Mrs. Kenrick.

Mrs. Kenrick. There are bounds to charity, Mr. Ellis.

Father Ellis. True, true; let us change the subject. Who was it that said Durham looked as if it had been down a coal-pit, and had forgotten to wash its face afterwards?

Bess. Very good.

Father Ellis. No; I think it was Leigh Hunt, Miss Bess.

Myself. A very weak joke, Father.

Father Ellis. Which? My repartee? I have been taking a lesson from *Happy Thoughts.*

Myself. *Unhappy Thoughts* would be a good subject,—the melancholy thoughts of a man of genius.

Father Ellis. *Omnes ingeniosos melancholicos.* You would have one write the work only during his melancholy moments. A good idea. By the way, when you write a story, do you plan it out and arrange all the incidents before hand?

Myself. Sometimes.

Father Ellis. Your characters master you now and then, and will have their own way; you confess as much in one of your books.

Myself. Indeed? I do not remember it.

Father Ellis. I have heard other novelists say so. It reminds one of Dryden's confession that a rhyme often helped him to an idea. Somebody says that language, the servant of thought, often becomes its master. I have experienced that in writing sermons.

Mrs. Kenrick. Forgive me for interrupting so interesting a topic, Mr. Ellis, by saying good night. Don't imagine I wish *you* to go. Christopher is sure to sit up an hour longer yet.

* * * * * * *

Christopher did sit up an hour longer; in good sooth, he was not in bed until the cathedral bell had tolled out the hour of two in the morning, and all owing to the most astonishing proposition of Father Ellis, which is duly set forth in the following complete note of our conversation, opened as soon as the women were gone by my reverend companion.

Father Ellis. Kenrick, we are old friends and true friends.

Myself. Is that a new discovery?

Father Ellis. I have a plan for bringing us still closer together, or separating us perhaps for ever.

Myself. You speak in riddles, Father.

Father Ellis. Call me not father. I am in no wise entitled to so venerable a distinction, either by age or position; and just now I have no wish for the special honours of age.

Myself. I hope the whiskey has not disagreed with you, old friend?

Father Ellis. Nothing has disagreed with me, nor is anything likely to do so under your mahogany tree, as Thackeray calls it,—a capital song that, by the way; one of the Mayhews sung it amongst some friends of mine whom I used to visit in town.

Myself. Indeed; you were quite a buck in your young days, father.

Father Ellis. No; but I was in a good literary set, have dined often at the Johnson Club, and the Garrick, when it was in its old quarters; knew Thackeray—one of the most charming conversationalists I ever met,—and Macready, whom Forster, of the Guild of Literature and Art set, used to imitate. I once spent a day with Tennyson; I have seen Lord Brougham in a passion, and heard Dizzy talk sarcastically of the Conservative press; I have written for the quarterlies; and——

Myself. And write still, for that matter; but you had something of special importance to speak about when you reminded me that we are old friends and true friends.

Father Ellis. I had; and I never in my life found it so difficult to say what I wish to say and must say.

Myself. Out with it, old friend; I am sure it is nothing that will disgrace the church or yourself.

Father Ellis. Or you, I hope. It is this, sir: I want your permission to offer my hand to your eldest daughter, Bess.

Myself. What! Why, you're drunk, Ellis.

Father Ellis. Not at all, my dear boy; not at all. I'm in love, not in liquor.

Myself. In love! Excuse my laughing, Father. And does Bess know of this?

Father Ellis. She does; we have talked it over any time this twelvemonth.

Myself. Father Ellis, is that right? Ought you not to have spoken to me before?

Father Ellis. I would have done so; but Bess objected. She said you would treat it as a joke; and, by Jupiter, she is right! Not that I see anything to laugh at.

Myself. Well, perhaps there is nothing to laugh at; only it is a very odd notion for Bess and you.

Father Ellis. Why, why, my friend?

Myself. Bess has long been looked upon as the old maid of the family, and you as the father confessor.

Father Ellis. Old maid! What call you old? She is only just over thirty; and I'm not ten years older. Why shall we not marry? We can afford it.

Myself. I have no objection, friend; but be sure you know your own mind.

Father Ellis. Nay, Kenrick, do not laugh at me. Our marriage, if it be not a hot love-match, like your own, will be founded in esteem and respect—a union of dear friends, who have confidence and trust in each other, and who will be helpmates and companions in a higher and nobler sense, perhaps, than is generally meant or understood by those who marry in the hey-day of youth.

Myself. I laugh no longer, friend. You have my full permission to offer your hand to Bess, and a father's best wishes and prayers for your happiness.

Father Ellis. My dear Kenrick, I thank you heartily. Supposing Bess has really made up her mind, may we fix an early day?

Myself. What do you call an early day?

Father Ellis. This day month.

Myself. Consult the women on that point,—consult the women. Good night, Ellis, good night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I HAVE A ROMANTIC AND INTERESTING ADVENTURE.

I MET my messenger returning. He looked woebegone and miserable. That was, however, nothing new, it was his customary look. It suited my half-serious, half-stagey fancy just then, to associate him with *Gaspar*.

"It reached her, and was returned to me with blows. Dost hear, *Melnotte?* with blows? Death! Are we slaves still, that we are to be thus dealt with, we peasants?"

No, that is not what he said, and I did not re-read my letter in a theatrical attitude.

"I gave the letter to the lady," he said, "and the letter-carrier gave her another at the same time. She was walking with a gentleman."

"Yes, yes," I said, anxiously.

"'Excuse me,' she said to the gentleman, as was looking awful sweet upon her; and then she opens yours, and then she opens the 'tother, which last was a long letter, and it took her ever so long to run her pretty eyes through it."

"Well, what then?"

"She says, as she gave me a shilling, she says, 'Tell Mr. Kenrick that I have just heard from Miss Julia Belmont, and I will write to him by post;' and then she looked at the swell that was walking with her, as much as to say, 'Put that in your pipe and smoke it.'"

"Is that all? What was the gentleman like?"

"Like hisself, I suppose. I thought you might want to know who he was; so I axed."

"You are a good fellow," I said.

"Thankee," replied my messenger; "it was young Squire Howard."

"Thank you, my friend; you may go home now. Call at my lodgings, and say I may not be there again until to-morrow. On your way to the theatre in the morning see if there are any letters for me. If there are, bring them to yonder public. You see it, just at the bend, past Lady Somerfield's."

"I knows it; all right, sir."

"And I know it too," I said to myself, thinking of that day when,

penniless and hungry, I wondered how much it would pay for "Robin Adair."

There must be some mystery here, it seemed to me. Were all my gorgeous plans of happiness once more coming to an ending? Was this visit of Howard to my dear girl the result of last night's business? Perhaps he was at the theatre ready to take advantage of Esther's sudden and just jealousy. I hated Julia Belmont for a moment in my heart then, and it was well for him and for me that Cator Manners was not within earshot. Was this fellow Howard at Lady Somerfield's for the purpose of making another proposal for Esther's hand? Was it all a plot, or what? Had Esther deceived me from the beginning? No; the very thought was an outrage. There could be nothing but truth in those dear eyes that used to look into mine in the old days at Lindford. She had just received a letter from Julia Belmont! What did that mean? There was evidently treachery somewhere. I congratulated myself that an explanation must be close at hand.

I walked on with my troubled thoughts until I came in sight of that ivy-covered house which I had blessed many a time in my prayers. Evening shadows were beginning to fall upon the tender-looking landscape. My first impulse was to walk straight into the house and ask for Miss Wilton; my next impulse, prompted by an unworthy jealous thought, was to act the spy. "And be arrested, perhaps, for trespassing," suggested Caution; "why not bribe the servants?" Opportunely there came out of the house a man who evidently had authority in the servants' hall. He was showing out a brother butler, and he stood at the gate for a few minutes after his friend had gone round the turning in the road.

I did not offer his magnificence of the kitchen a bribe; but when he had strutted back again, I quietly entered the shrubbery and crept close to the drawing-room window, where two people were talking. I recognised the soft voice of one at once; it was Lady Somerfield's.

"I wonder you have not more pride, Howard," said the lady; "your branch of the family belongs to the tamest of the Somerfield lot, or you would have stood upon your dignity long since. I am very sorry that I ever introduced the girl here. Your eloquence ought not to have conquered my own judgment in the matter."

"I know I am a great fool, Lady Somerfield; but I cannot help it."

"Fool! Your infatuation is simple lunacy. The young lady's coolness is certainly not flattering to you."

"It is that which stimulates my love. I could make any sacrifice for her, and I think my affection would be pure and lasting."

"Romantic youth! And has she refused you again, after last night?"

"I have not yet given her an opportunity of refusing. If these were not such prosy days I would carry her off, my lady; I would compromise her reputation, and then honourably marry her."

"Fie, fie!" said Lady Somerfield.

"You infernal scoundrel!" I said, between my teeth, and it was happiness to me at that moment to think that I might enjoy the blessing of a moment's danger for Esther's sake. That dramatic business of the previous night had got into my brain a little. Oh, to hear Esther cry, "Help! Kenrick, have I no protector?" Would I spare the fellow as *Melnotte* spared *Beauseant?* I clutched a laurel branch and squeezed the leaves almost into pulp.

"It was a cruel device that theatrical business; but how well the young man played!" said the lady.

"Wretched pleb!" said the gentleman.

"And yet you are in competition with him for this girl, penniless as she is, and without even the pride of blood and position on her side; and I am weak enough to help you in your folly. Cousin, this nonsense must end at once."

"It shall," said the gentleman.

There was another voice now. It was Esther's. How my heart beat! I crept so close to the window that I was nearly in the room.

"Lady Somerfield," said Esther, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I must go home, if you please. I have taken the liberty to order your carriage."

"Indeed, Miss Wilton! What can have happened?" said the lady.

"I have learnt that it was through Mr. Howard that you were so good as to give me a home in your house; you were cognisant of what he is pleased to call his love for me. I despise him! And he was mean enough to take part in a weak, silly plot to injure me in the estimation of Mr. Kenrick, and to make me think ill of him. Mr. Howard knew of this performance last night, and was permitted to come to your box in order that Mr. Kenrick might see him with me; Mr. Kenrick was induced to play that part with that lady to confirm my stupid jealousy. I know everything; here is a letter of explanation from Miss Belmont, who is engaged to be married to Mr. Cator Manners."

Esther was quite out of breath with her little speech, and I crept close within the curtains, my heart beating wildly and my brain in a whirl of excitement.

"You interpret events so strangely," said Mr. Howard, a little huskily.

"I fear there is a great deal of truth in Miss Wilton's interpretation of events," said Lady Somerfield, calmly; "and I am very sorry indeed that I am mixed up in so weak and foolish an intrigue. I can only say for my cousin that he has a sincere admiration for you, and would think himself a blessed, happy creature for life if you would consent to marry him. It is true that upon his representations to me, and the late Lord Somerfield knowing and respecting your father, that I was induced to see Mrs. Wilton, and offer you a home here; and I have so high a regard for you, Esther, that I shall be very sorry indeed if you should really leave me."

"I am deeply sensible of your ladyship's kindness," said Esther; "but I should be unjust to myself, to your ladyship, and to another, if I remained here an hour longer."

I was surprised to hear my darling speak with such spirit, and at this moment it was in my mind to rush from my hiding-place to say that I should be unjust to them all if I remained in hiding a moment longer. It would have been a good point to make. I felt half ashamed at being a listener; but what I heard gave me so much happiness that I would not interrupt the dialogue.

"Miss Wilton, you have my consent to take your own course. It is ten miles to Fleetborough; you will startle your mother by arriving there at ten o'clock at night, and without previous notice."

"Pardon me, Lady Somerfield, I must go; under all the circumstances, I think there is no other course open for me."

"Will you permit me to say, Lady Somerfield," said Mr. Howard, "that I am deeply grieved that you should be subject to any annoyance on my account. And I need not assure Miss Wilton that I would not in any way have offended her for the world."

"Thank you, Mr. Howard, I only wish for Lady Somerfield's consent to go home."

"You have it, Esther; but you cannot go alone."

"If Miss Wilton would honour me to that extent, Fleetborough is only a little out of my way, and I could see her home. I should accept her condescension as a token of forgiveness for any unhappiness I may have caused her, and I shall be happy to be the bearer of any message from Lady Somerfield to Mrs. Wilton."

It was the work of a moment. All the subtle, designing cowardliness of that little speech crowded into my understanding. My love for Esther, my joy at her faithfulness, my admiration of her womanly spirit, and my romantic indiscretion hurried me into a rash but dramatic situation. Quietly parting the curtains that hung down

over the half-opened folding windows, I entered the room, and bowing to Lady Somerfield most respectfully, said,—

"Perhaps Miss Wilton would prefer to have me for her companion to Fleetborough."

"Oh, my dear Christopher!" said Esther, throwing herself into my arms, and beginning to sob, all her womanly fortitude giving way when it was no longer needed.

"A very dramatic incident, and prettily done," said Lady Somerfield, with all her calm self-possession.

"Confounded impertinence!" said Mr. Howard, whom I met now face to face for the first time in my life.

He was my own height, a well-looking gentleman of about thirty, with light brown hair, blue eyes, thin, firm lips, and lank, weak whiskers.

"We will settle our little matters of account when there are no ladies present," I said, with a glance of challenge and defiance at Howard.

"Puppy!" said the gentleman.

"Fie!" said Lady Somerfield; "the actor will prove the greater gentleman of the two, cousin, if you are not careful."

Lady Somerfield seemed to enjoy the scene, as if it were a stage rehearsal done specially for her edification.

"We shall meet again," said Mr. Howard, striding out of the room.

"Bravo!" said Lady Somerfield, in a sharp, quick way, gently clapping her hands. "Let the drop-scene go down; it is a very effective tableau."

Then putting her hand gently upon Esther's shoulder, she said,—

"And now, young lady, between these two lovers we must be careful, or you may find yourself without one at all. You shall not go home to-night. I will take you to your mother's house myself in the morning; and there Mr. Kenrick can meet us. I charge you, sir," turning to me, "not to interfere with my cousin, Mr. Howard. I will be his surety. The age of duelling is over; and we can have no fighting, sir, amongst gentlemen, which does not contemplate gentlemanly weapons."

As she spoke, her ladyship gradually wound her arm round Esther, and separated her from me.

"There, Mr. Kenrick, now we must say adieu, until to-morrow. Mr. Howard will leave the house when you are clear of the neighbourhood; and I will pledge you my honour for the safe and happy keeping of Miss Wilton. We shall leave here at eleven in the morning for Fleetborough, where I shall place the lady in the hands of her mother."

"Are you satisfied, Esther?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, looking at me in the kind, loving fashion of our Lindford days.

"Sir, I rely upon you with regard to my deluded cousin Howard," said Lady Somerfield.

"Lady Somerfield, I rely upon you with regard to my dear Miss Wilton, and I offer you my abject apologies for a most uncourteous entrance into your house."

Her ladyship bowed with graceful ease, and smiling her forgiveness, pointed to the open door. I took my leave.

If this had been a mere story for the libraries,—a romance of incident, and not a veritable history,—I should have made Esther Wilton leave Lady Somerfield's that night, in her ladyship's carriage. On the way, Mr. Howard would have attempted to carry her off, and C. K. would suddenly have turned up to rescue her. Or I might have preferred to interrupt the conversation just as I really did, and when I left the house I could have watched it all night, and prevented an attempt at abduction as the bell was tolling the solemn hour of twelve. Better still, perhaps, in a dramatic sense, I might during my watch have witnessed a burglary at Lady Somerfield's, and seized the robber at a critical juncture, only to discover in him one of my early characters in the romance who had gone to the bad. Fancy, for instance, Tom Folgate turned robber! He may come even to worse grief than that.

But this is of course a true history, and I must therefore adhere to the regular course of events. When I left the house, the sun had gone down, and it was nearly dark. I hid myself once more amongst the laurels, determining not to leave the place until Mr. Howard had departed. In about an hour a horse was brought to the front door, Mr. Howard got on his back, and in a few minutes I heard the last sound of the animal's clattering hoofs on the hard highway.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THIS DAY SHALL BE A LOVE-DAY."

FLEETBOROUGH is badly named; it is not fleet in any respect. Even its river is slow and lazy, creeping through the town and under the bridges as if there were no sea waiting for it beyond the great wide marshes. Fleet! nothing is fleet here: even the air is sluggish, and the church bells are slow-sounding, dreamy things. Sparrows go

about the streets in a confidential way, and pigeons flop down upon you, as if they are assured by long experience that nobody will take the trouble to molest them. The streets slumber, whilst contemplative shopkeepers stand at their doors and look on. Yet, the clerks in the Proctor's offices had sufficient animation left amongst them to look at me with surprise when I made inquiries about marriage licences, as if they perceived the shadow of some good joke in a person taking the trouble to get married.

The weather was hot, perhaps that made a difference; but it was hot on both my visits to Fleetborough. I do not for a moment refer to the listless, drowsy, dreamy character of the town as a reflection upon the place. By no means: I loved it for these somnolent characteristics. There was something soothing in the quiet air of the town. I felt as if I had taken, with it, an opiate which would bring rest and pleasant dreams. But I loved it most for the dear sake of Esther Wilton, whom I met at her mother's house in the afternoon of the day upon which Lady Somerfield had brought her home.

Mrs. Wilton had betaken herself to the retirement of a pleasant cottage in Fleetborough, and Miss Barbara resided with her; the other "meg," the thin and dainty Priscilla, remaining in Lindford to assist her aunt in training the minds of forty young ladies who were fortunate enough to be pupils at "The Seminary for the Daughters of Gentlemen, Uphill, Lindford."

Miss Barbara received me. She jerked a how-do-you-do into my face, and asked me to sit down, in the same breath. She looked red and rosy: the crow's feet about her eyes were pink and streaky, like the lines in winter apples.

"Has Miss Esther come home?" I asked.

"Yes," said Barbara; "she has."

"Is Mrs. Wilton at home?"

"Yes," said the elder "meg"; "she is."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes" (in the same jerky fashion); "you can."

"Will you show me to her?"

"Yes," she said, opening a door close at hand; "there she is."

Mrs. Wilton was sitting by the window in a little parlour overlooking a small garden. A woodbine had climbed up to the window-sill, and sent forth a dull, sluggish perfume, which was almost painfully sweet.

"I hope you are well, Mrs. Wilton?" I said, taking her hand.

"Better than I have been," said the old lady, who did not seem to be altered in the least; "better, considering all the trouble I've had."

I was determined not to delay what I had come prepared to say about Esther.

" It is a long time now since I first spoke to you about marrying Esther," I said, with an abruptness that seemed to make the old lady much more wakeful than she was when I first entered.

" Yes," she said, inquiringly.

" I was a boy then, a foolish, presumptuous boy, perhaps, in those days. I am a man now, and with more than a man's common experience. If Esther is willing to marry me at once, have you any objection to our union ? "

" You are so very sudden ; and I am sure I should be the last to ——"

And then she wept, just as she had done at Lindford years before.

" My husband was nothing like so old as you—I mean my first husband ; and I don't know that we were too young, though it is always time enough to begin troubles. You know what losses I have had, and all through being too good to my children, they say ; but what is a mother to do when her only son asks her for what is his own ?——"

Mrs. Wilton wept copiously as she contemplated her difficulties, and just at the conclusion of her last outburst, Miss Barbara, without the slightest warning, came and bumped herself down in a chair close to her mother. This disconcerted me for a moment ; but I ignored the lady ; I continued my proposition, as though she had not been present.

" My income, Mrs. Wilton," I said, " is now sufficient to enable me to give your daughter a home at least equal to the one she will leave ; and I need not, I hope, say that I have no mercenary feelings with regard to this marriage."

" Esther will have a thousand pounds," said Barbara, fiercely, " some day ; and five hundred down on her wedding-day."

" Which I shall be happy to hand over to Mrs. Wilton for her own benefit," I said, returning the " meg's " defiant gaze.

" You think I hate you, I suppose," she said, quickly, crossing her arms ; " but I don't."

" I do not think anything about it," I said.

" You are sure, eh ? Don't make any mistake. I admire you. Mother ! "

" Yes, Barbara," said Mrs. Wilton.

" Let Mr. Christopher Kenrick have your daughter Esther."

" I am sure I have no objection, if it is for her own happiness," said the old lady.

"Of course it's for her own happiness," said Miss Barbara, still preserving the same defiant expression of countenance.

"I thought it was all off between them," said Mrs. Wilton, looking at her daughter, whilst her hands wandered to the leaves of a plant that was growing on a table near the window.

"So it was, but not through him," Barbara replied. "He's a brave, honest gentleman, and you should be proud of such a son-in-law."

Barbara rose as she spoke, and coming over to me, said—"There!" very sharply, and offered me her hand, which I shook very heartily.

"I don't like you, for all that," she said, as grimly as ever; "but I admire constancy, honesty, and courage."

"Why, you always used to say, Barbara, that Squire Howard was as good a match as if Esther married a prince," said Mrs. Wilton, reproachfully, "and nothing was too bad to say against Mr. Kenrick."

"Oh!" jerked out the "meg," "never mind that."

"I am sure I only wish for the welfare and happiness of Esther. Nobody would believe as she could have had Lady Somerfield's cousin; and I am sure it was most condescending of him to offer her marriage,—and he so rich and handsome," said Mrs. Wilton, in a complaining tone, and rocking herself in her chair.

"Handsome!" said Barbara. "I don't know where his beauty is; his money is mostly in the funds."

"What a blessing it would have been to the family for him to have married into it: he could have helped us in our troubles, and would; and Lady Somerfield said herself as he was mad in love. I'm sure there is nothing but crosses and trials and afflictions in this world."

Upon which reflection Mrs. Wilton wept fresh tears, and I expected every moment that she would revoke her consent to my marriage with Esther. If she had done so, I would have married Esther without it, if my darling had been willing; but that might not have been so easy, as I found afterwards when, she being a minor, I had to make affidavit and swear that I had her mother's consent to our union.

"This is childish, mother," said Barbara. "The girl will have nobody to marry her at all, if you don't mind."

"Well, I only hope Mr. Kenrick can keep her; for it has never been in my knowledge that newspaper people and actors ever kept the bailiffs out of their houses or did not come to drinking and such like; though I always said Mr. Kenrick was an exception, and a very nice young man."

"There, that will do," said Barbara, promptly; and, going to the staircase, she called out, "Esther, Esther, you are wanted;" then requesting me to walk into the next room, which I did, she brought

Esther to me; and I forgave Barbara Wilton for all she had done at Lindford.

Esther was just budding into womanhood—round, dimpled, rosy, blushing womanhood. Her thick brown hair rippled over her shoulders; a small gold brooch clasped a black lace collar round her neck, permitting her full, round throat to come out in rare white contrast; and she wore a limp, clinging dress of the dear old lama colour, but it fell in sweeping folds upon the floor. She was a picture of innocence and beauty, and I could show you a little picture in which the studies of "Marguerite" and "Miranda" are sketched by an affectionate, loving hand from my dear girl.

How happy we were, thus restored to one another in that dear, stupid, sleepy, old Fleetborough, I cannot pretend to say. What stories we had to tell each other, what explanations to give, you will readily imagine. We sat by each other on the great square sofa, and talked until evening, and no one disturbed us. Esther wept and laughed by turns at my adventures. When she wept there was a sweet excuse for kissing her into smiles again. Oh, how fast the hours sped on!

It seemed as if we had only been a few minutes together when Barbara came in and said,—

"You'd better come and have some tea," marching out again after this intimation with the formality of a drill-sergeant.

We adjourned to the next room, and there sat down with Mrs. Wilton and Barbara to a liberal Midland tea, in which fresh butter, eggs, pikelets, brown bread, pork-pie, and marmalade, were temptingly displayed at the foot of a bronze urn that towered above the table and emitted a sluggish curl of steam.

It was a pleasant little room, furnished with the comforts of a middle-class house,—an easy chair, a chintz-covered couch, an old-fashioned sideboard, a few engravings, and a score of books on some hanging shelves. The evening songs of happy birds came in at the window with the scent of woodbine; and although I could not see it, I felt satisfied that there was a little garden outside, half flowers, half vegetables, hemmed in by a wall, beyond which there were meadows and scattered houses and the slumbering river,—that same river which had borne my boat at Lindford amongst the weeds and rushes and water-lilies that rustled beneath the bow, and made a hushing lullaby music to those early words of hope and fancy of the Lindford lovers.

During tea, in artful, indirect words and whispers (the candles were not lighted, and no one noticed Esther's blushes but myself), Barbara

helped me to have an early day fixed for the wedding. Mrs. Wilton consented to leave the affair entirely to those most interested —Esther and myself. And when the last train started that night from Fleetborough, it carried to Lindford a very happy passenger, whose head was full of the marriage service, house-furnishing, and plans for a little marriage tour; which pleasant thoughts, however, did not prevent that same happy passenger from sitting up all night to earn with his pen some of those necessary sovereigns which melt so quickly away before the happy smiles of newly married people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY, IN WHICH THE STORY OF MY LIFE IS CONTINUED.

June 1.—Fluellen, thou art right, "the poet makes a most excellent description of Fortune" when he says that she is blind, and when "she is painted with a wheel: to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone which rolls, and rolls, and rolls." How I remember me of the time when I sat on that stool in old Mitching's office and thought of ships at sea whilst studying the advertising sheet of the *Times*. "All my fortunes are at sea; neither have I money, nor commodity to raise a present sum." How often I have quoted the poor merchant's words. And now my ships are coming in. They are not going to be wrecked and scattered. Their gilded prows are looming in the bay. Fortuna is at the helm. Waft them, gentle gales, into Hope's fair port. . . . . I am very happy. My father has voluntarily written a kind letter of congratulation upon my paper on "Unknown Martyrs," which has been quoted at length in the Stonyfield paper by my old friend Stanton. *Mem.*, to remember that *The Briton* is open to me, and anxious for a special series of papers. . . . . A dear letter from Esther, wondering if Miss Belmont might be invited to our wedding. Am determined if Esther does not object, to have no one at our wedding. Of all ceremonies in the world which exclusively concerns those persons alone affected by it to my mind the ceremony of marriage is first and foremost. A wedding should be a quiet, private business, the first consideration the bride and bridegroom, who require no extraneous pomp or demonstrative friendship to complete their happiness. When the honeymoon is over and the married people return to their friends, that is the time for rejoicing and feasting. I think Esther will be of

the same mind when I tell her what I think a wedding should be. Generous girl, to mention Julia Belmont so kindly; but not more generous than the actress. That letter, it was a noble thing. . . . . *Mem.*, to write a paper on "Women and Men," the leading idea being that a good woman is far better than the noblest man. *Query.* How is it that the proverbs of nearly all nations are against women? Look this up. *Shakspeare* makes his men say fierce things against women; but what dear, delightful, noble creatures he has painted!

June 2.—I am worth this day sixty pounds, and I have moneys owing to me. With my present prospects I am justified in going into debt for furnishing. I have no doubt about it. Wonder if my father will make a present to me. Shall I go and see him? Why not? Say, Sunday next. It makes me shudder to think of that interview when he told me my poor mother was dead. Cruel, cruel, bitter day! Let me not dwell upon it. If there was nothing but summer in our lives we should not understand the blessings of the sun and the flowers. My winter is over, I think; but I can never forget the ice and the snow, and the chill and bitter winds. . . . . Cator Manners has called upon me. He has been in love with Julia Belmont any time this five years, and been rejected twice. She wished for that engagement with regard to the *Lady of Lyons*, and commanded him to coach me up in the part. He cannot think why. He knew she had a fancy for me. It was her wish that he should induce me to come upon the stage for good. Obeyed her up to a certain point, but strove to put the *Herald* in my way of acceptance. Has no objection to tell me all, now that it is settled. Knew I was in love with Miss Wilton, and had told Miss Belmont so, hoping to make her not think anything of me. She had vowed to him, over and over again, that she would never marry, and he thought *that* might be the reason which he had previously explained. Was free to confess now, that the mystery he had alluded to was no mystery at all; there was no bar sinister in Miss Belmont's escutcheon. I told him his conduct was the conduct of a scoundrel. Said he knew that. Did not know anything about an arrangement to get Lady Somerfield's party to the theatre that night. Had known young Howard for years. Did certainly tell him privately who the "amateur" was a week before the night of the performance. Was going to marry Miss Belmont, and was a happy man; she, "a blooming young lady with ten thousand pounds to her fortune." . . . . It was Howard's own idea, then, bringing the Somerfields to the play in order that Esther might see me in the arms of Julia Belmont. Was the actress really so much in love with me that she hoped to get me on the stage that

I might be nearer her? Or am I a vain conceited fellow? . . . . Seen Manners again. Asked him if he knew that Julia had posted a letter to Miss Wilton by the first post on the morning after the play. Yes, he knew all about it. How did she know that my prospects in that quarter would be injured by what had taken place? This was his reply. "I took her home after she was off, and told her how you had flung down the Prince's hat and cursed me. I told her that you said you would not lose the good opinion of that girl for forty thousand theatrical triumphs. I told her that you had nearly lost Miss Wilton once before because she was jealous of her, and that you did not know she was in the theatre, that she saw you there accidentally, that you were fit to cut your throat and mine, and fancied you were the victim of some plot. I told her a great deal more than I shall tell you, and I told her also what I don't mind repeating, that as faithfully and as fervently as you loved Miss Wilton I loved and worshipped her. She said she had too much interest in your future to see you unhappy, and charged me to get Miss Wilton's address immediately. I begged her, in a manly way, to think of my future, too. 'Get me that address, and come to me in half-an-hour,' she said. I did so, and she said, 'Cator, you are a good fellow, and I will try to love you; we will be married when you please.' There, that's all I know, and I tell you all in the confidence of friendship, which I am sure will not be violated by Christopher Kenrick." Congratulated Manners heartily; said the lady he was about to marry was a noble woman whom I should always respect and esteem, hoped we should be friends, and promised to forget that disgraceful bit of lover's stratagem in which he, in the strangest manner, tried to lower Miss Belmont in my estimation that he might not lose her. O world! thou art peopled with a marvellous race. . . . . Have been thinking over a pretty notion, which was, to take that old house of the Wiltons', and carry Esther home again in a double sense when we are married; but passing Nixon's, I saw poor Mitching hiding from his keeper, and gazing idiotically at her through his gold-rimmed glasses, which gave me the heart-ache. What has become of his wife? and of Tom Folgate? Shall I ever see them again? No doubt; everybody meets again in this world. . . . . Met Miss Belmont in the street. She was in a cab, going to the station with her luggage. I motioned the driver to stop, went up to her, raised my hat, shook hands most respectfully, and said I should be her debtor ever. Said she was delighted to have been able to serve me in some way where gold did not count. Would I see her to the station? With pleasure. She was cheerful, chatty, and bright; asked me if I would give her

away when she married Cator, hoped I should make a good husband, and was in every way agreeable and amusing. Surely I must be mistaken about her being in love with me. I shall put it down finally to my own vanity. I was almost piqued that she seemed so cheerful and happy about her marriage with Cator. He came up just before the train started; she kissed him when the engine whistled, and waved her hand to me. "God bless her," said Manners, gazing after the train. "She is the best woman in all the world." What a miserable dog he would have been if I had happened to think so in Harbourford, when my worser angel said, "Marry her, Kenny!" There! I am at it again. . . . . *Mem.* I must have a studio in my house; I shall put up my easel again, think of Abel Crockford, and paint. I hope some day to have a picture hung in the Academy. Shall also cultivate music, if ever I have enough time. Fear I am building castles in Spain. . . . . Am receiving many compliments about the *Herald.* It is certainly a model little journal, nearly all original matter; the work done up to a high standard. The press should be above the petty littlenesses of ordinary life. Am studying political economy—a hard lesson, but it gives precision and point to one's style. I prefer the realms of fancy and imagination to the sober world of fact, but a journalist should accustom himself to both. *Mem.*, for an essay on "Style," showing the futility of "Rules of Composition." How lasting are the works of the truly great. Cicero's philosophical works are quite fresh in the present age. And Shakspeare will be juvenile and àpropos a thousand years hence. Blessings on the bard and on all good books! How the memory of those Stonyfield volumes crops up to remind me that I owe much of my literary taste and enjoyment of books to that old shop of my father's where I first read Shakspeare and the Border Ballads.

June 6.—Who says Friday is an unlucky day? All days used to be unlucky in my life; none are unlucky now. Besides, it would never do for me to think Friday unlucky. The *Herald* is published on that day, and it is already advancing under my management. Friday unlucky! Yesterday was Friday. As soon as the *Herald* was out I went to Stonyfield, and once more presented myself to that strange old man, my father. "O thou, the earthly author of my blood." He took me by the hand, and said he was glad to see me. He was not affectionate in his manner; but he said I had redeemed the past, and he was proud of my literary achievements. Poor old man! He led me into that little inner parlour, where my mother nursed me when I was a child. It is strange how the memory of a happy time overtops miserable associations. All my young life

nearly I had been wretched and miserable here, and yet the little happy time overspread all the other, and I could see a boy sitting on his mother's knee and listening to "Robin Adair." My father saw that it was with difficulty I mastered my emotions. "It touches me to the heart to see you, my son," he said. "I am an old man, with less strength of mind than formerly:" and, thereupon, he fell upon my shoulder and wept. He was very much changed. I placed him in a chair, and in a few minutes he was quite talkative and chatty. I told him freely of my hopes and prospects, and I showed him a little pencil sketch of "Esther," the work of my own hand. He said it was a kind face, but cautioned me to have a care about marriage. When I came away he charged me to come and see him often, and, shaking hands with me, thrust into my hand five ten-pound notes. So that I am worth now in hard cash one hundred and ten pounds. I visited my mother's tomb before I left Stonyfield. "What's this dull world to me, Robin Adair!" . . . . . Called at Dr. Sharpe's to see Emmy Wilton; she is not well, but has gone to her mother's at Fleetborough. I shall meet her there to-morrow (Sunday).

June 8.—At Fleetborough. In the afternoon went to church with Esther and Emmy. Sat in a corner of the high-backed pew with Esther, and was devoutly happy. Prayed earnestly; but glanced once during the Litany at another part of the Prayer Book, in which there is much asking of M. or N. if M. or N. will take this man, &c. Walked home to dinner by the river, and talked of old times; but none of us mentioned Tom Folgate. Emmy appeared to be amused at the recent theatrical episode, and said she quite agreed with C. K., that it was better to be married at once. "You will come and see me," she said, half earnestly, half in joke, "when I am a poor needle-woman in a garret." I said, playfully, that we should have nothing to do with her; and it crossed my mind that our fortunes were turning out very contrarily. For myself and Esther, we had never been ambitious for a fine house with statuettes on the stairs; whilst Emmy had settled upon all this grandeur long ago; and now, here we were on the eve of marriage, and with a prospect of good fortune before us, whilst poor Emmy had lost her lover and her hopes. Tom Folgate, thou art a God-forsaken rascal! Mrs. Wilton was more cheerful in her manner towards me. Barbara was as hard and jerky and emphatic as ever. She had a fierce spar at tea-time with Emmy, but that did not ruffle the general repose of the family and the place. To church again in the evening, and after church a long walk home, over a meadow and down a leafy lane—a leafy lane in June. If I ever paint I shall put a bit of that lane on canvas, with two persons

walking there in the twilight; and I shall never forget how happy two young people were one Sunday evening, walking down that leafy lane in June. . . . . . Have had a very heavy day's work, and it is past midnight whilst I am making this note in my diary. Shall go to bed and dream I am a great author. By the way, I have had some strange dreams lately. The other night I was with Tom Folgate in a house where a woman had died of want; and when I looked upon the body, it was that of Mrs. Mitching, and her face was uglier than the ugliest Stonyfield drab. Horrible idea! Another time, I saw Abel Crockford in some dire trouble about his picture, which turned out to be a copy of Velasquez, and a bad copy, too. "Never mind, Abel," I said; "it is worth two hundred pounds as a copy, and I will find you a customer for it." *Mem.* "Dreams and Dreamers" would be a good subject for an article, tracing out the idea of the unbounded character of the human mind which makes a world of its own during sleep . . . . . To bed, and I hope I may dream of Esther.

June 14.—Had no time to write in my diary for a week. Have taken, what house does my diary think? That little place in the Bromfield Road, where Fitzwalton lived. Miss Birt (I beg her pardon, Mrs. Noel Stanton) will surely be angry when she knows this. Must write to the Stonyfield editor, by the way. He has sent me a short note, in which he says that he had heard of my visit to Stonyfield, and is surprised at my not looking him up. What a pleasant little place this will be! On the ground-floor there is a dining-room, drawing-room, and a kitchen, all snug and handy; upstairs are three bed-rooms, an attic, and a little room that Fitzwalton used as a study, and which C. K. will use as a study, if Esther does not object. I should like to put up my easel in the garret, but I must talk all this over with my dear girl. My landlady is helping me in the furnishing: it is an endless, troublesome, pleasant, delightful, thing—getting a house ready for her you love, preparing your first home, your *own, own* home, as a girl would say . . . . . The *Herald* has been threatened with an action for libel, but there is nothing in it; I am too careful, even in the height of journalistic excitement, to perpetrate a libel. *The Briton* has commenced my series of papers on "Plodding and Plodders"—a peculiar title, but a good subject. Have serious thoughts of writing a novel. Am getting quite into the hack spirit of literature, but shall give that up when I am rich; for example, Masters & Appollos, the publishers, proprietors of *The Stage*, sent me a picture for their "Sea-Side Annual." They wanted not only a poem written to the picture, but to the proverb which the poem is supposed to illustrate—"Love me little, love me long." This is the result of my hired muse:—

I'll woo thee not in words of passion,
All I ask is in my song;
I'll woo thee in the good old fashion—
Love me little, love me long.

I will be true unto thee ever,
Guarding thee from ev'ry wrong;
Nought from thee my faith shall sever—
Love me little, love me long.

Fiercest flames the soonest smoulder,
Gentle liking waxeth strong;
Every day youth groweth older—
Love me little, love me long.

How different to my sentiments in regard to Esther—"love me much, and love me ever."

June 27.—Have arranged for a week's holiday. Noel Stanton will write two leaders for me, and run over in the middle of the week to give my journalistic lieutenant some further assistance. To-morrow morning I go to Fleetborough. On Monday there is to be a very quiet wedding in that old church with the high-backed pews, and then, hurrah for London! Esther has approved of all my plans. I think, if I said, "My dear, I shall want a small piece of your little finger," she would give it me. We are not fashionable rich people, or of course we should worry ourselves to death with a grand wedding and a continental journey . . . . . Selden exactly hits my own opinion about marriage: "Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet, of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people." There will be no meddling with me or my marriage. Except with regard to my father and Emmy, it is to be a secret until the bells begin to ring, and by that time we shall be in the train for London; and then, oh, for a happy holiday week!—"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

June 29.—Sunday night at Fleetborough—midnight in my bedroom, the last night of my bachelorhood. To some fellows there would be just one little pang of regret at changing all the freedom of a single life, despite all the joys of the married state. I have no regrets; then I have no bachelor haunts to give up, or partly relinquish; I belong to no smoking coteries, no pleasant clubs. This great change with me means what it should mean to all men who work and look forward to a career of prosperous labour: it means that I shall have a companion, a partner to cheer me on and help me with sympathetic encouragement. I feel and think like an old man, though I look very young, they say, and especially when I wear that new blue coat, and a white waistcoat. I am only twenty-two, and my wife is nineteen

—too young to marry, some would say. I am forty in experience and trouble, and Esther forty in consideration and thoughtfulness. "A poor doll," that wretch Nixon says she is, simply meaning not good at bargaining for butter and groceries, and such like, I suppose. A horrible fiendish woman, Nixon; what will she say when she hears I am married? . . . . Leaving Lindford yesterday morning I dropped the wedding-ring which I bought, in a clandestine way, through a London jeweller; I had not courage to go into a shop at Lindford for it. How is it we can all do and say things on paper that we are too bashful to do or say in person. I was wearing this dear ring, and dropped it on the Lindford platform. "What is it, sir?" the porters asked. "A ring," I said; "I must find it;" and thereupon everybody began to search. For a moment I thought, "It is a bad omen to lose that ring," and I felt quite miserable for ten minutes, at the end of which time I spied the ring near a few bright rose leaves that had fallen from a lady's bouquet. "If it is a bad omen to lose the ring," I said unto myself, "it is a good one that I am the person to find it. In the 'Language of Flowers,' what do rose-leaves signify?" I asked Esther the question; she did not know, but was sure the sentiment was a happy one. . . . . I tried the ring upon her finger this afternoon, and felt like a long-expectant heir who had come into a splendid heritage. . . . . This chamber is evidently the spare bedroom of the house; it has been used by Esther. There are a few trinkets about; a toilet bottle and a ring stand that I could swear are hers; some little womanly touches here and there—a pretty mat on the dressing-table and another on the drawers, which are like her handiwork; and on the mantelpiece a small bouquet of freshly gathered mignonette, daisies, and lilies of the valley. . . . . Good-night, most sweet, most rare wench! be thy happiness my constant care; an' I make thee not a good, true husband, fillip me with a three-manned beetle, as that sack-and-sugar rascal in the play hath it. What, O all-potent prompter, Time, wave thy magic wand, and whilst I sleep, and dream, perchance, let the transformation scene gradually disclose its rare and magic beauties. Let the music play gentle, propitious, inviting airs, whilst Little Boy Blue, or some other happy wight of fairy romance, lies down in his work-a-day clothes, and rises up in the morning sunshine a true prince of the blood royal, with a ready-made darling princess at his side. Away, away, dark sober mists of Bachelorhood! Come, come amain, the sunny light of love and sweet hymeneal hours.

(*To be continued.*)

The Tower of London.

THERE is not one of the public buildings of the metropolis, not even the old Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, for which Englishmen cherish so intense a pride—for it *is* a feeling of pride rather than of affection with which they regard it,—as the noble pile which for eight centuries has been known as the Tower of London, and which Mr. Hepworth Dixon calls "Her Majesty's Tower." And well may this be the case: for is not its history interwoven most closely with the fates and the fortunes of our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns? was it not the home and residence of most of the kings of the two former lines? and did it not share with its owners in the vicissitudes of those wars of the Roses, which more than decimated the flower of our English nobles, and paved the way for the tyranny of the Tudors? Further still, were there no other memories attaching to the Tower of London, the fact of Shakspeare having chosen various localities in and around it for some of his finest historical plays, would be enough to invest it with a more than common interest. That such is the case is one inference obviously to be drawn from the fact that within the last two or three years "The Tower" has formed the subject of two important works, both more or less historical, antiquarian, and topographical, by Lord de Ros[a] and by Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon[b] respectively. The contents of these works are so varied and so full of detail, that we think our readers will be disposed to thank us for introducing them to their notice in a paper which certainly can claim little or no other regard to their attention beyond the fact that it is mainly based on the materials gleaned by those two authors, who at all events have brought together the first popular accounts of this venerable palace and fortress which have ever been offered to the public; for Bailey's work on the subject, in two large quarto volumes, is far too extensive and too full of dry details to suit the wants of the ordinary reader, while Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's romance of

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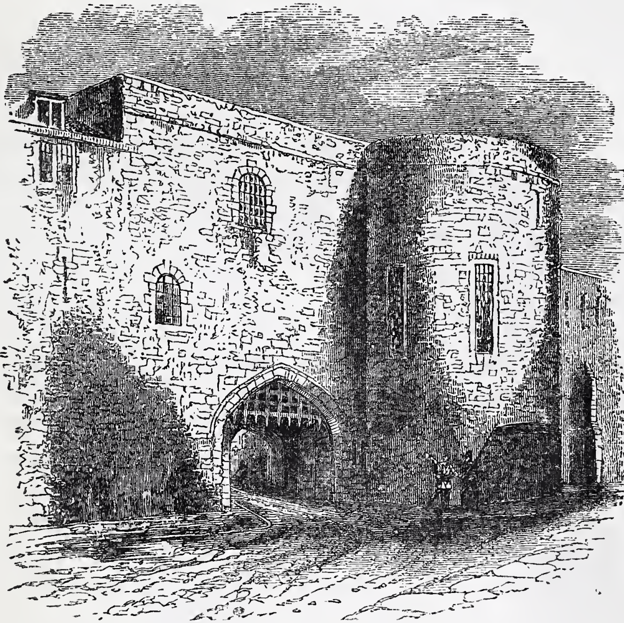
[a] Memorials of the Tower of London, by Lieut-Gen. Lord de Ros, Lieut.-Governor of the Tower. 2nd edition. (Murray, 1867.)

[b] Her Majesty's Tower, by W. Hepworth Dixon. 5th edition. (Hurst and Blacket, 1869.)

"The Tower of, London," so far from satisfying our wants, is calculated rather to excite our curiosity as to the annals of that building to which Gray alludes when he writes,

> Ye Towers of Julius, London's ancient shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

Although we may not be disposed to place much credit in old writers who identify the Tower with the work of Julius Cæsar,—a



The Bloody Tower.

legend taken up by Shakspeare and other poets, down to Thomas Gray, and handed on by the tradition which speaks of "Cæsar's Tower"—still, as Mr. Dixon eloquently urges on its behalf, it is the most ancient and historic of all the fortresses and palaces of Europe, save and except the Castle of San Angelo at Rome, to which, indeed, it stands in a very analogous position. The Roman Wall, and other remains which have been found *in situ*, show that the place was occupied by the Romans two thousand years ago, as defending the entrance of "Augusta Colonia" or Londinium; but the silence of all Saxon chronicles as to the existence of any extensive fortification goes far to prove that if any fortress stood here before the Conquest,

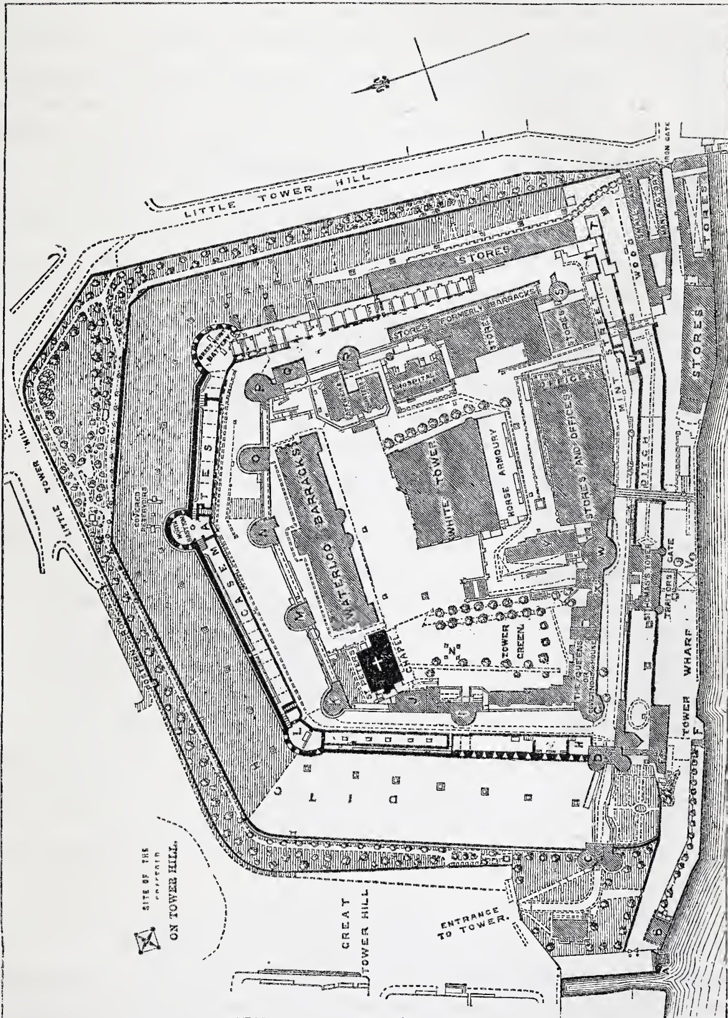
it must have been a poor and mean one, and that we must look to the Norman era for its real foundation. It can now be only just celebrating the eighth century of its existence; but still, as Mr. Dixon remarks,—

"Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry III. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the Fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed II. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war Versailles was yet a swamp. Sans Souci and the Escurial belong to the Eighteenth century. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Tehran, are all of modern date. Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one exception of St. Angelo, in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastile is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spilberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the First Crusade."

No doubt William the Conqueror would not allow very much time to slip by after winning the battle of Hastings, before taking means to secure and command the port and city of London; and to Gundulph, a Benedictine monk, the pupil of Lanfranc and friend of Anselm, and afterwards Bishop of Rochester, London owes the commencement of that Tower which was destined to be at once its glory and (if we follow Gray) its "ancient shame." Those who have visited Rochester will not have been slow to notice the sisterly likeness, both in plan and detail, between the great Keep which that prelate raised on the banks of the Medway and that which stands on the northern bank of the Thames below London Bridge.

The great Norman Keep, now commonly called the White Tower, formed a main part of the royal palace from the reign of Henry I., or at all events from that of Stephen down to the age of the Tudors; so that the story of the White Tower is in some sort that of English society, as well as of our sovereigns. "Here," says Mr. Dixon, "were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; hither came with their goodly wares the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers from Flanders, Italy, and Almaigne. Close by were the Mint,

the lions' dens, the old archery grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Queen's Gardens, and the Royal Ban-



Ground Plan of the Tower of London.

queting Hall: so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics, here found themselves equally at home."

Henry III. spent much of his time in the Tower, and much of his wealth in adding to its strength and beauty; his name is associated

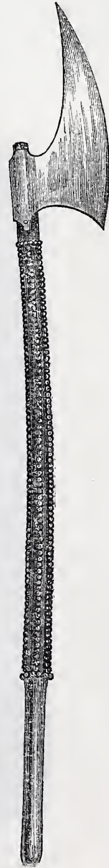
with the "Water Gate," the "Lantern," and the "Cradle Tower;" he adorned St. John's Chapel in it with frescoes, and he built a private chapel on a smaller scale for himself. Edward I., too, in his day, was a great benefactor to the Tower; and under his auspices the adjoining church of St. Peter's was rebuilt and enlarged. During the next two centuries, as being one of the strongest, if not the strongest edifice in the south of England, the Tower became by turns "the magnificent home or the miserable jail" of nearly all our princes. Here Richard II. held his court, and gave up his crown. Here Henry VI. was murdered; here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in wine; here King Edward V. and the Duke of York were slain by command of Richard. Here Margaret of Salisbury suffered her tragic fate. Here, too, at a later date, happened other occurrences equally sad and equally memorable: but these we must not anticipate.

Our readers must not forget that the Tower was (and still is) divided into two main parts, called here, as they are at Windsor, the "inner" and "outer" wards. The Inner Ward, or royal quarter, of which Gundulph was the planner, formed the original fortress, and still is the larger part of the entire design. The Outer Ward, which is mostly of later date, not older than the reign of Henry III., was open to the common people; it extended between the White Tower and the river, including in its circuit the Traitors' Gate, and the Great Hall close by, which was used for the sittings of the Court of Common Pleas—the Court of King's Bench being held in the royal quarters. These are facts which Mr. Dixon has been at considerable pains to establish, and which he has been the first to establish. On the border land of these two Wards stood the Hall Tower, the same which we have already mentioned as that in which Henry III. built his private chapel, and in which he was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester. After Henry's death, this tower, Mr. Dixon tells us, was used as a paper office, and was known for ages afterwards as the "Record Tower."

Facing the river, to the south of the White Tower, was the wharf, which even 700 years ago served as a place of recreation as well as traffic. It appears, indeed, to have been a fashionable promenade on high days and holidays, and no doubt attracted the citizens of London, their wives, daughters, sons, and apprentices, on Sunday afternoons. At the time of which we speak, Mr. Dixon observes,—

"Men who loved sights were pretty sure to find something worth seeing at either the Queen's Stairs or the Traitors' Gate. All personages who came to the Tower in honour were landed at the Queen's Stairs; all coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitors'

Gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, and a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe."



Axe carried before Peers going to Trial at Westminster.

We have not time or space at our command to follow Mr. Dixon through the many successive scenes which he brings before us in the thirty-odd chapters of his work. We are, however, especially delighted with his sketches of "The Good Lord Cobham," "The King and Cardinal Fisher," "The Nine-Days Queen" (Lady Jane Grey), "The Pilgrimage of Grace," "The Murder of Northumberland," and "Princess Margaret." Nearly all the incidents involved in these chapters, the very titles of which tell their own tales, are most graphically and tersely represented, so as to present the effects of a succession of photographic interiors. Nor is the chapter which he devotes to "Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley," at all inferior in point of interest; and we must claim for Mr. Dixon the credit of having been the first to prove that Cranmer, during his imprisonment here, was lodged in the Gatehouse, which then was known as the Garden Tower, but now as the Bloody Tower. The cold and the misery of that place of confinement broke Cranmer's spirit, no doubt; so that, to use Mr. Dixon's words, "the priest who at Lambeth had been little less than a hero, became, when removed to Oxford, little better than a craven."

Sir Walter Raleigh is the last occupant of the Tower to whom Mr. Dixon introduces us. He thus speaks of him:—"Though Raleigh was now lodged in the Tower, with three poor servants, living on 5*l.* a week for food and fire, the men in office considered him far too strong. His fame was rising, instead of falling. Great ladies from the court cast wistful glances at his room. Men from the streets and ships came crowding to the wharf whence they could see him walking on the wall. Raleigh was a sight to see, not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old; tall, tawny, splendid; with the bronze of tropical suns on his leonine cheek, a bushy beard, a round moustache, and a ripple of curly hair, which his man Peter took an hour to dress. Appareled as became such a figure in scarf and band of the richest colour and costliest stuff, in cap and plume worth a ransom, in jacket powdered with gems; his whole attire, from cap

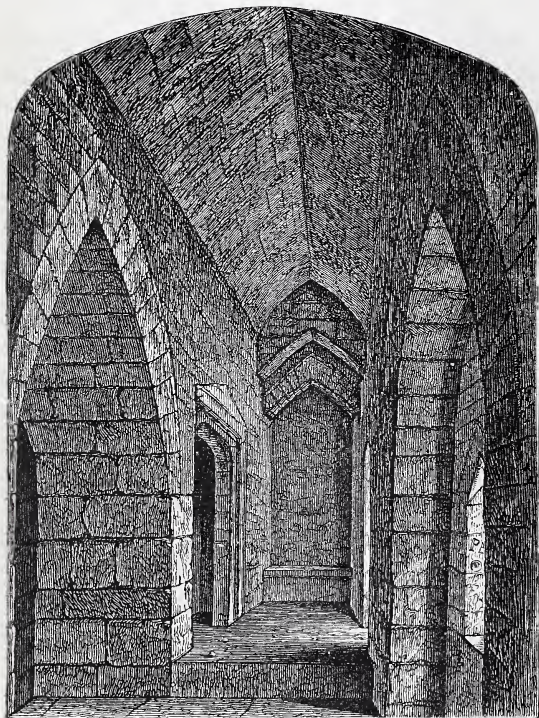
to shoe-strings, blazing with rubies, emeralds, and pearls; he was allowed to be one of the handsomest men alive. The council got alarmed at the crowds who came down to see him. Harvey was thought too careless; and a strict gaoler was appointed to abridge the very few liberties which Raleigh then enjoyed."

It is quite possible that Mr. Dixon may be contemplating another

Landing-place on the Stairs, White Tower; the spot where the Bones of the Princes were discovered.

volume, which shall treat of those State prisoners who during the last three centuries have made the walls of the Tower famous—the noble sinners against the tyranny of the House of Stuart, and the scarcely less noble adherents of the Stuart cause in its decline and fall—those Jacobite lords and Highland soldiers, who having drawn their swords in the cause of Prince Jamie or Bonny Prince Charlie, here met their fate like Christians and brave men, and shed their blood on Tower Hill—the Derwentwaters, the Balmerinos, and the Lovats. Mr. Dixon's book has no illustrations,

except a very admirable ground-plan of the Tower as it stood in the reign of Elizabeth; but his style is so vivid and picturesque, that we scarcely feel the need of the illustrator's art. Take, for instance, his account of the vaults under the White Tower. "The vaults lie underground, with no stairs and doors of their own. Some piercings



Passage and Cell in the Beauchamp Tower.

in the shell let in a little air and still less light. These vaults were the old dungeons of the keep—the home of pirates, rebels, and persecuted Jews. One of these rooms, the cross chamber, is darker and damper than the other two. It was called Little Ease, and is, in fact, a crypt beneath a crypt. When the Tower was full of prisoners, these vaults were used as prison lodgings, even in the Tudor and Stuart times. A few inscriptions can still be traced in the stone; one of which is that of Fisher, a Jesuit Father who was concerned in the Powder Plot. There is some ground for believing that Little Ease was the lodging of Guy Fawkes. On the north-east

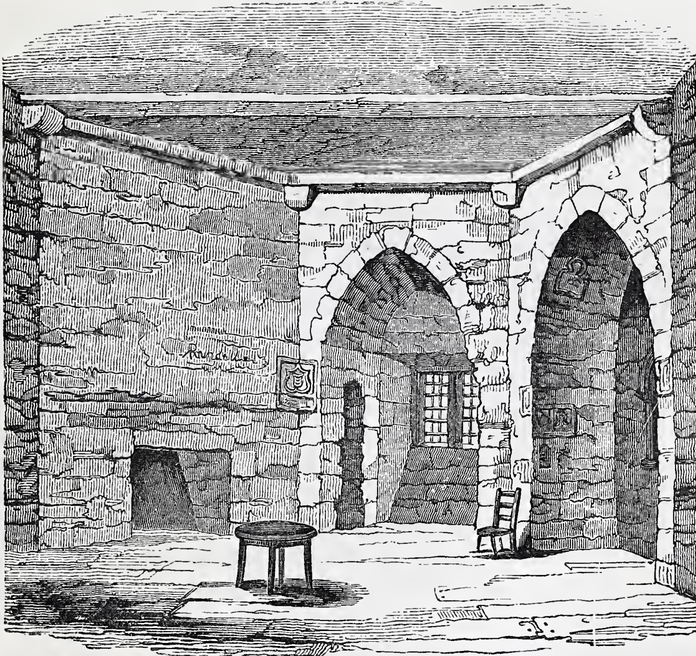
vault a door opens into a secret hole, built for some purpose in the dividing wall—a cell in which there is neither breath of air nor ray of light. By a rule of the Tower which assigns every mysterious room to Raleigh, this vault is called Walter Raleigh's cell."

Again, we are not aware that any writer before Mr. Dixon has drawn attention to the wit of Bishop Fisher. If so, we may be pardoned for quoting the following anecdote from his pages: "Cardinal Fisher, eighty years old, was seized as a plotter, tried for his offence, thrust into a barge, and pulled down the Thames. When his boat slipped under the archway of the Water-gate, he toddled on shore, and turning to the crowd of guards and oarsmen about him, said, 'As you have left me nothing else to give you, I bestow on you my hearty thanks.' Some of the rough fellows smiled, though they must have felt that hearty thanks from a good old man who was about to die could do them no harm. Lodged in the strong room, he suffered much from chill and damp. The belfry not only stood above the ditch, but lay open to the east wind and to the river fog. Fisher told Cromwell, in piteous letters, that he was left without clothing to keep his body warm. Yet the fine old prelate never lost either his stoutness of heart or his quick sense of humour. One day, when it was bruited about the Tower that he was to suffer death, his cook brought up no dinner to the strong room. 'How is this?' asked the prelate, when he saw the man.—'Sir,' said the cook, 'it was commonly talked of in the town that you should die, and therefore I thought it vain to dress anything for you.'—'Well,' said the bishop, 'for all that report thou seest me still alive; therefore, whatever news thou shalt hear of me, make ready my dinner, and if thou see me dead when thou comest, eat it thyself.'"

If we pass from Mr. Dixon's picturesque sketches with regret, we are compensated for that feeling by other attractions in the work on the same subject by Lord de Ros. This is profusely illustrated with ground plans and other wood engravings, some of which, by the kind permission of the author and the publisher, we have had the privilege of transferring to our pages. Lord de Ros is a field officer in the army; and he writes on the Tower of London, as might be expected, from the stand point of a soldier rather than of a man of letters like Mr. Dixon. In his own way he is equally good; but the two books are essentially different in plan and execution, and they will admirably serve to supply the deficiencies of each other. The ground plan of the Tower, as it now stands, our readers will be glad to have given them here, as a key to the description of the locality.

Lord de Ros devotes a chapter of his book to the murder of the

young Princes in 1483, who, he believes, were not only smothered, but also buried, within the Tower. He argues very strongly in favour of the identity of what is known as "The Bloody Tower" with the scene of their murder; he points out the ancient tradition which has always assigned a certain small chamber within the walls of that



Interior of the Beauchamp Tower.

particular tower as the spot where the barbarous deed was done; and he observes, that express mention is made of it as the scene of the murder in a complimentary oration in Latin, addressed to James I. by the authorities of the Tower, on his visit to that place within one hundred and twenty years of Richard's usurpation. He remarks,—

"It was always a sequel to the tradition of the murder of the princes, that 'the priest of the Tower' had buried their bodies in some concealed place, as we know from Shakspeare: and, surely, it was not unreasonable to infer, when two children's bodies, corresponding in age and in period of decay with the date of the murder, were discovered in Charles II.'s time, by some workmen, at the foot

of a staircase about seventy yards distant from the Bloody Tower,—that these were the bones of the princes."

It might be added, that although Charles II. was by no means of a credulous or imaginative nature, he had the remains of the two children transferred, with royal honours, to Westminster Abbey, and ordered his Master-General of the Ordnance to plant a mulberry-tree upon the spot where the bones were discovered, with the idea, no doubt, of perpetuating the remembrance of so foul a deed of blood by associating it with the blood-stained juice of its fruit.

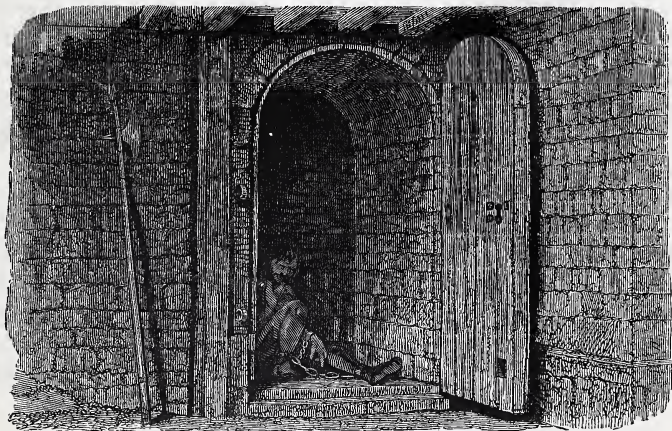
With regard to the author of this murder, Mr. Dixon observes—

"Thanks to our great poet, no name is stamped so darkly on the Tower as that of Gloucester. Richard seems to haunt the pile. If the word Tower crops up in talk, nine persons out of ten will throw his figure into the front. They see, in their mind's eye, Gloucester with his knife at King Henry's throat; Gloucester denouncing Hastings at the board; Gloucester in rusty armour on the wall. Men picture him as drowning his brother Clarence in the butt of wine; as murdering his nephew, King Edward and the Duke of York. The localities of his crimes, and of the crimes imputed to him, are shown. He stabbed King Henry in the Hall Tower, now the Jewel House. He accused Lord Hastings in the Council Chamber, and struck off his head on the terrace below the keep. He drowned his brother in the Bowyer Tower. He addressed the citizens from the terrace now known as Raleigh's Walk. Brackenbury was kneeling in St. John's Chapel when he received the King's order to kill the princes. The boys were lodged by him in the rooms over the entrance-gate, then known as the Garden Tower. They were interred in the passage, at the foot of a private stair. The bones of these royal youths were afterwards dug out from behind a stair in the keep."

Another chapter devoted by Lord de Ros to the sad story of Anne Boleyn, introduces us to the Beauchamp Tower, in which the unhappy queen was confined. The accompanying views of its access and interior, we need hardly remark, are full of melancholy interest. Lord de Ros holds that whatever faults may be laid to her charge, Anne had done nothing to deserve the death to which the tyrant, who had once loved her, consigned her on Tower Hill. "Levities," he writes, "which even now would be thought slight and pardonable, but which in that coarse and licentious court could hardly deserve even a moderate censure, were the only offences brought against her, unless the extorted accusation of Smeaton can be regarded as a proof of any deeper guilt." Indeed, as he elsewhere seems to suggest, the

very precautions taken at her execution to exclude the public gaze from so savage a deed, imply that the nation at large held her really innocent of the charges for which she lost her head by the axe of the executioner.

But the name of the Beauchamp Tower is associated with the story of other noble and unhappy prisoners whom their near connection



Little Ease.

with royalty in the Tudor times consigned to the prison and the scaffold. The youthful and beautiful Lady Jane Grey, a few years later, became an inmate of this same Beauchamp Tower. Of her Lord de Ros remarks :—

"Few victims of a harsh and cruel exercise of the laws of treason have excited more interest than Lady Jane Grey. Her entire innocence of all personal guilt, her devotion to her ambitious parents, and her position as a young and tender bride, all combine to render her story one of the saddest of those which stain the annals of the Tower. That her father was, to all intents, guilty of a deliberate and determined act of treason cannot be questioned, nor that he deserved a traitor's doom; but it seems to have been a needless severity to involve her in the same fate as her father, when no other crime could be alleged against her than a reluctant obedience to the solicitations and authority of her parents."

Lord de Ros devotes a long and most interesting chapter to the history of the Gunpowder Plot, and its connection with the Tower of London; and he gives an illustration of the interior of the Council Chamber in the Governor's House, where Guy Fawkes was examined

and put to the rack; and from which same room it is believed that the Earl of Nithsdale effected his escape when a prisoner under sentence of death for his share in the Scottish Rebellion of 1715. The illustrations of Guy Fawkes' dungeon in the White Tower, called "Little Ease" and of the door of his dungeon, are of more than ordinary interest. We are glad to notice that Lord de Ros is not ashamed to own his conviction that "oppressed and insulted as the Roman Catholics had been by laws and penalties disgraceful to any civilised nation, yet the large majority of their body showed great abhorrence of the measure proposed by the conspirators, and expressed but little sympathy for the fate of the leaders of the Gunpowder Plot." Such a fact deserves all possible publicity in the cause of historic truth.

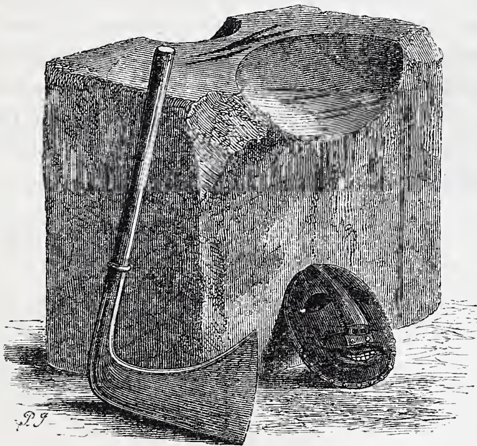
We have neither time nor space to follow Lord de Ros through the most interesting and instructive chapters in which he tells the melancholy story of the Earl of Arundel, and those of Lady Arabella Stuart, of the Earl of Kildare, of the Princess Elizabeth, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of the Seven Bishops, and the victims of the two Scottish Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and how, after the suppression of the latter outbreak, and the execution of Simon, Lord Lovat, the heads-

Guy Fawkes' Door.

man's axe and block became a subject for antiquarian study, and no longer a living power and influence in the nation. The illustration which Lord de Ros gives us of these once fearful emblems and instruments of arbitrary power in the hands of Tudor and Stuart, and

even of Hanoverian Sovereigns, will now serve to call up feelings of pity only, not of fear and terror.

As might be expected, his lordship does not bring his work to a close without recording at length the story of the murder of the Hartgills by Lord Stourton and that nobleman's execution for the deed; the execution of Lord Ferrers for the cruel murder of his steward; the committal of the late Earl of Thanet to the Tower for high treason at the end of the last century, and his imprisonment, and the incarceration of the Cato Street Conspirators, almost within our own remembrance, in the same place. His lordship's chapters



Executioner's Axe, Block, and Mask.

on the ancient armour and the ordnance in the Tower are naturally enough full of interest, for he writes as a soldier upon a soldier's subject; and we must not conclude without owning that we have derived great pleasure from the chapter which he devotes to a history of the Tower Menagerie. Very many of the ancient feudal customs are still observed at the Tower, in the internal arrangement of the fortress, just as they were in the days of the Plantagenets: witness the following extract, with which we conclude this paper:—

"The ceremony which accompanies the closing of the Tower Gates is of very ancient origin, and had reference to the safety of the Royal Palace, as well as to the security of State prisoners. A few minutes before midnight, the yeoman porter attends at the main guard, and applies for the 'escort for the keys.' This consists of a party of six privates commanded by a sergeant, who accompany the

porter to the outer gate and assist him to close it. Having locked both the gate and wicket, the yeoman porter returns, bearing the keys, and followed by the escort. As he passes the sentries on his way back to the main guard, each of them challenges, and in reply to 'Who goes there?' is answered 'The Keys.' The sentry rejoins, 'What keys?' to which the reply is given 'The Queen's Keys,' and the escort passes on, till it arrives at the main guard, which now turns out, and after the same questions and answers as to the 'keys,' and what keys they are, the officer opens the ranks, and presents arms to the 'Queen's Keys,' which are then carried by the yeoman porter to the governor's house, and placed in his office. All this ceremony and precaution may seem superfluous; but it is a remarkable fact, and not the less so from the late Duke of Wellington having caused much inquiry to be made on the subject at the Home Office, and elsewhere, that there has never been any riot or serious disturbance in London, without some plan being laid by the ringleaders for the attack and seizure of the Tower, from the days of Jack Cade to the Chartist Riots in 1848."

E. WALFORD, M.A.

All Fools' Day.

HY the First of April should have been specially devoted to the service of All Fools, is not very clear. That all Fools should have a day set apart for their especial honour is reasonable and intelligible enough, there are so many of them, and they fill occasionally positions of so much dignity and importance; but for what special reason the First of April should have been chosen as the fête day of fools is a very doubtful point. The Hindoos from time immemorial have had their fools' commemoration, the feast of Huli, on the thirty-first of March, and it would certainly appear as if there ought to be some old legendary reason for this particular time being so generally selected. History and tradition, however, are alike silent on the subject. The French (a Frenchman is nothing if not daring) dash boldly into etymological vagaries, and have pretended, by a somewhat forced perversion, to derive their *poisson d'Avril*, anglicè April Fool, from *passion d'Avril.* The Encyclopédie des Bons Gens, however, while offering this explanation for the consideration of such of its readers as may be credulous enough to believe it, cautiously expresses its opinion that it is not worth much, and propounds another solution of its own.

This story has it, that a prince of the house of Lorraine, confined in one of Louis the Thirteenth's prisons, made his escape on the First of April by swimming across the moat, and is accordingly commemorated as a *poisson d'Avril* to this day. Why this should be so is not very clear, inasmuch as the jailers, and not the prince, would have been the April fools on the occasion. A later version of the same story would appear to be the correct one. Here, the prince and his wife escaping in the disguise of peasants on the First of April, were recognised by a servant maid as they were passing out of the castle gates. She immediately made for the guard room, giving the alarm to a sentinel by the way, but, unfortunately for her, though happily for the fugitives, although she may have forgotten that it was All Fools' day, the soldiers on guard had not. The information was treated with the utmost contempt, the soldiers declining to be made game of, and while the royal prison breakers

got clear off, it is said that the luckless informer was soundly buffeted by the guard for her ill-timed jocularity. This version of the story, however, goes to prove nothing beyond the fact that the custom of making April Fools was well known in the time of Louis the Thirteenth, but in no wise accounts for the curious expression, *poisson d'Avril.* The swimming story explains the fish, but leads one to believe that the incident was not the origin of the dedication of the First of April to fools. Shakespeare, who photographs all the customs of his time with strict fidelity, nowhere mentions April Fools, although he delights in fools in general; there can be little doubt that had the custom existed, Shakespeare would have somewhere alluded to it. His only mention of the First of April marks a tragic incident, for King John is informed,

—— the first of April died
Your noble mother.

On the other hand, it seems difficult to believe that Malvolio was not an April Fool. The plot devised for the discomfiture of the pompous steward is most excellent April fooling. It proceeds more by implication than by direct assertion; the cross-gartering has the ring of the true hoax. Unfortunately in this case, the "Oh, You April Fool!" when the joke had run its course, was rather hard and cruel, and more like a very bitter practical joke than a merry conceit. The damp straw and the metaphysics of the supposititious Sir Topas the curate, were rather severe penalties for the poor man who, after all, had only been taken in by an excellently contrived piece of deceit.

No April fooling should result in physical pain. Such a state of things degrades it to the level of the lowest form of miscalled fun ever devised by malicious mortals, the practical joke, a villainous piece of business which is not considered complete unless the patient is damaged in person or in property.

Neither should he be held as a true April Fool, and derided accordingly, who is taken in by an assertion, a mere statement of non-existent facts. To stop in the street a lady fresh from her toilet, and to say, "Madam, you have a black on your face," when, in point of fact, there is no such black, is merely a mendacious impertinence. When, under such circumstances, the handkerchief is raised to remove the offending blot, the ungallant cry of "April Fool" is entirely out of place. The victim has merely trustingly believed, not reading aright the deceitful nature of her interlocutor, and is no fool, not even an April Fool, for that. But to address the lady with a horrified expression, and to say, "Excuse me, madam,

but you have something on your face!" to be answered, "On my face! where? what?" and with a smile of gratified triumph to reply, "Your nose, madam. This is the First of April," is to retail one of the oldest and most complete "sells" appropriate to the day. The Washing of the Lions at the Tower, if brought to the notice of the intended fool by some such card as "Admit the bearer to view the washing of the lions on the First of April, 1869, at twelve precisely," is, if swallowed with an easy and unsuspicious credulity, an excellent way to manufacture your *poisson d'Avril*, and has indeed been more than once adopted on a grand scale and with distinguished success. You must be careful, however, not to season this fish with the sauce of assertion; you must by no means venture on any statement that the lions will absolutely and positively be washed. Similarly, to induce any one to visit Trafalgar Square, on the First of April, by a distinct assertion that the statue of Lord Nelson would descend from his column with the aid of his coil of rope, would merely be the triumph of reckless and unblushing mendacity over sheer stupidity. On the other hand, by dexterous hint and inuendo, to persuade the fool to take a special room at Morley's to view certain extraordinary sights not actually specified, would fulfil the conditions of the festival, and the landing of such a fish would be a just cause of satisfaction to the April angler.

The old-fashioned schoolboy tricks were good in this respect. You were sent to the cobbler's for strap oil; you were not told anything as to the nature of the article, neither, indeed, were you actually informed that the cobbler sold it. If, therefore, your unassisted reasoning powers were not sufficient to lead you, first to inquiry, and ultimately to discovery, you were a fool, and richly merited the application of strap which it was the cobbler's pleasure to administer. It should be obvious, again, to the meanest capacity that pigeon's milk is not an article in common domestic use, and he who is fool enough to go fetch it, deserves to be treated accordingly.

Harder and more malicious is the conventional deception of the Scotch April Fool. The selected sacrifice, deluded by false promises, is persuaded to take a letter, and if also a heavy parcel so much the better, to a distant joker. Arriving, he presents his credentials, which are gravely received and opened. The letter, as the recipient well knows will be the case, contains the simple words, "Hunt the gowk another mile;" and the gowk, or ninny, is accordingly persuaded to continue on his bootless errand for another mile, and yet another, by successive wags, until he either gives in from sheer fatigue, or becomes with disgust aware of the real state of things.

Such proceedings as these should be condemned, if for no other reason, for their shortsightedness, inasmuch as the gowk, who in the nature of things must, in the first instance, be of a confiding and easy nature, will probably, soured by his bitter experience, become suspicious and churlish, and strongly averse to running of errands, and to putting himself out of the way to oblige his neighbour.

Too much care cannot be employed in the selection of a fool, or gowk, as it occasionally happens that immediate and painful physical vengeance is wreaked upon the incautious joker. For instance, when you meet Jehu rattling along, big with conscious pride at the neatness of his equipage, and salute him with, "Hi! sir! your wheel," it is well, when the unconscious butt pulls up abruptly, with the startled cry, "Eh? what? What's the matter with my wheel?"—it is well, I say, to remember, before completing your jest, that a cut from a whip lash is not pleasant, and can be administered occasionally from very unexpected distances. London street boys have a fine appreciation of this prudent policy. They fly from before the fool without even waiting to observe the effect they have produced. It is true that, under these circumstances, the wag loses half the pleasure of his joke; but discretion is, no doubt, in these matters the better part of valour, and critical contemplation cannot always be enjoyed with impunity. But it is, at all times, sufficient satisfaction to the London street boy to know that he has succeeded in making himself thoroughly disagreeable and obnoxious.

How aggravating he can be, he himself is scarcely able to appreciate. He wants the finer sense to know how painful is the position of an April Fool, especially if proclaimed to be so, publicly. And a painful and degraded position it is. For what can you do? No man really likes a joke at his own expense, even when it happens to be a good one; but to be taken in by some stale old first-of-April street-slang, is exasperating to the last degree. You are sold. The hoaxer is off with an exulting chuckle, and an exulting whoop of triumph, down the next street: you look hastily round to see if your discomfiture has been noted by the public, and are gratified to observe that a sweep, a bricklayer, a shoe-black, and several dirty little children are in ecstacies of appreciation, while even the policeman who is sauntering by, allows the muscles of his face to relax from their official sternness, and treats himself to a smile at your expense. You feel as if for the rest of the day you would be a marked man, with April Fool inscribed in legible characters upon you. But there is absolutely nothing whatever to be done. No consciousness of intellectual superiority, no moral contempt for the grinning vulgar, will

avail you in this strait. You have been made an April Fool. Sheepish you feel; sheepish you needs must look. If it so happen that the offending boy is not quick enough in making good his retreat, and if, haply, you are befriended by Fortune to the extent of being able to avenge your wrongs by a good bang with your umbrella, then, and only then, you will have the best of it, and may go on your way rejoicing and with deliberate step. In the other event it is better to conceal your mortification with the best imitation of a smile you can muster, and to make off as fast as possible. It makes so very much difference whether the laugh is on your side or no.

No one but the genuine Londoner can know how intensely and cruelly aggravating the London boy can be; and I feel sure that the artist who drew an April Fool cut, which appeared in *Punch* some years back (to the best of my recollection it was Mr. Tenniel), must have seen in London streets the incident he illustrated. A gentleman, adorned with moustaches of unnatural symmetry—moustaches, by the way, were not so universal then as now—is walking with a charming young lady, presumably the girl of his heart. A terrible boy accosts him with, "Hi! captain! There's one of your moustaches dropped off!" The nervous raising of the hand to the lip, produced by the terrible consciousness of the reality of the danger, is followed by the fatal "Yah! April Fool!" The young lady's suspicions are evidently excited, and it is difficult to imagine a more painfully embarrassing situation than that of the unwilling hero of the scene. This hoax, although not exactly corresponding to the canons laid down in the earlier portion of this treatise, is, nevertheless, in its way, a very perfect specimen.

It is just as well not to attempt to make April Fools of those in authority; it is advisable, indeed, to avoid any appearance of such an attempt. This truth must, after a time, have become sufficiently plain to the French lady, of whom a well-known April-Fool story is told. This personage, who, it must be confessed, appears to have been no better than she should have been, was accused of stealing a watch, and stoutly denied the charge. In especial she was very positive in her statements that the watch could in no way be found at her lodgings, and earnest in her request that some one might be sent to search them. The magistrate, ungallant enough to doubt this assertion, despatched, after some hesitation, an officer to search accordingly. The precaution was presently justified by the return of the messenger, bearing the missing property. This was an awkward situation; but the lady, nothing daunted, and remembering that the day was the first of April, burst into a well-feigned fit of laughter,

and, loudly proclaiming the excellence of the joke, derided the tip-staff and magistrate as veritable *poissons d'Avril.* The magistrate, however, who was evidently a prosaic sort of person, did not see it, and intimating that all was fish that came to his net, sent the unlucky joker to jail until the next first of April, to meditate on the obtuseness of officials, and the advisability of suiting your jokes to your company.

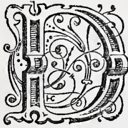
So long-lived are customs attached to particular days, that it is very probable that April Fools, together with Guy Fawkes and Jack-in-the-Green, will survive through many generations, although the observances of the day may be more or less modified by special circumstances. At any rate, the idea of an April Fool is at the present day so strong, that he would be a bold man who would start any enterprise on the First of April, and to be married on that day would call down all sorts of jeers on the heads of the devoted couple. In this latter case the jokers could appeal to precedent, and to an important precedent too. The most famous marriage recorded to have taken place on All Fools' day was that of Napoleon the First and Maria Louisa, which cannot be looked upon as an instance of successful matrimonial speculation, and is undoubtedly an example to be avoided. It seems singular that Napoleon, well knowing how fatal in French estimation is the power of ridicule, should have laid himself open to the ill-natured jokes of the Parisian farçeurs on an occasion of so much importance to himself and his dynasty.

Timour the Tartar is said to have died on the First of April. No, young gentlemen, who only know this warrior in his penny plain and twopence coloured phase, I am not making April Fools of you. Some of the authorities really assert that the great Tamerlane finished his career on All Fools' day. Of course the authorities differ. They would scarcely be authorities if they did not, and as to such a date as this contradiction is obviously proper, if only to keep up the charter of the day.

A French writer on All Fools' day, who had evidently been much maltreated by the wags, waxes excessively bitter as to the "mauvaises plaisanteries" in vogue, for which he predicts early extinction, and takes refuge in a piece of gastronomic advice. "Du reste," he says, "le vrai poisson d'Avril, c'est le maquereau." He must have forgotten the salmon.

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

Lux e Tenebris.



AY dies, and Night, its mourner,
Wrapp'd in sombre robes of woe,
Enthrals us with the mystery
Of her mission here below.

Filling our souls with yearnings
For a higher life than ours,
And crying still the warning
That our stay is but of hours.

I listen to her teaching,
And I rise to kiss her feet;
But from beside her, Memory
Comes, and chains me to my seat.

Unbidden rise before me
Mocking phantoms of the past:
They shiver me, they chill me
With the shadows that they cast.

Why should Thy face for ever
Haunt and scare me with fierce eyes
Wild with the pain and mis'ry
Of despair's unutter'd cries!

I know I wrong'd thee living,
Were thy death, too, at my door,
Thou, beholding my repentance—
Even thou wouldst spare me more.

And for ever shall the Night,
Wipe with gentle hand the sign
Of the sin—and of the anguish—
From every face but mine?

I shriek unto the heavens,
  And they send me back my cry;
The stars shine out and mock me
  As they hear me ask to die.

What can I do or suffer,
  What heavier burden bear?
To rid me of the presence
  Of the nameless terror there?

Of eyes that once gazed fondly
  Into mine, and found reply—
No, not those eyes—I know it—
  'Tis a fiend's own mockery:

Yet I strive and struggle vainly
  'Gainst its influence and might.
Who will save me from the terror
  Of this silence and the Night?

* * * * *

Now, now, oh God! I thank thee,
  Comes the brightness of the Day:
The hell-born shadows vanish,
  And my spirit dares to pray.

LOUISE ROMER.

A Great Social Problem.

IT can scarcely be doubted that a spirit of pure empiricism lies at the foundation of English character, and is a peculiarity of English legislation. We boast of being what is called a practical people. We trouble ourselves very little about causes or principles, hence we are fond of compromise, and prefer political mending and social patchwork to fundamental changes, even when it is acknowledged we are wrong. Let a hole in our political or social garment be fairly seen, and no matter how rotten the cloth, how obsolete the cut, how ill adapted the fit to present circumstances, we set about industriously to mend it with the newest and often most unsuitable materials, altogether forgetful that we may be carrying into practice the well-known parable, and making the rent worse than it was before. We might illustrate these observations by reference to recent action, both in Church and State. Bishops, clergy, and laity have had their rest disturbed and their passions roused by the lighting of a few candles at communion. Thousands have been spent in the endeavour to put them out. But does any reasonable person imagine that the errors they are supposed to represent will be extinguished with the candles, or that the gratification of such a childish whim is likely seriously to affect the progress of truth and practical religion? Under panic of invasion, also, we are erecting fortifications which will cost us millions, without remembering that the true defence of a nation consists in the spirit and organization of a prosperous and healthy people. At the present moment we could, in a single day, raise earthworks at any threatened point sufficient to cover every effective gun we possess, and every trained artilleryman we could find to work them.

But of all the subjects which have been treated empirically with sad results, the relief of the poor and destitute is incomparably the worst. For centuries we have been persistently treating symptoms instead of the causes which produce them. We have looked to an unlimited exercise of benevolence for the cure of poverty and want. We have been taught to give as if it were the test of our love to God and man. Under these teachings our ancestors have raised an unassailable fabric of 40,000 endowed charities, with an income of

not less than 2,000,000*l.* per annum. These, instead of mitigating want, have immeasurably increased it. There is scarcely a parish in England in which there is not an institution for teaching the poor to beg, and it is generally the last which ought to be devoted to such an unholy purpose. Go to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on any Friday morning, and its aisles will be seen crammed with poor. They attend "not to see the miracle, but to eat of the loaves and be filled." They are found there on no other week-day. The charities of Coventry, Stafford, Henley, Bedford, Salisbury, and Canterbury, create more poor than they relieve. In the last-named cathedral town Mr. Gladstone drew a fearful picture of the evils produced, and stated that keepers of brothels were not unfrequently relieved. At Stafford, a cart goes regularly round the town, delivering a hundred-weight of coals to every house, and commences the following year at the point where it last left off. At Kempton, in Oxfordshire, fivepence each is delivered on a certain day to every resident who chooses to apply. 1677 persons, out of a population of 2241, took his dole. It is worthy of remark that the village is situated at the top of a hill, and that the distribution takes place at the bottom, near a public-house. It is needless to say that not a farthing ever reaches the top of the hill. Curiously, also, the charity was defended by the clergyman who dispensed it, who said he liked to see the people enjoy themselves. In certain cities the members of Parliament are practically returned by the trustees of charities, and at this moment a contest is said to be going on in Exeter for the appointment of trustees, in which the political element plays a conspicuous part. With such evidence before us, is it not extraordinary that we should have continued so long to reverence the foolish whims of people who on their death beds thought they were compounding for their sins? It is indeed time that all eleemosynary endowments should be consolidated under the authority which administers relief to the destitute in order that the funds may be judiciously applied to their legitimate purpose, and not, as now, to the promotion of begging, imposture, and the degradation of the poor.

But in addition to these endowed charities, we have ourselves raised up a vast number of charitable institutions supported by voluntary contributions, and largely administered through the instrumentality of paid officials. These institutions profess to deal with every form of human wretchedness, every malady, both of mind and body, and every disorder of our social system. It was an excellent observation of a distinguished French philanthropist, that the charity which gives in gold is least deserving of the name. Man

shall not live by bread alone. The most perfect ministration to his physical wants is not all that he requires. The deepest distresses are not soothed by money, but kind words and sympathising looks soften the hardest pillow. It is a sad characteristic of English charitable institutions that they sever the giver and recipient. On the part of the giver there is no sense of personal sacrifice, of service rendered, and of benefit conferred. On the part of the recipient there is no opportunity for gratitude, and no interchange of those kindly sentiments which are as necessary to the education of the rich as they are to the elevation of the poor. Such charity has lost its double blessedness. It is startled into fits of enthusiasm by the horrors of a plague, or by a dearth of work. It is aroused by advertisements and circulars. Millions are poured into the coffers of a thousand institutions, with a sort of general and indefinite hope that good will come. Subscription lists of noble Christians are paraded in reports, and amongst them are many who never saw a pauper dwelling, and never gave up one moment's pleasure to the welfare of the poor.

And, lastly, we have a gigantic and costly State machinery for dealing with pauperism and crime, on principles which, from their nature, are only applicable when the evils are developed, and, for the most part, beyond the possibility of cure. Here, too, there is an almost total absence of all that is human. From the first moment of distress, the pauper is brought in contact with a cold and heartless system. There is no one to relieve him from the pain and degradation of laying bare his wants before the relieving officer, or of parading them before a board of guardians. Admitted to a workhouse, he is associated with the lowest and vilest of his kind. The master is paid, the matron is paid, the doctor is paid, the nurse is paid, and even the clergyman is paid. Disinterested philanthropy is almost entirely absent. No wonder that Christian ministers hold themselves aloof from this heartless organisation. They generally condemn its inefficiency, and try to supplement its miserable shortcomings by measures of their own, which consume their valuable time, and seriously interfere with the efficacy of their spiritual ministrations. Whilst Christian people, excluded from all share in the public system of relief, are driven to the distribution of tracts and soup tickets, which breed contempt instead of gratitude, because they have no obvious relation to the relief required.

It may be safely stated, that misery and crime cost twenty millions annually, and that they, nevertheless, increase. Pauperism has advanced out of all proportion to the increase of population, particu-

larly in the large and prosperous towns, where the demand for labour has been greatest. Since the repeal of the corn laws, the total amount annually expended in relief to the poor has gone up from less than five to nearly seven millions, and from 5*s*. 4½*d*. per head of the population to 6*s*. 6¼*d*.

It is, however, in the metropolis that pauperism has assumed most serious proportions. The mean number of paupers relieved at one time was 71,513 in 1858, and 132,400 in 1867. At the present time there are generally 150,000 on relief. As the same people are not continuously relieved, it may be fairly stated that more than half a million persons are publicly assisted in the Metropolis in the course of half a year. In addition to those we have, according to the estimate of Dr. Guy, 75,000 beggars, tramps, and thieves, who prey upon society to the extent of 1,368,750*l*. a year.

But the evil is made still worse by its unequal distribution. During the half year ending Lady-day, 1868, the 75,000 rich inhabitants of Paddington relieved 842 persons in the workhouse and 2470 out—total 3312. For the actual relief of this number of poor for the whole year they contributed 20,928*l*., which, deducting the number of paupers, was 5*s*. 9*d*. per head of the population. The money was raised by a rate of 7*d*. in the pound.

But in Whitechapel the 78,000 poor inhabitants relieved during the same time, 3361 persons in the workhouse, and 20,510 out—total, 23,639, or nearly one-third of the population. Besides these, 8682 tramps were also relieved in the casual wards. The annual expenditure for relief was 44,492*l*., which was raised by a rate of 3*s*. 4*d*. in the pound, and, deducting the number of paupers, gives an average of 16*s*. 3*d*. for each inhabitant.

These contrasts are sufficiently alarming, but elsewhere matters are in a still worse state. In some districts of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, more than half the ratepayers are depriving themselves of the necessaries of life in order to pay the rates, which amount to 7*s*. 4*d*. in the pound; whilst in St. George's in the East 500 houses are empty, and property of a certain class is absolutely worthless.

Meantime, it has been roughly estimated that the fund annually subscribed for charitable purposes in the Metropolis amounts to seven millions. If properly and economically expended, there is more than sufficient to ensure every one from want. Yet a death from starvation is recorded weekly, and thousands dwindle and perish for want of wholesome and sufficient food. It cannot be doubted that this enormous expenditure has impaired the industrial energies of the people, has weakened their powers of self-help, and shaken the bonds

of personal sympathy between the rich and poor. Charity in money cannot grapple successfully with any form of destitution. No evil, for example, has attracted more attention, or excited a wider sympathy, than the neglected condition of the destitute and homeless children. Without exaggeration, it may be said that there are 100,000 whose homes are wretched, and whose school is in the street. Gigantic efforts have been made to raise funds. Royalty has been enlisted in the laying of foundation stones. Forty institutions are doing their best to grapple with the evil; but, after all, less than 5000 victims are at this moment under treatment.

It is obvious, however, that this is not the way to set about the cure. Indeed, the public may be congratulated upon so great a failure. The cost of raising homes and refuges to the extent required would be tolerable as compared with the result. We should have created a larger evil—we should have put a premium on parental neglect—we should have loosened the ties of parental love—and we should have destroyed parental responsibility.

But the folly of this tinkering system is not confined to charity. Parliament never passed a more demoralising measure than the Houseless Poor Act. It was bad enough, doubtless, to observe the wretched vagrants sleeping on the door-steps, and to know that they preferred to die in the cold and windy archways to entering the workhouse. But the enactment of a right to food and lodging without reference either to the previous circumstances which led to destitution, or to the possible future of the applicant; to offer it moreover in such a way as to foster the spirit of vagrancy by enabling the vagrant to pursue his wretched calling under the ægis of the law; in fact, to provide him with a convenient network of hotels, was sure to produce a greater evil than it was intended to relieve. Throughout the country vagrancy has enormously increased, and in the metropolis where 600 per night were entertained six years ago, there are more than 3000 now.

The question of what is to be done must be seriously entertained. It is absolutely ruinous to let this cancerous ulcer pursue its course unchecked. In a few years neither property nor person will be safe. When Hyde Park railings were pulled down, we had a specimen of brutal force not to be forgotten; and some who know the temper of the East End poor, are not devoid of fear, should the pressure of their miseries exceed endurance point. To be successful, however, in our treatment, we must be careful lest we are again misled as to the cause. There are those who would persuade us that the evil is unavoidable in old established states, in which they affirm there is a

tendency for population to increase faster than the means of subsistence and employment. Considering that we now feed thirty millions of people more easily and cheaply than we did ten millions less than a century ago, we may dismiss the question of subsistence. And if the theorists propose to limit increase by artificial means, it is only necessary to remind them that nature replaces the want of individual perfection by increased numbers; and that misery, weakness and depravity increase the population just in proportion to the amount of physical injury they cause.

And with respect to the means of profitable employment, where is the limit fixed? Who would have ventured to prophesy that the necessity could have arisen, within the present generation, for the creation of so large a number of steam-engines and other machinery of immense productive power—the existence of which so far from diminishing the field of exertion, has in its turn created a demand for labour far surpassing the wildest dreams of the most inspired enthusiast. After this he would be bold, indeed, who should place a limit on the amount of profitable work remaining to be done.

But, in fact, is not accumulated wealth the result of a productive population, and accumulating wealth the measure of the present reward open to successful industry? In no place in the world has wealth increased so much or so rapidly as in England, and especially in London. Where is the reward of labour so certain or so great? Tailors, shoemakers, artisans, stalwart labourers, men of ability and power in every department of human action, are attracted to it by the superior rate of wage as compared with that obtainable in the country districts. Thousands of foreigners annually forsake their poor, but happily not pauperised, homes, and find comfort, independence, and often luxury in a city where starvation claims its weekly victim, and want notoriously prevails. Whilst this is the case, it cannot be said with truth that the population presses upon the opportunity of employment; nay, rather, does it not go to prove that the greater is the number of producers the greater ought to be the comfort and happiness of all concerned? We have the problem therefore still before us. Why is it, that with a concentrated population and accumulating wealth, we have at the same time rapidly increasing pauperism?

It seems, indeed, a monstrous proposition to state that prosperity and a high rate of wages go hand in hand with pauperism. Yet such is undoubtedly the fact. Rich and industrious communities invariably pay more poor-rates than those which are poor and deficient in profitable resources.

The rich parish of Marylebone pays more to the poor-rate than the whole of Oxfordshire; and the parish of Lambeth 6000*l.* per annum more than Bedfordshire. Whitechapel is the residence of the industrial classes, and pays more to the poor-rate than the whole of Herefordshire. The small union of Holborn, covering 164 acres, and containing 40,000 inhabitants, pays one thousand per annum more for the relief of the poor, than the county of Westmoreland, which is nearly a quarter of a million acres in extent, and contains 60,000 people. The same little union pays nearly twice as much as Rutland; although there is not a labourer or artisan in Holborn, who, if industrious and trustworthy, cannot earn, with greater certainty and ease, three times the wages that he could in any of the counties named.

The advocates of this theory of over-population look to emigration as the legitimate cure of pauperism. But is not this remedy even more unwisely empirical than all the rest? No country in the world will agree to receive our paupers; and to transport a million able and independent men, would but increase the relative proportion of the classes who do not earn their salt. Emigration simply emasculates the country of its really productive element. It takes away the very flower of the operative classes, whose presence here confers a far wider advantage upon humanity than can be gained by their expatriation. It leaves a heavier burden of weakness, blindness, impotence, idleness, drunkenness and vice, to be provided for by a fewer number of honest, industrious, and frugal persons. Emigration is the natural remedy for over-population, where population is equally productive and the competition fair. Under these circumstances, the question is one for the consideration of individuals, and may be left to the spread of intelligence, teaching people where in the world the most comfort may be obtained by the least exertion. So far from relieving pauperism, emigration must inevitably make it worse.

So likewise it has been asserted that derangements of the money and labour markets are causes of pauperism, which of necessity will require relief. If so, we may indeed despair, for whilst the opportunity of employment depends so largely on the profit which capital requires, it is absolutely certain that large masses of people will be thrown out of work from time to time by the introduction of machinery, the transference of manufactures to more convenient localities, fiscal changes, and a hundred other causes over which the labourer has no control. But, in fact, is not the question again reduced to one of personal resource? There are thousands of individuals of whom we

may certainly predict that no matter how fierce the storm, they will escape the wreck. We can do such persons no greater injury than by leading them to expect salvation from without? All attempts to deal with the question empirically must fail. We must teach the workman to expect such difficulties, and provide him as far as possible with the means of meeting them without the sacrifice of independence.

The same line of argument may also be taken with respect to other circumstances which are acknowledged to contribute largely to the growth of pauperism. The state of the dwellings of the poor affords a most prominent example. There are in every district houses into which the flow of public and private charity is unceasing. They are pauper-factories which turn out thousands to prey upon the rates. They are schools in which the resources of idleness and charity are industriously taught, and in which the sufferings of penury are learned not only to be endured, but liked. And yet we are bound to recognise the fact that the state of the home depends far more upon the character of the inhabitants than upon the construction of the house. How often is the advantage of a convenient and cleanly apartment destroyed by the filthy and disgusting habits of the tenants; and on the contrary, how rarely does a decent family fail to make or obtain accommodation suited to their wants and habits? Cause and effect undoubtedly react upon each other, but both bring us to the foundation of the evil; which is, defect of either physical or moral development, or both combined.

To these elementary causes, every form of pauperism may undoubtedly be traced; nay, crime, insanity, imbecility, and disease are also largely due to them. How important that we should be made to feel their influence and power. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is the very foundation of individual character and of social order and prosperity. Nor is this happy state of mind and body so difficult to form. It is the certain result of habits of temperance and industry, combined with the external conditions of morality and health. Although difficulties may occasionally present themselves in hereditary taints, education, in the full sense of the term, is capable of effecting gradually all we want. Given a man with a healthy mind and body, and we may guarantee that he will be honest, frugal, prudent, independent; and whilst ever ready to accept the solace of his sympathising friends, that he will prefer to suffer rather than receive material aid. Such men rise to independence as surely as corks to the surface of the stream. Difficulties vanish before them. Want of employment is a bugbear. They feel instinctively the illimitable

scope of profitable industry as the philosopher feels the infinity of knowledge. For such men capitalists have never ceased to quarrel, because the profit on their industry is never determined by their rate of wage. These are the men who save for a rainy day, and look forward to the time when they shall no longer work. The prospect of trouble does not ruffle them, because provision has been made for it.

Turn, on the other hand, and observe the nature of the material of which the pauper class is formed. The breeding is promiscuous. The principles of natural selection, thwarted by human interference, fail to obviate the tendency to degradation. Idle habits and tainted constitutions are alike transmitted from sire to son. Born in wretchedness and filth, reared on unwholesome garbage, exposed to unhealthy influences, half of these starvelings die before they are three years old. Forced in the hot-bed of penury and want, the survivors acquire an unnatural precocity of intellect and a too-early physical maturity, which makes them men and women of the world at ten years old, fathers and mothers when scarcely in their teens, and decrepit wastrels before they are old enough to be responsible in law. Whilst the population is thus increased with undue rapidity, the average age of the community is lowered, and its productive capacity reduced. A walk in Bethnal Green or Whitechapel would convince the most sceptical that its pale and stunted inhabitants are altogether useless and unprofitable. If you meet a man of fair stature and ruddy countenance, be sure he is an immigrant. The recruiting-sergeant fails to find recruits amongst the East End natives, and is it reasonable to expect the capitalist to employ his leavings? What folly then to speak of competition in the labour market. No man in his senses would propose to race a spavined pony against a sound and well-trained racehorse. The crippled pauper is equally unable to maintain his position against a newly-imported and healthy labourer fresh from his country home. In the London labour market this form of natural selection is continually going on. Physical ability displaces weakness whenever they come in contact, and as the latter is a consequence of urban influences, the contest becomes more and more unequal in successive generations. The occupations of the people follow their diminished capacity for work. It is as ridiculous to set a navvy on making match-boxes or flower-sticks as a sharp-witted but feeble Cockney to make a railway. The latter lives by his knowledge of human nature and his wits,—by begging, cheating, thieving, costermongering, and the like. If men are physically children they must do children's work, and also be

satisfied with children's wages; and as the latter are not adapted to their wants, exhaustion ensues, health gradually fails, and the little stock of vital energy being gone, the value of their labour is reduced to zero. Then arises the inexorable necessity of depending on others for support. Such is the physical history of a large mass of pauperism; such are the causes of its continual accumulation.

This physical aspect of the question is, moreover, more important than the moral, inasmuch as it is necessarily preliminary thereto. Existence is the prime necessity. Self-preservation is the first law in nature. Food and shelter stand before every other consideration upon earth, and the want of them forms the most serious temptation to robbery and crime. It would never do to put a starving man to the last extremity. If the condition of the criminal be made more eligible than that of the destitute, there would be a premium put on crime. The policy of relieving destitution is justified as much by selfish considerations as humane. Nor is it wise or politic to let the poor sink into absolute destitution before we help them. The downward course is always, unfortunately, the easier. It is fifty times easier to convert an independent man into a pauper, than to raise a pauper into a state of independence. Want of food soon destroys both physical and mental energy; it is no remedy for idleness, and cannot long be relied upon as a stimulus to work. An industrious man may soon have his health and productive capacity destroyed by starvation, or by trifling distresses, which may, at their outset, be easily relieved. And one tempted by want into the commission of a single crime, may be induced to live thereby. From the costly slough of sickness, pauperism, and crime, the escape is both difficult and doubtful.

The physical are also much more closely mixed up with the moral causes of pauperism than is generally supposed. Amongst the latter are chiefly ignorance, idleness, extravagance, improvidence, drunkenness, dishonesty, untruthfulness, selfishness, and moral cowardice.

These cannot be dealt with without first providing the bare means of existence and the power to work. Thus it is impossible to educate a starving people. A badly fed labourer is like a steam-engine with a short supply of fuel, which creeps along a level, but is brought to a stand-still by an ascending gradient. If the physical capacity only suffices to procure the bare necessaries of existence from hand to mouth, where is the opportunity for frugality and forethought? No amount of prudence and self-denial will enable a Dorset labourer to fulfil his duties as a man, nor save him from the workhouse. He rushes into matrimony to gratify his brutish instincts, almost the only

ones which cannot be thoroughly repressed. Nor can one quarrel with the drunkard who goes to the public-house to relieve by a fleeting stimulant the intolerable depression caused by debility, unwholesome dwellings, and want of food. Lastly, it is acknowledged that dishonesty and untruthfulness are the effects of idleness, whether induced by habit simply or by physical defect.

Whilst, however, the importance of food and physical development requires to be much more fully recognised, the moral causes must not be let alone. We have not space to do them justice now. It may be marked, however, that it is just as difficult to feed the ignorant and idle as to teach the starving. To do so, would but confirm them in their unhappy and dependent state. The body, the habits, and the mind must be fed equally and together, in order to ensure a real advance towards independence. Still moral defects exist alike in the healthy and well fed; but in this case happily the treatment, though simplified, is the same. We know perfectly that the very moral qualities by which we desire to regulate the conduct are capable of being taught, not however by preaching, or the acquisition of knowledge, but by habitual practice. Merely to tell a child to be industrious, is to make a fool of him. To set him on simple work is to place him in the path which leads to independence. Health and the habit of industry are the two essentials for a working man ; without them intellect and knowledge are too often thrown away. There is now a tendency to over-estimate the value of a superficial education, and to decry the employment of children. Such education tends to make the habit of work contemptible, the more so as it presents the temptation of gratifying the artificial wants by clever and dishonest means. In this respect the introduction of machinery may be regarded as an evil. In olden times every English homestead was a school of work. From the cottage to the castle, children were taught to spin, weave, knit, and sew, and the males to shoot. This was an education in itself, and something like it needs to be restored.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that I have omitted intellectual ignorance from the list of causes. In doing so I have no wish to undervalue it. Hereafter it may be difficult to find employment for simple, honest, industry. Intellectual cultivation will then become an equal necessity with health and will to work. There is, however, less fear of its neglect. The tendency of the time is to despise the foundations of independence, and to erect a building which, being unwisely developed in its uppermost story, is liable to topple over into crime. We may thus venture to affirm :—

1. That pauperism, though aggravated by vicious social arrange-

ments and erroneous legislation, is mainly the result of defective moral, intellectual, and physical development, and cannot be treated without continual reference to the causes which produce it.

2. That education, physical and moral, in the widest sense of the word, combined with the external conditions of morality and health, is the only means of cure.

3. In our treatment of poverty and distress of every kind we must carefully abstain from every operation which is calculated to lower the physical and moral state of the poor.

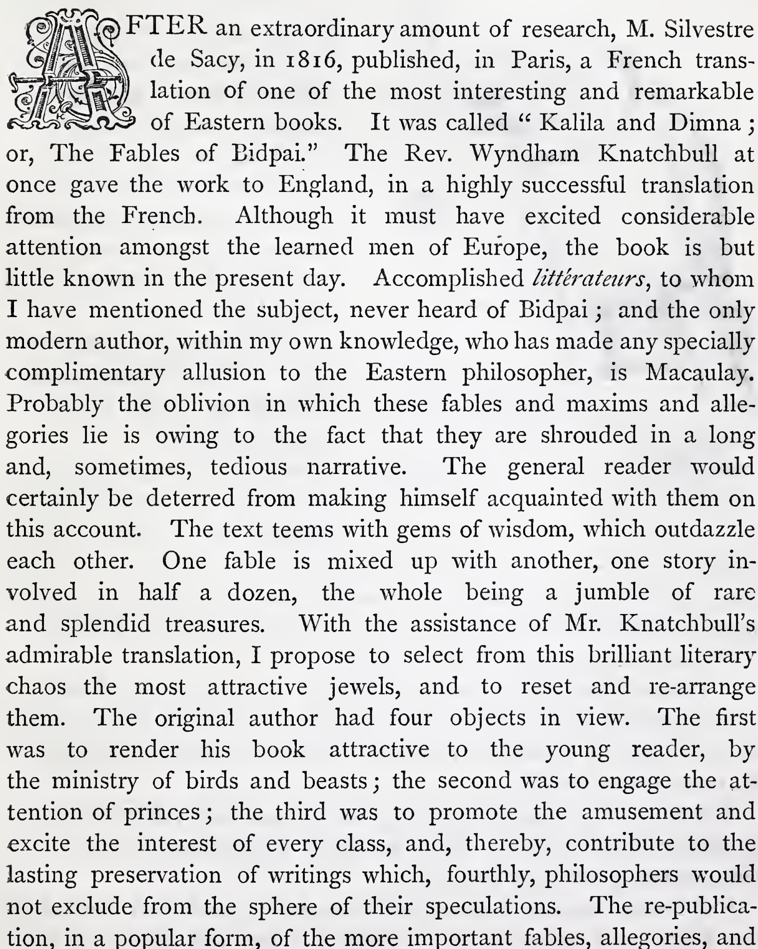
4. That our efforts, to be successful, must be directed to a gradual improvement in the physical and moral conditions of the degraded classes, our remedies being applied equally, slowly, simultaneously, and perseveringly to all defects, and with the object of prevention rather than of cure.

On a future occasion it will be desirable to see in what respects the administration of public and private charity and the Poor Law contravenes these principles, and in what manner and direction improvements may be made.

J. H. Stallard, M.B. Lond., &c.

The Wit and Wisdom of Bidpai.

No. I.—HIS FABLES.

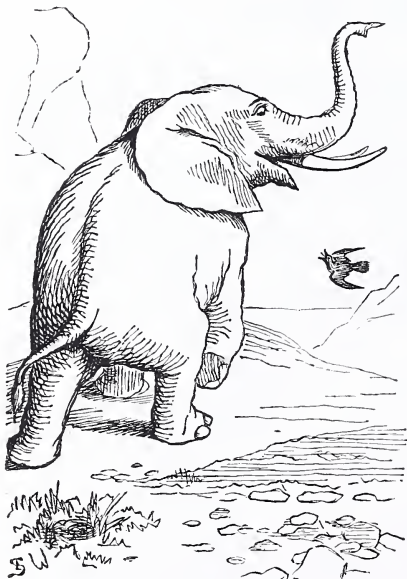


AFTER an extraordinary amount of research, M. Silvestre de Sacy, in 1816, published, in Paris, a French translation of one of the most interesting and remarkable of Eastern books. It was called "Kalila and Dimna; or, The Fables of Bidpai." The Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull at once gave the work to England, in a highly successful translation from the French. Although it must have excited considerable attention amongst the learned men of Europe, the book is but little known in the present day. Accomplished *littérateurs*, to whom I have mentioned the subject, never heard of Bidpai; and the only modern author, within my own knowledge, who has made any specially complimentary allusion to the Eastern philosopher, is Macaulay. Probably the oblivion in which these fables and maxims and allegories lie is owing to the fact that they are shrouded in a long and, sometimes, tedious narrative. The general reader would certainly be deterred from making himself acquainted with them on this account. The text teems with gems of wisdom, which outdazzle each other. One fable is mixed up with another, one story involved in half a dozen, the whole being a jumble of rare and splendid treasures. With the assistance of Mr. Knatchbull's admirable translation, I propose to select from this brilliant literary chaos the most attractive jewels, and to reset and re-arrange them. The original author had four objects in view. The first was to render his book attractive to the young reader, by the ministry of birds and beasts; the second was to engage the attention of princes; the third was to promote the amusement and excite the interest of every class, and, thereby, contribute to the lasting preservation of writings which, fourthly, philosophers would not exclude from the sphere of their speculations. The re-publication, in a popular form, of the more important fables, allegories, and

maxims of this extraordinary work, whilst advancing the object of the wise man of the East, will be entirely new to the general public, attractive to the young, and entertaining to all who can appreciate a combination of the rarest and most delicate wit with the matured wisdom of the philosopher.—JOSEPH HATTON.]

THE ELEPHANT AND THE LARK.

A LARK made her nest in the road which an elephant was in the habit of passing when he went to drink. One day the elephant trod upon the lark's nest and broke all her eggs.



The lark flew up into the air and cried: "O king, is it out of contempt and want of respect to your neighbour that you have done this deed?"

"It is," said the elephant.

Whereupon the lark went to the birds' parliament, and complained to them of the injustice of which the elephant had been guilty.

"We cannot interfere," they said. "The elephant is too powerful an enemy for us to contend against."

So the lark laid her case before a special meeting of the magpies and crows. They agreed to peck out the elephant's eyes with their beaks. And this they speedily accomplished. Meanwhile, the lark went to a pond where a great colony of frogs resided, and told of them her grievance.

"How can we assist you?" they asked.

"The elephant is blind now," she said. "Go you to a pit adjoining his pasture and croak; when he hears the noise he will fancy he is near a pool of drinking water, and advancing towards it he will fall into the pit and perish."

The frogs did as the lark wished, and the elephant fell into the pit, as the bird had foretold. When he was in the agonies of death, the lark, fluttering over the pit, said,—

"O tyrant, thou art deceived in the opinion which thou formed of thy power and strength: the inferiority of my size compared with

thine has disappeared before the cunning contrivance which has brought thee to well-merited punishment."

The Man and the Gold-Mine.

He who is employed in heaping science upon science, without any system of digesting into a body of useful instruction his various acquirements, may be compared to the man of whom it is told, that he went into a desert and discovered a spot of ground where he suspected there was a rich mine. In due course he found gold and silver, and he hit upon a plan for getting the whole of the treasure speedily into his possession. He conducted a number of strange persons to the spot, gave them charge of the treasure, with instructions to convey it to his own house, whilst he remained at the mine. The labourers, concerting with each other to avail themselves of his want of precaution, conveyed the gold and silver to their own houses. At last the discoverer went home exulting in his good fortune, but only to find out the trick that had been practised upon him. The reading of this fable without attending to its scope and aim is as unproductive as the nut which is not broken.

The Poor Man and the Thief.

Whilst a miserably poor man was sitting one night in his house, he saw a thief enter his door, and felt quite unconcerned at the visit, as he had little or nothing to lose. Whilst the thief was looking about for something to steal, he accidentally touched a jar of wheat. Finding nothing else but this to repay his trouble, he took off his cloak and spread it out, in order to put the wheat into it. The poor man seeing this, and not choosing to be deprived of his last means of sustenance, seized his club, and crying out at the same time, so alarmed the thief that he fled in haste out of the house, leaving his cloak, which served the poor man for a garment on the following morning.

It is not, however, fit that any one should be induced by an example of this kind, to neglect the necessary means for the improvement of his temporal condition; for an extraordinary interposition of fate very seldom occurs; and mankind in general are doomed to owe their advancement and success in life to their own exertions.

The Fisherman and the Shell.

One day a fisherman saw a shell at the bottom of the water, and threw in his net to draw it out. He failed in his attempt, but caught a fish instead of it. Though it might have served him for his dinner, he thought so much of the shell that he threw the fish away and

dived into the river to obtain the prize which had at first attracted his attention. Having brought it out, he found that it was empty and good-for-nothing. He then regretted that he had lost a certain good by his eagerness to obtain a greater. On the following day he returned to the river and saw another shell, but paid no attention to it, fearing that he should be disappointed as on the preceding day; but a fisherman passing by, and being attracted by its beauty, got it out of the water, and found in it a pearl of great value;—and as great a treasure awaits the researches of the person who carries his inquiries deeper than the superficial examination of this book.

The Rich Man and the Robbers.

A rich man, hearing thieves in his house, privily laid a scheme for their discomfiture. Whispering to his wife of their danger, he desired her to pretend to awaken him by making a noise which the robbers might hear, and to ask him to give her an account of his great fortune and riches. "And when I command you to hold your tongue, be all the more earnest and loud in your demands." The wife did as she was requested, and the thieves listened attentively to all that was passing.

"If fortune has been bountiful to us," said the rich man, in loud tones, to his wife, "you ought to be satisfied with the possession of what fate has given us. If I inform you how I have acquired my riches I may be overheard, or you may repeat the story, and we may both suffer by my indiscretion and your curiosity."

"There is no one to hear," said the wife, "and I will never repeat what you tell me."

"You swear by the Prophet?"

"Yea, and by my love for thee!" said the wife, tenderly.

The robbers were all ears to hear.

"I have collected my wealth," said the rich man, "by my dexterity

in robbing, and nobody has ever suspected me. I have done it in this wise. One moonlight night I went out with my companions, and climbing up to the top of the house of a rich man, I went to the aperture which was made for the admission of light, and used an incantation which consisted in pronouncing the word *Shuam*, *Shulam*, seven times. I then embraced the light, and no one perceived that I had let myself down into the room, as I had become invisible."

"Wonderful!" said the wife; "what a blessed power of magic!"

"I then gathered together all the treasures in the house, embraced the light again," said the husband, "and it drew me up; then I went to my companions, and we retired unmolested."

When the robbers heard this they congratulated themselves on the discovery which they had made, and promised themselves a large booty. Remaining quiet until they thought the rich man and his wife were asleep, the leader of the band went to the window, said *Shulam*, *Shulam*, seven times, and then embraced the light, that he might let himself, unperceived, down into the room; but he fell backwards upon his head on the floor. The husband immediately sprang upon him with his club, and captured him, the thief acknowledging that he deserved his fate because of his too easy credulity.

The Merchant and the Pearl.

The man who is more anxious about the little which he enjoys to-day, and perhaps may lose to-morrow, than about what is substantially and lastingly beneficial, is like the merchant who had a very precious pearl, and hired a man to bore it, engaging to pay him a hundred dinars for the day's work. A pair of cymbals were lying in the room where the labour was to be done.

"Can you play upon the cymbals?" said the merchant.

"Yes," said the man, "indifferently well."

"Then play," said the merchant.

The man began to beat upon the instruments as he was ordered. The merchant kept time with his hands and head, and the man played on until evening, when he asked for the hundred dinars.

"You have not finished your work," said the merchant.

"I have obeyed your orders," said the man.

And the merchant was compelled to give the man the reward agreed upon, whilst the pearl remained untouched.

Fate.

Travelling in a lonely forest country, a man saw a wolf coming towards him. He ran in the direction of a distant house. A river

impeded his way. The wolf was almost upon him, so he plunged into the water. He could swim but little, and would have been drowned had he not been assisted by some persons on the other side. Having recovered from his fright, the man went into a house which turned out to be the meeting-place of robbers. The banditti were at that very moment engaged in sharing a rich booty, which was the plunder of some merchant whom they had murdered. The traveller, therefore, made his escape, and went onwards to the village. Arrived safely there, he was leaning with his back against a wall, when it fell down upon him and crushed him to death. When a man's hour is come, all his precautions cannot arrest the arm which is lifted up to strike him.

The Carpenter's Monkey.

A monkey belonging to a carpenter having seen his master sitting upon a log of wood in order to split it with two wedges, imitated his example. He sat down with his tail towards one wedge, and his face towards the other. In this position his tail hanging down in that part of the block which was split, the wood, upon his suddenly removing the wedge which was behind him, closed upon it, and the violence of the pain made him fall from his seat and faint. The carpenter arrived upon the scene at this moment, and beat the monkey so unmercifully that he died. It is difficult to say whether his own indiscretion, or the rage of the master, was most fatal to him.

The Girl and Her Lover.

A bad woman decoyed a young girl to her house for a wicked purpose. The girl had a lover to whom she was devotedly attached. The bad woman determined to murder the young man, and thus secure the services of the girl. When therefore, the lover, came to visit his future bride, she placed before him an intoxicating liquor, which made him fall asleep. She then took a reed, and was in the act of blowing the poison with which she had previously filled it into his ear, when suddenly and unintentionally catching her breath, the poison returned into her own throat, and caused instant death. The young people were afterwards happily married.

The Swan and the Crab.

A swan who had become weak from old age, was tormented by the dread of dying from hunger. A crab passing by inquired the nature of the swan's distress.

"The other day I overheard two fishermen laying plans for catching

all the fish in the lake where I live, and I am uneasy about my future livelihood."

Upon this, the crab went to the fish, and told them, in full assembly, what he had heard. They sent a deputation thereupon to the swan to ask his advice in their present dilemma, the greatness of the apparent danger outweighing all prudential considerations of the risk they were running in placing so much confidence in an enemy.

"The only means of escape" said the swan, "will be to retire at once to another pool in the neighbourhood where there is plenty of food. Under the circumstances I have no objection to transport you thither, for I should be deeply chagrined to see the wily fishermen make a sudden prey of the whole of you, which they will assuredly do."

The fish accepted the kind services of the old swan, who transported two of them upon his back every day to an adjacent hill, and ate them.

One morning when he came as usual to carry off his two fish, the crab met him, and expressing apprehension for his own safety in his present abode, asked the swan to carry him likewise to the new pool. The swan complied. Upon the point of arrival, the crab, looking about, saw a number of fishes' bones lying upon the ground. Thereupon he suspected the wily swan to be a villain, and reasoning with himself that his situation could not be made worse by an attempt at defence, he fastened his claws upon the neck of the swan and strangled him.

The Crow and the Serpent.

A crow had made her nest in a tree upon a mountain. Close by was the hole of a serpent, which ate the crow's young as soon as they were hatched. By the advice of a jackal, the crow flew down into a village, bore off a lady's costly necklace, and hovered just so high above the heads of the people that they could see what she carried. Then flying up over the serpent's hole, the bird dropped the necklace into it. This attracting the people, they went to the spot, discovered the serpent, and killed it. Contrivance and skill have often been known to succeed where the greatest exertion of strength would have failed.

The Hare and the Lion.

A certain lion entered into a contract with his neighbours that they should roam unmolested through the forest if they paid tribute to him of a piece of game for breakfast every morning. One day it fell to the lot of a hare to go to the lion, and she resolved to

rid herself and her companions of the tyrant. Loitering by the way she was late on her arrival. The lion was very angry. In explanation the hare said,—

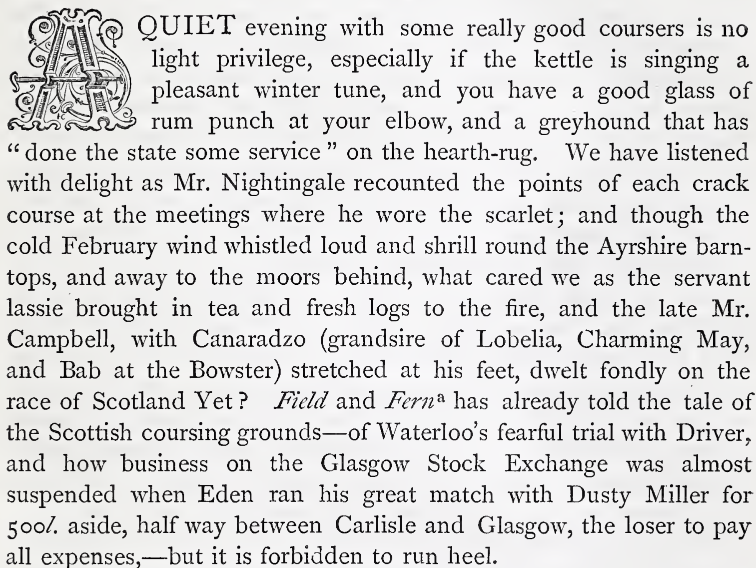
"On the road I met a lion who declared he was lord of the wood, and carried off my companion. When I told him my errand to your majesty, he broke out into the most violent abuse of your sacred person."

"Conduct me to the spot where I may find this braggart," said the lion.

The hare led the way to the brink of a deep, wide well, which was full of water. Upon which, the lion looking down and seeing, in his own shadow, his supposed enemy, sprang into the pit, and was drowned.

(*To be continued.*)

English Coursing Fields.



A QUIET evening with some really good coursers is no light privilege, especially if the kettle is singing a pleasant winter tune, and you have a good glass of rum punch at your elbow, and a greyhound that has "done the state some service" on the hearth-rug. We have listened with delight as Mr. Nightingale recounted the points of each crack course at the meetings where he wore the scarlet; and though the cold February wind whistled loud and shrill round the Ayrshire barn-tops, and away to the moors behind, what cared we as the servant lassie brought in tea and fresh logs to the fire, and the late Mr. Campbell, with Canaradzo (grandsire of Lobelia, Charming May, and Bab at the Bowster) stretched at his feet, dwelt fondly on the race of Scotland Yet? *Field* and *Fern*[a] has already told the tale of the Scottish coursing grounds—of Waterloo's fearful trial with Driver, and how business on the Glasgow Stock Exchange was almost suspended when Eden ran his great match with Dusty Miller for 500*l.* aside, half way between Carlisle and Glasgow, the loser to pay all expenses,—but it is forbidden to run heel.

We must, however, say a few words to the memory of our old dead friend. In his build Mr. Campbell would remind us of the late Mr. Kirby of York,—a man of burly frame, in a capacious black tail coat, from which he had rather shrunk. He was good tempered, but always able to hold his own, with incisive Quaker-like retorts, against a host, when he was chaffed. Coursing men liked him, and enjoyed his terse sayings and stories when he was leaning on his polished black oak stick at the Waterloo, or sitting "round the mahogany tree" at Lytham, or Lynn's. He sold all his dogs, save Coodareena, in the spring of '65, Canaradzo for 100*l.* to Mr. Knowles, and Calabaroono for 200*l.*, to the late Lord Uffington, with a view to the Waterloo Cup, for which he came, after the frost, as fat as a pig to the slips. Few men began coursing so late, and none have made such prices; but his dogs were always well placed, and well trained by his son and "Jock o' Dalgig."

He was much "exercised" in the manufacture of greyhound

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[a] Part South.

names, and was wont to say that it often relieved him from severe fits of toothache. Canaradzo, Carabradzo, and Colooxardo, he considered his masterpieces of composition; and the pursuit had its origin as follows. He had a red dog, Cromwell, winner of the Biggar (Open) Cup of sixty-four dogs, in 1853; and shortly after another "Cromwell," to his intense disgust, started up in the English entries. Then he called his puppies "Scotland Yet" and "Highland Home" after favourite Scottish songs, and when the Ridgway Club entries came out, Mr. Sharpe had a Scotland Yet as well. After that he would have "no common names," and followed up a short use of Ossian, by making them for himself. His first-born was "Coomerango," of which Boomerang was the key-note. "Crested Lochiel" and "Cam Ye by Athol," were the only names he would ever accept from his son. He said that his dogs had no luck unless they were named by himself, and as the above two died from injuries at a fence, he had some grounds for his prejudice.

His son really began the family coursing in 1841, when Mr. McTurk gave him a puppy. After that "Young Dalgig" always kept one; but his father never took any notice of it till, in the course of '47, he saw him with Kenmore, the dam of Dido, and conceived a violent admiration for her. He then learnt to love coursing at private meetings round home, and his maiden win was a farmer's stake at Closeburn—five shillings entrance and thirty runners. Dido won, and followed suit at a Closeburn public meeting the next year.

He first tried Canaradzo in the Dalgig meadows with Mr. Hyslop's Forty-Six. If he was anxious for a trial he would walk from morning till evening to have one. On one occasion he and his son walked Monday and Tuesday on the hills, and did not find a hare. On Wednesday they began again, and at two o'clock those plucky pilgrims at last "spied her sitting." He did not feel it a martyrdom, and no amount of wet would make him put back. The only alloy, in his mind, to these private trials was when "Jock" proclaimed the death of a doe hare. Occasionally, he took an odd fit, and would run a dog three or four trials in a day. Much as he loved Coodareena, he would sometimes try the whole team with her, and he was "as deaf as Ailsa Craig" to all expostulations on the point. He must have thought her a sort of steam engine, "cast at Hawkes's and fitted at Stephenson's," as the Newcastle lads said of poor Bob Chambers, or he would never have been so hard on her. She was the stoutest hearted of all the Scotland Yets—a sort which is either very game or very soft; and but for these trials would have won more than she did. As it was, she was left in among the last eight with Meg at

Mr. Campbell's last Waterloo Cup essay; and she ran well at Kyle in her seventh season, this winter.

Dalgig was not far from the springs of Nith, and every Edie Ochiltree and Madge Wildfire who wandered among those moors was sure of a night's shelter and plenty of porridge and milk. He was a great student of human nature, and he loved a bit of character wherever he could find it, especially if it indulged in unshackled Scotch. He made a point of asking every tramp their name, and they invariably said "Campbell." The outlying members of the clan seemed to increase in a most marvellous manner, but still he was content to ask no more questions. "Campbell" was not the only key to his heart. On one occasion he had some words with a vagrant, and denied him bed and board, but when the cunning fellow told him that his name was "Bruce," everything was forgiven and forgotten. They repaid his kindness by very seldom stealing from him. One of the worst of the lot was heard to say to his child behind a hedge—"*Nab what you can, laddie, but no at Dalgig for yer life.*" Two couples once enjoyed his hospitality from Saturday till Monday, and occupied their barn leisure in negotiating an exchange of wives. The arrangement was carried into effect, and "Dalgig" was so scandalised when he heard of it, that for a long time he would harbour no beggars but old ones. He was very fond of reading, but confined himself principally to religious works. He kept several terms at Glasgow University, where he studied Greek and Latin, and attended the divinity hall with no small ardour. Curling and draughts were his chief amusements until he took up coursing, and he kept up the former for fully forty years. He would drive seventeen miles to Sanquhar to play, and although he never won the Picture, he held the New Cumnock Challenge Medal for years. As a director of the game he was first rate, but his temper not unfrequently went if any of his own players were careless. However, the anger was soon off him, and he always said he was "sorry for blowing them up." Into draughts he entered with the same devotion, and on very special occasions he and a neighbour would be at it till three in the morning. For two or three years he had been very poorly, and six months before his death he was stricken with palsy. After that he grew weaker and weaker, but was still able to ride out in his gig until the October of '67, when a great change for the worse took place, and the end soon followed. He never could bear to part with "my pretty blue girl," Coodareena, and she has had three litters, two by Cardinal York and one by Reveller II., in his son's hands, some of which have run well.

Of Ireland we know little or nothing, save that Father Tom Macguire was a famous courser, that "the Irish terrier," Blue Hat, came to the Waterloo with quite a guard of honour, and was cut down by the winner, Maid of the Mill, and that Master M'Grath's second Waterloo Cup victory created such enthusiasm in the bosom of one Celt, that having flung away his own hat, he rushed at Lord Lurgan, plucked off his felt, flung it wildly into the air, and kicked it when it came down again. This feat is akin to the young barristers waving and then tossing up their wigs in the Dublin court when the jury found against Major Yelverton. We must take Irish coursers as we see them at Altcar, headed by such a man as Lord Lurgan, and more especially welcome in the character of "proud invaders" if they can only show fight with such a flyer as Master M'Grath. Still old coursers cannot understand his three tumbles at Altcar, two of which occurred in his course with Charming May.

There is this beauty about coursing, that its best men feel no private or national jealousy. They love the sport for the sport's sake, and the happy days which it brings in its train. It is not a question of heavy stakes, as they run for their own money, and "added money" is almost a thing unknown, unless it comes in what Turfites think "the questionable shape" of a cup or tea service, or a snuff box, or a bracelet when ladies nominate. Sixty greyhounds and saplings, as a good courser said to us lately, can be kept well and the pick of them trained for 300*l.* a year, and therefore there is not the same fearful outlay as when a colt costs perhaps 600 gs. to begin with, and two guineas a week at a fashionable trainer's, to say nothing of stakes and forfeits and jockeys and travelling expenses, that run up a little mountain of a bill, which it requires the nerve and pocket of a "Glasgow" to face. Still, "Dog Books" are creeping in, bringing the usual dodging and mystification with them. It is well, however, that the public resent this sort of thing, and if there was one point above another which made Master M'Grath's victory so acceptable to the coursing world, it was that his lordship had borne up so gallantly for his dog in the face of such short odds, and because the black, by sheer speed and cleverness, bowled over a nomination which had been so "cannily worked."

The days for downy tricks in the field, when a local champion was to be served, have, at least at all important meetings, quite passed away. There are too many keen private eyes about now, to say nothing of "Maida," "Amesbury," "Robin Hood," "North Briton," and "Judex," to scarify dodging stewards in the papers. Two large meetings were once especial offenders. Stewards would wilfully shift

the beating on to plough when "a dangerous stranger" had to be knocked out of time. Partisans would "steady" the hare by getting, at such a crisis, between her and a plantation or sough, so as to make the course as long as possible. Ground, where it was almost impossible to kill a hare, has been selected for a bye; and once, to the judge's bitter indignation, the beaters were actually ordered back a mile, that "a very dangerous stranger" might run among flints. The admirers of the "steadying" principle did once succeed, as they thought, in gruelling a crack, but he warmed up wonderfully next day, and although the hare ran away from both in the decider, he got farthest up the hill at the finish and won.

The Coursing Calendar, by Stonehenge, contains the record of 209 meetings in the 1867–68 season, and we believe that nearer four thousand than three thousand greyhounds ran in public. Such, in fact, is the increasing interest felt in the sport that there were nearly a dozen applicants for the late Mr. G. A. Thompson's Waterloo Cup nomination. No less than 134 dogs out of the 226 entered ran in the Bothal St. Leger, and the 128 South Lancashire (Open) Cup filled with no difficulty at 10 sovs. last month. A similar number ran for the Waterloo Picture, and they were divided into eight sixteen dog stakes, each called after a celebrated painter, modern or ancient. The largest number that ever ran in one stake, to our knowledge, was 168 in the Southport Cup, when Sultan won it more than thirty years ago. Mr. Goodlake's records show the fine club fellowship at the Ashdown Club, which invented a plum-pudding of its own. The Midlothian Club was a very sociable and aristocratic affair, when it held its meeting at the Roman Camp and its dinner at the Cross Keys, Dalkeith. "Every member who purposed attending sent his own dish. The Duke of Buccleuch furnished venison; Sir Graham Montgomery, a haunch of blackface; Major Hamilton Dundas, black puddings and haggis; Mr. Sharpe, ducks of 8 or 9 lbs. weight; Lord Melville, pork; Mr. Callender, beef; Mr. George Wauchope, perigord pie, and so on, so that it was no Barmecide business."

The Magog of greyhounds was Master Mocking Bird (95 lbs.), who had good pace, and was very handy at his turns. Priam scaled 74 lbs. when he won the Waterloo Cup, and Mr. A. Graham loves to tell how another dog got loose when he was nearly through a long course, and how "the stranger" was unable to gain one inch on him in the stretches that remained. Rocket, Neville, Judge, Kingwater, and Master M'Grath are supposed to be, perhaps, the fastest greyhounds in the last forty years; Oliver Twist, despite his short neck, was the cleverest of the clever with his teeth; Senate

like Waterloo, was a marvellous wrencher, never wrenching his hare out of her line, or putting her round too far; Hughie Graham was so close in his work that he "fairly smothered" his hare; Mocking Bird had wondrous stoutness over the Downs, and a most calculating eye if she was unsighted at a hollow, and she also threw herself at her game from a remarkable distance; Cerito, on the contrary, did not make flying kills, but most scientific ones, when the hare was on the bend or broadside; Waterloo went like great guns on plough; Wicked Eye could make a length, at least, by her wondrous knack of skimming an Altcar drain; Riot, Ciologa (the best of the Scotland Yet sort), Bab at the Bowster, and Charming May were, and are rare all-round performers; Seagull was full of fire and tremendous in his rushes, till the fire edge was taken off him, and Sunbeam's was the model of a smooth, neat style; Regan was a perfect flyer among timber and iron hurdles; Rebe could take a drain and stop herself as if by magic, if the hare doubled back; Sam had the real "King Cob style" of going, "backs up and heads down;" Barrator was as clever as an acrobat, and made some memorable flying and cross kills under difficulties; Restless Belle and Belle of the Village understood driving to perfection; Ladylike had a wonderful power of stopping herself on a hill; and Cheer Boys and Red Spot ran like puppies in their fifth season. There are many other very rare performers, but we can only draw samples.

Of the Newmarket and Altcar plains there is no need to speak in detail. Every one knows of the fine breezy heath and arable expanse of the one, and the grass meadows and ditches of the other. Besides the Waterloo Meeting, the Altcar Club generally meets there twice in the course of the season; and Lord Sefton is as true a patron of the leash in the North, as Lord Craven and Sir Edmund Antrobus in the South. The best coursing at Altcar is in two or three of the meadows or marshes, commencing at Will Warner's house. The fallows, from which the hares are driven on to grass, were so full of "fur" this year, that when we were all ranged by the side of the engine meadows on the first day, more than a score cantered down together. Mr. Nightingale once jumped the big engine cut of sixteen to eighteen feet wide, in his tight buttoned breeches and long boots, and not a man out of a thousand dare follow him.

The Ridgway Club holds four meetings in the year—one at Ridgway; two (open) at Lytham, where the Clifton Arms is their head quarters; and one (open) at Southport, where they hail from the Bold Arms. Lytham is seven miles from Ridgway, and separated from it by the Ribble. When the 168 Dog Stake was run for at

Southport, and Rocket ran up for it as well as for the Waterloo Cup, there was no coursing at Lytham; and Crosstown meadows, two miles south of Southport, where the stake finished, afforded some rare trials. The great, soft, grey hare, which is bred on the black earth near Marton Mere, lower down, is not so good; but the Churchtown meadows have the advantage of the brown sea-side hares, which are driven from a strip of meadow and plough, on sandy soil, by the side of the road. Mr. Knowles lives at Lytham, and lends much life to the sport; and so does Mr. Hardman, the owner of the manor of Gisborne. The latter has been for thirteen years chairman of the Ridgway Club, and is as felicitous a speaker as he is a good fisherman, shot, and courser. The stubbles are very deep, both at Lytham and Southport; and the Lytham pastures have the advantage of some rare moss hares, among which "John o' Podd's," who lives at the bottom of the moss, had a mighty renown. The Ridgway Club judging is always done from a ladder eight feet high, as the ground is too soft to ride. Mr. Nightingale never could bear the ladder, and would maintain that he was "not a lamplighter." Jim Maple carried it after him till well into the afternoon, and finding it a case of "Love's Labour Lost," he flung it away into a ditch. Mr. Bake had it fished out and varnished, and Mr. Warwick and the present bench all go aloft. The ground, both at Lytham and Southport, is nearly all plough and stubble, and with open dykes, like Altcar; but it is heavier work for the dogs. There are only a few small whin covers, and some whins by the side of the dykes.

There are an immense number of hares, and many of the old ones are levelled off during the summer, as they are so hard upon the crops. No less than 205 were killed at one open meeting at Lytham. This was one which Mr. Nightingale has never forgotten. He had judged at Baldock, and he had to get from there to Wolverton to meet the mail train. He was at Lytham by a quarter before nine—got a cup of tea, and began and decided eighty-four courses the first day. They left off five miles from Lytham, and even Mr. Bake had left the field. However, Mr. Nightingale walked home, and danced "into the small hours" at the Clifton Arms. Will Warner slipped at that meeting, and Lyddesdale won. Will has grown fat and pursy now, and Tom Raper is still the star, while Metcalfe and Wilkinson have a good practice; but it should never be forgotten that Will was the first slipper who put the dogs in a straight line on their game. The practice is now abandoned, but Mr. Nightingale would always keep the slipper in hand and give the distance; and on one occasion, when his "Go" was not waited for, he turned his back on the

dogs, and gave it a "No go." A Waterloo slip will be from 100 to 120 yards.

Raper still runs well, and delivers his dogs very smoothly and straight on their hare, and will stay any distance. His predecessor, Dick Nobblet, was a short, thick set, little fellow; but still he ran fast, and in rough ground no one could lay his dogs on more scientifically.

It is a common saying that hares run so much better after frost, but many old coursers think that it is not the hares that run so well after the frost, but that the greyhound generally runs worse at that time. Hares cannot bear starving in wet, and get their backs up; and dry, windy weather suits them best. A good hare, under such circumstances, will wrench herself to hold her ground; and a wrench does not count unless a dog is pressing her and forces her out of her track. Hares are very curious, and go by hearing far more than sight. A brace of greyhounds running have been actually seen to strike them out of their form, and yet they would sit down again. Shap or Knipe Scar is celebrated for its wonderful hares, and the "Shap-beckers," as they are called, have worn out many a good brace of dogs in a one and a-half mile race to the plantations at the top. When a "Shap-becker" gets on a hare track, with her head for home, perhaps nothing in the world travels faster. The Shap fields are all grass, of 300 or 400 acres each, and are well fenced. There are some scars and bits of boulders, and plumps of trees and smeuses in plenty.

Mr. Benn, late steward to the Earl of Lowther, was a very good courser in his day, and the owner of Eden, who ran the international match. During his great career as a judge, from 1831 to 1860—when, in consequence of a spinal complaint, he retired, with a handsome testimonial, Mr. Nightingale never had harder work than when he drove in his gig 70 miles in 7¼ hours, with four changes of horses, from Harewood to Kendal after judging; and he was in his saddle at 9 a.m. next morning, all ready for the Shap-beckers. A judge now-a-days has mail trains to help him, and Mr. Warwick finished, about 5 p.m., in Worcestershire last year, drove fourteen miles to the train, reached Stafford, changed trains, and on through the night to Carlisle, down the Newcastle railway, and then by "The Dandy," *alias* the horse-tram carriage, to Brampton, and on the field some miles away by ten o'clock. Six different conveyances, and sleep as you can! Such are the labours of popular officials.

There used to be some beautiful running at Broughton, which has no plough, and fine undulating grass fields, of from 50 to 100 acres.

The Ox Pasture, which is bounded on one side by the river Air, was the queen of them; and Selby, Clive, Hughie Graham, and Dalton, ran there. At one meeting they had twenty-one courses out of it, but that was done by drilling the beaters like soldiers. There are a few hedges, but the majority of the fences are walls. Sir Charles Tempest took great interest in the sport at one time, but an attack which was made upon his keepers by a Lancaster band of poachers disgusted him, and he ordered all the hares to be shot down. It was a very great grief to the Skipton people, but since Sir Charles died, the meeting has been renewed. Harewood is bad, enclosed ground, and Baldock, which is all grass, is something like Wiltshire, with plough farms, very few fences, and thin barley land. Cardington Great Field is shaped like a water-dish, and very little intersected with hedges. The hares are in the low parts and the skirts, and always take the hill, and like the Dirleton hares, find them where you may, they are evenly good.

As a rule, hares are more equal on corn than grass-land. It was curious to see how, in a private coursing day, with poor Mr. Thompson, last September, over part of the Border Union ground, we just killed them, after no better fight than a rabbit would make, out of a rich clover field. Hares differ very much. At Eaglesham the red-legged hares are very large and miracles of stoutness, and near the Three Mile House at Bendrigg, in Westmoreland, there used to be a dusky-coloured breed which screamed ten yards before the dogs—a pretty strong indication of rottenness.

Abergele consists of flat and marsh land; part of it, Radland Marshes, belonging to Mr. Hughes. At Sudbury, as Ciologa's trainer, little "Jock o' Dalgig," used to say, "*It's all grass—sort of meadow—well enough; but I don't like them big hedges; they're no' fit to loup, and its hard to get through them.*" The Great Hayes is a one hundred-acre pasture.

Compton Bottom, at Ashdown, is very grand, as a good hare tries to go right over the hill to Earl Craven's wood. Clift, the jockey, once judged here, and in old days there used to be two triers, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hill. "The downs seem to stretch away for miles in one vast, brown, rippling surface, with no sound to break their stillness, except the bleatings of the Hampshires, as they answer their newly-born lambs; and the bullock language of the white-smocked ploughmen. The Vale of White Horse, so dear to Tom Brown's heart, furnishes a delightful sunny panorama, rich with trees and water, behind us. In front is a strip of table land, flanked on one side by a woodland dell, where

the fox lies curled at the mouth of his earth, careless of V. W. H. horn and hound; while on the other is Compton Bottom, with its patches of stunted bushes and undergrowth, and peopled with countless generations of "merry brown" and straight-backed hares. The plough, that gentle innovator, has stolen a march on those ancient solitudes at last. Teams of oxen toil along the furrows and scare the partridges in their track, while a group of farm-sheds and strawricks remind us of a store-house in a desert, and that civilisation and rats will gain a settlement everywhere.

"Now a dark mass of carriages, carts, and horsemen seems to be forming ahead, round the 'Rubbing House,' and we press on for a true and correct card. The word of command is given when the earl and his party arrive, and the trier and slipper, both in scarlet, move down into the Bottom to begin, while the foot people and the commissariat carts linger on the hill. The Ashdown cavalry are there, at least four hundred strong; and when a hare does take the hill, and they all sit down in their saddles and catch fast hold of their horses' heads, the very ground seems to start and tremble under them. Three or four daughters of a noble house are in the throng, and one of them especially, with a simple white feather in her hat, steers her beautiful grey to the front each time, with a grace and dash that makes many a rugged courtier exclaim, that 'it's worth coming to Ashdown to see those ladies ride.'"

Market Weighton has fine large enclosures, and small hedges, but flints are in the way. The meadow ground at Barton-on-Humber is very good, and not unlike the Churchtown and Altcar meadows; and (where the crowd not unfrequently see twenty or thirty courses without changing their position) the "Leger field," as they call it, is a very grand one for racing stretches. It was here that War Eagle and Wicked Eye won the two stakes as puppies, and that Bendigo cut off a hare's head by a side stroke, from that "red right hand," which once floored the fifteen-stone Ben Caunt. The ground at Brampton, where "the limekilns" is always the meet, and the Tweddells of Askerton Castle, and Mr. Hyslop (famous alike for his "Ideas" and his oatcake), keep open house—is rough and inferior, and in some portions very rushy. Whisky Bella, "*with my reed skirt that they may a' ken me*," and other licensed purveyors of whisky drive a great trade amongst those who want more tonics than the pure air of Kingwater (where the flyer of that ilk was walked) can hope to supply, and the judge and the stewards have often to call them to order before the day closes. Bridekirk, in the west of the county, consists of nearly one vast grass-field called "the Tarnities." At one

time, the hares did not live long, but a fresh cross has been introduced. The Border Union meeting has first-class ground, seeds and plough, on the fine level Netherby estate, round Longtown, and within sight of the church, beneath the shade of whose chancel, with only a plain red stone, inscribed with his age and name, Sir James, "the bright sword of the Border," rests after his toils. The Bothal meeting is held over sixteen thousand acres of the Duke of Portland's property, near Morpeth. A large portion is permanent grass land in ridge and furrow. The fields are not generally above fifteen acres, but many hedges are being removed at the club's expense. Hares are so plentiful that the club recently ran off a 134-dog-and-bitch puppy stakes, and a 32-dog all aged stake in five days, and yet only beat one-third of the ground. The present club is a renewal of that which flourished twenty years ago, and the second founder and president is the Hon. Mr. Ellis, nephew to the Duke of Portland. In addition to the Spring and Autumn (open) Meetings, there are fortnightly ones, which are well attended. There is no truer type of a pleasant country club to promote sport and good feeling in a county.

The ground at Amesbury is undulating, and the rises not very severe, except at the Beacon Hill. Artificial seats are made on the Downs, and the hares are driven out of the distant covers three or four days before the coursing begins, as it takes a day or two for a hare to settle to new ground. There is rare coursing ground near Stonehenge, and the party, when they are in the neighbourhood, generally beat round to "The Stones" for lunch. The riding is sometimes rather dangerous, on account of the blind roads, with deep ruts, some of them a foot deep, and overgrown with grass. What a rare congress of sportsmen, dead or living, the luncheon at "The Stones" recalls !—A. Graham, the "Emperor of Coursers" (still the President for the thirty-first season, with only two breaks, at the Waterloo Dinner), with Kit Lister and Sir James Boswell among the stranger guests, when those rare dinner musters took place at Smallbones's in Amesbury. Captain Wyndham, of Whirlwind fame, and generally the field marshal, was great on those days, and so was Miller of Frome, the Vice-chairman and Secretary, "22 st. on the scales, and a lawyer by trade," a mighty electioneerer, very lively (more especially so when his three fawns of a litter ran at one meeting), and always mounted on a rare three-parts bred horse. Old Davis, whose farm, ten miles from Amesbury, was one of the meets, was a game, good horsemen of 10 st., always in top boots, and on a grey mare, and good to know by his light coloured overcoat. Harry

Biggs was a great man with Mr. Osbaldeston; he was a tall and thin bachelor, who rode like a lad at eighty; and had Billy-go-by-'em, and a half of the race horse, St. Lawrence. Say what they might, he would still be galloping, and "*Now, Mr. Judge, don't take any notice of me riding to day!*" used to be his first salutation to that official, when he trotted up. The two brothers, Will and Frank Long, who generally presided over the drawing, "belonged to David," and occupied very large farms under Sir Edward Antrobus; Will, more especially, had a very large kennel, and both were very keen. Then there was Captain Besant, and the Etwalls, of whom Ralph was the foremost, in his light top coat, white cords, and boots which John Day and Danebury knew well. Smith trained and had a large share in his dogs, which all followed the E. His Egypt, brother to Lopez, was a plain, small, and "real Wiltshire dog," not clever in killing, but a rare sticker, and wrencher. Ebb was also a fine bitch, and beat Mocking Bird. It was not a long course, but Ebb was closer to her game, and outworked the popular black. Mr. Lawrence was wont to come with Lopez, a faster and handsomer dog than Egypt, from the Cotswold Hills; and Jennings, a farmer, who prided himself on his splendid pigs, brought out his dogs well, and backed them for a rattling stake.

We have not space to speak of half of the good coursing grounds in England; but we cannot pass by Sundorne.

> "Kilve, thought I, is a favoured place,
> And so is Liswyn Farm."

as Wordsworth sings, and Amesbury and Ashdown might do duty if the stanza were used in a coursing light. Still, perhaps, Sundorne, if the supply of hares could be depended upon, is a more delightful spot than any, with its old grass and elms,—the ancestral home of the Corbets, which brings back to foxhunting hearts the thoughts of Will Barrow, "another cheer for the blood of old Trojan," and the mouldering mullions of Haughmond Abbey. The coursing takes place in the park and on the home farms; the hares are all driven out of the ploughs, wood hurdles are placed against the wire fences, and the crowd have to stand like soldiers. Some of the finest coursing comes off just under where the hares are driven from the coppice, for a straight gallop across the park, and the little thorn tree, with the seat round it, where Tom Raper has often crouched in his red jacket, and bided his time, once with Riot and Hopbine, and again with Hopbine and Reveller in the slips, is as full of venerable associations in its way as "The Bushes" at Newmarket. The hare

must be a cracker, indeed, if she can reach the old oak refuge of Haughmond Hill.

But Mr. Corbet has gone, and Sundorne coursing days are not what he left them. His father hunted Shropshire as well as Warwickshire; and his Norman ancestor was not only "a most cunning marksman against hart or doe," but his valour at Acre secured from "Richard, the Lion Heart," permission to bear the two ravens on his shield. Another ancestor, one Peter Corbet, was a mighty hunter in the reign of Edward the First, who granted him letters patent to take wolves in the Royal Forests. Being thus bred, as it were, to every phase of the chace, it is no wonder that the late Mr. Corbet took to harriers as soon as he returned from college, and hunted five days a fortnight. He was also a staunch guardian of foxes, and very fond of private coursing, which Mr. Haughton and Mr. Robert Burton, of Longner, whose estate adjoined Sundorne, always shared with him. "The Squire" was a tall, good-looking man, and always dressed for these field days in a cut away black coat, Bedford cords, and long black Hessians. A chestnut roan cob was his favourite mount, and upon him, with his eyeglass affixed to his hat, no one enjoyed the sport more. His staff of coursing retainers were staunch enough to please Will Shakspeare, if he could have once more taken his "fallow greyhound" and gone forth to "find him a hare on Cotsale," as Morris the huntsman, Caywen the keeper, and Warwick the master of the horse,[a] were the leading three. He had once twenty brace of greyhounds, and four rare puppies, Cricketer, Coronet, Colonel, and Collie, in one season. Cricketer ran in Mr. Warwick's name, and won nearly 300*l.*; but Hughie Graham bowled him over in the Waterloo Cup.

Rich and poor, all lunched alike in the ruins of Haughmond Abbey on the public coursing days. They would begin to draw under the Ring Bank on the seeds and wheat, and come inside the drive on to the grass, and beat gradually up to the Abbey for one o'clock. Mr. Burton, in his white cords and green coat, and mounted upon one of his 16 st. hunters, was the field director. His claim was indisputable, even on mere kennel grounds, as he was the breeder of Mocking Bird by Figaro out of Malvina. She was sold at his sale for 9 or 10 gs., but run where she might, north or south, he was there

[a] Mr. Warwick gave his maiden judgment at Coombe, in 1853, and wore the scarlet thrice at the Sundorne meetings, before his good master died. Canaradzo's year (1861) found him at the Waterloo meeting, and he has judged there ever since. Last season he judged 101 days, and decided 2677 courses.

to look on. He was very intimate with Mr. Lawrence. Butterfly, by Lopez, was another of his breeding. Mr. Randell's dogs bore a great part in the Sundorne Cup struggles. Mr. Nightingale still loves to tell of a run up between his Rival and Mr. Jebb's No Hurry. The hare at one time threaded the low clipped holly hedge just above the castle, and "to see the dogs jump it backwards and forwards, just like shuttlecocks in the air, was perfectly beautiful." It was run off on the Drawbridge Field and The Springs, each of them about forty or fifty acres, and No Hurry killed and won the Cup. Riot and Avalanche was a capital give and take course under the Ring Bank, and the black bitch, who made two wrenches and a splendid kill, just had the best of it. Rhapsody had some rare racing stretches in a great course with Ajax, from the "Race Course."

The Challenge Cup (which was in reality a tea and coffee service of some 60*l.* value), to be run off between the winners of the Haughmond and the Pimley stakes, produced some very fine contests. This was in the autumn of 1856, when "The Squire" was on his death bed. He loved to hear of every course to the last, and each evening Mr. Warwick, who was first slipper and then judge, went to his bed side and told him of them, point by point. On the last occasion the recital had more than its wonted interest for his "approved good master." Reveller won the decider for the Pimley Stakes against a fawn dog, Judge, which was hardly in the course. Hopbine and Riot ran their last course for the Haughmond Stakes on the lawns before the castle. The hare was driven from the coppice, and every inch of the run was on grass. Hopbine, slightly favoured by the slip, led Riot to the hare, and was quite as clever in all the after work. The Challenge Cup was not run off till the next morning, and then only half-a-dozen met to see it at 8 A.M. It was fixed for that hour, that Mr. Warwick might go to judge at Chartley, and hence, although the rain came down in torrents, they were obliged to go to work. A hare was found in Gregory's Coppice, and the pair had a very long slip, and Hopbine led Reveller, with 5 to 4 on him, two lengths to his hare. The dog got the second turn, and then the bitch took possession, and drove her hare to Allbright Lea plantation and won.

The meeting dwindled away after the Squire and Mr. Burton died, but Mrs. Cartwright renewed it in 1864. It was there that she laid the seeds of the illness which killed her, and as she was too ill to go to Meg's Waterloo Cup, it was there that her active coursing life ended. There never was a more kindly and energetic woman. Her stakes were never advertised, and yet she always filled them.

Her meetings were Longford, Sundorne, Vale of Clwyd (where Sea Pink and Sea Foam came out and won) Talacre, Abergele, and Sudbury, where, as she used to tell with such pride, Ciologa went through a thirty-two dog stake, and had only one point made against her by Klaphonia. She thought that after that performance of Canaradzo's sister she must really give up her idol Riot in her favour. Oddly enough, she hated a large greyhound, and yet her house pet was Erystable, a 65 lb. one, by Beacon from Avalanche. He was given to her by Mr. Ainsworth, and had once the honour of beating Sea Rock in a bye at Abergele. She never ran him in public, but yet she never left him at home; and her photograph was taken with him in her hand. We never knew a truer-hearted courser, and with her and Sundorne we may close our tale.

H. H. D.

Abbotsford Notanda.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FACTOR.

LOOKING over the correspondence and other papers of my old friend William Laidlaw, long since deceased, and sleeping at the foot of a Highland hill—Tor Achilty—far from his beloved Tweedside, it occurs to me that certain portions of the letters and memoranda might still possess interest to some readers, and not be without value to future biographers. Laidlaw, it is well-known, was factor, or steward, to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and also occasional amanuensis. Lockhart has done justice to his gentle, unassuming character and merits. Still, there are domestic details and incidents unrecorded, such as we should rejoice to have concerning Shakspeare at New Place, with his neighbouring hundred and seven acres of land, or from Horace, addressing the bailiff on his Sabine farm. Such personal memorials of great men, if sincere and correct, are seldom complained of, as Gibbon has observed, for their minuteness or prolixity.

William Laidlaw was a genuine Borderer, nine years younger than Scott. He was son of a farmer in Yarrow, fondly commemorated by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. On arriving at manhood Laidlaw entered on extensive farming experiments; and, so long as the war lasted and high prices prevailed, his schemes promised to be ultimately successful. But with peace came a sudden fall in the market value of corn. He struggled on with adverse circumstances for a twelvemonth till capital and credit failed, and he was obliged to abandon his lease.

In the summer of 1817 we find him at Kaeside, on the estate of Abbotsford. At first this seemed a temporary arrangement. The two friends had kept up a constant intercourse after Scott's visit to the Yarrow in 1802. Presents of trout and blackcock from the country, and return presents of books from Castle Street, in Edinburgh, were interchanged; and, when Laidlaw's evil day was at hand, Scott said, "Come to Abbotsford, and help me with my improvements. I can put you into a house on the estate—Kaeside—

and get you some literary work from the Edinburgh publishers." The offer was cheerfully accepted, and the connection became permanent. Scott had then commenced building and planting on a large scale; and the same year he made his most extensive purchase—the lands of Toftfield, for which he gave 10,000*l.* Accounts of the planting and rural work at Abbotsford are given by Lockhart. But it is pleasant to see from the Laidlaw MSS. with what alacrity and zeal the noble friends of the poet came forward with kindly contributions. The Duke of Buccleuch sent bushels of acorns; the Earl of Fife presented seed of Norway pines; Lord Montagu forwarded a box of acorns and a packet of lime seed. One arboricultural missive to the factor says, "I send the seeds of the Corsican pine, got with great difficulty, and also two or three of an unknown species which grows to a great height on the Apennines. Dr. Graham says they should be raised in mould, finely prepared, under glass, but without artificial heat." A box of fine chestnuts came from Lisbon: the box was sent on from Edinburgh to Abbotsford unopened, and before Laidlaw heard of them the chestnuts were peeled and rendered useless for planting. "Curse the chestnuts, and those who peeled them!" exclaimed Scott; "the officious blockheads did it by way of special favour." One object was to form at the top of the dykes an impenetrable copse or natural hedge or verdurous screen—the poet uses all the epithets (Milton has "verdurous wall"); and for this purpose there were sent from Edinburgh 3000 laburnums, 2000 sweetbriars, 3000 Scotch elms, 3000 horse-chestnuts, loads of hollies, poplars for the marshy ground, and filberts for the glen. The graceful birch-tree, "the lady of the wood," was not, of course, neglected. "I am so fond of the birch," writes the poet; "and it makes such a beautiful and characteristic underwood that I think we can hardly have too many. Besides, we may plant them as hedges." He purchased, at this time, about 100,000 birches at 40*s.* per thousand.

"There are many little jobs about the walks," writes the busy and happy laird, "which, though Tom Purdie contemns them, are not less necessary towards comfort: a seat or two, for example, and covering any drains, so as to let the pony pass. In the front of the old Rispylaw (now Anne's Hill) is an old quarry which, a little made up and accommodated with stone-seats and some earth to grow a few honeysuckles and sweetbriars, would make a very sweet place. Many of the walks will *thole* [bear] a mending; for instance, that to the thicket might be completely gravelled, as Mrs. Scott uses it so much."

Here the kindly, loving nature of the man peeps out. Afterwards a thread of business was intermixed. He began to calculate on the

probable return from the woods, not omitting the value of the bark used for tanning purposes.

"Dear Willie,—How could you be such a *gowk* [fool] as to suppose I meant to start a hare upon you by my special inquiries about the bark? I am perfectly sensible you take more care of my affairs than you would of your own; but anything about wood or trees amuses me, and I like to enter into it more particularly than into ordinary farming operations. In particular, this of drying and selling our bark—at present a trifle—is a thing which will one day be of great consequence, and I wish to attend to the details myself. I think it should not be laid on the ground, but dried upon stools made of the felled wood; and if you lay along these stools the peeled trees, and pile the bark on them, it will hide the former from the sun and suffer them to dry gradually. I have been observing this at Blair-Adam. I have got a new light on larch planting from the Duke of Athole's operations. He never plants closer than eight feet, and says they answer admirably. If this be so, it will be easy to plant our hill-ground. Respecting the grass in the plantations, I have some fears of the scythe, and should prefer getting a host of women with their hooks, which would also be a good thing for the poor folks. [Another touch of the poet's kindly nature.] Tom must set about it instantly. He is too much frightened for the expense of doing things rapidly, as if it were not as cheap to employ twelve men for a week as six men for a fortnight.—Yours,

"W. S."

In the matter of dwellings for the small tenants and labourers the laird of Abbotsford was equally careful and considerate. "I think stone partitions would be desirable on account of vermin, &c. If their houses are not comfortable, the people will never be cleanly. For windows I would much prefer the cast-iron lattices, turning on a centre, and not made too large. These windows being in small quarrels, or panes, a little breach is easily repaired, and saves the substitute of a hat or clout through a large hole. Certainly the cottages should be rough-plastered." Perhaps the little iron lattices were as much preferred for their antique, picturesque associations as for their utility,—"something poetical," as Pope's old gardener said of the drooping willow; and the aged minstrel's hut near Newark Tower, it will be recollected, had such a window.

"The little garden hedged with green,
A cheerful hearth and lattice clean."

When times were hard and winter severe he thought of the firesides of the labourers :—

"DEAR SIR,—I have your letter, and have no doubt in my own mind that a voluntary assessment is the best mode of raising money to procure work for the present sufferers, because I see no other way of making this necessary tax fall equally upon the heritors . . . . I shall soon have money, so that if you can devise any mode by which hands can be beneficially employed at Abbotsford I could turn 50*l.* or 100*l.* extra into that service in the course of a fortnight. In fact if it made the poor and industrious people a little easier, I should have more pleasure in it than in any money I ever spent in my life.—Yours, very truly.

"W. S."

Again—

"I think of my books amongst this snow-storm; also, of the birds, and not a little of the poor. For benefit of the former I hope Peggy throws out the crumbs; and a corn-sheaf or two for the game would be to purpose if placed where poachers could not come at them. For the poor people I wish you to distribute 5*l.* or so among the neighbouring poor who may be in distress, and see that our own folks are tolerably off."

Scott introduced his friendly factor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Laidlaw used to compile for it a monthly chronicle of events, besides occasionally contributing a descriptive article, which the "Great Magician" overhauled previous to its transmission. There was, in the autumn of 1817, a great combustion in Edinburgh about the "Chaldee Manuscript," inserted in the magazine for October. An edition of 2000 copies was soon sold, and 1500 more were printed; so Blackwood writes to Scott. "He was dreadfully afraid," says Laidlaw, "that Mr. Scott would be offended; and so he would, he says, were it not on my account." The Ettrick Shepherd (who was the original concoctor of the satire) was also alarmed. "For the love of God, open not your mouth about the Chaldee MS.," he writes to Laidlaw. "There have been meetings and proposals, and an express has arrived from Edinburgh to me. Deny all knowledge, else, they say, I am ruined," &c. This once famous production is so local and personal that, although it is now included in Professor Wilson's works, it is almost unknown to the present generation. The subject is a bookseller's quarrel, a contest between the rival magazines of Blackwood and Constable, and it is one of the most harmless of all the parodies couched in Scriptural phraseology. Pro-

fessor Ferrier, the editor of Wilson's works, says it is quite as good, in its way, as Swift's "Battle of the Books;" but this is a monstrous delusion. There are some quaint touches of character in the piece. It may be compared to the parodies by Hone; but it is a sort of profanation to place it on a level with the classic satire of Swift.

It is never too late to do justice. In one of these magazine missives, written in January, 1818, Blackwood refers to the Ettrick Shepherd. "If you see Hogg, I hope you will press him to send me instantly his 'Shepherd's Dog,' and anything else. I received his 'Andrew Gemmells;' but the editor is not going to insert it in this number." [Had Ebony really an editor, or was he not himself the great sublime?] "I expected to have received from him the conclusion of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck;' there are six sheets of it already printed."

Now, the latter part of this extract seems distinctly to disprove a charge which Hogg thoughtlessly brought against Mr. Blackwood. His novel, the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," was published in 1818, and he suffered unjustly, as he states in his autobiography, with regard to that tale, as it was looked upon as an imitation of Scott's "Old Mortality." It was wholly owing to Blackwood, he asserts, that his story was not published a year sooner; and he relates the case as a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts. But the fact is, "Old Mortality" was published in December, 1816; and we have Blackwood, in the above letter to Laidlaw, stating that he had not, in January, 1818—more than a twelvemonth afterwards—received the whole of the "copy" of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." How could he go to press with an unfinished story? How make bricks without straw? The accusation is altogether a myth, or, to use one of the Shepherd's own expressions, "a mere shimmera (chimera) of the brain."

Of Hogg's prose works Scott writes, "Truly, they are sad daubing, with here and there fine dashes of genius." The *daubing* is chiefly seen in the dialogues and attempts at humour; the *genius* appears in the descriptions of pastoral or wild scenery, as in the account of the "Storms," and in the fine introduction to the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," and in some of the delineations of humble Scottish life and superstition. Hogg is as true and literal as Crabbe. His peasants always speak and think as peasants; but he gives us, sometimes, coarse and poor specimens. It is certain, however, that even in the worst of his stories there are gleams of fancy—"fairy blinks of the sun"—far above the reach of writers immensely his superiors in taste and acquirements.

There was another person in whom Scott was interested with reference to the slashing articles in *Blackwood's Magazine.* He writes to Laidlaw, "So they let poor Charles Sharpe alone, they may satirise all Edinburgh, your humble servant not excepted." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with his antiquarian tastes, personal oddities, and aristocratic leanings, was a special favourite with Scott. He was a kind of Scotch Horace Walpole (so considered by his illustrious friend), but much feebler; perhaps stronger with the pencil, but infinitely weaker with the pen, and wholly wanting in energy. His celebrated sketch of the "Inimitable Virago," or Queen Elizabeth dancing *disposedly*, as described by the Scotch ambassador, Sir James Melville, was esteemed by Scott as an unrivalled production. It is highly ludicrous and effective as a picture, but is too extravagant to serve even as a caricature representation of Elizabeth. Neither face nor figure has any resemblance. Hogarth, in his etching of old Simon Lord Lovat of the '45, seems by a happy stroke of genius to have hit the true medium in works of this class. He preserved the strong points in personal appearance and character—combining them with irresistible humour and drollery of expression.

Visitors now began to appear at Abbotsford, an increasing stream every season from 1817 to 1825. They consisted of persons of rank and fashion, literary men and artists of all nations, who travelled to the Tweed to pay homage to the poet. There was no envy or jealousy with the great Minstrel. Indeed, with the single exception of Byron, his position was such that he had no cause to fear any rival, and he could afford to throw largess to the crowd. All were welcome at Abbotsford. Washington Irving has described the cordial reception he experienced on the occasion of his visit in 1817, and Laidlaw thus notes the event,—

"We had a long walk up by the glen and round by the loch. It was fine sunshine when we set out, but we met with tremendous dashing showers. Mr. Irving told me he had a kind of devotional reverence for Scotland, and most of all for its poetry. He looked upon it as fairy land, and he was beyond measure surprised at Mr. Scott, his simple manners and brotherly frankness. He was very anxious to see Hogg, and said that several editions of Hogg's different poems had been published in America."

Irving always regretted that he had not met with the Shepherd. Such a meeting could not have failed to give infinite pleasure to both. The gentle manners and literary enthusiasm of the American author would at once have attached the Shepherd, while the rustic frankness, liveliness, and perfect originality of Hogg possessed an indescribable

attraction and charm which the other would have fully appreciated. Many years after this period, Hogg retained a careless brightness of conversation and joyous manner which were seen in no other man. The union of the shepherd and the poet formed a combination as rare and striking as that of the Soldado with the divinity student of Marischal College, in the person of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty.

One day, after Hogg had been in London, Allan Cunningham chanced to meet James Smith of the "Rejected Addresses," at the table of the great bibliopole, John Murray. "How," said Smith, aloud to Allan, "how does Hogg like Scotland's small cheer after the luxury of London?" "Small cheer!" echoed Allan; "he has the finest trout in the Yarrow, the finest lambs on its braes, the finest grouse on its hills, and, besides, he as good as keeps a *sma' still* [smuggled whiskey]. Pray, what better luxury can London offer?" All these sumptuosities the Shepherd cheerfully shared with the wayfarers who flocked to Altrive Cottage.

Another visitor at Abbotsford during the season of 1817, was Lady Byron. "I have had the honour," says Laidlaw, "of dining in the company of Lady Byron and Lord Somerville. Her ladyship is a beautiful little woman with fair hair, a fine complexion, and rather large blue eyes; face not round. She looked steadily grave and seldom smiled. I thought her mouth indicated great firmness, or rather obstinacy. Miss Anne Scott and Lady Byron rode to Newark."

In the Waverley Novels, then appearing in that marvellously rapid succession which astonished the world, there was an ample reservoir of wealth, if it had been wisely secured, as well as of fame. But an alarming interruption was threatened by the illness of the novelist. His malady—cramp of the stomach, with jaundice—was attended with exquisite pain; but in the intervals of comparative ease his literary labours were continued; and it certainly is an extraordinary fact in literary history that under such circumstances the greater part of the "Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of the "Legend of Montrose," and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe" were produced. The novelist lay on a sofa dictating to John Ballantyne or to Laidlaw, chiefly to the latter, as he was always at hand, whereas Ballantyne was only an occasional visitor at Abbotsford. Sometimes in his most humorous or elevated scenes, Scott would break off with a groan of torture, as the cramp seized him, but when the visitation had passed, he was ever ready gaily to take up the broken thread of his narrative and proceed *currente calamo.* It was evident to Laidlaw that before he arrived at Abbotsford (generally about ten o'clock) the novelist had arranged his scenes for the day, and settled

in his mind the course of the narrative. The *language* was left to the inspiration of the moment; there was no picking of words, no studied *curiosa felicitas* of expression. Even the imagery seemed spontaneous. Laidlaw abjured with some warmth the old-wife exclamations, which Lockhart ascribes to him—as, "Gude keep us a'"—"the like o' that!"—"eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" But he admitted that while he held the pen he was at times so deeply interested in the scene or in the development of the plot, that he could not help exclaiming, "Get on, Mr. Scott, get on!" on which the novelist would reply, smiling, "Softly, Willie; you know I have to make the story," or some good-humoured remark of a similar purport. It was quite true, he said, that when dictating some of the animated scenes and dialogues in "Ivanhoe," Scott would rise from his seat and act the scene with every suitable accompaniment of tone, gesture, and manner. Both the military and dramatic spirit were strong in him—too strong even for the cramp and calomel! The postscript to a short business letter from Edinburgh, June 14, 1819, refers to this business of dictation. "Put your fingers in order and buy yourself pens!—I won't *stand* to the expense of your quills, so pluck the goose 'a God's name!" And it was plucked on this occasion to record the sorrows of the "Bride of Lammermoor."

In April, 1820, Sir Walter's eldest daughter was married. "Mr. Lockhart," he writes, "is the husband of her choice. He is a man of excellent talents, master of his pen and of his pencil, handsome in person and well-mannered, though wanting that ease which the *usage de monde* alone can give. I like him very much; for having no son who promises to take a literary turn, it is of importance to me, both in point of comfort and otherwise, to have some such intimate friend and relation whose pursuits and habits are similar to my own. So that, upon the whole, I trust I have gained a son instead of losing a daughter."

Early next year, Scott was in London, and on February 16th took place the unfortunate duel in which John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, fell. The antagonist of John Scott was Mr. Christie, a barrister, the friend of Lockhart. "I have had much to plague me here," writes Sir Walter, "besides the death of John Scott, who departed last night; so much for being slow to take the field!" And in another letter he recurs to the subject: "The death of my unlucky namesake, John Scott, you will have heard of. The poor man fought a most unnecessary duel to regain his lost character, and so lost his life into the bargain." The loss of life was chiefly owing to the blundering of John Scott's second in the duel, who permitted a

second fire to take place after Mr. Christie had discharged his pistol down the field.

All went on smoothly and gaily at Abbotsford, the presiding genius throwing off his stores of fiction with scarcely diminished ease or success, until the commercial crisis of 1825-26. Every year had added to the beauty of the poet's domain, and to the richness of his various collections and library. The first note, however, of the alarm and confusion in the money market suspended all, and occasioned intense anxiety to Sir Walter. I add two letters as supplementing Lockhart's narrative :—

[*December*, 1825.]

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The money market in London is in a tremendous state, so much so that, whatever good reason I have, and I have the best, for knowing that Constable and his allies, Hurst and Robinson, are in perfect force, yet I hold it wise and necessary to prepare myself for making good my engagements, which might come back on me suddenly, or by taking up those which I hold good security for. For this purpose I have resolved to exercise my reserved faculty to burthen Abbotsford with 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* I can easily get the money, and having no other debts and these well secured, I hold it better to 'put money in my purse' and be a debtor on my land for a year or two, till the credit of the public is restored. I may not want the money, in which case I will buy into the funds, and make some cash by it. But I think it would be most necessary, and even improper not to be fully prepared.

"What I want of you is to give me a copy of the rental of Abbotsford, as it now stands, mentioning the actual rents of ground let, and the probable rents of those in my hand. You gave me one last year, but I would rather have the actual rents, and as such business is express I would have you send it immediately, and keep it all as much within as you think fair and prudent. Your letter need only contain the rental, and you may write your remarks separately. I have not the slightest idea of losing a penny, but the distrust is so great in London that the best houses refuse the best bills of the best tradesmen, and as I have retained such a sum in view of protecting my literary commerce, I think it better to make use of it, and keep my own mind easy, than to carry about bills to unwilling banks, and beg for funds which I can use of my own. I have more than 10,000*l.* to receive before Midsummer, but then I might be put to vexation before that, which I am determined to prevent.

"By all I can learn, this is just such an embarrassment as may

arise when pickpockets cry 'Fire!' in a crowd, and honest men get trampled to death. Thank God, I can clear myself of the *melée*, and am not afraid of the slightest injury. If the money horizon does not clear up in a month or two I will abridge my farming, &c. I cannot find there is any real cause for this; but an imaginary one will do equal mischief. I need not say this is confidential.—Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"16 *December, Edinburgh.*"

"The confusion of 1814 is a joke to this. I have no debts of my own. On the contrary, 3000*l.* and more lying out on interest, &c. It is a little hard that, making about 7000*l.* a year, and working hard for it, I should have this botheration. But it arises out of the nature of the same connection which gives, and has given me, a fortune, and therefore I am not entitled to grumble."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Yours, Very Sincerely.

HEN charming little oblong *billets* are brought to us, with just a taint of perfume clinging to them, and pretty hexagonal waxen seals, we are happy enough to find, inside, the pleasant fact recorded that the fair writers are sincerely ours. When letters of sterner form are opened by us, the envelopes of which are stained by sturdy and vigorous caligraphy, and are of all hues and smoothness and opacity, (from our old schoolfellow's cream "adhesive" to the unglossed and commercial "blue"), we are still greeted with the same assurance, and are requested to believe our correspondents ours and always very sincere. We find a little variety to this, of course. We come across the folks who prefer using adjectives to adverbs, and declaring themselves respectful, or faithful, or obedient, or true; and we come across the folks, of the sex commonly more impulsive and *prononcée*, who pledge themselves (to our entire satisfaction) to be ours in affection or even in love; but, with this small diversity, the gamut—the sol-fa—of signature is done, and though it may be enough, it certainly is no feast. A certain James Howel who "flourished" in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, and who moaned out the intermediate Commonwealth in prison, would have thought it intolerably meagre and one ideaed. Indeed, he would have turned his Welsh nose up as high as his own Plinlimmon, if he had been tied to any such a liliputian tether. In a quantity of his published letters, "Domestic and Forren, written upon Emergent Occasion," it is quite reproachful to find in what a number of "subscriptions" he riots. He had them—so to speak—pale-pink, rose, red, crimson, flame, fire. He signed himself "Yours inviolably;" "Yours, ever to love and serve you;" "Yours whole;" "Yours intirely;" "Yours in no vulgar Way of Friendship;" "Yours to dispose of;" "Yours verily and invariably;" "Yours most humble and enchain'd;" "Yours to the Alter;" "Yours really;" and—sometimes, in a fever of devotion—three times over, like a colonial advertisement, "Yours! Yours! Yours!" If his mood changed, he became "Your J. H.," simply and confidingly; "Your entire Friend;" "Your respectful Son and Servitor;" (that was to Ben Jonson): "Your Son and Contiguous

Neighbour;" (to rare Ben, also): "Your most assured and ready Friend to do you Service;" "Your own true Servant;" "Your loving well-wishing Cousin;" "Your true Servitor and Compatriot;" "Yours while J. H.;" "Yours most ready to be commanded;" "Yours to serve and reverence you;" "Yours easily to be recovered;" (this was when he and one of his red-hot friends were having a temporary tiff): "Your truly devoted Servant;" "Your 30 years' Servant;" "Yours at your Lordship's Command;" "The Very Same;" "Intirely yours;" and "At your Dispose." Surely, tongues must be rigid and hearts icy, if we measure our friendship now by our professions, and if James Howel applied the same measurement to his! And these proofs of his ties and his fertility are nothing like all. He would declare himself to be a "serious Servitor," or a "thankful Servitor," or a "thrice humble Servitor," or a "Servitor who was true," or "respectful," or "devoted," or "real" or "thrice assured." Then the same adjectives would precede the equivalent noun Servant, and would form, also, the same convenient *appogiature* to Friend. He would say, too (which he might have proclaimed as a new duet), that he was "humble and hearty," or "humble and ready," and "real and ready," and "humble and obliged," and "humble and faithful," and "entire and true;" and, the English language being clearly too cabin'd and confin'd for his ardent utterances, he had recourse to French and Spanish and Italian, and also, at a push, to Latin and Greek. He did not rely, either (as surely he might have done), on the unsupported strength of a superb Finis. There was a particularly startling way in which his letters began. "Hail! Half of my Soul!" he exclaimed once to a gentleman, whom he afterwards called, in some sudden verbal poverty, "My dear Dick." And "noble Tom!" was another way he had of fixing the erratic mind; and "precious Tom!" and, concisely, "Robin!" and "Sir Edward!" and "Nephew!" "Cosen!" "Captain!" "Brother!" and "Master Hall!" Then he would be grand again, and say, "My good Lord and Brother;" and "My Worthy Esteemed Nephew;" and "Excellent Lady;" and, to Jonson, sturdily and comprehensively, "Father Ben."

It must have been a strange sensation to be in correspondence with James Howel. Could Letters flie with the same Wings as Love, he wrote, this of mine sh[d] work a Miracle, and be with you in an Instant! I canot compare a Letter of yours more properly than to a Posie of curious Flowers, there was within such Variety of Sweet Strains and Dainty Expressions of Love. My Brain was o'ercast by a thick Cloud of Melancholy. I could scarce find any Palpitations within me, till your Magnetick Letter came, bringing

with it such Vertue. London is like a Chess-Board chequer'd (this to Charles the First, when the monarch was holding his mock-parliament at Oxford), inlaid with White and Black Spots, whereof all w[d] quickly turn to White, if Your Majesty will but bring your Countenance to your Great Council, and your Court to Whitehall. Your Desires (to Earl Rivers, who had wished for some information about languages) have ever been as Commands, your Commands as binding as Acts of Parliament, and (to do his bidding) I have evirtuated myself, stretch'd all my Sinews, put all my small Knowledge, Observation, and Reading, upon the Tenter; but, if it afford you any Contentment, I have hit the White I aim'd at, and hold myself abundantly rewarded for my Oyl and Labour. I receiv'd those Sparkles of Piety you pleas'd to send me (to somebody else). I thank you for those rich Flourishes wherewith your Letter was imbroder'd. In a due Posture of Humility I kiss your Hands. I kiss your Hands and rest yours passionately. Madam, if you bid me go, I will run; if you bid me run, I'll fly! Incomparable Lady (the lady M. Cary), I have discover'd so much of Divinity in you, that he who w[d] find your Equal must seek her in the other World! Those swift Postillions, my Thoughts, (to an Oxford Doctor) find you out daily, and bring you unto me; I behold you in my Chamber, and in my Bed; you Eat, you Drink, you Sit down, and Walk with me; and my Fantasie enjoys you often in my Sleep, when all my Senses are lock'd up, and my Soul wanders up and down the World. You are still within the Horizon of my Love (to another correspondent); my Pulse doth not beat more often than my Memory runs on you; all Bodies change, everything under the Moon, except my Love. The Love of you swells so, both in my Breast and Brain, that nothing can deliver me of this violent high Passion but the Sight of you. Life itself is not so dear to me as your Friendship. Vertue in her best Colours, is not so precious as your Love. Would I could write my Love to you with a Ray of the Sun! Your last Lines to me were as delightful as the Season, as sweet as Flowers in May;—nay! far more fragrant than those fading Vegetals; they cast a greater Suavity than Arabian spices in the Gran Cayro, where the air is as sweet as a perfum'd Spanish Glove. Your Letters lately were, methought, like Quivers full of barb'd Arrows pointed with Gold, they penetrated my Breast, they are as dear to me as Liberty, your Expressions were like those Mucrones (macaroons?) and *Melliti Globuli* you so ingeniously compare mine unto; but your Arrows have not hurt me, they were as Cordials to me, for you know we may be restored by Gold!

We have quoted surely *ad nauseam.* So many *confetti* clog in the mouth disagreeably, and to restore our appetites we will serve up a momentary dish of a sterner kind. James Howel was in Madrid during all the months of our First Charlie's romantic visit there,—when he had stolen thither *incognito* to see the Princess his "canny" father was determined he should marry, and when he and his playmate the Duke of Buckingham were living one round of ecstasy and splendour; and it will be interesting to read what our warm Welshman says of this burst love-bubble. "I have seen the Prince," he writes, "have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta, half-an-hour together, in a thoughtful speculative Posture, which sure w^d^ needs be tedious, unless Affection sweetened it." Indeed, Howel was sure that Charles loved the poor girl. "I have seen him," he says, "watch a long Hour together in a close coach in the open Street, only to see her as she went abroad; and not long since the Prince, understanding the Infanta was us'd to go some Mornings to t'other side the River to gather May-dew, did rise betimes and went thither." He was let into the house where the princess was, and into the garden; and then, when he found that she had passed into the orchard, the door of which was doubly bolted, "he got upon the Top of a high Partition-wall and sprang vigorously down;" but, promising as this *Romeo* and *Juliet* entertainment was, no pretty love-scene followed on it. "The Infanta," Howel tells us, "spying the Prince first of all the Rest, shriek'd and ran to the old Marquis who was her Guardian, and the Marquis, falling on his Knees, conjur'd his Highness to retire, in regard that he hazarded his Head!" And so death—and that, too, somebody else's—being the alternative of victory, the door was opened, and the Royal Lover walked out! When the Prince, also, *did* talk with the Princess, the King always sat hard by to over-hear; and—one lover speaking English and the other Spanish—it was always with 'my lord of Bristol' as interpreter! Is it a wonder thus, that popes, and parliament, and privy-councillors, were too strong for the tender flame, and that the ringing of marriage-bells was stifled under circumstances so adverse? Would it not have been a wonder if a wedding *had* followed?

The poor young Spanish Infanta! "Going now," as Howel tells us, "close upon Sixteen, and of a Talness agreeable to those Years!" She resented her lover's departure, when (thinking he should return soon a bridegroom) he was obliged to go away. "She caused a Mass to be sung for his good Voyage; she studied English apace; she prepar'd divers Suits of rich Cloaths for his Highness, of perfum'd Amber Leather, some embroider'd with Pearl, and some with Silver,

and some with Gold; most of her Ladies and Officers were selected, and our Ambassador w[d] not stand cover'd in her presence, because he already accounted her his Princess." But—as Howel in his own way puts it—all was dasht in Pieces! The Spanish Match was never lighted, and English Carlos turned from the Infanta, and married French Henrietta Maria. And the Canopy under which Howel had seen her sit with his Highness to see the Comedians once a Week was still before her; and the Terrass cover'd all over with Tapestry, for her to walk on, a bride, from the King's Palace to the next Church, was just completed! It was a cruel upset; and no wonder the Spanish People wished the Postillions that brought the news had broke their necks in their Way. But Howel himself, though he entered into this clever desire of the people, served the Infanta a shabby trick, too. He wrote, whilst Charles and Buckingham were still buzzing round her, that she was a very Comely Lady; rather, he admitted, of a Flemish Complexion than a Spanish, fair hair'd; but with a most pure Mixture in her Face of Red and White, full and big Lip'd, which is held a Beauty rather than a Blemish, being a Thing incident to the Austrian Race; and then, when she was no longer to preside at Whitehall, he said she was of a fading Flaxen Hair, Big Lipp'd, and somewhat Heavy Ey'd! This was too bad of James Howel, really; and it is not at all an ugly piece of knowledge that the Lord Protector had him popped in prison. But then he had such a loyal motive for it. He had seen the Frenchwoman his Prince had actually married, and he wanted to cry her up, by crying the Abbandonata down! The real Simon Pure, he wrote, "was a most Noble new Queen; she had a lovely and lasting Complexion, a dark brown; with Eyes that sparkl'd like Stars, and a Physiognomy that might be said to be a Mirrour of Perfection!"

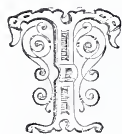
Yet James Howel had his own reasons for desiring the consummation of the Spanish Match. "We, in Madrid," he wrote, when it was all laid aside, "are likely to suffer by this Rupture; we are all in a sad disconsolate Condition; and the Merchants shake their Heads up and down, out of an Apprehension of some fearful War to follow." And if the choice had rested with him of a Queen for this Great Britain, it does not seem likely that she would have been a French person. And why? Because the French did not know how to write letters! "They,"—Howel says, calling them our next Transmarin Neighbours Eastwards,—"have a Stile so soft and easie, their Letters are like Bodies of loose Flesh, with neither Joynts nor Arteries. I canot away with such fleazy stuff! with such Cobweb Compositions!" But he was consoled with his own. He published edition after

edition of them, and went on writing more and more, whether an Espagnole were his King's Consort, or a belle Française. A pause he could not endure. He was guilty once of neglecting a correspondent, and wrote thus to say so:—"I have offended by my over-long Silence, and abus'd our Maiden Friendship; I appear before you in this white Sheet to do Penance; Pray, in your next, send me Absolution." This must have been for a first and only time! Sometimes (and 'twas no marvel) his correspondents neglected him. To one of these he declared, "Your Silence transforms me to Wonder, and engenders in me odd Thoughts of Jealousie: Pray take off these Scruples, else it will make a Schism in Friendship, which I hold to be a very holy League, and no less than a Piacle to infringe it." One of these highly-estimated friends of his was coming to see him, and he cried out in rapture, "Your Society w^d^ revive me, your Presence w^d^ be a Cordial to me, more restorative than Exalted Gold, more precious than the Powder of Pearl; Your absence," he added, "will prove like the Dust of Diamonds, a poison never to be cured! I pray, then, be not Accessary to my Death, but hasten to comfort your so long Weather-Beaten Friend." When he was acknowledging the receipt of a poem, he said, "Let me despair if I lye unto you, all the while I was perusing it, it committed holy Ravages upon my Soul; methought I felt my Heart melting within my Breast!" And when he was writing to Sir Kenelm Digby he complimented him on the possession of Parts enough to compleat a whole Jury of Men, and said that the Perfections that beautified his Noble Soul had a spacious Palace to walk in, whilst the small Perquisits he himself had were thrust up into a little narrow Lobby.

As Keys do open Chests,
So Letters open Brests,

is a distich of his own composition; and, most assuredly, they opened *his*. Love, he vowed, is the Marrow of Friendship, and Letters are the Elixir of Love!—a dictum wherein Doctor Dulcamara would have agreed with him, supposing the letters had been all *paid* ones! And yet, coyly, he pretended that he thought his own "Epistles" not worth reading. Sir Walter Raleigh's son wrote to him about a volume of them, and was told he had put himself to Penance by perusing them. Certainly, we, now-a-days, think the name a right one for the performance; and if the Welshman were to tell us he supposed we could not divine to which Epistles he was alluding, we should promptly answer him, "Oh, yes! we do; they are yours, and we agree with you Very Sincerely."

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.



HE enthusiastic cries of "Cambridge wins" sent up by thousands of voices from the Crab Tree to Chiswick Eyot were after all a case of "halloing before they were out of the wood." Cambridge did not win; on the contrary the Oxford crew scored their ninth consecutive victory easily enough. And the worst of the matter was, that when the gun at Mortlake announced the fact, no one could say that the best men had not won.

There can be little doubt, however, that the "light blue" of this year were one of the most finished crews that ever hailed from the banks of the Cam. They have had difficulties, of course, to contend with; but the odds laid on their opponents were never really justified by the appearance of affairs. They were brought into the form which they displayed on the 17th by one of the best "coaches" they could have selected. The flooding of their own river had given them a greater scope for practice than they had ever before enjoyed, or will enjoy regularly until the projected improvements on the Cam are an accomplished fact. Their stroke, Mr. Goldie, was as good a No. 8 as ever handled an oar, and could be depended upon to be "all there" whatever contingency might arise in the course of the race. Their regular exercise on the Thames, under the watchful eye of Mr. Morrison, had brought them into fine condition, and had got rid of some of the worst features of the Cambridge style. It is true that, on the other hand, they had suffered a rather disheartening loss in the removal of Mr. Mellor, and the substitution of Mr. Still, who is an excellent oarsman, and experienced in university contests, but could hardly be expected to be in form. Their chance was, however, *primâ facie* a better one than it had been on any previous occasion, for not only had they improved, but their opponents laboured at first under considerable disadvantages. More than one member of the Oxford eight had been indisposed, and on taking his place at the thwarts seemed far from able to give a satisfactory account of himself in the race. The heavy and continuous rains which had

served their opponents, were less satisfactory to them, in so far as it prevented systematic coaching, and they were at first in various hands, a practice which, on the authority of an old adage about cooks and broth, is generally considered the reverse of advantageous.

There is no getting over the fact, however, that as time went on, and the daily "spins" of the rival crews were canvassed in conversation and print, the feeling against Cambridge gradually deepened, as was symbolised by the odds laid against the "light blue" among sporting folks. The truth is that while the Oxford men, among them several who had helped to win the inter-university laurels in past years, showed all the characteristics of the style that has so often brought them victorious past the winning-post, the Cambridge crew on the other hand, despite all their own willingness and all the exertions of Mr. Morrison, did not prove that they had got rid of the mannerism with which they have so frequently lost. Their style was still showy, but unsatisfactory; it pleased the eye, but it did not augur victory; the oars hung beautifully in the air, but they did not pull through the water. They were brilliant and fast, the Oxford men slow and sure; the Cambridge stroke was pretty, the other effective; the former pleased the eye, the latter got the boat through the water; the light blue put out their strength in the middle of their stroke, the dark at the beginning, when it was most useful.

There was probably never a university match that excited such vast interest as the last, or the incidents of which were so thoroughly "sensational." The alteration of the hour at which these races are generally rowed permitted the attendance of a far vaster throng of sightseers than on any previous occasion; the traffic on the river was totally unprecedented, and the confusion that prevailed, and the danger to life that resulted, will make the match of 1869 famous in history. Every precaution had been taken by the authorities to give fair play to the athletes, and save their followers from being drowned or crushed to death. The "galloping snobs," who in past years careered rough shod along the south bank, had the fear of the law before their eyes; the enterprising captains who used to carry on a sort of guerilla warfare during the race, were sternly admonished to keep back, and a severe commissioner of police led them on. Grateful no doubt for these alterations, the people swarmed in tens of thousands all along the tow-path, and on every "coign of 'vantage" from Putney to Mortlake. On the river it was different, for the water was never so crowded with craft of all dimensions; steamers, tugs, and "cobbles" dotted it from Fulham to the Star and Garter, and all up the

course. *Aes triplex circum pectus* was the order of the day, in defiance of the terrific wash that made the Thames like a tempest-tossed sea. Overcrowding had its natural results ; for hardly had Mr. Searle given the word "Off," and the oars had first dipped into the water, before certain adventurous captains of tugs making a wild dash forward, the whole array began a series of terrific bumps that ended in one unfortunate craft being turned almost completely over, and its passengers only saved from what the liner calls "a watery grave," by being hauled into other boats. When at length the chaos was cleared away, the nearer vessels had, as usual, to play "second fiddle" in the rear of a lot that rushed off in hot pursuit of the crews, of the Chief Commissioner of Police and of H.R.H Prince Arthur, who watched the race from the *London Pride.* Oxford had slightly the advantage at the start, at once showed in front, and continued to gain slightly until within a quarter of a mile of Hammersmith Bridge, where Cambridge spurted and shot the bridge half a length in advance. They went on in front to the upper end of Chiswick Eyot, where Oxford again took the lead and were never again headed, winning ultimately by two lengths and a half. Mr. Goldie "spurted gamely" several times, and his crew responded gallantly; but they could not get on terms with their opponents, who showed all the staying qualities and fine style that have made them famous, and will ever bring them to victory unless the Cambridge "form" is completely changed.

Tales from the Old Dramatists.

No. II.—The Blackfriars Firm.

SHOWING HOW A CAPITAL COMEDY CAN BE MADE WITHOUT ANY LOVE IN IT.

THIS is another London story, and the scene is laid at about the same time as that of our last. But whereas in that case you were asked not to consider your ancestors as people who lived many ages ago, but as those for whom you could have a sympathy and a kindred feeling, you must now, please, consider these ancestors as at an enormous distance. For you are to be told how very unenlightened they were. They did not, certainly, believe in spirit-rapping, in homœopathy, or ritualism, or that the skin of a boa-constrictor would cure consumption, or that twenty thousand blockheads were sure to choose a clever man to represent them; but they, a great number of them, did believe in fairy influence, in fortune telling, and in the magical production of gold. So those who only pretended to believe in these things made a capital harvest out of those who had faith, and I am going to tell you the adventures of three clever persons who were partners in as gallant a fraud as ever City folks concocted for the pillage of the foolish.

If I were writing on the top of the house where the *Gentleman's Magazine* is published, I could see the place where stood, in King James's time, the house in which these incidents took place. It was in Blackfriars, to which place, as you know, the Dominicans moved from Holborn in 1276. A parliament was once held in that quarter, and it was called the Black Parliament, and the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine was discussed there. It is full of antiquarian interest, but we will not talk of that now. The old house in which our scene is laid has, of course, long been removed. It belonged, at the time I am speaking of, to a gentleman named Lovewit. He was a man of substance, and grew hops in Kent, though there was no

Blackfriars Bridge for him to bring them over, far less a mail coach in which he could take the four inside places for four great hopsacks, to hurry them off into a distant district at a time when hops were almost worth their weight in gold, a feat performed by an acquaintance of everybody's friend, Mr. Mark Lemon. There was plague in the City, at this time—there always was, more or less, until the beneficial disaster commemorated by the Tall Bully—and Mr. Lovewit, a bachelor, had betaken himself to his hop ground, resolving not to return to town while any danger existed. He had locked up his Blackfriars house, but given the keys to his trusty butler, whose name was Jeremy.

Jeremy had been a trusty servant, certainly, but had altered his ways. He had been an honest, plain fellow, content with his sixty shillings a year wages, and his master's regard. But walking one day at Pie Corner, a place you may still see, he lighted upon a somewhat elderly and very hungry and ragged man, who, not having the means of buying any pies, was forced to content himself with smelling the steam of the cooking. The good-natured butler took compassion on him, gave him relief, and discovered that he was an alchemist. I think the hungry man believed a little in his art, and was thoroughly up in all its technicalities and jargon; "could burst a man to harm," but the wretched condition at which he had arrived must have convinced him that he had not got near the marvellous secret, and it occurred to him that he had better leave off cheating himself, and begin to cheat other people. So he considered Jeremy's nature, and worked upon it. In a short time Jeremy established the philosopher in Mr. Lovewit's house, with an array of stills and glasses, and crucibles and furnaces, and all the rest of the contents of an alchemist's laboratory. Then Jeremy, who had a large circle of acquaintances in the City, caused it to be given out that there was the most wonderful miracle-worker open to consultation at Mr. Lovewit's, and then Jeremy himself disappeared.

Not actually, however, but only as the honest livery servant. There appeared on the premises a most gallant Captain Face, sumptuously arrayed in a second-hand military suit, and full of swagger and strange oaths. He haunted ordinaries, showed golden rings and chains which his friend the alchemist he said had made for him by transmutation of base metal, and enjoyed many treats at the expense of curious or deluded persons. This was Captain Face, who, though he lent himself to this roguery, I believe was not a bad fellow, and being young and tempestuous, enjoyed the fun. "He did not care," he said, "whether people believed him or not (only if they signified

disbelief too rudely, there was the sword that had slaughtered, in foreign wars, more folks than he could number), and if they wished to consult the alchemist, they could be introduced by him, though, as proof of their respectability and fitness to know a wise and holy man, they must make the Captain handsome presents. You see that the knaves who pick up countrymen in our days, and desire to see the money of those whom they cheat, are but sorry imitators of the old rascals. The partners soon began to flourish, and jovial feasts, of which Mr. Lovewit among his hops knew nothing, smoked on the Blackfriars board. But, saith the bard, what's a table nicely spread, without a woman at its head? Not only as matter of good taste, but for the sake of better conducting their impositions, the respectable firm of Face & Subtle took a lady into partnership. I do not know that we need inquire particularly into her earlier history, but she was a very clever girl, with a capital memory and a genius for acting and disguises, and her high spirit speedily gave her domination over her friends. In fact, she was the life and soul of the business, and though her baptismal name was one known to Sir John Falstaff, we will give her the handsomer one which in a moment of admiration of her wit was conferred upon her by the alchemist, and she shall be Claridiana.

The eminent Blackfriars firm, as I have said, prospered, for there were numbers of people eager to be taken in—so eager that they would take themselves in, and when ridiculed by wiser persons, would actually invent stories in proof of the truth of what had been told them by Captain Face. I should mention that his friend's real name was Subtle, but that when disguised as a venerable philosopher he was addressed as Father, or by some other title of respect. It was given out that by long study in the wilderness, prayers, fasting, and a most holy life, he had been admitted to the grand secrets of nature, and that no one must approach him for mere purposes of greed, or in an avaricious spirit, but only that by obtaining gold he might be able to do good among men. To this hour people with marvellous prescriptions tell you the same story—only you must not forget the stamps. To the House of Mystery thronged all kinds of people, until the wits of the partners were puzzled how to dispose of some while others were being cheated according to their respective natures, and sometimes the house was so full of dupes that Captain Face was obliged to stow away the least valuable ones in back cellars and the like. But he was always equal to the occasion.

Among the principal victims—and, by the way, the partners must have had great knowledge of humankind, for they had to suit their

cozenage to the different characters, and mistakes would have been fatal—was a City Knight, named Sir Epicure Mammon. His name to a certain extent indicates his nature. He was, of course, an utter hypocrite, desperately greedy of money, but he desired it that he might indulge in the most extravagant luxury that ever a poet put into the head of one of his creations. His dreams of revel exceeded anything that we have read of the madness of Roman Emperors, but his fancy descended to the remotest details,—amber spoons, agate dishes, taffeta sarsnet shirts soft as cobweb, and all other minutiæ of epicureanism (as it was thought)—and, in fact, but for the greatness of the poet who filled up this picture with such infinitesimal details, one might almost venture to think it over-charged. But the idea you require is that of a voluptuous, greedy, unprincipled knave, a believer in no good, and yet through the baseness of his own nature, deluded into the belief that a good man might attain the gold-making secret, and would part with it to a scoundrel who pretended that he desired wealth only for the best of purposes.

Another dupe was a religionist of the Puritan type. The Faithful Brethren had heard of the fame of the alchemist, and having pretended to satisfy themselves that he was a holy man, and having really, as they thought, discovered that he had the secret, they sent him by Tribulation Wholesome, a Dutch pastor, and Ananias, one of his deacons, not only much money, but a very large and valuable stock of metal goods, which the alchemist was to change into gold, whereby the good cause should be much profited, and friends should be made for it among the evil rulers of the earth.

Again, there came to be deluded, but rather in the hope of making a rich marriage (for the reputation of the partners, as it extended, included rumour that other advantages than those of alchemy might be obtained at their hands), a foolish young country gentleman, Master Kastril, known as the Angry Boy. He is an extinct type, but, as with many types which still linger on the stage, though the originals have ceased to be, a laugh may be got out of his swagger and cowardice. He wished to be thought a fine gentleman, and knew no better way of attaining his purpose than by quarreling with everybody. His companion was his sister, a pretty young widow, a perfect nonentity, plastic in the hands of her fiery brother, but quite ready, in an easy, indolent way, to be courted by anybody who would take the trouble to talk to her. Her brother had an idea that he might manage a good marriage for her by an introduction to the House of Mystery, and poor Mrs. Pliant had no will of her own.

Then there were two capital dupes of the lower order. One was a

foolish lawyer's clerk, Mr. Dapper, who had no taste for his business, and a great deal of affectation. I do not suppose that in these days any lawyer's clerk in Chancery Lane would easily be persuaded that the fairies liked him, though many an otherwise smart young fellow in Chancery Lane has been victimized by the spirits, and wears a galvanic ring. Mr. Dapper we may assume to have been a type of extra-silliness, but the way in which the poor little creature is gradually led on to believe that the Queen of Fairies is his aunt, and loves him, and means to give him a charm that shall make him a match for Lord Nigel Glenvarloch, whom he had heard of, and hoped no doubt to meet at the ordinary, is excellent fooling, if you will reject the common sense, as you are taught to call it, which puts you into a critical attitude, and will accept a bit of broad fooling in the spirit in which it was written.

Lastly comes the noble dupe, whose name you all know from the portraits of Garrick, the last actor, they say, who could do anything with the part. Kean confessedly failed, and Mrs. Garrick told him so. I have sometimes thought that the late Robson might have been taught to play it. He was not a man of education, and would not at first have leaped into the conception, which demands knowledge of old times. But he had something worth more than all teaching, that power of alternating the wildest self-excitement with the most abject stolidity; and I think this little "tobacco man" would have been made marvellous in his hands. He is a small, pettifogging tradesman, of the neediest and most sordid kind, intensely mean, but as intensely credulous, and he is led on from the tiny ambition of the sordidest shopkeeper up to City visions which are too much for his little brain. O, to have seen Garrick when told that he must bury a loadstone under his threshold to attract the spurs of the gallants, and when he humbly presented his almanac, begging that the wise man would cross out all evil days so that he might neither buy nor sell thereon; and when he vainly sought to remember the mercurial spirits whose names he was to inscribe on his boxes, that flies might be kept off. A more exquisite study of fatuity was never executed by a dramatist.

Now, the play, and it is a most busy and merry one, is composed of the various scenes in which the Blackfriars firm humbug these people. There is a steady business going through. Chapter follows chapter of roguery, some of the most high-flying kind, acceptable to the more educated, some of the sort which I have just described; but there is a persistence of intent in the resolute efforts of the trio of impostors to enrich themselves as soon as may be, and I need not

say that the interest is increased by their not being true to each other, except for the purposes of roguery, when they play into each other's hands with a marvellous fidelity. Claridiana is much too clever to be honest, and both the men are, in a way, in love with her; and though she does not care for either, she sees in the older and abler man a better helpmeet for the future, than in the showy, noisy Captain. Perhaps woman's instinct tells her something which we shall see presently. At any rate, although she is on the best understanding with Captain Face, her private arrangement with Subtle is, that when they shall have accumulated sufficient wealth, they shall elope together. Meantime Claridiana gives heart and soul to the impostures, and accepts the slightest hint from her confederates with electric rapidity.

The play opens with a most terrible storm between the partners. This lets the audience, in the most natural way, into the story; and before the fray is half over, we see exactly how matters stand. It is difficult to say which of the two rogues hath the richer store of vituperation; but, perhaps, as in Nigel, the clergyman's superior acquaintance with theology gave him the best of it in the commination in which he and the soldier take part, Subtle's alchemic vocabulary helps him to the choicer assortment of injurious epithets. The riot they make is so alarming that Claridiana fears the intervention of neighbours, and therefore scolds them both so tremendously, indeed proceeding to half choking the vituperative Subtle, that they cease warfare, and unite in a tribute to her wisdom and fascinations. A fly comes into the net, and this is poor little Dapper, the lawyer's clerk, whose victimization is done in a very offhand manner, the Captain taking his part, and affecting to abuse Subtle, who pretends to be averse to doing anything for a man who, he foresees, will come to a splendid destiny, and will be quite ungrateful. They clean him out of four angels in no time, and reveal to him that he is the nephew of the Queen of Faëry, whom he is to visit there, when he has bathed, and fasted, and provided himself with twenty nobles for her servants. This first gull is easily got rid of, and the partners have next to address themselves to Abel Drugger, who is building a new shop, and wants the advice of the great spiritualist as to the plan, and which way he should make his door, and where his shelves. So rich a field is not left long untilled, and by the time Drugger has been assured he may aspire to a higher future than trade can give him, that his house of Life is Libra, which shows that he will be a great merchant, and that in time he will be a great distiller, and make a fair guess at the philosopher's stone, his poor little wealth has been plundered, down

to a gold coin that he has kept for luck, and he is sent away with orders to return in the afternoon with more money.

These are easy victims, but now we have the great Sir Epicure Mammon, with his friend, a Mr. Surly, and for such dupes the augurs think it worth while to dress their altar. Surly is incredulous, but Sir Epicure heaps upon him argument after argument with which the knave has deceived himself; and presently Face enters, pale, humble, as a servant of the great alchemist, and gives the knight a solemn and circumstantial account of the advance of the great process within. Here we have all the wondrous things in the art—the pale citron, the green lion, the peacock's tail, the sanguis agni, which have been in turn appearing in the mystic vessel, and which give hopeful sign of ultimate projection. To Face Mammon makes no secret of his profligacy, or of the wicked ways in which he will spend his gold; but when the philosopher enters, awfully, the hypocrite changes his note; and on the holy man expressing his fear that covetousness has brought him before his time, assures him that he has no such feeling, and that when the golden treasure is his, he

> "Shall employ it all in pious uses,
> Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
> Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
> *And now and then a church.*"

The game is most gravely kept up between the alchemist and his man, now called Ulen Speigel, who is continually despatched to see and report how the great business goes on. The partners have taken measure of Sir Epicure, and do not trust only to his greed. For a moment he is allowed a sight of Claridiana, richly dressed, who shows herself and disappears, to the pretended indignation of Subtle. It takes little to persuade Sir Epicure, who is ever alive at the sight of beauty, that this is a nobleman's sister, placed under the medical care of the philosopher. The bait is instantly swallowed, and Face is bribed to obtain for the knight an interview with the lady, unknown, of course, to the holy man. Thus they have Sir Epicure by a double line, and he is scarcely hooked when Ananias, the deacon, arrives to be dealt with. Ananias is a most finished picture, in little.

This faithful but ignorant brother has no respect for learning. All is heathen but the Hebrew. He will not contend with Face, who is ordered to confute him with a flood of jargon, but will proceed to business. He comes with money to buy some orphan's goods which Subtle is to sell to him, and then transmute, but first inquires whether the orphan's parents were sincere professors. In that case

he is to deal justly; but not otherwise. Subtle is rough with him, for he gets a hint that other dupes are waiting, so instantly picks a quarrel, just because the brethren decline to advance any more money (the alchemist having already had about 120*l.*), until they see that the projection is made. This annoys Subtle, and when Ananias informs him that the faithful have heard that the same result has been obtained at Heidelburg with an egg and a paper of pin-dust, he blazes out, and demands the other's name. "Ananias."

> "Out! The varlet
> That cozened the Apostles!"

And in a tempest of abuse Ananias is driven out, with orders to the brethren to send to the holy man somebody of a better name, or all that has already been done shall perish. Then Abel Drugger comes again, to be yet more marvellously cheated than before, and to be promised a rich wife, and a gentleman's education; and he is sent away in the seventh heaven, or as near thereto as the poor little citizen's imagination can soar. He goes away rejoicing, and promising to bring the alchemist a new damask suit as a token of gratitude.

The brethren confer, after the affliction that has fallen upon Ananias, and agree that the alchemist must be humoured. The children of perdition are oftentimes made the instruments of the greatest works. Besides some allowance must be made for men's nature, says the sensible Tribulation. Consider the place the alchemist lives in,—still about the fire.

> "Where have you greater atheists than your cooks,
> Or more profane and choleric than your glass men;
> More anti-christian than your bell-founders?
> What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
> Satan, our common enemy, but he's busy
> Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
> Brimstone and arsenic?"

This Calvinistic argument persuades Ananias, who professes that he has not been more edified since "the beautiful light" first shone upon him (imagine the delight with which such a scene must have been received by men who knew the originals of such types), and the pious brethren proceed to see the alchemist. He is haughty, but condescends to hear; and though Ananias nearly upsets everything again by begging that Christmas may be spoken of as Christ-tide, large promises of success are made, and large plunder is extorted from the faithful. I suspect a sub-meaning in this scene, but as it stands

it is rare comedy. When the faithful are gone, it is announced that a new victim is coming, a rich Spanish Don, who can speak no English, but is loaded with wealth, and I am ashamed to say that upon this galleon no subtler art is to be tried than something like downright robbery. The Don is to be lured into a private room, and while the unhesitating Claridiana smiles on him and tries to make him talk, Face is to pick his pockets. To be sure, as he has no English, it is hard to say what else could be done; but the artifice is beneath the level of such accomplished rogues, and we feel ashamed of them.

Next the Angry Boy has to be cheated; but this is a scene of "humours" which, as has been said, belong to a time gone by. It would drag on the stage now, but was in its time no doubt diverting. Here let me note to you the exemplary patience of our ancestors at a play. We think some of the speeches in French comedy long; but they are snip-snap to what was endured in the days of Ben Jonson. Why, the mere prologue to the drama of which we had an account last month is all in prose, is dull to us, and I am certain must have been dull to anybody in any age, only dear old Ben never could lay his pen down, and it occupies nearly four columns of the smallest print —I should think equals about three leading articles in the *Times*. And in many of the scenes the speeches are in the same proportion, though not when business is to be done,—then the dialogue crackles as rapidly as a skilled artist can make it flash. The talk in this scene with the Angry Boy would make a stage-manager tear his hair, and uncivilly hint to the author, at rehearsal, in the midst of his pleased smile at his own cleverness, "Better cut it *now*—you'll be glad to do it in the morning."

Drugger and Dapper are always coming in to be plundered of their small gains just when the stage is wanted for their betters. To do the partners justice, they neglect no small gains, but they hustle away the humbler victims with little ceremony; and the poor lawyer's clerk, who comes to his fairy aunt, is incontinently locked up in an outhouse, while Drugger is put away elsewhere to wait for a rich wife who is to be brought to him. The poor little man piteously recounts some of his little troubles, and how ill he was upon a certain occasion with eating fat mutton, and how an old woman cured him, and how his heart was nearly broken at being assessed eighteenpence for the water-work. But we are eager to see a grander cheat. Face, bribed by Sir Epicure to get him an interview with the nobleman's sister, secretly brings back Mammon for the purpose; but is warned that the lady is a little cracked on the subject of religion. He is cautioned that

he may talk to her on any other, even love in its least mysterious phase, but no word of controversy. This he promises, and presently the splendidly-dressed Claridiana appears. To do Sir Epicure justice, he is no ways religious, but on the contrary, under the double fascination of her birth and her beauty, pours forth his voluptuous language in somewhat the same overcharged strain of which we have spoken. The lady is affable, but modest, and replies in the most discreet and becoming manner, until Sir Epicure becomes so fervent in his eloquence, that Face comes in and begs that, for fear of his virtuous master hearing them, they will adjourn to the garden. This leaves the stage for the Spanish Don, whom Face and Subtle receive, laugh at to his face, and promise him that he shall be robbed, to which the poor unsuspecting foreigner can make no reply, and allows himself to be led away to the room in which he is to be plundered. Then we have gentle Mrs. Pliant and her brother, and in the very wantonness of roguery the partners propose to the latter that his sister shall marry the Don. The Angry Boy is very ignorant, but on being told what a great creature a Don is, becomes indignant with his sister for hesitating, and she immediately agrees. This is offer No. 1, which she accepts. She is taken away to be introduced to her Spaniard, when the most fearful disturbance is heard, and in rushes the terrified Sir Epicure, followed by the Nobleman's sister, who is raving loudly. In answer to the inquiries of the affrighted Face, Mammon can give no explanation, except that the terrible tide of Biblical prophecy which the lady is pouring forth in a foaming flood broke loose upon his declaring that, when in possession of the philosopher's stone, he should found a Fifth Monarchy. That was enough—the cracked religionist was touched—she had gone mad "out of Broughton,"[a] and now there would be no stopping her

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[a] This Broughton was a very remarkable man. He went mad on prophecy, but he was too good to be ridiculed by actors. He was a most learned man. He not only "Canaan's rich language in perfection sung," but

> "He knew the Greek, plenteous in words and sense,
> The Chaldee wise, the Arabic profound,
> The Latin, pleasing with its eloquence,
> The braving Spanish with its lofty sound,
> The lisping French, that fits a lady vain,
> The German, like the people, rough and plain,
> The English, full and rich, his native country's strain."

I do not know the author of these verses, which I quote from memory, and have not seen for thirty years, but I suppose they were nearly contemporaneous with Broughton, and I remember that they are cited in Edward Irving's "Life of Bernard Gilpin," the Apostle of the North.

tongue. The whole house rang with her Gog, and Egypt, and Beast of Cittim, King of Thogarma and his habergeons.

Rang!—yes, and with something else. A terrific explosion is heard, and in rush the alchemist and his man. All is ruined, all is destroyed. Sir Epicure's dream is dashed to earth, the furnace has blown up, all the works are *in fumo*, and the laboratory is strewed with the mystic ruins. Sir Epicure Mammon, can you hold up your head? Here, in this abode of purity, here, where a holy man was wasting night and day in your service, here, where you professed to come with the purest of purposes, you have been making unholy love. The spirits of nature shudder at you—your fortune is gone—and what have you to plead? Nothing. Sir Epicure, hypocrite to the last, mourns his wickedness, and withdraws. That game has been well played by the partners, and they have not only plundered him hugely, but have sent him away begging pardon of them.

The Don has been introduced to Mrs. Pliant, and has suddenly found his English. He is no other than the incredulous Surly, friend of Sir Epicure. He tells the lady into what sort of a house she has fallen, and pleads that his rescue of her should entitle him to her hand. As far as we can make out her humble utterances, she seems to accept offer No. 2. But in comes Face to rob the Don, who discovers himself, knocks him down, and promises him the whip and the cart-tail. The Angry Boy is brought in to bully Surly, upon whom Ananias, raging against the Spaniard's "profane and idolatrous breeches," is also set, and he is got out of the way. Then the male partners begin to think that they have done nearly all they can, when enters Claridiana, with the tremendous news for Face that

His Master has Come Back.

It is true. Mr. Lovewit is seen outside talking to the neighbours, who tell him of the strange crowds that have come to the house, and how Jeremy the butler has disappeared. While Lovewit is bewildered, the other victims come, raging and indignant, and things look bad for the Blackfriars firm. But Face is equal to the occasion. He bids Subtle and Claridiana pack everything, all the spoil, treasure, and valuables, and he will arrange to get them away to Ratcliffe. The cheated people, who have now all got their eyes open, have warrant for forcing the doors. Face opens them, and demands a few quiet words with his master. Him, Jeremy, as we must now call him again, conducts into the house. The servant confesses the tricks to which he has been made a party, but points out to his master that there is capital compensation. He conducts Mr. Lovewit, a lusty bachelor, to the room where poor Mrs. Pliant, the rich widow, is, and Lovewit

makes such very good use of his time that the lady accepts offer No. 3, and on this occasion is in hands that will not part with her. Then Jeremy orders his confederates out of the house, to their bitter and burning rage, and seizes all the plunder. This Mr. Lovewit, with a fine sense of right, declares to be his own, offers to fight the Angry Boy, and apprises Ananias that if he persists in remonstrance he shall be confuted with a cudgel. The curtain falls on Mr. Lovewit's entire satisfaction with his pretty and rich wife and his ingenious servant, and the dissolution of the Blackfriars Firm.

I do not know what became of poor Claridiana. She was too clever, however, not to make her mark in some way, and perhaps she made an excellent city marriage, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lovewit, and encountered the gaze of Jeremy as haughtily as if she had never known him. Subtle, I rather incline to think, relapsed into belief in his incantations, and practising them seriously, got himself hanged. One of these days I may show my reasons for this belief. The fate of the rest of the characters is too clear to need telling. Drugger was never Lord Mayor, but he became a valuable city patriot, always deadly resolute against innovation and improvement—and he left posterity.

This is Ben Jonson's play of the Alchemist.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.

JUST now, when the Siamese Twins are exciting the curiosity of the West End of London, and half of the most eminent surgeons in London and Paris are discussing the question as to whether Mr. Chang and Mr. Eng could not easily be set free from each other by severing the ligature which binds them together, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has reminded us of a

Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, born in 1100 ; died in 1134.

tradition that more than seven hundred years ago there was a pair of "Siamese Twins" to be seen at Biddenden, a village in the charming weald of Central Kent, not far from Staplehurst and Tenterden. Through the kindness of a resident of Biddenden, we have been favoured with the sight of a roughly executed portrait of the "Biddenden Maids" as they are still called by the country people in Mid-Kent, together with such facts about them as have been handed down to the present day. It appears that, if the local tradition be true, these maids were called 'Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst,' and that when they first saw the light of day at Biddenden, in the year of Grace, 1100, they were joined together, both at the hips and also at the shoulders. As our readers will see from the accompanying sketch, although they have two legs a piece, they have

only one arm apiece, the left arm of the one and the right arm of the other meeting in a sort of stump which forms a natural ligament. It is said that they lived together in this united state for some thirty-four years, when one of the twins was taken ill and died ; "the surviving one," says the printed account, "was advised to be separated from the body of her deceased sister by dissection ; but she absolutely refused the separation, saying these words, 'As we came into the world together, so we will also go out of it together.' In the space of about six hours after her sister's decease," continues the narrative, "she was taken ill, and in a short time died also." But our readers may ask, how this tradition has been kept up at Biddenden, and how far is it accepted as true by local antiquaries and county historians ? We will endeavour to give an answer, leaving our readers to form their own opinion as to the weight to be attached to the evidence. The printed account tells us that by their will, these "Biddenden Maids" bequeathed to the churchwardens of their native parish, and their successors for ever, "certain pieces or parcels of land in the parish of Biddenden, containing twenty acres, more or less, which are now let at about forty guineas per annum." Well, it is obviously impossible, at this interval of time, to search successfully for the wills of Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, for we fear that the records of the prerogative courts of Canterbury or of Rochester will not be found to go back seven hundred years and more. Be this, however, as it may,—and a sceptical age is sure to question what it cannot prove to demonstration,—there is one other testimony to the strange story which we can produce. For in commemoration of these strange phenomena of nature, there are made every year at Biddenden some thousand little cakes or biscuits—called Rolls in the printed account—which are stamped with rough, rude figures of the "Biddenden Maids," in bold relief. These cakes—of the stamp on which we give an illustration, slightly altered, however, on account of some anachronisms in the dress—are distributed to all strangers in Biddenden church on Easter Sunday afternoon at the end of divine service ; while the more substantial dole of about three hundred quartern loaves with cheese in proportion, is given to all the poorer inhabitants of the parish. It is true, as remarked by Hasted, in his "History of Kent," that this tradition cannot be actually carried back by authentic and undeniable proof beyond a century or so ago from the present date ; and he is inclined to discredit the "Siamese" Twinship of Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, and to believe that they were an ordinary pair of old maids, sisters, and perhaps twins after the English fashion, who left a generous bequest to the poor of their parish, and died about the same time. Others suppose that the stamp upon the cakes, when it needed renewal, has been tampered with, and that the figures once distinct, have gradually been brought closer together, till two out of the four arms disappeared, and then the Siamese union was invented. If so, it is strange that it should be so corroborated by Chang and Eng, and that we should have now in the middle of this nineteenth century a fresh proof that there is "nothing new under the sun."

A STORY comes from Wales of a girl lying in a trance for nine months without food. Another tale crops up in which there is a man who has been asleep for many weeks. Who prepares these marvellous paragraphs? They are easily done. Take the file of an old newspaper of fifty years ago, and you will find scores of such commodities ; retouch them, give them modern gloss, and there they are, sir, ready for use. Less than a hundred years ago, a provincial newspaper announced that a dragon had appeared in the adjacent hill district, and was devouring sheep and children by wholesale. The other day we saw an example of provincial newspaper competition in the last century. A local bookseller "who had not served an apprenticeship to the art of printing" started a paper in opposition to the hitherto recognised organ of the district. The established publisher, who had "every right and title to practise the art of printing," appealed against his rival to the public, and rebuked his fellow citizen for what he had done. The rival did not retaliate, he dropped his paper and apologised! Not long since the *Newcastle Chronicle* published as a supplement a facsimile of its first paper, published a hundred years ago. The publisher received several letters in reply to the advertisements of the old paper! Here is an odd paragraph from the *Worcester Journal* of September 6, 1717.

"Sunday last, John Ketch, alias Maxwell, Esq., Executioner-General of the County of Middlesex, Departed this Life at his house in Broad Street, Giles's, universally Regretted, as well in Regard of his Natural Experience, and Great abilities in the due Performance of the several Parts of his Office, as for his agreeable Conversation. The Gross of his Estate, which he acquired by the late Rebellion, goes to his surviving son, who not long since accepted of Transportation to Virginia. Who will succeed him in this important Trust, is yet unknown ; but there are already 14 Candidates for it, among whom we hear are 3 Thief takers, 2 Disbanded Footmen, a broken Change-broker, and 2 Prize-fighters."

This same paper once postponed publication for two days because there was no War news of importance.

THE precise nature of the actions and influences of light has been a puzzling subject, especially since photographers have been enquiring into the rationale of the formation of photographic images. It has been argued that luminous effects on sensitive materials are chemical, and, on the other hand, it has been urged that light acts mechanically. Some entirely novel and singularly beautiful experiments by Professor Tyndall favour the latter assumption. The high priest of the Albemarle Street Temple of Science has found that a beam of intense light produces a startling commotion among attenuated vapours enclosed in a glass tube ; twisting them into shapes as fantastic and as changeable as Hamlet's cloud. For instance, a glass cylinder, about 3 feet long and as many inches in diameter, was filled with a mixture of common air and the vapour of hydriodic acid, and the powerful beam of an electric lamp was directed through it. After a time beautiful coloured clouds formed themselves, shapeless at first, but developing by degrees into forms of exquisite

complexity. A nebulous pedestal and filmy drapery; a vase pouring out streams of spectral liquid; flowers like roses, tulips and sunflowers; a fish with eyes, gills, and feelers: these were some of the forms that the vapoury mass assumed. So symmetrical, so perfect, yet so complex was one of these phases that the Professor tells us it fixed his wondering gaze for nearly two hours. The imagination had little to do in forming the strange shapes; they were recognised by bystanders and assistants; their beauties charmed the eyes of unsentimental observers, one of whom, of utilitarian propensities, suggested their valuable use to pattern designers. This may be their baser use, and they may serve to please a Royal Institution audience; but it seems inevitable that they have a grander part to play in the future development of the science of luminology.

It has always been a moot point among antiquaries who were the builders of the castle at Colchester? Were they the Normans? Were they the Saxons? Were they the Romans? Indeed, it has been doubted whether Colchester or the neighbouring town of Maldon is to be identified with the "Camalodunum" of Roman history, and whether Colchester is the ancient "Colonia" of Tacitus, mentioned by him in the fourteenth book of his "Annals." Most writers, however, from Fosbroke downwards, have agreed that, although it contains undoubted marks of Norman and Saxon work, the original fabric of the Castle, apart from more recent ornamental details, is Roman, *pur et simple.* The Rev. Henry Jenkins, vicar of Stanway, goes further than this, and has broached a theory that, though decidedly Roman in its origin, the castle was not originally designed as a military fortress, but for a religious purpose, and that it was intended as a temple, in honour of the "deified (divus) Emperor Claudius," and that Colchester was the veritable Camalodunum. He relies partly on internal evidence, but partly also on the assertion of Seneca concerning Claudius Cæsar, "quod templum in Britanniâ habet," and on the fact that Tacitus speaks at the same time of the Roman Colonia as "nullis munimentis septa," though he says that a chosen body of priests lavished on the work of this temple the fortunes of the unhappy Britons. According to Mr. Jenkins it was "built by a colony of veteran soldiers to gratify the impious and insatiable pride of the emperor, who, a few years before had overcome the Trinobantes, and had taken their royal city, Camalodunum. On the scene," he adds, "of his triumph, on the very spot perhaps where he received in his pavilion the surrender of the British princes, they erected the boastful pile." This was at a time when the fortress was not yet built; but in a few short years the temple was made to combine the double purpose of a fortification and a place of worship;—a place where the Roman soldiery at once could "put their trust in Jove and keep their powder dry."

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

COPYRIGHT.

Mr. Urban,—The important question of "copyright" has often been discussed in your pages, and a recent decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. M. James, in the case of Taylor *v.* Pillow, must be my apology for again directing attention to the subject. In the case to which I refer, the plaintiff had purchased the copyright of a song; and by "copyright," according to the Vice-Chancellor, is meant "the right of printing, or otherwise multiplying, copies." Some people would have thought that it would be an infringement of the law to sell copies of a publication after the copyright had been disposed of. This is not so. Although the plaintiff, who had purchased of the defendant the copyright of the song in question, attempted to show in evidence that the existing copies were included in the sale, and that the defendant subsequently sold such copies, of course to the plaintiff's detriment, Vice-Chancellor James held that the defendant was not infringing the copyright law by so doing. According to this ruling, A, being the possessor of a certain copyright work, might print as many thousand copies as he chose, dispose of the copyright to B, and, contemporaneously with such disposal, continue selling what morally, though not legally, is the property of B. This, I think, is unfair, and may open up a new way to fraud. Our copyright law is in so anomalous a state that any member of Parliament who, having mastered the subject, would bring the matter before the Legislature, would be doing a great service to literature.—Yours, obediently,

E. L.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE."

Mr. Urban,—Your modesty, I presume, has prevented you from taking credit for the recent change in Court costume. I am glad, however, to find accomplished writers in the *Illustrated London News* and other first-class publications giving you all the credit that is due to you. It cannot but be highly satisfactory, sir, to you as well as to your many old friends, to know that the first number of your new series should have brought to pass in less than a year that most intelligent reform in Court Costume which your contributor, Luke Limner, proposed. I have reason to know that his illustrations have been of considerable official service.

In that same famous first number of your new series I had the honour of a place in your correspondence. You will remember my letter, no doubt, signed "Ex-M.P." In that communication I pointed out that if the "River Terrace" of our House of Commons were in Paris it would be filled with flowers; and further, I ventured to suggest that if the nation should be indisposed to pay the cost of this luxury of the optical and olfactory senses, leading nurserymen would be glad to place fine specimens of their floral growths on the terrace as advertisements. Dear SYLVANUS, I believe we are to have the flowers. At all events, New Palace Yard is being laid out with garden beds and ornamental shrubs. "Parliament Square" is undergoing the same change, and this art progress will not stop here. By-and-by an advance will no doubt be made to Trafalgar Square where "the Squirts" will be superseded, and new fountains be made to gush forth in the midst of roses.

I am an Ex-M.P. no longer. Kindly accept my name in the strictest confidence. If my constituents (disciples of the Hume and Bright school) knew that I advocated an expenditure of the nation's money in shrubs and flower-gardens, I should be turned out of my seat ignominiously at the next election, which is to come, by the way, in less than two years, they say.—Very truly always

AN M.P.

Library, House of Commons.

GLADSTONE AND LOWE.

MR. URBAN,—In looking over the article "Quoting and Capping" in the last number of *The Gentleman*, it struck me that Mr. Sawyer had fallen into an error in ascribing to Mr. Gladstone the delivery of the quotation—

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

The passage occurs in Mr. Lowe's speech, on the first reading of the "Representation of the People" Bill, March 13, 1866, in reply to the statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that honourable gentlemen on both sides had entered the House committed to Reform.

And again, Mr. Sawyer says:—"In the peroration of his speech Mr. Gladstone, modifying a famous Tennysonian passage, called on the House to,

"Make
The bounds of freedom wider yet
By shaping some august decree,
To keep the throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon the people's will."

And quotes Mr. Lowe as following up the passage with,

"Statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand."

But was it not Lord John Manners who began the quotation in his speech on the 4th June, 1866, thus?—

> " Ours is a land of settled government,
> A land of old and wide renown,
> Where freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

And Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his reply, said, "My noble friend the Member for Leicestershire, in his speech delivered to-night, tempts me to ground upon which, if I had not heard the words of Tennyson in his mouth, I should not have ventured to tread. My noble friend described England as,

> ' A land of old and wide renown,
> Where freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent,'—

lines taken from the noble dedication and noble address of the Poet Laureate to the Queen. My noble friend stopped with those lines. It did not suit his purpose to go on; but Mr. Tennyson goes on; and, in his description he adds these lines:—

> ' And statesmen at her council met
> Who knew the seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet
> By shaping some august decree,
> Which kept her throne unshaken still,
> Broad-based upon her people's will,
> And compassed by the inviolate sea;'"

as reported in the *Times*, June 5, 1866.

By-the-by, Mr. Gladstone was scarcely accurate in ascribing the lines, quoted by Lord John Manners, to the dedication to the Queen, though his own quotation is from that "noble dedication;" they occur in the short poem entitled "You ask me, why, though ill at ease."

The occasion is my excuse for troubling you. I would not do it unnecessarily. Believe me, dear Mr. Urban, yours,

Huddersfield, March 16. DAMON.

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

DIED suddenly on Saturday the 6th of February, at his country seat, Beaudesert in the county of Stafford, the Right Hon. Henry Paget, 2nd Marquis of Anglesey, Earl of Uxbridge, Baron Paget of Beaudesert in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and a baronet in Ireland, Lord Lieutenant and custos rotulorum county Anglesey, in the seventy second year of his age. The late Marquis was the eldest son of Field Marshal Henry William Paget, the distinguished Cavalry Officer, whose high military talents and eminent success, as leader of the Cavalry Brigade during the Peninsular war, and after as the commander of the combined cavalry forces at Waterloo, caused him to be regarded as one of the greatest heroes of the day, and procured him the title of Marquis of Anglesey, in addition to the enviable distinctions of Knight of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Grand Cross of Hanover, and a seat in the Privy Council. He was born on the 6th of July, in the year 1797, and after completing his education at Westminster School was, when seventeen years old, gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 17th Hussars. After serving on the staff of the Marquis of Londonderry, whom he accompanied to Vienna, and in whose suite he remained until the battle of Waterloo, he obtained his troop in 1817, and four years later exchanged into the 1st Life Guards, in which regiment he was when he acted as train-bearer to George IV., on the occasion of his coronation. In the preceding year (1820), he entered Parliament as M.P. for Anglesey, and his connection with the county remained unbroken until he was summoned to the Upper House in 1832 as Baron Paget. In 1838 he was raised to the colonelcy of the 42nd Foot, but his military ardour seems now to have been somewhat tempered, as in 1843 we find him retiring from the service with which he had been connected for nineteen years. In 1839 he was appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and it was while in this office that he was called upon to conduct the marriage of Her Majesty with Prince Albert, an important duty which he is said to have fulfilled with the most consummate tact and dignity. He succeeded his father in the marquisate in 1854, and from this time may be dated his withdrawal from the world of politics, and retirement into private life. His seat at Beaudesert was one of the most magnificient of the stately homes of England, and in every way calculated to foster the love of sport, which had been at an early age implanted in the breast of its owner. Of almost every branch of sport he was an ardent and keen supporter, and whether it was on the stand, or in the battue, with the leash, or on the cricket field, he was alike the same generous and openhanded patron. His preserves were among the best

in the kingdom, while the cricket ground at Beaudesert, over which the banner of the merrie band of "I. Z." has floated jauntily more than once, has been brought into the most perfect condition that diligent care and lavish expenditure could produce. His racing career extended over a period of thirty-five years, and was attended with a fair amount of success, his principal victories being when Sultan won the Cesarewitch in 1855, and twice winning the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Termagant and Baleine, in addition to securing the Goodwood Cup with Rubini, by whom he landed a handsome stake. As a sportsman he was justly popular, while his generous disposition and impulsive nature, gained him the esteem of all with whom he came into contact. He was thrice married; first, to Eleonora, second daughter of Colonel and Lady Charlotte Campbell, by whom he had issue: Henry William George, the present Marquis, and Constance Henrietta, Countess of Winchelsea; second to Henrietta Maria, fourth daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., and Lady Harriet Bagot, by whom he had an only daughter, Florence Cecilia, the widow of the recently deceased Marquis of Hastings; and thirdly to Ellen Jane, daughter of George Burnand, Esq., who survives him. The present Marquis was born in 1821, was M.P. for Staffordshire, is Deputy Lieutenant of and Magistrate for Staffordshire, and married in 1845 Sophia, daughter of James Eversfield, Esq., of Denne Park, Horsham.

EARL OF GLASGOW.

AFTER surviving close upon a decade of years beyond the allotted span of threescore and ten, James Carr Boyle, K.T., Baron Boyle of Kelburne, Stewarton, Cumbrae, Fenwick, Largs, and Dalry; Viscount Kelburne, and Earl of Glasgow in the peerage of Scotland; and Baron Ross, of Hawkhead, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Lord-Lieutenant and Sheriff-Principal of Renfrewshire; and Deputy-Lieutenant of Buteshire, has gone to his rest, amid the profound regrets, not only of those who were able to boast his personal acquaintance, but also of thousands who admired the unimpeachable purity of his conduct as a sportsman, and his unflinching honesty of purpose, throughout the course of a racing career which extended over nearly half a century. The late earl was born in 1792, and like the Nestor of racing, chose the navy for his profession, but his passion for the sea soon lost its force, and after being promoted, in due succession, to the grades of lieutenant and commander, he quitted the service. His retirement from naval life was signalised by a launch out into all the sports and pursuits congenial to one of his exuberant disposition, and he devoted himself *con amore* to field sports, hunting, racing, and shooting, to the top of his bent. His hospitality was unbounded, and the walls of his mansion at Hawkhead nightly reverberated the echoes of symposia, wherein the late Marquess of Queensberry, Lord Kennedy, Sir James Boswell, Sir John Heron Maxwell, and Sir William Maxwell—as reckless and rollicking a quintet as ever drained a bottle or drank a toast—were his boon companions, and there are not a

few who can still vividly recall the details of his mad freak in undertaking the midnight coach drive against Lord Kennedy for 500*l.*, which had its rise in one of these *noctes ambrosianæ.* He was master of the Renfrewshire hounds for some time, and a liberal supporter of all manly exercises, though it is chiefly with the turf that his name has been most closely identified. For some time after his *débût* on the race course, and confined his operations chiefly to the meetings in Yorkshire and Scotland, and it was not until some years after, that his name figures in the "Racing Calendar," in connection with a southern fixture. Once allied with the Southrons, his fame spread rapidly; his colours were familiar to the most casual frequenter of race-courses, and the news of their success would evoke a tumult of cheering and excitement which bore ample testimony to universal popularity enjoyed by the Scottish laird. His great ambition to win a Derby or St. Leger was never gratified, though he was within an ace of securing the former, when his bay colt, General Peel, who had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas stakes, made such a gallant, though unsuccessful, struggle with Blair Athol in 1864. Match-making, was, however his favourite pastime, and his partiality for this class of sport was as firm when he proved victorious with his filly by Toxophilite, Maid of Masham, in his final encounter against Lord Westmoreland's Retty, at the last Newmarket Craven meeting, as when he suffered his first defeat in 1819, at the hands of Mr. Watson, at Newcastle; as when he was in the heyday of his career, contending against such worthy foemen as Admiral Rous, Sir Joseph Hawley, the Duke of Bedford, and General Peel. He loved racing for the sake of the sport which it afforded, regardless of the pecuniary considerations which actuate too many of his patrician compeers, and so-styled Corinthian supporters of the ring; and he ran his horses for all their engagements, frequently in direct opposition to the advice of his trainers—whose number, by the way, during the course of his career, was legion—and those whose judgment in racing matters had been matured by lengthened experience. He was a member of the old school of sportsmen, and too consistent to ally himself with the erewhile all-powerful order of "plungers"; still he backed his horses with spirit, and though singularly unfortunate, sank all memory of his losses in the sunshine of the next victory that attended his colours. He was a princely patron of the turf, and his unsullied probity, in the midst of an atmosphere of impurity, redolent with the odour of tricks and subterfuges, forms a bright spot in the annals of our national pastime during the present century. Frank and outspoken, his freedom of speech was at times so marked as to appear more than offensive to strangers; but this defect was to a great extent attributable to his early associations with the rough usages of sea life, and his errors were more of the head than of the heart. His means were boundless, and his liberality commensurate with his immense fortune, for his purse was never closed to the calls of charity, and he was ever to the fore in racing subscriptions with a donation worthy of his rank. The well-known colours of white body, red sleeves and cap, will never more be associated with the name of the Bayard of the Turf, and for some time the memory of his loss will dim the brightness of that

heath which he loved so dearly, and of which he was, until the last, a constant frequenter. As senior member of the Jockey Club, his example did much to purify the morals of the race-course, and his death, which occurred at his Scotch estate, Hawkhead, on the 11th of February, will prove almost a national sorrow. He was M.P. for the county of Ayrshire from 1839 to 1843, when he succeeded his father, the fourth earl, having previously, in 1821, married Georgina, third daughter of Edward Hay Mackenzie, of Cromarty, Inverness. In default of issue, the title passes to his half-brother, the Hon. George Frederick Boyle, who is married to a daughter of the third Lord Abercrombie.

SIR H. EDWARDES, K.C.B.

AT Christmas, we heard the news of the death of Major-General Sir Herbert B. Edwardes, "The Hero of Mooltan," at the early age of 49. He was a son of the late Rev. Sir John T. Edwardes, and was educated at King's College, London; he entered the military service of the East India Company, and served as aide-de-camp to Lord Gough, in the first Sikh war. He was present at Moodkee and Sobraon, and in 1846 became Resident at Lahore. In the war of 1848-9, together with some loyal Sikh troops and an irregular force raised by himself, he defeated the army of the rebel chief Dewar Moolraj in two pitched battles, taking twelve guns and shutting up the rebels in Mooltan until a British force arrived to lay regular siege to the place. For this service, performed by him when only a lieutenant, he was promoted to the rank of brevet-major, and made a Companion of the Bath. This gallant affair recommended him so strongly to the authorities, that he was chosen to assist in the administration of the Punjaub on its annexation. In 1856, he rendered important aid to Lord Dalhousie, by effecting an alliance with Dhost Mahomed Khan, the ruler of the Affghan nation—an alliance which proved one of the great securities of our Eastern Empire during the Indian Mutiny. "A man of heroic stamp, a friend of the two Lawrences, of Nicholson, and of Robert Napier, and of a host of the native princes and chiefs of the Punjaub, he has left to England and our Indian Empire the example of great and unselfish devotion, and of sincere and unaffected piety."

S. LUCAS.

AT the end of November died, at Eastbourne, Sussex, aged 50, Samuel Lucas, Esq., M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford. The son of a Bristol merchant, he was brought up originally for business, but showing a taste for learning and literature, he entered, somewhat late in life, at Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by gaining the "Newdigate" prize for English verse, and the Chancellor's prize for an English essay. Having been called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, he went the Western Circuit. He, however, preferred the paths of literature to those of law, and became extensively connected with the London press. He

was the first editor and joint-founder of the *Press* newspaper, and for many years contributed largely to the columns of the *Times*, in the way of reviews and biographies, which were afterwards republished in a collected form, under the titles of "Popular Men and Books" and "Mornings of the Recess." He was editor of *Once a Week* from its commencement down to about three years ago, when he started the *Shilling Magazine*—an unsuccessful venture, which lived little more than a year.

A. COOPER, R.A.

Mr. Abraham Cooper, the late Royal Academician, died at Greenwich, at the end of December, aged 81. He was the son of humble parents, and was born in the neighbourhood of Holborn in September, 1787. At an early age he was thrown much among horses, and he learned to draw them from observation. The late Sir Henry Meux, observing the promise which his pencil showed, gave him a commission, and got for him some introductions among art connoisseurs, which afterwards proved useful to him. In 1814 he exhibited his "Tam o' Shanter" at the British Institution, and he continued to be a regular exhibitor either there or at the National Gallery to the very last year of his life. He will be chiefly remembered by his battle pieces, and there is scarcely an engagement between the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the seventeenth century which did not at one time or other afford a subject for his fertile pencil. Among his most popular paintings are the "Siege of Colchester Castle," "Greek and Arab Horses," "The Battle of Waterloo," "The Return from Deer Stalking," "The Dead Trooper," "Highland Courtship," "Baggage Waggons Attacked," "Arab Scheiks and their Captives," and "The Battle of the Standard." Most of these are in the private galleries of our noblemen and gentlemen, and several of them have been engraved. Mr. Cooper, who had outlived his popularity, will long be remembered as "the artist of the Cavaliers and Roundheads:" he was at his death the oldest ex-member of the Royal Academy, from which he retired a year or two ago.

M. DE LAMARTINE.

We have to chronicle to-day the death, not wholly unexpected, though rather sudden at the last, of a man of politics and of letters, whose name has been for nearly half a century familiar to the ears of Englishmen as well as to those of his countrymen: we mean Alphonse de Lamartine. He has just died at the ripe age of 78. There was a time, some twenty years ago, or more, when the news of his death would have created far more sensation than it will to-day; for then he was not only admired as a poet, orator, essayist, and historian, but in Paris, and indeed throughout the length and breadth of France, he was regarded as the chief hope of the new-born Republic, and the brightest light of the Revolution. But, like many another great man, he had the misfortune to outlive the zenith of his fame; and the clouds of pecuniary and other difficulties which

surrounded him in the latter years of his life, had the effect of casting him into the cold shade of comparative oblivion.

Alphonse de Lamartine's life is not difficult to trace; for his works are to a very great extent full of autobiography, and he lets us more than most writers, not merely into the facts of his outward life, but into the secrets of his heart and soul, his aspirations, aims, and ambitions. He came of a family of good birth and social position, and was born at Mâcon, on the 21st of October, 1790; his family name was Prat, but he "assumed" the more euphonic appellation of De Lamartine, after a maternal uncle. His father was a major of a cavalry regiment under Louis XVI., and his mother was the daughter of a lady who had been governess to some of the princes of the House of Orleans. His family, having suffered considerably in the Revolution, retired to Milly; and in that pleasant neighbourhood, as he tells us, much of his early life was passed in tranquillity and obscurity. After receiving the rudiments of his education at home, he was sent to a college at Belley; and it is to his reminiscences of the calm and contemplative life which he spent under the good fathers there, that we owe his beautiful episode of "Jocelyn."

Having left college and passed some time at Lyons, we next find Lamartine "making the tour of Italy," after which he returned to Paris in the days of the Empire; and here he diversified his severer studies by cultivating the acquaintance of the celebrated actor, Talma, and other celebrities of the age.

Revisiting Italy in 1813, he wrote there the greater part of his "Meditations," of which even Talleyrand declared that their then unknown author was "the poet of the soul;" and at the fall of the Empire, he obtained a commission in the Royal Body Guard of Louis XVIII. After the Hundred Days, however, he left the service; and in 1820, he had the misfortune of losing the first object of his youthful passion, a creole lady whom he has immortalised in his poems under the name of Elvira. This loss threw a sad and tender air over his character and writings; and it largely tinged his "Méditations Poétiques," which he shortly afterwards gave to the world—a work by which it was said at the time in France that he had put himself on the same pedestal with Goethe and Byron. The success of this literary effort, of which nearly 50,000 copies were sold, and which perhaps in some respects was the most brilliant production of France since the publication of Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme," opened up to its author a diplomatic career. He was appointed attaché to the embassy at Florence, and not long after reaching Italy, found a second Elvira in a young English lady—a Miss Birch—to whom he was soon afterwards married at Chambéry.

From this date, down to 1825, Alphonse de Lamartine acted as Secretary to the French Embassy at Naples and in London; and then he proceeded to Tuscany as Chargé d'Affaires. About this time he received a large accession of property by the death of his uncle; but his good fortune did not avail to tempt him to abandon either his profession as a diplomatist, or his cultivation of the Muses.

His second series of "Meditations," which he gave to the world in 1823, displayed a riper and more cultivated genius than the promising

efforts of his youth; and his "Sappho," his "Ode to Buonaparte," and his "Dying Poet," all served to increase his fame. This work was speedily followed by a poetical sketch entitled "Socrate," and by his "Last Canto" of the "Pilgrimage of Childe Harold." This "Last Canto," which was meant as a termination to Byron's poem, ended in an eloquent tirade on the degradation of Italy; and some of his sentiments appearing offensive to an officer in the Neapolitan army, he was compelled by the then existing laws of "honour" to fight a duel, in which he was severely wounded. On recovering, his first act was to intercede with the authorities on behalf of his adversary,—a noble trait, and one which proved that he cherished a tender and forgiving disposition.

In or about the year 1829 he revisited France, and in the summer of that year he published at Paris his "Harmonies Poétiques et Réligieuses." He was now received into the Academy; and shortly afterwards was dispatched to Greece as Minister Plenipotentiary. Scarcely had he arrived at Athens when the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out; and, although the new government of Louis Philippe offered to continue him in his post, he declined the proffered honour, and returned to Paris, where he purposed to follow a parliamentary career. Circumstances, however, did not favour his design; and in the spring of 1832, accompanied by his wife and only surviving child, he set out on a journey to the East, in the hope of realising the dream of his early youth, a visit to the Holy Land. The gratification of this dream, however, was dearly bought; for before six months were past, it cost him the life of his child, and he returned home inconsolable. He derived, however, afterwards a melancholy pleasure from composing and publishing an account of his eastern travels, under the title of "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant une Voyage en Orient," a work well known, by translation at least, to English readers. In the course of his Eastern travels, we may mention here, he visited Lady Hester Stanhope, who prophesied that he was born to take a leading part in the affairs of France, and to be a political chief amongst his countrymen. The writer of "French Authors at Home" reminds us that it was on this occasion that Lady Hester, pointing to his foot, as he stood before her, added that she observed from the arch of its instep (an Arab superstition) that he was predestined to be a conqueror. He returned to France with a full belief in the destiny thus foretold to him.

At Jerusalem he had already been greeted by the news that in his absence he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies by the Legitimist Constituency of Bergues. He ascended the tribune for the first time on the 4th of January, 1834; and from that day his success as an orator was assured. He now figured among the political leaders of the day as a "progressive Conservative," a man who strangely blended together in his opinions a reverence for the antique and a kind of philosophical democracy. He now spoke frequently on social and philanthropic questions. In 1838 he became deputy for his native place, Mâcon. At one time it appeared as if he might have held a portfolio under Guizot; but gradually he caused it to be known that the "vulgar utility," as he called it, of the Government of Louis Philippe was not at all to his mind;

and in the year 1845 he openly joined the Liberal opposition. Meantime he busied himself with the publication of various remarkable writings in prose, revealing, from time to time, his views of history and of passing affairs. But the great work with which the name of Lamartine was connected during the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe, was his "Histoire des Girondins," portions of which had appeared from time to time in the public journals, but which was issued from the press in a collective form, in eight volumes, in 1847. This work, which has since passed through several editions, and of which more than one English translation is in existence, is known to have had an astonishing effect on French society, which it fairly stirred to its depths by the terrible drama of which it revived the memory. At all events, it was the rudest blow struck at Guizot's Government; and it helped in no ordinary degree to disgust the French people with the rule of Louis Philippe and of his Minister. There can be little doubt, indeed, that it contributed largely to prepare the outburst of the Revolution of February, 1848.

When this Revolution broke out, Lamartine was the man of the crisis. During the agitation of the Reform banquets, his courage animated the Liberals; and in the actual turmoil of the insurrection of February he exerted his eloquence in a most memorable manner, both in preventing any compromise between the Revolution and the Orleans family, and also, on the other hand, in arresting the progress of the Revolution itself to extreme and violent issues. In fact, as is remarked by a writer of our day, his prudence and eloquence prevented the repetition, in 1848, of the scenes which had disgraced the government of Robespierre; and to him chiefly France owed the formation of a temporary Republic. Our readers will remember how, at the risk of his own life, Lamartine calmly withstood the demands of the insurgents and their leaders, to the effect that the red flag should be substituted for the tri-colour as the emblem of the new Republic. Elected a member of the Provisional Government, he now became Foreign Minister of the Republic; and in this capacity he exerted himself to avoid that universal war of revolutionary propagandism and interference with other countries, which the more advanced revolutionists desired. In particular, his spirited and patriotic conduct in crushing the anarchic insurrections of April 16 and May 15, must be regarded by all sensible and moderate men as having prevented the greatest of evils. Neither will Englishmen or Frenchmen have forgotten how, when the fury of the Revolution was at its height, in the previous February, he was mainly instrumental in securing the personal safety of the Duchesse d'Orléans and of her fatherless sons.

But M. de Lamartine's popularity was short-lived. Although his magnanimity, courage, and enthusiasm had made him the foremost man in Paris during the days of February, his subsequent conduct failed to satisfy the instincts or wishes of his countrymen; and at the general election of 1849, he found the popular enthusiasm in his cause so far diminished that only with great difficulty was he returned to the Chamber, though but a few months before six or seven constituencies had sought in vain the honour of having him as their representative. Though nominated for the Presidential office along with Louis Napoleon and General Cavaignac, he

polled only a scanty number of votes. The *coup d'état* of December 2nd had the effect of laying Lamartine entirely aside from public life, together with many of those of his cotemporaries who had taken part in the Revolution.

From that date, however, M. Lamartine did not pass an idle existence. On the contrary, he was busier with his pen than most of his fellows. During the last twenty years of it he found leisure to publish several important works, including (*inter alia*) a sort of poetical autobiography entitled "Raphael, pages de la vingtième année;" his "Histoire de la Revolution de 1848;" "Les Confidences" and "Nouvelles Confidences" (both also of an autobiographical character); "Toussaint l'Ouverture," a tragedy in five acts; "Généviève, Memoires d'une Servante;" "Histoire de la Restauration;" "Histoire de la Turquie;" and a variety of detached memoirs and biographical sketches, published from time to time under different titles. Many—perhaps most—of these appeared originally, in some shape or other, in the public journals; and M. Lamartine has also acted as the *Rédacteur* of more than one public journal, particularly "Le Conseiller du Peuple." His latest works, more especially his "Histoire de la Constituante," and his "Cours Familier de Littérature"—the latter of which was brought out by the aid and subscriptions of his friends—though brilliant and glowing, bear marks of literary haste and carelessness, and did not help to increase his reputation.

LE MARQUIS DE MOUSTIER.

THE Marquis de Moustier, who died at Paris on Friday, February 5th, from disease of the heart, was a native of the Doubs. He entered public life under the Republic, having been chosen in 1849 as representative for the Department of the Doubs in the Legislative Assembly; after the *coup d'état* he was placed in the Consultative Commission, but resigned his position on the issuing of the decree which confiscated the property of the House of Orleans. He afterwards attached himself to the Emperor, and in 1853 was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Berlin, where he showed great address and diplomatic ability at a very critical period. He was afterwards transferred, in the same capacity, first to Vienna, and then to Constantinople; and it was on the strong recommendation of M. Drouyn de Lhuys that he was appointed, in September, 1866, to the post of Minister of France for Foreign Affairs, which he held down to within a few weeks of his death. He was held in great honour by the Emperor, who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and named him to the senate, and who, as is well-known, had intended him for a very important embassy, had his life been prolonged. He was the sixty-seventh Minister of Foreign Affairs since the first creation of that office by Henry IV. He was buried at the church of St. Clothilde, his body being followed to the grave by the *Corps Diplomatique*, a deputation of the senate, and very many members of the Legislative Chamber and the Council of State.

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BY ORDER OF THE KING.

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

URSUS.

I.

URSUS and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man, Homo a wolf. Their dispositions tallied. It was the man who had christened the wolf: probably he had also chosen his own name. Having found *Ursus* fit for himself, he had found *Homo* fit for the beast. Man and wolf turned their partnership to account at fairs, at village fêtes, at the corners of streets where passers-by throng, and out of the need which people seem to feel everywhere to listen to idle gossip, and to buy quack medicine. The wolf, gentle and courteously subordinate, diverted the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to behold the

tameness of animals. Our greatest delight is to see all the varieties of domestication parade before us. This it is which collects so many folks on the road of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went about from cross-road to cross-road, from the High Street of Aberystwith to the High Street of Jedburgh, from country-side to country-side, from shire to shire, from town to town. One market exhausted, they went on to another. Ursus lived in a small van upon wheels, which Homo was civilised enough to draw by day and guard by night. On bad roads, up hills, and when there were too many ruts, and too much mud, the man buckled the trace round his neck and pulled fraternally, side by side with the wolf. They had thus grown old together. They encamped at hap-hazard on a common, in a glade of the wood, on the waste patch of grass where roads intersect, at the outskirts of villages, at the gates of towns, in market-places, in the public walks, on the borders of parks, before the entrances of churches. When the cart drew up on a fair green, when the gossips ran open-mouthed, and the curious made a circle round the pair, Ursus harangued and Homo approved. Homo, with a bowl in his mouth, politely made a collection among the audience. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, likewise the man. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself unassisted to divers wolfish arts, which swelled the receipts. "Above all things, do not degenerate into a man," his friend would say to him.

Never did the wolf bite; the man did now and then. At least, to bite was the intent of Ursus. He was a misanthrope, and to italicise his misanthropy he had made himself a juggler. To live, also; for the stomach has to be consulted. Moreover, this juggler-misanthrope, whether to add to the complexity of his being or to perfect himself, was a doctor. To be a doctor is little: Ursus was a ventriloquist. You heard him speak, without his moving his lips. He counterfeited, so as to deceive you, the accent and pronunciation of the first comer. He imitated voices so exactly that you believed you heard the people themselves. All alone he simulated the murmur of a crowd, and this gave him a right to the title of Engastrimythos, which he took. He reproduced all sorts of cries of birds, as the thrush, the wren, the pipit lark, otherwise called the grey cheeper, and the ring ousel, all travellers like himself; so that at times, when the fancy struck him, he made you aware either of a public thoroughfare filled with the uproar of men; or of a meadow loud with the voices of beasts—at one time stormy as a multitude, at another fresh and serene as the dawn. Such gifts, although rare, exist. In the last

century a man called Touzel, who imitated the mingled utterances of men and animals, and who counterfeited all the cries of beasts, was attached to the person of Buffon—to serve as a menagerie.

Ursus was sagacious, contradictory, odd, and inclined to singular expositions, which we term fables. He had the appearance of believing in them, and this impudence was a part of his humour. He read people's hands, opened books at random and drew conclusions, told fortunes, taught that it is perilous to meet a black mare, still more perilous, as you start for a journey, to hear yourself accosted by one who knows not whither you are going; and he called himself dealer in superstitions. He used to say: "There is one difference between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury: I avow what I am." Hence it was that the archbishop, justly indignant, had him one day before him; but Ursus cleverly disarmed his grace by reciting a sermon he had composed upon Christmas-day, which the delighted archbishop learnt by heart, and delivered from the pulpit as his own. In consideration thereof the archbishop pardoned Ursus.

As a doctor, Ursus wrought cures by some means or other. He made use of aromatics; he was versed in simples; he made the most of the immense power which lies in a heap of neglected plants, such as the hazel-catkin, the white alder, the white briony, the viburnum, the wayfaring-tree, the buckthorn. He treated phthisis with the sundew; at opportune moments he would use the leaves of the spurge, which, plucked at the bottom are a purgative, and plucked at the top an emetic. He banished sore throat by means of the vegetable excrescence called Jew's ear. He knew the rush which cures the ox, and the mint which cures the horse. He was well acquainted with the beauties and virtues of the herb mandragora, which, as every one knows, is of both sexes. He had many recipes. He cured burns with the salamander wool, of which, according to Pliny, Nero had a napkin. Ursus possessed a retort and a flask; he effected transmutations; he sold panaceas. It was said of him that he had once been for a short time in Bedlam; they had done him the honour to take him for a madman, but had set him free on discovering that he was only a poet. This story was probably not true; we have all to submit to some such legends about us.

The fact is, Ursus was a bit of a savant, a man of taste, and an old Latin poet. He was learned in two forms; he Hippocratised and he Pindarised. He could have vied in bombast with Rapin and Vida. He could have composed Jesuit tragedies in a style not less triumphant than that of Father Bouhours. It followed from his familiarity with the venerable rhythms and metres of the ancients,

that he had peculiar figures of speech, and a whole family of classical metaphors. He would say of a mother followed by her two daughters, *There is a dactyl;* of a father preceded by his two sons, *There is an anapæst;* and of a little child walking between its grandmother and grandfather, *There is an amphimacer.* So much knowledge could only end in starvation. The school of Salerno says, "Eat little and often." Ursus ate little and seldom, thus obeying one half the precept and disobeying the other; but this was the fault of the public, who did not always flock to him, and who did not often buy.

Ursus was wont to say: "The expectoration of a sentence is a relief. The wolf is comforted by its howl, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its finch, woman by her love, and the philosopher by his epiphonema." Ursus at a pinch composed comedies, which, in recital, he all but acted; this helped to sell the drugs. Among other works, he composed a heroic pastoral in honour of Sir Hugh Myddleton, who in 1608 brought a river to London. This river was lying peacefully in Hertfordshire, twenty miles from London; the knight came and took possession of it. He brought a brigade of six hundred men, armed with shovels and pick-axes; set to breaking up the ground, scooping it out in one place, raising it in another—now thirty feet high, now twenty feet deep; made wooden aqueducts high in air; and at different points constructed eight hundred bridges of stone, bricks, and timber. One fine morning the river entered London, which was short of water. Ursus transformed all these vulgar details into a fine Eclogue between the Thames and the New River, in which the former invited the latter to come to him, and offered her his bed, saying, "I am too old to please women, but I am rich enough to pay them,"—an ingenious and gallant method of indicating how Sir Hugh Myddleton had completed the work at his own expense.

Ursus was great in soliloquy. Of a disposition at once unsociable and talkative, desiring to see no one, yet wishing to converse with some one, he got out of the difficulty by talking to himself. Any one who has lived a solitary life knows how deeply seated monologue is in one's nature. Speech imprisoned frets to find a vent. To harangue space is an outlet. To speak out loud when alone is in effect to have a dialogue with the divinity in oneself. This was (it is well known) a custom of Socrates; he declaimed to himself. Luther did the same. Ursus took after these great men. He had the hermaphrodite faculty of being his own audience. He questioned himself, answered himself, praised himself, blamed himself. You heard him in the street soliloquising in his van. The passers-by, who have their

own way of appreciating clever people, used to say, He is an idiot. As we have just observed, he at times abused himself; but there were times when he also rendered himself justice. One day, in one of these allocutions addressed to himself, he was heard to cry out, "I have studied vegetation in all its mysteries—in the stalk, in the bud, in the sepal, in the stamen, in the carpel, in the ovule, in the spore, in the theca, and in the apothecium. I have thoroughly sifted chromatics, osmosy, and chymosy; that is to say, the formation of colours, of smell, and of taste." There was something fatuous, doubtless, in this certificate which Ursus gave to Ursus; but let those who have not thoroughly sifted chromatics, osmosy, and chymosy cast the first stone at him.

Fortunately Ursus had never gone into the Low Countries; there they would have certainly weighed him, to ascertain whether he was of the normal weight, above or below which a man is a sorcerer. In Holland this weight was sagely fixed by law. Nothing was simpler or more ingenious. It was a clear test. They put you in a scale, and the evidence was conclusive if you broke the equilibrium. Too heavy, you were hanged; too light, you were burned. To this day the balance in which sorcerers were weighed may be seen at Oudewater; but is now used for weighing cheeses. So much has religion degenerated! Ursus would certainly have had a crow to pluck with that balance. In his travels he kept away from Holland, and he did well. Indeed, it is believed that he never quitted the United Kingdom.

However this was, being very poor and morose, and having made the acquaintance of Homo in a wood, a taste for a wandering life had come over him. He had taken the wolf into partnership, and with him had gone forth on the highways, living in the open air the great life of chance. He had a great deal of industry and of reserve, and great skill in every thing connected with healing operations, restoring the sick to health, and also in working wonders peculiar to himself. He was considered to be a clever mountebank, and a good doctor. As one may imagine, also, he passed for a wizard,—not much, indeed, only a little, for it was unwholesome in those days to be considered a friend of the devil. To say the truth, Ursus, by his passion for pharmacy and his love of plants, was open to suspicion, seeing that he often went to gather herbs in rough thickets where grew Lucifer's salads, and where, as has been proved by the Counsellor De l'Ancre, there is a risk of meeting in the evening mist a man who comes out of the earth, "blind of the right eye, bare-footed, without a cloak, and a sword by his side." But for the matter of

that, Ursus, although eccentric in manner and disposition, was too honest to invoke or disperse hail, to make faces appear, to kill a man with the torment of excessive dancing, to suggest dreams fair or foul and full of terror, and to cause cocks with four wings to be born. He had no such mischievous tricks. He was incapable of certain abominations, such as, for instance, speaking German, Hebrew, or Greek, without having learned them, which is a sign of unpardonable wickedness, or of a natural infirmity proceeding from a morbid humour. If Ursus spoke Latin, it was because he knew it. He would never have allowed himself to speak Syriac, which he did not know. Besides, it is asserted that Syriac is the language spoken in the midnight meetings at which uncanny people worship the devil. In medicine he justly preferred Galen to Cardan; Cardan, although a learned man, being but an earthworm to Galen.

To sum up, Ursus was not one of those persons who fear the police. His van was long enough and wide enough to allow of his lying down in it on a box containing his not very sumptuous apparel. He owned a lantern, several wigs, and some utensils suspended from nails, among which were musical instruments. He possessed besides a bearskin with which he covered himself on his days of grand performance. He called it putting himself into full dress. He used to say, "I have two skins; this is the real one,"—pointing to the bearskin.

The little house on wheels belonged to himself and to the wolf. Besides his house, his retort, and his wolf, he had a flute and a violoncello on which he played prettily. He concocted his own elixirs. His wits yielded him enough to sup on sometimes. In the top of his van was a hole, through which passed the pipe of a cast-iron stove; this was so close to his box as to scorch the wood. The stove had two compartments; in one of them Ursus cooked his chemicals, and in the other his potatoes. At night the wolf slept under the house, amicably secured by a chain. Homo's hair was black, that of Ursus, grey; Ursus was fifty (unless, indeed, he was sixty). He accepted his destiny, inasmuch, as we have just seen, he ate potatoes, the trash with which at that time they fed pigs and convicts. He ate them indignant, but resigned. He was not tall—he was long. He was bent and melancholy. The bowed frame of an old man is the settlement in the architecture of life. Nature had formed him for sadness. He found difficulty in smiling, and he had never been able to weep, so that he was deprived of the consolation of tears, as well as of the palliative of joy. An old man is a thinking ruin; and this ruin was Ursus. He had the loquacity of a charlatan, the leanness of a prophet, the irascibility of a charged mine. Such

was Ursus. In his youth he had been a philosopher in the mansion of a lord.

This happened 180 years since, when men were more like wolves than they are now.

Not so very much though.

II.

Homo was no ordinary wolf. From his appetite for medlars and potatoes he might have been mistaken for a prairie wolf; from his dark hide, for a lycaon; and from his howl prolonged into a bark, for a dog of Chili. But no one has yet observed the pupil of a Chilian dog's eye sufficiently to enable us to determine whether he be not a fox, and Homo was a real wolf. He was five feet long, which is a fine length for a wolf even in Lithuania; he was very strong; he looked at you askance, which was not his fault; he had a soft tongue, with which he occasionally licked Ursus; he had a narrow brush of short bristles on his backbone; and he was lean with the wholesome leanness of a forest life. Before he knew Ursus and had a carriage to draw, he thought nothing of doing his fifty miles a night. Ursus meeting him in a thicket near a stream of running water, had conceived a high opinion of him from seeing the skill and sagacity with which he fished out cray-fish, and welcomed him as an honest and genuine Koupara wolf of the kind called crab-eater.

As a beast for draught-work, Ursus preferred Homo to a donkey. He would have felt repugnance to having his hut drawn by an ass; he thought too highly of the ass for that. Moreover, he had observed that the ass (a four-legged thinker little understood by men) has a habit of cocking his ears uneasily when philosophers talk nonsense. In life the ass is a third person between our thoughts and ourselves, and acts as a restraint. As a friend, Ursus preferred Homo to a dog, considering that the love of a wolf is more rare.

It is for this reason that Homo sufficed for Ursus. Homo was for Ursus more than a companion, he was an analogue. Ursus used to pat the wolf's empty ribs, saying: "I have found the second volume of myself!" Again he said, "When I am dead, any one wishing to know me need only study Homo. I shall leave behind me a true copy."

The English law, not very lenient to beasts of the forest, might have picked a quarrel with the wolf, and have put him to trouble for his assurance in going freely about the towns; but Homo took advantage of the immunity granted by a statute of Edward IV. to servants: "Every servant in attendance on his master is free to come and go." Besides, a certain relaxation of the law had resulted

with regard to wolves, in consequence of its being the fashion of the ladies of the Court, under the last Stuarts, to have, instead of dogs, little wolves, called adives, about the size of cats, which were brought from Asia at a great cost.

Ursus had communicated to Homo a portion of his talents: such as to stand upright, to restrain his rage into sulkiness, to growl instead of howling, &c.; and on his side, the wolf had taught the man what *he* knew,—to do without a roof, to do without bread and fire, to prefer hunger in the woods to slavery in a palace.

The van (hut and vehicle in one), which traversed many different roads, without, however, leaving Great Britain, had four wheels, with shafts for the wolf, and a splinter-bar for the man. The splinter-bar came into use when the roads were bad. The van was strong, although it was built of light boards like a dove-cot. In front there was a glass-door with a little balcony, which was useful for orations. It had something of the character of the platform tempered by an air of the pulpit. At the back there was a complete door with a practicable panel. By lowering the three steps which turned on a hinge below the door, you gained access to the hut, which at night was securely fastened with bolt and lock. Rain and snow had fallen plentifully on it; it had been painted, but of what colour it was difficult to say, change of season being to vans what changes of reign are to courtiers. In front, outside, was a board,—a kind of frontispiece, on which the following inscription might once have been deciphered; it was in black letters on a white ground, but by degrees the characters had become confused and blurred:

"By friction gold loses every year a fourteen hundredth part of its bulk. This is what is called the Wear. Hence it follows that on fourteen hundred millions of gold in circulation throughout the world, one million is lost annually. This million dissolves into dust, flies away, floats about, is reduced to atoms, charges, drugs and weighs down consciences, amalgamates with the souls of the rich, whom it renders proud, and with those of the poor, whom it renders brutish."

The inscription, rubbed and blotted by the rain and kindness of nature, was fortunately illegible, for it is possible that this philosophy concerning the inhalation of gold, which was at the same time both enigmatical and lucid, might not have been to the tastes of the sheriffs, the provost-marshals, and other big-wigs of the law. English legislation did not trifle in those days. It did not take much to make you a felon. The magistrates were ferocious by tradition, and cruelty was a matter of routine. The judges of assize increased and multiplied. Jefferies had become a breed.

III.

In the interior of the hut there were two other inscriptions. Above the box, on a white-washed plank, a hand had written in ink as follows :—

"The Only Things Necessary to Know.[a]

"The Baron, peer of England, wears a cap with six pearls. The coronet begins with the rank of Viscount. The Viscount wears a coronet of which the pearls are without number. The Earl a coronet with the pearls upon points, mixed with strawberry leaves

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[a] A translator as a rule has no right to interfere with the text of the Author. I hope, however, that I may be excused for having ventured to correct some manifest slips which M. Hugo has made in preparing for Ursus the description of the rights and privileges of the English peerage. I have not, indeed, corrected all mistakes. Thus, for example, in the very first sentences of this passage about the peerage, it is stated that the baron wears only a cap, and that the viscount is the lowest rank of peer entitled to a coronet. This was true up to the end of Charles the Second's reign. It is not true now, and it was not true at the time when Ursus wrote. Yet it was a statement which he might reasonably have supposed to be true, and therefore I have let it remain. I have even ventured to pass anachronisms of the opposite kind—where Ursus speaks of that as existing which had not yet come to pass. Thus there will be found among his list of great peers, at the period of the Revolution, some names, as those of Lords Grantham, Lonsdale, Scarborough, Kent, and Coningsby, which were not created till afterwards—when the century was at its close, or even when the next century had commenced. These are errors of detail which do not interfere with the general truth of the picture. With other statements which never were at any time true, I have been less tender. Thus I have struck out the statement that, on the top of Devonshire House, there was a lion which turned its tail on the king's palace. Again, where the writer states that daily in the king's palace there were eighty-six tables spread, each with 500 dishes,—I have ventured to give the true statement that there were 500 dishes in all. And so with some other details. With a few passages I have had a little difficulty in deciding how to deal. Thus Victor Hugo makes his hero write—"Toute fille de lord est *lady*. Les autres filles anglaises sont *miss*." With regard to the first of these statements it is well-known that every daughter of a peer does not receive the title of lady: it is only the daughters of a duke, a marquis, or an earl, that are so honoured. Still, in the general obfuscation of intellect which titular niceties are apt to produce, Ursus might be supposed likely to designate as *lady* every peer's daughter whomsoever. On the other hand, the daughters of commoners were not called *miss* in those days, and I have made bold to give the title which Ursus must have known. Let me add that most of the details as to The only things necessary to know are borrowed from Chamberlayne's well-known work, "The Present State of England," and that I am a little surprised at the omission by Victor Hugo and his hero Ursus of one curious touch which will be found in Chamberlayne's chapter on the peerage—"No viscount is to wash with a marquis, but at his pleasure."—Translator.

placed low between. The Marquis, one with pearls and leaves on the same level. The Duke, one with strawberry leaves alone—no pearls. The Royal Duke, a circlet of crosses and flowers de luce. The Prince of Wales, crown like that of the King, but unclosed.

"The Duke is a most high and most puissant prince, the Marquis and Earl most noble and puissant lord, the Viscount noble and puissant lord, the Baron a trusty lord. The Duke is his Grace; the other Peers their Lordships. *Most honourable* is higher than *right honourable.*

"Lords who are peers are lords in their own right. Lords who are not peers are lords by courtesy:—there are no real lords, excepting such as are peers.

"The House of Lords is a chamber and a court, *Concilium et Curia*, legislature and court of justice. The Commons, who are the people, when ordered to the bar of the Lords, humbly present themselves bareheaded before the peers, who remain covered. The Commons send up their bills by forty members, who present the bill with three low bows. The Lords send their bills to the Commons by a mere clerk. In case of disagreement, the two Houses confer in the Painted Chamber, the Peers seated and covered, the Commons standing and bareheaded.

"Peers go to parliament in their coaches in file; the Commons do not. Some peers go to Westminster in open four-wheeled chariots (*en chaises renversées à quatre roues*). The use of these and of coaches emblazoned with coats of arms and coronets is allowed only to peers, and forms a portion of their dignity.

"Barons have the same rank as bishops. To be a baron peer of England, it is necessary to be in possession of a tenure from the king per *Baroniam integram*, by full barony. The full barony consists of thirteen knight's fees and one third part, each knight's fee being of the value of 20*l.* sterling, which makes in all 400 marks. The head of a barony (*Caput baroniæ*) is a castle disposed by inheritance, as England herself, that is to say, descending to daughters if there be no sons, and in that case going to the eldest daughter, *cæteris filiabus aliundè satisfactis.*[b]

"Barons have the degree of lord: in Saxon, *laford; dominus* in high Latin; *Lordus* in low Latin. The eldest and younger sons of viscounts and barons are the first esquires in the kingdom. The eldest sons of peers take precedence of knights of the garter. The

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[b] That is to say, the other daughters are provided for as best may be. (Note by Ursus on the margin of the wall.)

younger sons do not. The eldest son of a viscount comes after all barons, and precedes all baronets. Every daughter of a peer is a *Lady.* Other English girls are plain *Mistress.*

"All judges rank below peers. The serjeant wears a lambskin tippet; the judge one of patchwork, *de minuto vario*, made up of a variety of little white furs, always excepting ermine. Ermine is reserved for peers and the king.

"A lord never takes an oath, either to the crown or the law. His word suffices; he says, Upon my honour.

"By a law of Edward the Sixth, peers have the privilege of committing manslaughter. A peer who kills a man without premeditation is not prosecuted.

"The persons of peers are inviolable.

"A peer cannot be held in durance, save in the Tower of London.

"A writ of supplicavit cannot be granted against a peer.

"A peer sent for by the king has the right to kill one or two deer in the royal park.

"A peer holds in his castle a baron's court of justice.

"It is unworthy of a peer to walk the street in a cloak, followed by two footmen. He should only show himself attended by a great train of gentlemen of his household.

"A peer can be amerced only by his peers, and never to any greater amount than five pounds, excepting in the case of a duke, who can be amerced ten.

"A peer may retain six aliens born, any other Englishman but four.

"A peer can have wine custom-free; an earl eight tuns.

"A peer is alone exempt from presenting himself before the sheriff of the circuit.

"A peer cannot be assessed towards the militia, but by six or more of his own estate.

"When it pleases a peer he raises a regiment and gives it to the king; thus have done their graces the Dukes of Athol, Hamilton, and Northumberland.

"A peer can hold only of a peer.

"In a civil cause he can demand the adjournment of the case, if there be not at least one knight among the jury.

"A peer nominates his own chaplains. A baron appoints three chaplains; a viscount four; an earl and a marquis five; a duke six.

"A peer cannot be put to the rack, even for high treason. A peer cannot be branded on the hand. A peer is a clerk, though he knows not how to read. In law he knows.

"A duke has a right to a canopy, or cloth of state, in all places

where the king is not present; a viscount may have one in his house; a baron has a cover of assay, which may be held under his cup while he drinks. A baroness has the right to have her train borne by a man in the presence of a viscountess.

"Eighty-six tables, with five hundred dishes, are served every day in the royal palace at each meal.[c]

"If a commoner strike a peer, his hand is cut off.

"A lord is very nearly a king.

"The king is very nearly a god.

"The earth is a lordship.

"The English address God as my lord!"

Opposite this writing was written a second one, in the same fashion, which ran thus:—

"SATISFACTIONS WHICH MUST SUFFICE THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING."

"Henry Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, who sits in the House of Lords between the Earl of Jersey and the Earl of Greenwich, has a hundred thousand a year. To his lordship belongs the palace of Grantham Terrace, built all of marble, and famous for what is called the labyrinth of passages,—a curiosity, which contains the scarlet corridor in marble of Sarancolin, the brown corridor in lumachel marble of Astracan, the white corridor in marble of Lani, the black corridor in marble of Alabanda, the grey corridor in marble of Sta-

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[c] This sentence is probably derived from the following passage in Chamberlayne's book, but in the French version it has suffered some alteration in the process of transition:—"The magnificent and abundant plenty of the king's tables hath caused amazement in foreigners; when they have been informed that in King Charles I.'s reign, before the troubles when his Majesty had the purveyance, there were daily in his court 86 tables well furnished each meal, whereof the king's table had 28 dishes, the queen's 24; four other tables, 16 dishes each; three other, 10 dishes each; twelve other had 7 dishes each; seventeen other tables had each of them 5 dishes; three other had four each; thirty-two other tables had each 3 dishes; and thirteen other had each 2 dishes;—in all about 500 dishes each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all other things necessary. All which was provided most by the several purveyors, who, by summons legally and regularly authorised, did receive those provisions at a moderate price such as had been formally agreed upon in the several counties of England."

The next sentence has been allowed to stand as in the original, but it is probably based on the following from Chamberlayne:—"The king's court or house where the king resideth, is accounted a place so sacred that if any man presume to strike another within the palace where the king's royal person resideth, and by such stroke only draw blood, his right hand shall be stricken off, and he committed to perpetual imprisonment and fined."—TRANSLATOR.

remma, the yellow corridor in marble of Hesse, the green corridor in marble of the Tyrol, the red corridor, half cherry-spotted marble of Bohemia, half lumachel of Cordova, the blue corridor in turquin of Genoa, the violet in granite of Catalonia, the mourning-hued corridor veined black and white in slate of Murviedro, the pink corridor in cipolin of the Alps, the pearl corridor in lumachel of Nonetta, and the corridor of all colours, called the courtiers' corridor, in motley.

"Richard Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, owns Lowther in Westmoreland, which has a magnificent approach, and a flight of entrance steps which seem to invite the ingress of kings.

"Richard, Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Baron Lumley of Lumley Castle, Viscount Lumley of Waterford in Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the county of Northumberland and of Durham, both city and county, has the double castleward of old and new Sandbeck, where you admire a superb railing, in the form of a semicircle, surrounding the basin of a matchless fountain. He has, besides, his castle of Lumley.

"Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, has his domain of Holderness, with baronial towers, and large gardens laid out in French fashion, where he drives in his coach-and-six, preceded by two outriders, as becomes a peer of England.

"Charles Beauclerc, Duke of St. Alban's, Earl of Burford, Baron Hedington, Grand Falconer of England, has an abode at Windsor, regal even by the side of the king's.

"Charles Bodville Robartes, Baron Robartes of Truro, Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor, has Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, which is as three palaces in one, having three façades, one bowed and two triangular. The approach is by an avenue of trees, four deep.

"The most noble and most puissant Lord Philip, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Earl of Montgomery and of Pembroke, Ross of Kendall, Parr, Fitzhugh, Marmion, St. Quentin, and Herbert of Shurland, Warden of the Stannaries in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, hereditary visitor of Jesus College, possesses the wonderful gardens at Wilton, where there are two sheaf-like fountains, finer than those of his most Christian Majesty King Louis XIV. at Versailles.

"Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, owns Somerset House on the Thames, which is equal to the Villa Pamphili at Rome. On the chimney-piece are seen two porcelain vases of the dynasty of the Yuens, which are worth half a million in French money.

"In Yorkshire, Arthur, Lord Ingram, Viscount Irwin, has Temple Newsam, which is entered under a triumphal arch, and which has large wide roofs resembling Moorish terraces.

" Robert, Lord Ferrers of Chartly, Bourchier and Lovaine, has in Leicestershire Staunton Harold, of which the park is geometrically planned in the shape of a temple, with a façade, and in front of the piece of water is the great church with the square belfry, which belongs to his lordship.

" In the county of Northampton, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, member of His Majesty's Privy Council, possesses Althorp, at the entrance of which is a railing with four columns, surmounted by groups in marble.

" Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, has, in Surrey, New Park, rendered magnificent by its sculptured pinnacles, its circular lawn belted by trees, and its woodland, at the extremity of which is a little mountain artistically rounded and surmounted by a large oak, which can be seen from afar.

" Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, possesses Bretby Hall in Derbyshire, which has a splendid clock-tower, falconries, warrens, and very fine sheets of water, long, square, and oval, one of which is shaped like a mirror, and has two jets, which throw the water to a great height.

" Charles Cornwallis, Baron Cornwallis of Eye, has Broome Hall, which is a palace of the fourteenth century.

" The most noble Algernon Capel, Viscount Malden, Earl of Essex, has Cashiobury in Hertfordshire, a seat which has the shape of a capital H, and which rejoices sportsmen with abundance of its game.

" Charles, Lord Ossulston, owns Dawley in Middlesex, approached by Italian gardens.

" James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, has, seven leagues from London, Hatfield House, with its four lordly pavilions, its belfry in the centre, and its grand court-yard of black and white slabs, like that of St. Germain. This palace, which has a frontage 272 ft. in length, was built in the reign of James I. by the Lord High Treasurer of England, the great-grandfather of the present earl. To be seen there is the bed of one of the Countesses of Salisbury: it is of inestimable value, made entirely of Brazilian wood, which is a panacea against the bites of serpents, and which is called *milhombres*, that is to say, a thousand men. On this bed is inscribed, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

" Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, is owner of Warwick Castle, where whole oaks are burnt in the fire-places.

" In the parish of Sevenoaks, Charles Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, Baron Cranfield, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, is owner of Knowle,

which is as large as a town, and composed of three palaces standing parallel one behind the other, like ranks of infantry. There are six covered flights of steps on the principal frontage, and a gate under a keep with four towers.

"Thomas Thynne, Baron Thynne of Warminster, and Viscount Weymouth, possesses Longleat, in which there are as many chimneys, cupolas, pinnacles, pepper-boxes, pavilions, and turrets, as at Chambord, in France, which belongs to the king.

"Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, owns, twelve leagues from London, the palace of Audley End in Essex, which in grandeur and dignity scarcely yields the palm to the Escurial of the King of Spain.

"In Bedfordshire, Wrest House and Park, which is a whole district, enclosed by ditches, walls, woodlands, rivers, and hills, belongs to Henry, Marquis of Kent.

"Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, with its strong embattled keep, and its gardens, bounded by a piece of water which divides them from the forest, belongs to Thomas, Lord Coningsby.

"Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, with its long façade intersected by turrets in pale, its deer-park, its fish-ponds, its pheasantries, its sheep-folds, its lawns, its grounds laid out and planted with rows of trees, its groves, its walks, its shrubberies, its flower-beds and borders, formed in square and lozenge-shape, which resemble large carpets; its race-courses, and the majestic sweep for carriages to turn in at the entrance of the house—all this belongs to Robert, Earl of Lindsey, hereditary lord of the forest of Waltham.

"Up Park, in Sussex, a square house, with two symmetrical belfried pavilions on each side of the great court-yard, belongs to the Right Honourable Forde, Baron Grey of Werke, Viscount Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville.

"Newnham Paddocks, in Warwickshire, which has two quadrangular fish-ponds, and a gabled archway, with a large window of four panes, belongs to the Earl of Denbigh, who is also Count von Rheinfelden, in Germany.

"Wytham Abbey, in Berkshire, with its French garden, where there are four curiously trimmed arbours, and its great embattled towers, supported by two bastions, belongs to Montague, Earl of Abingdon, who also owns Rycote, of which he is Baron, and the principal door of which bears the device *Virtus ariete fortior.*

"William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, has six dwelling-places, of which Chatsworth (two-storied, and of the finest order of Grecian architecture) is one.

"The Viscount Boyle of Kinalmeaky, who is Earl of Cork, in Ireland, is owner of Burlington House, Piccadilly, with its extensive gardens, reaching to the fields outside London; he is also owner of Chiswick, where there are nine magnificent lodges; he has also Londesborough, which is a new house, by the side of an old palace.

"The Duke of Beaufort owns Chelsea, which contains two Gothic buildings, and a Florentine one; he has also Badminton, in Gloucestershire, a residence from which a great number of avenues branch out like rays from a star. The most noble and puissant Prince Henry, Duke of Beaufort, is also Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Viscount Grosmont, and Baron Herbert of Chepstow, Raglan, and Gower, Baron Beaufort of Caldecott Castle, and Baron de Bottetourt.

"John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, and Marquis of Clare, owns Bolsover, with its majestic square keeps; his, also, is Haughton, in Nottinghamshire, where a round pyramid, made to imitate the Tower of Babel, stands in the centre of a basin of water.

"William, Earl of Craven, Viscount Uffington, and Baron Craven of Hamstead Marshall, owns in Warwickshire Combe Abbey, where is to be seen the finest water-jet in England, and in Berkshire two baronies, Hamstead Marshall, on the façade of which are five Gothic lanterns sunk in the wall; and Ashdown Park, which is a country seat situate at the point of intersection ot cross-roads in a forest.

"Linnæus, Lord Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, derives his title from the castle of Clancharlie, built in 912 by Edward the Elder, as a defence against the Danes. Besides Hunkerville House, in London, which is a palace, he has at Windsor Corleone Lodge, which is another, and eight castle wards, one at Burton-on-Trent, with a royalty on the carriage of plaster of Paris; then Gumdraith Humble, Moricambe, Trewardraith, Hell-Kesters (where there is a miraculous well), Phillinmore, with its turf bogs, Reculver, near the ancient city Vagniac, Vinecaunton, on the Moel-eulle Mountain; besides nineteen boroughs and villages with reeves, and the whole district of Penneth chase, all of which bring his lordship 40,000*l.* a year.

"The 172 peers enjoying their dignities under James II. possess among them altogether a revenue of 1,272,000*l.* sterling a year, which is the eleventh part of the revenue of England."

In the margin, opposite the last name (that of Linnæus, Lord Clancharlie), a note could be read in the handwriting of Ursus: *Rebel; in exile; houses, and lands, and chattels, sequestrated. It is well.*

IV.

Ursus admired Homo. One admires one's like. It is a law.

To be always raging inwardly and grumbling outwardly was the normal condition of Ursus. He was the malcontent of creation. By nature he was a man ever in opposition. He took the world unkindly; he gave his satisfecit to no one. The bee did not atone, by its honey-making, for its sting. A full-blown rose did not absolve the sun for yellow fever and black vomit. It is probable that in secret Ursus criticised Providence a good deal. "Evidently," he would say, "the devil works by a spring, and the wrong that God does is in letting go the trigger." He approved of none but princes, and he had his own peculiar way of expressing his approbation. One day, when James II. made a gift to the Virgin in a Catholic chapel, in Ireland, of a massive gold lamp, Ursus, passing that way with Homo, who was more indifferent to such things, broke out in admiration before the crowd, and exclaimed,—"It is certain that the blessed Virgin wants a lamp much more than those bare-footed children there require shoes."

Such proofs of his loyalty, and such evidences of his respect for established powers, probably contributed in no small degree to make the magistrates tolerate his vagabond life and his low alliance with a wolf. Sometimes of an evening, through the weakness of friendship, he allowed Homo to stretch his limbs and wander at liberty about the van. The wolf was incapable of an abuse of confidence, and behaved in society, that is to say, among men, with the discretion of a poodle. All the same, if bad-tempered officials had to be dealt with, difficulties might have arisen; so Ursus kept the honest wolf chained up as much as possible.

From a political point of view his writing about gold, not very intelligible in itself, and now become undecipherable, was but a smear, and gave no handle to the enemy. Even after the time of James II., and under the "respectable" reign of William and Mary, his van might have been seen going peacefully its rounds of the little English country towns. He travelled freely from one end of Great Britain to the other, selling his philtres and phials, and sustaining, with the assistance of his wolf, his quack mummeries; and he passed with ease through the meshes of the nets which the police at that period had spread all over England in order to sift wandering gangs, and especially to stop the progress of the Comprachicos.

This was right enough. Ursus belonged to no gang. Ursus lived with Ursus, *tête-à-tête* with himself, into which a wolf gently thrust his

nose. If Ursus could have had his way, he would have been a Caribbee; that being impossible, he preferred to be alone. The solitary man is a modified savage, accepted by civilization. He who wanders most is most alone; hence his continual change of place. To remain anywhere long, suffocated him with the sense of being tamed. He passed his life in passing on his way. The sight of towns increased his taste for brambles, thickets, thorns, and holes in the rock. His home was the forest. He did not feel himself much out of his element in the murmur of crowded streets, which is like enough to the bluster of trees. The crowd, to some extent, satisfies our taste for the desert. What he disliked in his van was its having a door and windows, and thus resembling a house. He would have realised his ideal, had he been able to put a cave on four wheels and travel in a den.

He did not smile, as we have already said, but he used to laugh sometimes, indeed frequently. His was a bitter laugh. There is consent in a smile, while a laugh is often a refusal.

His great business was to hate the human race. He was implacable in that hate. Having made it clear that human life is a dreadful thing; having observed the superposition of evils, kings on the people, war on kings, the plague on war, famine on the plague, folly on everything; having proved a certain measure of chastisement in the mere fact of existence; having recognised that death is a deliverance, when they brought him a sick man he cured him; he had cordials and beverages to prolong the lives of the old. He put lame cripples on their legs again, and hurled this sarcasm at them, "There you are on your paws once more, may you walk long in this valley of tears!" When he saw a poor man dying of hunger, he gave him all the pence he had about him, growling out, "Live, wretched fellow! eat; last a long time! It is not I who would shorten your penal servitude." After which, he would rub his hands and say, "I do men all the harm I can."

Passers-by could, through the little window at the back, read on the ceiling of the van these words, written within, but visible from without, inscribed with charcoal, in big letters,—

URSUS, PHILOSOPHER.

ANOTHER PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE COMPRACHICOS.

I.

WHO now knows the word Comprachicos, and who knows its meaning?

The Comprachicos, or Comprapequeños, were a hideous and nondescript association of wanderers, famous in the 17th century, forgotten in the 18th, and unknown in the 19th. The Comprachicos are like the "succession powder," an ancient social characteristic detail. They are part of old human ugliness. To the great eye of history, which sees all collectively, the Comprachicos belong to the colossal fact of slavery. Joseph sold by his brethren is a chapter in their story. The Comprachicos have left their traces in the penal laws of Spain and England. You may find here and there in the dark confusion of English laws the impress of this horrible truth, as one finds the foot-print of a savage in a forest.

Comprachicos, the same as Comprapequeños, is a compound Spanish word signifying Child-merchants.

The Comprachicos traded in children. They bought them and they sold them. They did not steal them. The kidnapping of children is another branch of industry. And what did they make of these children?

Monsters.

Why monsters?

To laugh at.

The populace must needs laugh. Kings also. The mountebank is wanted in the streets; the jester at the Louvre. The one is called a Clown, the other a Fool.

The efforts of man to procure himself pleasure are sometimes worthy of the attention of the philosopher.

What do we sketch in these few preliminary pages? A chapter in the most terrible of books; a book which might be entitled—*The Farming of the unhappy by the happy.*

II.

A CHILD destined to be a plaything for men—such a thing has existed; such a thing exists even now. In simple and savage times such a thing constituted an especial trade. The 17th century, called the great century, was of these times. It was a century very Byzantine in tone. It combined corrupt simplicity with delicate ferocity;

a curious variety of civilization. A tiger making pretty mowes. Madame de Sevigné minces on the subject of the faggot and the wheel. This century traded a good deal in children. Flattering historians have concealed the sore, but have divulged the remedy, Vincent de Paul.

In order that a human toy should succeed, he must be taken early. The dwarf must be fashioned when young. We play with childhood. But a well formed child is not very amusing; a hunchback is better fun.

Hence grew an art. There were trainers who took a man and made him an abortion; they took a face and made a muzzle; they stunted growth; they kneaded the face. The artificial production of teratological cases had its rules. It was quite a science; what one can imagine as the antithesis of orthopedy. There where God had put a look, this art put a squint. There where God had made harmony, they made discord. There where God had made the perfect picture, they re-established the sketch; and, in the eyes of connoisseurs, it was the sketch which was perfect. They also debased animals: they invented piebald horses. Turenne rode a piebald horse. In our own days do they not dye dogs blue and green? Nature is our canvas. Man has always wished to add something to God's work. Man retouches creation, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse. The Court buffoon was nothing but an attempt to lead back man to the monkey. It was a progress the wrong way. A master-piece in retrogression. At the same time they tried to make a man of the monkey. Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland and Countess of Southampton, had a marmoset for a page. Frances Sutton, Baroness Dudley, eighth peeress in the bench of barons, had tea served by a baboon clad in gold brocade, which her ladyship called My Black. Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, used to go and take her seat in Parliament in a coach with armorial bearings, behind which stood, their muzzles stuck up in the air, three Cape monkeys in grand livery. A Duchess of Medina-Celi, whose toilette Cardinal Pole witnessed, had her stockings put on by an ourang-outang. These monkeys raised in the scale were a counterpoise to men brutalised and bestialised. This promiscuousness of man and beast, desired by the great, was especially prominent in the case of the dwarf and the dog. The dwarf never quitted the dog, which was always bigger than himself. The dog was the pair of the dwarf; it was as if they were coupled with a collar. This juxtaposition is authenticated by a mass of domestic records; notably by the portrait of Jeffrey Hudson, dwarf of Henrietta, of France, daughter of Henri Quatre, and wife of Charles I.

To degrade man tends to deform him. The suppression of his state was completed by disfigurement. Certain vivisectors of that period succeeded marvellously well in effacing from the human face the divine effigy. Doctor Conquest, member of the Amen-street College, and judicial visitor of the chemists' shops of London, has written a book in Latin on this pseudo-surgery, the processes of which he describes. If we are to believe Justus of Carrickfergus, the inventor of this branch of surgery was a monk named Avonmore; an Irish word signifying the Great River.

The dwarf of the Elector Palatine, Perkeo, whose effigy—or ghost—springs from a magical box in the cave of Heidelberg, was a remarkable specimen of this science, very varied in its applications. It fashioned beings, the law of whose existence was hideously simple, it permitted them to suffer, and commanded them to amuse.

III.

The fabrication of monsters was practised on a large scale, and comprised various species.

The Sultan required them, so did the Pope; the one to guard his women, the other to say his prayers. These were of a peculiar kind, incapable of reproduction. Scarcely human beings, they were useful to voluptuousness and to religion. The seraglio and the Sistine Chapel utilised the same species of monsters; fierce in the former case, mild in the latter.

They knew how to produce things in those days which are not produced now; they had talents which we lack, and it is not without reason that some good folk cry out that the decline has come. We no longer know how to sculpture living human flesh; this is consequent on the loss of the art of torture. Men were once virtuosi in that respect, but are so no longer; the art has become so simplified that it will soon disappear altogether. In cutting the limbs of living men, in opening their bellies and in dragging out their entrails, phenomena were grasped on the moment and discoveries made. We are obliged to renounce these experiments now, and are thus deprived of the progress which surgery makes by aid of the executioner.

The vivisection of former days was not limited to the manufacture of phenomena for the market-place, of buffoons for the palace (a species of augmentative of the courtier), and eunuchs for sultans and popes. It abounded in varieties. One of its triumphs was the manufacture of cocks for the king of England.

It was the custom, in the palace of the kings of England, to have a

The Comprachicos.

sort of watchman, who crowed like a cock. This watcher, awake while all others slept, ranged the palace, and raised from hour to hour the cry of the farmyard, repeating it as often as was necessary, and thus supplying a clock. This man, promoted to be cock, had undergone in childhood the operation of the pharynx, which was part of the art described by Dr. Conquest. Under Charles II. the salivation, inseparable to the operation, having disgusted the Duchess of Portsmouth, the appointment was indeed preserved, so that the splendour of the crown should not be tarnished, but they got an unmutilated man to represent the cock. A retired officer was generally selected for this honourable employment. Under James II. the functionary was named William Sampson, Cock, and received for his crow 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* annually.[d]

The memoirs of Catherine II. inform us that at St. Petersburg, scarcely a hundred years since, whenever the czar or czarina was displeased with a Russian prince, he was forced to squat down in the great ante-chamber of the palace, and to remain in that posture a certain number of days, mewing like a cat, or clucking like a sitting hen, and pecking his food from the floor.

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[d] M. Victor Hugo refers the reader to Chamberlayne's work on "The Present State of England," chapter xiii., where will be found "A List of His Majesties Household Officers and Servants attending in the several offices below stairs, under the command of his Grace James Duke of Ormond, Lord Steward, together with their respective salaries." From this list it may be enough to quote the last five entries.

" *Sir Edward Villers*, Knight Marshall	£26	00	00
Six under Marshalls	100	00	00
William Sampson, Cock	09	02	06
Four Grooms Purveyours of Longcarts . . .	10	13	04
Henry Rainsford, Porter at St. James's . . .	50	00	00."

And in case anyone should imagine that *Cock* is a misprint for Cook, let it be observed that the officers of the king's kitchen are given in a different part of the same chapter, and that the wages of the meanest of them was double what the gallant Cock obtained. Here is the list :—

" *John Clement*, Esquire, 2nd Clerk	£150	00	00
Claud Fourmont, Esquire, 1st Master Cook .	150	00	00
Patrick Lambe, Esquire, 2nd Master Cook . .	80	00	00
Thomas Budding, Yeoman of the Mouth . .	50	00	00
Joseph Centlivre, Yeoman Pottagier . . .	50	00	00
John Tompson, Groom	30	00	00
John Lincicombe, Groom	30	00	00
Alexander Housden, Child	25	00	00
James Beacher, Child	25	00	00
One Scourer	30	00	00
Three Turnbroches	54	15	00
One Door-keeper	18	05	00."

TRANSLATOR.

These fashions have passed away; but not so much, perhaps, as one might imagine. Now-a-days, courtiers slightly modify their intonation in clucking to please their masters. More than one picks up from the ground—we will not say from the mud—what he eats.

It is very fortunate that kings cannot err. Hence their contradictions never perplex us. In approving always, one is sure to be always right—which is pleasant. Louis XIV. would not have liked to see at Versailles either an officer acting the cock, or a prince acting the turkey. That which raised the royal and imperial dignity in England and Russia would have seemed to Louis the Great incompatible with the crown of St. Louis. We know what his displeasure was when Madame Henriette forget herself so far as to see a hen in a dream—which was, indeed, a grave breach of good manners in a lady of the court. When one is of the court, one should not dream of the courtyard. Bossuet, it may be remembered, was nearly as scandalised as Louis XIV.

IV.

THE commerce in children in the seventeenth century, as we have explained, was connected with a trade. The Comprachicos engaged in the commerce, and carried on the trade. They bought children, worked a little on the raw material, and re-sold them afterwards.

The vendors were of all kinds: from the wretched father, getting rid of his family, to the master, utilising his stud of slaves. The sale of men was a simple matter. In our own time we have had fighting to maintain this right. We recal that it is less than a century ago since the Elector of Hesse sold his subjects to the King of England, who required men to be killed in America. He went to the Elector of Hesse as we go to the butcher to buy meat. The Elector had food for powder in stock, and hung up his subjects in his shop. Come buy, it is for sale. In England, under Jefferies, after the tragical episode of Monmouth, there were many lords and gentlemen beheaded and quartered. These condemned men left wives and daughters, widows and orphans, whom James II. gave to the queen, his wife. The queen sold these ladies. They were needed in the colonies; and her Gracious Majesty made rather a good business out of them. The young sold dear. We may imagine, with the uneasy feeling which a complicated scandal arouses, that probably some old duchesses were thrown in cheap.

The Comprachicos were also called the Cheylas, a Hindoo word, which conveys the image of harrying a nest.

For a long time the Comprachicos only partially concealed themselves. There is sometimes in the social order a favouring shadow

thrown over iniquitous trades, in which they thrive. In our own day we have seen an association of the kind in Spain, last under the direction of the firebrand, Ramon Selles, from 1834 to 1866, and hold three provinces under terror for thirty years—Valentia, Alicante, and Murcia.

Under the Stuarts, the Comprachicos were by no means in bad odour at court. On occasions they were used for reasons of state. They were for James II. almost an *instrumentum regni.* It was a time when families, which were refractory or in the way, were dismembered; when a descent was cut short; when heirs were suddenly suppressed. Sometimes one branch was defrauded to the profit of another. The Comprachicos had a genius for disfiguration which recommended them to state-policy. To disfigure is better than to kill. There was, indeed, the Iron Mask, but that is a great undertaking. Europe could not be peopled with iron masks, while deformed tumblers ran about the streets without creating any surprise. Besides, the iron mask is removable ; not so the mask of flesh. You are masked for ever by your own flesh—nothing is more ingenious. The Comprachicos worked on man as the Chinese work on trees. As we have said, they had their secrets; they had tricks which are now lost arts. A sort of fantastic stunted thing left their hands; it was ridiculous and wonderful. They would touch up a little being with such skill that its father could not have known it. *Et que méconnaîtrait l'œil même de son père*, as Racine says in bad French. Sometimes they left the spine straight and remade the face. They unmarked a child as one might unmark a pocket-handkerchief.

Products, destined for tumblers, had their joints dislocated in a masterly manner—you would have said they had been boned. Thus gymnasts were made.

Not only did the Comprachicos take away his face from the child, they also took away his memory. At least they took away all they could of it; the child had no consciousness of the mutilation to which he had been subjected. This frightful surgery left its traces on his countenance, but not on his mind. The most he could recal was that one day he had been seized by men, that next he had fallen asleep, and then that he had been cured. Cured of what? he did not know. Of burnings by sulphur and incisions by the iron he remembered nothing. The Comprachicos deadened the little patient by means of a stupifying powder, which was thought to be magical, and suppressed all pain. This powder has been known from time immemorial in China, and is still employed there in the present day. The Chinese have been beforehand with us in all our inventions—

printing, artillery, aërostation, chloroform. Only the discovery, which in Europe at once takes life and birth, and becomes a prodigy and a wonder, remains a chrysalis in China, and is preserved in a deathlike state. China is a museum of embryos.

Since we are in China let us remain there a moment to observe a peculiarity. In China, from time immemorial, they have possessed a certain refinement of industry and art. It is the art of moulding a living man. They take a child, two or three years old, put him in a porcelain vase, more or less grotesque, which is made without top or bottom to allow egress for the head and feet. During the day the vase is set upright, and at night is laid down to allow the child to sleep. Thus the child thickens without growing taller, filling up with his compressed flesh and distorted bones the reliefs in the vase. This development in a bottle continues many years. At a given time it becomes irreparable. When they consider that this is accomplished, and the monster made, they break the vase. The child comes out —and, behold, there is a man in the shape of a mug!

It was convenient; by ordering your dwarf betimes you were able to have it of any shape you wished.

V.

James II. tolerated the Comprachicos for the good reason that he made use of them; at least he happened to do so more than once. We do not always disdain to use what we despise. This low trade, an excellent expedient sometimes for the higher one which is called state policy, was willingly left in a miserable state, but was not persecuted. There was no surveillance, but a certain amount of attention. Thus much might be useful—the law closed one eye, the king opened the other. Sometimes the king went so far as to avow his complicity. These are audacities of monarchical terrorism. The disfigured one was marked with the fleur-de-lys; they took from him. the mark of God, they put on him the mark of the king. Jacob Astley, knight and baronet, lord of Melton Constable, in the county of Norfolk, had in his family a child who had been sold, and upon whose forehead the dealer had imprinted a fleur-de-lys with a hot iron. In certain cases if it was held desirable to verify for any reason the royal origin of the new position made for the child, they used these means. England has always done us the honour to utilise, for her personal service, the fleur-de-lys.

The Comprachicos, allowing for the shade which separates a trade from fanaticism, were analogous to the Stranglers of India. They lived among themselves in gangs, and to facilitate their progress,

affected somewhat of the Merry-Andrew. They encamped here and there, but they were grave and religious, bearing no affinity to other nomads, and incapable of theft. The people for a long time wrongly confounded them with the Moors of Spain and the Moors of China. The Moors of Spain were coiners of false money, the Moors of China were mere thieves. There was nothing of that sort about the Comprachicos; they were honest folk. Whatever you may think of them, they were sometimes sincerely scrupulous. They pushed open a door, entered, bargained for a child, paid, and departed. All was done with propriety.

They were of all countries. Under the name of Comprachicos fraternised English, French, Castilians, Germans, Italians. A unity of idea, a unity of superstition, the pursuit of the same calling, make such fusions. In this fraternity of vagabonds, those of the Mediterranean seaboard represented the East, those of the Atlantic seaboard represented the West. Swarms of Basques conversed with swarms of Irishmen. The Basque and the Irishman understand each other, they speak the old Punic jargon; add to this the intimate relations of Catholic Ireland with Catholic Spain—relations such that they terminated by bringing to the gallows in London one almost King of Ireland, the Cambrian Lord de Brany; from which resulted the conquest of the county of Leitrim.

The Comprachicos were rather a fellowship than a tribe; rather a residuum than a fellowship. It was all the rif-raff of the universe, having for their trade a crime. It was a sort of harlequin people, all composed of rags. To recruit a man was to sew on a tatter.

To wander was the Comprachicos' law of existence—to appear and disappear. What is barely tolerated cannot take root. Even in the kingdoms where their business supplied the courts, and, on occasions, served as an auxiliary to the royal power, they were now and then suddenly ill-treated. Kings made use of their art, and sent the artists to the galleys. These inconsistencies belong to the ebb and flow of royal caprice. "For such is our pleasure."

A rolling stone and a roving trade gather no moss. The Comprachicos were poor. They might have said with the lean and ragged witch who, when she saw them lighting the torch at the stake, observed, "Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle." It is possible, nay probable, their chiefs remaining unknown, that the wholesale contractors in the trade were rich. After the lapse of two centuries, it would be difficult to throw any light on this point.

It was, as we have said, a fellowship. It had its laws, its oaths, its formulas—it had almost its cabala. Anyone now-a-day wishing to

know all about the Comprachicos, need only go into Biscaya or Galicia; as there were many Basques among them, it is in those mountains one hears their history. To this day the Comprachicos are spoken of at Oyarzun, at Urbistondo, at Leso, at Astigarraga. *Aguardate, niño, que voy a llamar al Comprachicos,*—Take care, child, or I'll call the Comprachicos,—is, in this country the cry with which mothers frighten their children.

The Comprachicos, like the Zigeuner and the Gipsies, appointed places for periodical meetings. From time to time their leaders conferred together. In the seventeenth century they had four principal points of rendezvous. One in Spain, the Pass of Pancorbo; one in Germany, the glade called the Wicked Woman, near Diekirsch, where there are two enigmatic bas reliefs, representing a woman with a head and a man without one; one in France, the hill where was the colossal statue of Massue-la-Promesse in the old sacred wood of Borvo Tomona, near Bourbonne les Bains; one in England, behind the garden wall of William Challoner, Squire of Gisborough in Cleveland, Yorkshire, behind the square tower and the great wing which is entered by an arched door.

VI.

The laws against vagabonds have always been very rigorous in England. England, in her Gothic legislation, seemed to be inspired with this principle, *Homo errans fera errante pejor.* One of the special statutes classifies the man without a home as "more dangerous than the asp, dragon, lynx, or basilisk" (*atrocior aspide, dracone, lynce, et basilico*). England for a long time troubled herself as much concerning the gipsies, of which she wished to be rid, as about the wolves of which she had been cleared. In that the Englishman differed from the Irishman, who prayed to the saints for the health of the wolf, and called him my godfather.

English law, nevertheless, in the same way as (we have just seen) it tolerated the wolf tamed, domesticated, and become in some sort a dog, tolerated the regular vagabond, become in some sort a subject. It did not trouble itself about either the mountebank or the travelling barber, or the quack doctor, or the pedlar, or the open-air scholar, as long as they had a trade to live by. Further than this, and with these exceptions, the description of freedom which exists in the wanderer terrified the law. A tramp was a possible public enemy. That modern thing, the lounger, was then unknown; that ancient thing, the vagrant, was alone understood. A suspicious appearance, that indescribable something, which all understand and none can define, was sufficient reason that society should take a man

by the collar. "Where do you live? How do you get your living?" And if he could not answer, harsh penalties awaited him. Iron and fire were in the code: the law took to cauterisation of vagrancy.

Hence on all English territory a veritable "loi des suspects" was applicable to vagrants who, it must be owned, not unwillingly became malefactors, and particularly to gipsies, whose expulsion has erroneously been compared to the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from Spain, and the Protestants from France. As for us, we do not confound a battue with a persecution.

The Comprachicos, we insist, had nothing in common with the gipsies. The gipsies were a nation; the Comprachicos were a compound of all nations—the lees, as we have said, of a horrible vessel full of filthy waters. The Comprachicos had not, like the gipsies, an idiom of their own; their jargon was a promiscuous collection of idioms: all languages were mixed together in their language; they spoke a medley. Like the gipsies, they had come to be a people winding through the peoples; but their common tie was association, not race. At all epochs in history one finds in the vast liquid mass which constitutes humanity some of these streams of venomous men exuding poison around them. The gipsies were a tribe; the Comprachicos a freemasonry—a masonry having not a noble aim, but a hideous handicraft. Finally, their religions differed—the gipsies were Pagans, the Comprachicos were Christians, and, more than that, good Christians, as became an association which, although a mixture of all nations, owed its birth to Spain, a devout land.

They were more than Christians, they were Catholics; they were more than Catholics, they were Romans, and so touchy in their faith, and so pure, that they refused to associate with the Hungarian nomads of the comitate of Pesth, commanded and led by an old man, having for sceptre a wand with a silver ball, surmounted by the double-headed Austrian eagle. It is true that these Hungarians were schismatics, to the extent of celebrating the Assumption on the 29th August, which is an abomination.

In England, so long as the Stuarts reigned, the confederation of the Comprachicos was (for motives of which we have already given you a glimpse) to a certain extent protected. James II., a devout man, who persecuted the Jews, and trampled out the gipsies, was a good prince to the Comprachicos. We have seen why. The Comprachicos were buyers of the human ware in which he was dealer. They excelled in disappearances. Disappearances occasionally were necessary for the good of the state. An inconvenient heir, of tender age, whom they took and handled, lost his shape. This facilitated

confiscation; the transfer of titles to favourites was simplified. The Comprachicos were, moreover, very discreet, and very taciturn. They bound themselves to silence, and kept their word, which is necessary in affairs of state. There was scarcely an example of their having betrayed the secrets of the king. This was, it is true, for their interest; and if the king had lost confidence in them, they would have been in great danger. They were thus of use in a political point of view. Moreover, these artists furnished singers for the Holy Father. The Comprachicos were useful for the *Miserere* of Allegri. They were particularly devoted to Mary. All this pleased the papistry of the Stuarts. James II. could not be hostile to these holy men, who pushed their devotion to the Virgin to the extent of manufacturing eunuchs. In 1688 there was a change of dynasty in England. Orange supplanted Stuart. William III. replaced James II. James II. went away to die in exile, where miracles were performed on his tomb, and where his relics cured the Bishop of Autun of fistula—a worthy recompense of the Christian virtues of the prince. William, having neither the same ideas nor the same practices as James, was severe to the Comprachicos. He did his best to crush out the vermin.

A statute of the early part of William and Mary's reign hit the association of child buyers hard. It was as the blow of a club to the Comprachicos, who were from that time pulverised. By the terms of this statute those men of the gang, taken and duly convicted, were to be branded with a red-hot iron, imprinting R on the shoulder, signifying rogue; on the left hand T, signifying thief; and on the right hand M, signifying man-slayer.

The chiefs, supposed to be rich, although beggars in appearance, were punished in the *collistrigium*—that is, the pillory, and branded on the forehead with a P, besides having their properties confiscated, and the trees in their woods rooted up. Those who did not inform against the Comprachicos were to be punished by confiscation and perpetual imprisonment, as for the crime of misprision. As for the women found among these men, they were to suffer the cucking-stool—this is a tumbrel, the name of which, composed of the French word *coquine*, and the English word *stool*, signifies a scold's chair. English law being endowed with a strange longevity, this punishment still exists in English legislation for quarrelsome women. The cucking-stool is suspended over a river or a pond, the woman seated on it. The chair is allowed to drop into the water, and then pulled out. This dipping of the woman is repeated three times, "to cool her anger," says the commentator, Chamberlayne.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Night not so Black as Man.

CHAPTER I.

PORTLAND BILL.

An obstinate north-wind blew without ceasing over the mainland of Europe, and yet more roughly over England, during all the month of December, 1689, and all the month of January, 1690. Hence the disastrous cold weather, which caused that winter to be noted as "memorable to the poor," on the margin of the old Bible in the Presbyterian chapel of the Non-jurors in London. Thanks to the useful solidity of the old monarchical parchment employed in official registers, long lists of poor persons, found dead of famine and cold, are yet now legible in many local repositories, particularly in the archives of the Liberty of the Clink, in the borough of Southwark, of Pie Powder Court (which signifies Dusty Feet Court), and in those of Whitechapel Court, held in the village of Stepney by the bailiff of the Lord of the Manor. The Thames was frozen over—a thing which does not happen once in a century, as the ice forms on it with difficulty owing to the action of the sea. Coaches rolled over the frozen river; a fair was held with booths; bear-baiting and bull-baiting took place. A whole ox was roasted on the ice. This thickness of the ice endured two months. The hard year 1690 surpassed in severity even the famous winters at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so minutely observed by Dr. Gideon Delane, the same who was, in his quality of apothecary to King James, honoured by the city of London with a bust and a pedestal!

One evening, towards the close of one of the most bitter days of the month of January, 1690, something unusual was going on in one of the numerous inhospitable bights of the bay of Portland, which caused the sea-gulls and wild geese to scream and circle round the mouth of the bight, not daring to re-enter.

In this creek, the most dangerous of all which line the bay during the continuance of certain winds, and consequently the most lonely,—convenient, by reason of its very danger, for ships in hiding,—a little vessel, almost touching the cliff, so deep was the water, was moored to a point of rock. We are wrong in saying, The night falls; we

should say the night rises, for it is from the earth obscurity comes. It was already night at the bottom of the cliff; it was still day at top. Anyone who approached the vessel's moorings would have recognised a Biscayan hooker.

The sun, concealed all day by the mist, had just set. There was beginning to be felt that deep and sombrous melancholy which is, as it were, the anxiety for the absent sun. With no wind from the sea, the water of the creek was calm.

This was, especially in winter, a lucky exception. Almost all the Portland creeks have sand-bars; and in heavy weather the sea becomes very rough, and, to pass in safety, much skill and practice are necessary. These little ports (ports more in appearance than fact) are of small advantage. It is hazardous to enter them, and fearful to leave them. On this evening, for a wonder, there was no danger.

The Biscayan hooker is of an ancient model, now fallen into disuse. This hooker, which has done service even in the navy, was stoutly built in its hull; a boat in size, a ship in strength. It figured in the Armada. Sometimes the war-hooker attained to a high tonnage; thus the Great Griffin, bearing a captain's flag, and commanded by Lopez de Medina, measured six hundred and fifty good tons, and carried forty guns. But the merchant and contraband hookers were very feeble specimens. Sea-folk held them at their true value, and esteemed the model a very sorry one. The rigging of the hooker was made of hemp, sometimes with wire inside, which, probably, was intended as a means, however unscientific, of obtaining indications, in the case of magnetic tension. The lightness of this rigging did not exclude the use of heavy tackle, the sheers of the Spanish galleon, and the cameli of the Roman triremes. The helm was very long, which gives the advantage of a long arm of leverage, but the disadvantage of a small arc of effort. Two wheels in two pulleys at the end of the rudder corrected this defect, and compensated, to some extent, for the loss of strength. The compass was well housed in a case perfectly square, and well-balanced by its two copper frames placed horizontally, one in the other, on little bolts, as in Cardan's lamps. There was science and cunning in the construction of the hooker, but it was ignorant science and barbarous cunning. The hooker was primitive, just like the praam and the canoe; was kindred to the praam for stability, and to the canoe for swiftness, and like all vessels born of the instinct of the pirate and fisherman, it had remarkable sea qualities; it was equally well-suited to land-locked and to open waters. Its system of sails, complicated in stays, and very peculiar, allowed of its navigating trimly in the

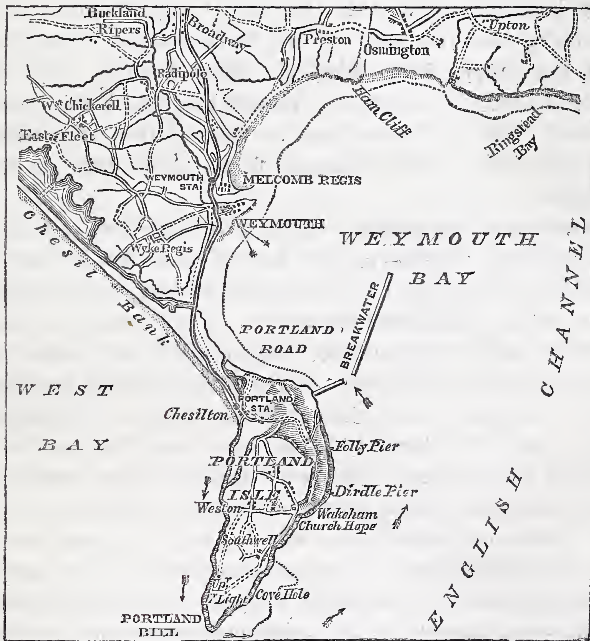
close bays of the Asturias (which are little more than enclosed basins, as Pasages, for instance), and also freely out at sea. It could sail round a lake, and sail round the world—strange vessel with two objects, good for a pond and good for a storm. The hooker is among vessels what the wagtail is among birds, one of the smallest and one of the boldest. The wagtail perching on a reed, scarcely bends it, and, flying away, crosses the ocean.

The hookers, even to the poorest, were gilt and painted. Tattooing is part of the genius of those charming people who are in some degree savages. The sublime colouring of their mountains, variegated by snows and meadows, reveals to them the rugged spell which ornament possesses in itself. They are poverty-stricken and magnificent; they put coats-of-arms on their cottages; they have large asses, which they bedizen with bells, and large oxen, on which they put head-dresses of feathers. Their coaches, which you can hear grinding the wheels two leagues off, are illuminated, carved, and hung with ribands. A cobbler has a bas-relief on his door; it is only St. Crispin, and an old shoe; but it is in stone. They trim their leathern jackets with lace. They do not mend their rags, but they embroider them. Vivacity profound and superb! The Basques are like the Greeks, children of the sun; while the Valencian drapes himself, bare and sad, in his russet woollen rug, with a hole to pass his head through, the natives of Galicia and Biscay have the delight of fine linen shirts, bleached in the dew. Their thresholds and their windows teem with faces fair and fresh, laughing under garlands of maize; a joyous and proud serenity shines out in their ingenuous arts, in their trades, in their customs, in the dress of their maidens, in their songs. The mountain, that colossal ruin, is all aglow in Biscay: the sun's rays go in and out of every break. The wild Jaizquivel is full of Idylls. Biscay is Pyrennean grace as Savoy is Alpine grace. The dangerous bays,—the neighbours of St. Sebastian, Leso, and Fontarabia,—with storms, with clouds, with spray flying over the capes, with the rages of the waves and the winds, with terror, with uproar, mingle boat-women crowned with roses. He who has seen the Basque country wishes to see it again. It is the blessed land. Two harvests a year; villages resonant and gay; a stately poverty; all Sunday the sound of guitars, dancing, castanets, love-making; houses clean and bright; storks in the belfries.

Let us return to Portland—that rugged mountain in the sea.

The peninsula of Portland, looked at geometrically, presents the appearance of a bird's head, of which the bill is turned towards the ocean, the back of the head towards Weymouth; the isthmus is its neck.

Portland, greatly to the sacrifice of its wildness, exists now but for trade. The coasts of Portland were discovered by quarrymen and plasterers towards the middle of the seventeenth century. Since that period what is called Roman cement has been made of the Portland stone—a useful industry, enriching the district, and disfiguring the bay. Two hundred years ago these coasts were eaten away as a cliff; to-day, as a quarry. The pick bites meanly, the wave grandly; hence a diminution of beauty. To the magnificent



ravages of the ocean have succeeded the measured strokes of men. These measured strokes have worked away the creek where the Biscay hooker was moored. To find any vestige of the little anchorage, now destroyed, the eastern side of the peninsula should be searched, towards the point beyond Folly Pier and Dirdle Pier, beyond even Wakeham, between the place called Church Hope and the place called Southwell.

The creek, walled in on all sides by precipices higher than its width, was minute by minute more overshadowed by evening. The misty gloom, usual at twilight, became thicker; it was like a growth of darkness at the bottom of a well. The opening of the creek

seaward, a narrow passage, traced on the almost night-black interior a pallid rift where the waves moved. You must have been quite close to perceive the hooker moored to the rocks, and, as it were, hidden by the great cloaks of shadow. A plank thrown from on board on to a low and level projection of the cliff, the only point on which a landing could be made, placed the vessel in communi, cation with the land. Dark figures were crossing and recrossing each other on this tottering gangway, and in these shadows some people were embarking.

It was less cold in the creek than out at sea, thanks to the screen of rock rising over the north of the basin, which did not, however, prevent the people from shivering. They hurried. The effect of the twilight defined the forms as though they had been punched out with a tool. Certain indentations in their clothes were visible, and showed that these people belonged to the class called in England, The ragged.

The twisting of the pathway could be distinguished vaguely in the relief of the cliff. A girl who lets her stay-lace hang down trailing over the back of an arm-chair, describes, without being conscious of it, all the paths of cliffs and mountains. The pathway of this creek-full of knots and angles, almost perpendicular, and better adapted for goats than men, terminated on the platform where the plank was placed. The pathways of cliffs ordinarily imply a not very inviting declivity; they offer themselves less as a road than as a fall; they sink rather than incline. This one,—probably some ramification of a road on the plain above,—was disagreeable to look at, so vertical was it. From underneath you saw it gain by zig-zag the higher layer of the cliff whenever it passed out through deep passages on to the high plateau by a cutting in the rock; and the passengers for whom the vessel awaited in the creek must have come by this path. Excepting the movement of embarcation which was being made in the creek, a movement visibly scared and uneasy, all around was solitude; no step, no noise, no breath was heard. At the other side of the roads, at the entrance of Ringstead Bay, you could scarcely perceive a flotilla of boats, for fishing the white shark, which were evidently out of their reckoning. These polar boats had been driven from Danish into English waters by the whims of the sea. The northerly winds play these tricks on fishermen. They had just taken refuge in the anchorage of Portland—a sign of bad weather expected and danger out at sea. They were engaged in casting anchor. The chief boat, placed in front after the old manner of Norwegian flotillas, showed all her rigging, black above the white

level of the sea; and in front might be perceived the hook-iron, loaded with all kinds of hooks and harpoons, destined for the Greenland shark, the picked dog-fish, and the spinous shark, as well as the nets to pick up the basking shark.

Except a few other craft, all swept into the same corner, the eye met nothing living on the vast horizon of Portland. Not a house, not a ship. The coast in those days was not inhabited, and the roads, at that season, were not safe.

Whatever may have been the appearance of the weather, the beings who were going to sail away in the Biscayan urca, pressed on the hour of departure all the same. They formed a busy and confused group, in rapid movement on the shore. To distinguish one from another was difficult; impossible to tell whether they were old or young. The indistinctness of evening intermixed and blurred them; the mask of shadow was over their faces. They were *silhouettes* in the night. There were eight of them, and probably there were among them one or two women, hard to recognise under the rags and tatters in which the group was attired — vestments which were no longer a man's nor a woman's. Rags have no sex.

A smaller shadow, flitting to and fro among the larger ones, indicated either a dwarf or a child.

It was a child.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT ALONE.

THIS is what an observer close at hand might have noted.

All wore long cloaks, torn and patched, but covering them, and at need concealing them up to the eyes; useful alike against the north wind and curiosity. They moved with ease under these cloaks. The greater number wore a handkerchief rolled round the head, a sort of rudiment which marks the commencement of the turban in Spain. This headdress was nothing unusual in England. At this time the South was in fashion in the North; perhaps this was connected with the fact that the North was beating the South. It conquered and admired. After the defeat of the Armada, Castilian was considered in the halls of Elizabeth to be elegant court jargon. To speak English in the palace of the Queen of England was almost an impropriety. Partially to adopt the manners of those upon whom we impose our laws is the style of the conquering barbarian towards conquered civilisation. The Tartar contemplates and imitates the

Chinese. It was thus Castilian fashions penetrated into England; in return, English interests crept into Spain.

One of the men in the group embarking appeared to be a chief. He had sandals on his feet, and was bedizened with gold lace tatters and a tinsel waistcoat, shining under his cloak like the belly of a fish. Another pulled down over his face a huge piece of felt, cut like a sombrero; this felt had no hole for a pipe, which indicated the wearer to be a man of letters.

On the principle that a man's vest is a child's cloak, the child was wrapped round over his rags in a sailor's jacket, which descended to his knees.

By his height you would have conjectured him to be a boy of ten or eleven; his feet were bare.

The crew of the hooker was composed of a captain and two sailors.

The hooker apparently came from Spain, and was about to return thither. She was beyond a doubt engaged in a stealthy service from one coast to the other.

The persons embarking in her whispered among themselves.

The whispering interchanged by these creatures was a composite sound—now a word of Spanish, then of German, then of French, then of Gaelic, at times of Basque. It was either a patois or a slang. They appeared to be of all nations, and yet of the same band.

The motley group appeared to be a company of comrades, or perhaps a gang of accomplices.

The crew was probably of their own faction. Community of object was visible in the embarkation.

Had there been a little more light, and if you could have looked at them attentively, you might have perceived on these people rosaries and scapulars half-hidden under their rags; one of the semi-women mingling in the group had a rosary almost equal for the size of its beads to that of a dervish, and easy to recognise for an Irish one made at Llanymthefry, which is also called Llanandriffy.

You might also have observed, had it not been so dark, a figure of Our Lady and Child carved and gilt on the bow of the hooker. It was probably that of the Basque Notre Dame, a sort of Panagia of the old Cantabri. Under this image, which occupied the position of a figure-head, was a lantern, which at this moment was not lighted—an excess of caution which implied an extreme desire of concealment. This lantern was evidently for two purposes. When a-light, it burned before the Virgin, and at the same time illumined the sea, a beacon doing duty as a taper.

Under the bowsprit the cut-water, long, curved, and sharp, came out in front like the horn of a crescent. At the top of the cut-water, and at the feet of the Virgin, a kneeling angel, with folded wings, leaned her back against the stem, and looked through a spyglass at the horizon. The angel was gilded like Our Lady. In the cut-water were holes and openings to let the waves pass through, which afforded an opportunity for gilding and arabesques.

Under the figure of the Virgin was written, in gilt capitals, the word *Matutina*—the name of the vessel, not to be read just now on account of the darkness.

Amid the confusion of departure there was thrown down in disorder, at the foot of the cliff, the cargo which the voyagers were to take with them, and which, by means of a plank, serving as a bridge across, was being passed rapidly from the shore to the boat. Bags of biscuit, a cask of stock fish, a case of portable soup, three barrels—one of fresh water, one of malt, one of tar—four or five bottles of ale, an old portmanteau buckled up by straps, trunks, boxes, a ball of tow for torches and signals. Such was the cargo. These ragged people had valises, which seemed to indicate a roving life. Wandering rascals are obliged to own something; at times they would prefer to fly away like birds, but they cannot do so without abandoning the means of earning a livelihood. They of necessity possess boxes of tools, and instruments of labour, whatever their errant trade may be. These of whom we speak were dragging their baggage with them, an encumbrance on more than one occasion.

It could not have been easy to bring these moveables to the bottom of the cliff. This, however, revealed the intention of a definite departure.

No time was lost; there was one continued passing to and fro, from the shore to the vessel, and from the vessel to the shore; each one took his share of the work; one carried a bag, another a chest. Those amidst the promiscuous company who were possibly or probably women, worked like the rest. They overloaded even the child.

It was doubtful if the child's father or mother were in the group; no sign of life was vouchsafed him. They made him work, nothing more. He appeared not a child in a family, but a slave in a tribe. He waited on every one, and no one spoke to him.

However, he made haste, and, like the others of this mysterious troop, he seemed to have but one thought—to embark as quickly as possible. Did he know why? Probably not; he hurried mechanically, because he saw the others hurry.

The hooker was decked. The stowing of the cargo in the hold was quickly finished, and the moment to put off arrived. The last case had been carried over the gangway, and nothing was left to embark but the men. The two objects among the group who seemed women were already on board; six, the child among them, were still on the low platform of the cliff. A movement of departure was made in the vessel, the captain seized the helm, a sailor took up an axe to cut the mooring rope; to cut is an evidence of haste, when there is time it is unknotted.

"Andamos," said, in a low voice, he who appeared chief of the six, and who had the spangles on his tatters.

The child rushed towards the plank in order to be the first to pass. As he placed his foot on it, two of the men hurried by, at the risk of throwing him into the water, got in before him, and passed on; the fourth drove him back with his fist and followed the third; the fifth, who was the chief, bounded into rather than entered the vessel, and, as he jumped in, pushed back the plank, which fell into the sea; a stroke of the hatchet cut the moorings, the helm was put up, the vessel left the shore, and the child remained on land.

*** The foregoing is the first instalment of M. Victor Hugo's long-expected novel, which will be continued in these pages from month to month. We append the Author's Preface :—

In England all is great, even that which is not good, even oligarchy. The English patriciate is a patriciate in the absolute sense of the word. No feudalism more illustrious, none more terrible, none longer lived. Let us own that this feudalism has been useful in its day. It is in England that the phenomenon Nobility should be studied, just as it is in France that we should study the phenomenon Royalty.

The true title of this work should be *Aristocracy*. Another work, to follow, might be entitled *Monarchy*. And these two works, if it be given to the Author to accomplish his task, will precede and introduce a third, which will be entitled *Ninety-Three*.

Hauteville House, 1869.

May-Day.

HETHER or no there has been any permanent change for the worse in the English climate, and whether or no the spring is later than it was wont to be in the good old times, may be moot points. For the credit of most English poets, and of not a few English essayists, it is to be hoped that the seasons are really a little later than of yore. If not, poetical fervour has most decidedly got the better of poetical veracity, and the delights and beauties of an ideal May-day have been sung after a purely conventional fashion by a succession of delusive versifiers.

According to the poets and essayists above mentioned, it is always fine on May-day; likewise (and this is a peculiarity the first of May has in common with the orthodox Christmas) it is always merry. The birds, no doubt, aware of the importance of the occasion, sing their best and clearest; flowers bedeck the mead, the lads and lasses foot it gaily on the village-green, the while the elders sit around and recal the pleasures of the bygone days when they, too, were young. The cuckoo then on every tree hails the sweet spring, the summer is i-cumen in, and beneath a bower of sweetest hawthorn blossoms sits the beautiful Queen of the May, admired but not envied—such is the guileless rustic nature—by the less appreciated sisters of the hamlet. Lubin and Colin sing in alternate strains the pleasures of the spring, and the calm, bright May-day passes away in sportive merriment and innocent glee. Charming picture! but unfortunately, however it might have been in the old days, scarcely a correct description of the festival in the present era. It is very probably a wet day on the first of May; snow may even be met with occasionally, and a good, hard, vicious north-east wind very frequently accompanies the progress of the cuckoo. If the birds sing at all, they do so as if under protest, and the few flowers that lurk disconsolately in the hedgerows, and under sheltering banks, shrink from the eager blast, and are as little ornamental as may be. As for the village-green, the geese, and ducks, and the tinker's old donkey have it all to themselves. The lads and lasses foot it no longer on the village-green. It is not sufficiently genteel. The farmer's daughter is a young lady,

has very probably finished her education in Paris, has a piano, studies the fashions, and dances only to the genteelest of tunes. The farmer's son reads, and is a bit of a chemist; he has no time to devote to the village-green. The servants would turn-up their noses at it, even if the weather were propitious, and the lower class of farm hands appear to be incapable of any rational enjoyment whatever. The old folks wisely keep their rheumatic joints out of the wind, while Colin and Lubin improve the shining hours at the beershop over the way.

The truth appears to be that, as regards outdoor celebrations and festivities, the character of the English people has certainly changed. The lower middle class has stiffened into gentility, and the "people" appear to be quite lost and helpless when they turn out, in their thousands, on the great holidays. And it must be frankly confessed of this portion of the British public, that they do, of a truth, take their pleasure, "moult tristement." Consider Hampstead Heath on Good Friday or Easter Monday. Nothing is provided here for the public entertainment, and the crowd has to amuse itself. Its aimless, feeble attempts are something painful. Presumably the people are enjoying themselves—they would probably go away if they found it dull—but their notions of enjoyment are, to say the least, singular. A few of the younger holiday-makers ride about on donkeys. Here and there kiss-in-the-ring goes on, but the great mass of the people seem to think they have done enough if they adorn themselves with foolish and incongruous coloured-paper feathers and streamers, and wander about in a dusty cloud in the open space opposite Jack Straw's Castle. The only creature who seems thoroughly to enjoy himself is the rough. This disgrace to our civilisation, who with his filthy blasphemies and his brutal horse-play, makes many of the beautiful public resorts about London almost impossible for decent people, rushes shrieking and yelling here and there, and, at the expense of the decent and orderly, gratifies his taste for a "lark." It is a lark, it would seem, to rush, in organised bodies of a dozen or more, through the thick of a quiet and inoffensive crowd, scattering it in all directions; it is a lark to knock off the hat of an inoffensive bystander, as it were by accident, and then to make a football of it. To tread wilfully on a respectable young woman's dress, and to tear it to shreds, is a great lark; and to persecute quiet girls with the coarsest and most brutal blackguardism, appears to be another. At any rate, I saw all these jocose proceedings going on in all directions on Good Friday. It was curious to note that the more respectable portion of the holiday-makers appeared to accept the roughs as a necessary, if disagreeable,

element in the day's proceedings. It did not seem to occur to them that they might, if they chose, protect themselves.

The rough has, near London at least, killed the harmless games and pretty customs of May-day, and if, here and there, they still survive, it is with diminished glories. Further afield, railways, penny newspapers, and the march of intellect have been too much for the simple old country sports. The Robin Hood pageants are, it is to be feared, extinct. The quaint dance no more circles round Maid Marian. The dragon, with open mouth and portentous claws, has ceased to terrify the village children. Much, the miller, no longer flourishes the bladder full of dried peas, and, except occasionally in a pantomime, the mummers are seen no more. It is easier to note the decline of old customs and the gradual decay of time-honoured traditions, than to be able to say how far it is well to regret them. Many old customs have outlived their time and can well be spared, but it is impossible to think of the gradual but certain extinction of these simple rural pastimes without sorrow. It is unavoidable that, with the progress of civilization, the people should become less and less contented with the humble pleasures that satisfied their fathers. The pastoral and the picturesque are necessarily the first victims of the utilitarian and the practical. But we can ill spare the May Queen, although we have the consolation of knowing, that in the touching music of the Laureate's verse her memory, at least, will be kept green for ever.

Washington Irving, with that delightful affection for old English customs which is so marked, and so pleasant, a feature in American literature, lamented long ago the decay of the observances of May-day. A may-pole at Chester sets him moralising, and he says: "Little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentation of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

It is precisely from among the brick walls of the city, and especially of our City, that such lamentations should issue; for London was the great home of May-day celebrations. London boasted many may-poles; and, although it seems odd in these days, Cornhill was the site of one of the most famous of these. The may-pole of St. Andrew Undershaft, "the great shaft of Cornhill," stood for many a day, and the city folk around it hailed the advent of spring with as much pleasure and mirth as heralded it in villages remote from the busy town. There was "a goodly may-pole in Fenchurch street," too. High jinks were the fashion in the City in those days, and people did not hesitate to take their out-door pleasure sociably and simply; and

although an ancestress of Mrs. Grundy must have existed at that time, it is probable that her opinion was not so universally regarded as in these later days. The Puritans—who did a good many good things, but who had a pestilent horror of pleasure, however innocent—saw perdition in a may-pole, and destruction in dancing. So, when they got the upper hand, the may-poles were cut down in all directions, and converted into firewood. The public taste, however, was not to be altered by such measures as this; and when once the grim Puritan strain was loosed, and Charles II. and reaction came in together, an enormous may-pole was set up in the Strand. This triumphant protest against the narrow tyranny of Puritanism remained for many years, "a stately cedar erected in the Strand," and was not taken down until its age and infirmity rendered that proceeding absolutely necessary. It stood so long, and was so well known among the sights of London, that, after its disappearance, it was taken, in the well-known lines, as a type of the instability of earthly things:—

> "What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand?
> Where's Troy? and where's the may-pole in the Strand?"

In France, may-poles, or *mais*, used to be planted as special marks of distinction and compliment to those at whose doors they were placed. In the great revolution they changed all that, and *mais* were soon only erected in honour of liberty. As trees of liberty they saw the strangest sights. Think of the Federation feast in the Champ de Mars, of which Mr. Carlyle tells us:—"There are eighty-three symbolic departmental trees of liberty; trees and *mais* enough; beautifullest of all, there is one huge *mai*, hung round with effete scutcheons, emblazonries, and genealogy-books; nay, better still, with lawyers'-bags, '*sacs de procédure*,' which shall be burnt." To such base uses may even may-poles come at last!

In the matter of processions and mummers of all kinds, London was always great. The milkmaids were, in the early days, by reason, probably, of the pastoral nature of their business, the principal performers in the May-day revels. Neatly dressed, and gay with streaming ribbons and bright flowers, they made a very conspicuous appearance in the quaint streets of Old London. In their procession gravely marched a cow, also highly decorated; and round this living emblem of their trade the milkmaids danced. The revival of such a state of things as this would be, it is hardly necessary to point out, somewhat of a failure in the present day. The ladies who now carry about in their twin pails the milk supply of London are hardly, either in appearance or costume, suggestive of rural sports, or of light, fan-

tastic toes. They are more able-bodied than graceful; and the thick, stout boots that encase their feet and sturdy ankles are scarcely adapted to Terpsichorean displays. Neither does a close straw bonnet lend itself readily to decorative or picturesque effect; and the cow with the iron tail would, in most cases, be more suggestive of the modern dairy, than the natural animal.

Besides the cow, the so-called milkmaid's garland, was a great feature in these May-day processions. This was a pyramidal frame, covered with metal flagons and dishes elaborately decorated with flowers. It was sometimes carried on a sort of tray, or litter, by a couple of men; sometimes borne by one man, somewhat after the fashion of Jack-in-the-Green's burden, and occasionally, when of smaller size, was carried on the head of one of the milkmaids themselves.

Curiously enough, this garland, or something very like it, has—or had, for customs change very quickly sometimes—a place in the rough sports of the Greenland whalers. As is the custom on crossing the line, Neptune, on May-day, comes on board with his court, and exhibits his garland, which has been preparing, like a Christmas-tree, for weeks. Contributions are collected, including, invariably, a good supply of rum from the skipper; and those luckless individuals who are for the first time making acquaintance with the pleasures of those eas, are subjected to the shaving processes and other jests, more practical than humorous, which are considered proper to the occasion.

When or why chimney-sweepers first became prominent among the May-day revellers is not very clear. It is probable that members of many trades were in the habit of turning out on the first of May; but it is difficult to see the affinity between sweeps and spring. However that may be, my lord, my lady, and Jack-in-the-green, have long been conspicuous sights in London streets. The clown is said not to have joined the company until 1825; but probably this statement only concerns the distinctive clown costume. There must have been some comic man from the earliest times. Mummers were invariably accompanied by a jester, whose wit was of a practical nature. In the Robin Hood dances, Much, the miller, was in the habit of awakening the mirth of the gaping spectators by banging their heads with his bladder of peas; and Friar Tuck frequently repeated his well-known joke of dropping a heavy quarter-staff on the toes of the front row of his audience, to the infinite delight of those who happened to be in the rear. In the curious account of the Hitchin mummers, in the "Every Day Book," we read of my lord and

my lady, and of two nondescripts, representing a man and his wife, whose sole business appears to have been to play a variety of practical jokes on the crowd, not unfrequently resulting in a certain amount of cudgelling. In the Welsh counties, where May-day was observed with much festivity, these facetious functions devolved on the lord of misrule for the time being, who went by the singular name of the "cadi;" and it is difficult to conceive it possible that the sweeps should have dispensed with low comedy until the period mentioned. Jack-in-the-green, and his attendants, are almost the last of the street institutions of thirty or forty years back; and it must be confessed that they are in but a poor way. I am inclined to think that the sweeps have now little or nothing to do with it; and that the show, such as it is, is mainly got up by the hulking ruffians who take hideous effigies about the town on Guy Fawkes' day, and who probably do not object to beguile their leisure on off days with a little burglary, or a trifle of garroting. My lady is usually of the male sex, and offensive to a degree; while the humours of the clown are of a depressing sort. As the whole party is generally in an advanced state of intoxication at an early hour, and as its appearance is the signal for the collection of all the bad characters in the neighbourhood, the continuance of the exhibition is, on the whole, not particularly desirable.

What would dear Elia have said to this? He who so loved the chimney-sweepers' show, and discoursed so gently and so charmingly of themselves. It seems almost treason to speak thus of a custom and a people so dear to his imagination. But the truth is, that chimney-sweepers, like the rest of the world, have marched with the times. In fact, there are no sweepers now—they are all ramoneurs, and ramoneuring companies (limited); register stoves, and acts of parliament, have revolutionised the trade, and destroyed the romance of the first of May. No more can a climbing boy be sent up a chimney, lose his way, and, coming down a wrong flue, find himself in my lady's chamber. No more can he sleep the sleep of sooty innocence on my lady's bed, and, discovered, be recognised for the long lost heir, in whose honour shall future chimney sweepers be royally entertained at first of May banquets. The last distinguished member of the profession was the boy Jones; with him vanished the poetry and romance of the chimney. Lamb describes the profound interest with which, as a child, he would watch the little chimney-sweep into the chimney; and the joy with which he would run into the street, and hail blacky's re-appearance on the house-top. This is no longer applicable to London; to the present generation the quaint conceit

telling of the disobedient sweep who was fixed, brush in hand, in the chimney-pot to serve as a weather-cock, is barely intelligible. Long and complicated machines, rumbling and rattling fearfully in the chimney, are employed instead of boys, and are, doubtless, more humane, if less interesting. Elia's friend, Jem White, would not now find it easy to get together a large party of his "dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses," to display their white teeth at his savoury sausage suppers. Let us be thankful that climbing boys were not abolished before the day of this delightful essayist and humorist

Whatever the weather, May-day marks the pleasantest epoch of the year. The long, dreary winter is (sometimes) at an end; and all things are full of life, and hope, and promise. If the customs of fantastic mumming and of may-pole dancing are extinct, nature is still ever fresh, flowers still grow, birds still sing. The year is in its fresh, vigorous youth; and it is impossible, even in the teeth of a London east wind, not to feel pleasure at the return of May-day. In London, it is true, we have to like it for its own sake, and without reaping any special advantage; but in some parts of the country, people are better off, more especially if they happen to be early risers.

A Scotch lassie, for instance, who rises betimes on May morning, and washes her face in the early dew, will not only find it the best of cosmetics (the early rising may have something to do with that), but will come into possession of various valuable privileges in her love affairs.

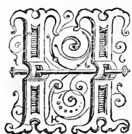
Again, across St. George's Channel, O'Donoghue may be seen at daybreak on the first of May, riding his white charger over the Lake of Killarney; his shadowy court and warriors floating dimly round him, his brilliant armour flashing in the morning sun. It is reported, however, that, someway or another, this glorious sight has not been seen of late years.

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

ABBOTSFORD NOTANDA.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FACTOR.

(*Concluded.*)



ERE is the learned letter referring to the commercial crisis of 1825–6 :—

[*Edinburgh, January* 26, 1826.]

" MY DEAR WILLIE,—I wrote to you some days since, but from yours by the carrier I see my letter has not reached you. It does not much signify, as it was not, and could not be, of any great consequence until I see how these untoward matters are to turn up. Of course, everything will depend on the way the friends of the great house in London, and those of Constable here shall turn out. Were they to be ultimately good, or near it, this would pass over my head with little inconvenience. But I think it better to take the worst point of view, and suppose that I do not receive from them above five shillings in the pound; and even in that case, I am able to make a proposal to my creditors, that if they allow me to put my affairs into the hands of a private trustee, or trustees, and finish the literary engagements I have on hand, there is no great chance of their being ultimate losers. This is the course I should choose. But if they wish rather to do what they can for themselves, they will, in that case, give me a great deal of pain, and make a great deal less of the funds. For, it is needless to say, that no security can make a man write books, and upon my doing so—I mean completing those in hand—depends the instant payment of a large sum. I have no reason to apprehend that any of the parties concerned are blind to their interest in this matter. I have had messages from all the banks, &c., offering what assistance they could give, so that I think my offer will be accepted. Indeed, as they cannot sell Abbotsford, owing to its being settled in Walter's marriage contract, there can be little doubt they will adopt the only way which promises, with a little time to give them full payment, and my life may, in the meanwhile, be insured. My present occupations completed, will enable me to lay down, in the course of the summer, at least 20,000*l.* of good

cash, which, if things had remained sound among the booksellers, would have put me on velvet.

"The probable result being that we must be accommodated with the delay necessary, our plan is to sell the house and furniture in Castle Street, and Lady S. and Anne to come to Abbotsford with a view of economising, while I take lodgings in Edinburgh, and work hard till the session permits me to come out. All our farming operations must, of course, be stopped so soon as they can with least possible loss, and stock, &c., disposed of. In short, everything must be done to avoid outlay. At the same time, there can be no want of comfort. I must keep Peter and the horses for Lady Scott's sake, though I make sacrifices in my own [case]. Bogie, I think, we will also keep, but we must sell the produce of the garden. As for Tom, he and I go to the grave together. All idle horses, &c., must be dispensed with.

"For you, my dear friend, we must part—that is, as laird and factor—and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance, which set me so good an example, are like to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence; and I will have the advantage of your company and advice, and probably your services as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence; and if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honourable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, both to save expense and also time; nor do we propose to see any one but yourself and the Fergusons.

"I will be obliged to you to think over all these matters; also whether anything could be done in leasing the saw-mill, or Swanston working it for the public. I should like to keep him if I could. I imagine they must leave me my official income, which, indeed, is not liable to be attached. That will be 1600*l.* a year, but there is Charles's college expenses come to 300*l.* at least. I can add, however, 200*l.* or 300*l.* without interrupting serious work. Three or four years of my favour with the public, if my health and life permit, will make me better off than ever I have been in my life. I hope it will not inconvenience the Miss Smiths to be out of their money for a little while. It is a most unexpected chance on my part.

"All that I have said is for your consideration and making up your mind, for nothing can be certain till we hear what the persons principally concerned please to say. But then, if they accede to the trust,

we will expect to have the pleasure of seeing you here with a list of stock and a scheme of what you think best to be done. My purpose is that everything shall be paid ready money from week to week.

"I have 180*l.* to send to you, and it is in my hands. Of course it will be paid, but I am unwilling to send it until I know the exact footing on which I am to stand. The gentleman whom I wish should be my trustee—or one of them—is John Gibson, the Duke's factor.

"Lady Scott's spirits were affected at first, but she is getting better. For myself, I feel like the Eildon Hills—quite firm, though a little cloudy. I do not dislike the path which lies before me. I have seen all that society can show and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit. I am arranging my affairs, and mean to economise a good deal, and I will pay every man his due.—Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."[a]

There was some delusion in all this. Sir Walter never fully comprehended the state of his pecuniary affairs. It was one of his weaknesses, as James Ballantyne has said, to shrink too much from looking evil in the face, and he was apt to carry a great deal too far "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Laidlaw mentions another small weakness: "he was always in alarm lest the servants should suspect he was in want of money." This, of course, was subsequent to the public declaration of the failure. Laidlaw went to Edinburgh to report to the trustees with respect to the best way of closing the farm business, and there met Sir Walter.

"He bears himself wonderfully. Miss Scott does not seem to be quite aware or sensible of anything but that they are to reside in retirement at Abbotsford. Lady Scott is rather unwilling to believe it, and does not see the necessity of such complete retrenchment as Sir Walter tells her is absolutely necessary. I have dined three times there, and there is not much difference in their manner. Sir W. is often merry, and so are they all, but still oftener silent. I think that if they were a week or two at Abbotsford they would be more happy than they have been for many a day. I am sure this would be the case with Sir Walter, for the weight of such an immense system of bills sent for his signature every now and then would be off his mind. I heard to-day that the Duke of Somerset and another English nobleman have written to Sir Walter, offering him 30,000*l.* each, which he has firmly refused; and it is reported that the young Duke of

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[a] A small part of this letter was printed at the time.

Buccleuch has written him, offering to take the whole loss on himself, and to pay the interest of Sir Walter's debt until he comes of age. If that is true, Sir Walter should accept the offer for the Duke's own sake—for the glorious moral effect it would have upon the truly noble young fellow. But, apart from all this, cannot they set up Constable again? He has likewise been a real benefactor to his country, and then Sir Walter would, of course, be relieved."

The private grief of Scott was for a short time merged in what he considered an important public cause. The Liverpool Administration at this time proposed to change the Scotch system of currency, abolishing the small bank-notes, and assimilating the monetary system of Scotland to that of England. This project was assailed by the wit, humour, sound sense, and nationality of Scott, in a series of letters signed "Malachi Malagrowther," and the letters of Malachi were as successful as those of Swift's "M. B. Drapier" concerning the currency of Ireland. The English Government, in both cases, was compelled to abandon the denationalising scheme. Scott writes to Laidlaw, March 1st, 1826:—

"I enclose a couple of copies of a pamphlet on the currency, which may amuse you. The other copy is for Mr. Craig, Galashiels. I have got off some bile from my stomach which has been disturbing me for some years. The Scotch have a fair opportunity now to give battle, if they dare avail themselves of it. One would think I had little to do, that I should go loose upon politics."

He had, in fact, entered upon his Herculean task of paying off some 150,000*l.* of debt by his pen! The "Life of Napoleon" was commenced, and in the autumn the biographer set off for London and Paris to consult State papers and gather information. He succeeded well in his errand. "My collection of information," he writes, "goes on faster than I can take it in; but then it is so much coloured by passion and party-feeling, that it requires much scouring. I spent a day at the Royal Lodge at Windsor, which was a grand affair for John Nicholson, as he got an opportunity to see his Majesty." And the incident, no doubt, afforded as much gratification to the kind, indulgent master as it did to the servant. Nicholson, after Scott's death, went into the service of Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, but did not turn out well. "Alas for your Nicholson!" writes Morritt; "I took him for Scott's sake, and because he had been assiduous in his fatal illness. He was useless enough, but I never saw him drink *à la Anglais*. It was a course of quiet drams that brought on *delirium tremens*, and since he left me he died of the effects." (1841.)

After the Abbotsford establishment was broken up, Laidlaw was some time engaged in cataloguing the large library of Scott of Harden, and at times visiting his brothers, sheep-farmers in Ross-shire. The following description of a scene he witnessed, a Highland Summer Sacrament out of doors, evinces no mean powers of observation and description:—

"The people here gather in thousands to the sacraments, as they did in Ettrick in Boston's time. We set out on Sunday to the communion at Ferrintosh, near Dingwall, to which the people resort from fifty miles' distance. Macdonald, the minister who attracts this concourse of persons, was the son of a piper in Caithness (but from the Celtic population of the mountains there). He preached the sermon in the church in English, with a command of language and a justness of tone, action, and reasoning—keeping close to the pure metaphysics of Calvin—that I have seldom, if ever, heard surpassed. He had great energy on all points, but it never touched on extravagance. The Highland congregation sat in a *cleugh*, or dell, of a long, hollow, oval shape, bordered with hazel and birch and wild roses. It seemed to be formed for the purpose. We walked round the outside of the congregated thousands, and looked down on the glen from the upper end, and the scene was really indescribable. Two-thirds of those present were women, dressed mostly in large, high, wide muslin caps, the back part standing up like the head of a paper kite, and ornamented with ribbons. They had wrapped round them bright-coloured plaid shawls, the predominant hue being scarlet.

"It was a warm, breezy day, one of the most glorious in June. The place will be about half a mile from the Frith on the south side, and at an elevation of five hundred feet. Dingwall was just opposite at the foot of Ben Wyvis, still spotted with wreaths of snow. Over the town, with its modern castle, its church, and Lombardy poplars, we saw up the richly-cultivated valley of Strathpeffer. The tufted rocks and woods of Brahan (Mackenzie of Seaforth) were a few miles to the south, and fields of wheat and potatoes, separated with hedge-rows of trees, intervened. Further off, the high-peaked mountains that divide the county of Inverness from Ross-shire towered in the distance. I never saw such a scene. We sat down on the brae among the people, the long white communion tables being conspicuous at the bottom. The congregation began singing the psalm to one of the plaintive, wild old tunes that I am told are only sung in the Gaelic service. The people all sing, but in such an extended multitude they could not sing all together. They chanted, as it were, in masses or large groups. I can compare the singing to nothing

earthly, except it be imagining what would be the effect of a gigantic and tremendous Eolian harp with hundreds of strings! There was no resisting the impression. After coming a little to myself, I went and paced the length and breadth of the amphitheatre, taking averages, and carefully noting, as well as I could, how the people were sitting together, and I could not in this way make them less than 9500, besides those in the church, amounting perhaps to 1500. Most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with their families, were there. I enjoyed the scene as something perfect in its way, and of rare beauty and excellence—like Melrose Abbey under a fine light, or the back of old Edinburgh during an illumination, or the Loch of the Lowes in a fine calm July evening, five minutes after sunset!"

The death in the autumn of 1829 of faithful Tom Purdie—forester, henchman, and humble friend—was a heavy blow to Sir Walter, then fast sinking in vigour and alacrity. The proverbial difficulty of obtaining a precisely exact account of any contemporary event, even from parties most closely connected with it, is illustrated in this case. Lockhart reports the death as follows:—

"Thomas Purdie leaned his head one evening on the table, and dropped asleep. This was nothing uncommon in a hard-working man; and his family went and came about him for several hours, without taking any notice. When supper came they tried to awaken him, and found that life had been for some time extinct."

Scott's account is different:—

"My dear Willie,—I write to tell you the shocking news of poor Tom Purdie's death, by which I have been greatly affected. He had complained, or rather spoken of, a sore throat; and the day before yesterday, as it came on a shower of rain, I wanted him to walk fast on to Abbotsford before me, but you know well how impossible that was. He took some jelly, or trifle of that kind, but made no complaint. This morning he rose from bed as usual, and sat down by the table with his head on his hand; and when his daughter spoke to him life had passed away without a sigh or groan. Poor fellow! There is a heart cold that loved me well, and, I am sure, thought of my interest more than his own. I have seldom been so much shocked. I wish you would take a ride down and pass the night. There is much I have to say, and this loss adds to my wish to see you. We dine at four. The day is indifferent, but the sooner the better.—Yours very truly,

"Walter Scott."

"*Abbotsford*, 31 *October*."

A few days afterwards (November 5th), Laidlaw thus relates the story :—

"Tom Purdie, poor fellow! died on Friday night or Saturday morning. He had fallen asleep with his head on his hands resting on the table, his usual practice. Margaret and Mary [his wife and daughter] left him to go to bed when he should awaken; and Margaret found him exactly in the same situation when she rose, but dead, cold, and stiff. Sir Walter wrote to me, in great distress, to come down. I did so on Sunday, and on Tuesday I went to poor Tom's funeral. Sir Walter had my pony put in again, and made me stay all day. He was in very great distress about Tom, and will miss him continually, and in many ways that come nearest to him. Sir Walter wants us to return to Kaeside at Whit-Sunday. *Kindness of heart is positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's character!*"

A noble eulogium, and pronounced by one better qualified, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries, to form the opinion so expressed. Of the greatest author of his age it might truly be said—

"His highest honours to the heart belong."

William Laidlaw *did* return to Kaeside. On Whit-Sunday, 1830, he dropped anchor safely at his old roadstead, which had been suitably prepared for his reception. But before doing so we find him putting in a kind word for the Ettrick Shepherd, who was in difficulties. In March, 1830, Laidlaw wrote to Sir Walter :—

"I had your letter from Bowhill, and was much gratified to learn that you and Miss Scott had passed so much time with the duke and duchess. I have no doubt that his grace would bring our friend the Shepherd and his concerns before you, and I am anxious to know if it is the duke's intention to render him a little more comfortable at Altrive. You know that Hogg built the cottage there, at his own expense (with an allowance of wood, perhaps), and he likewise built a considerable addition to Mount Benger, and a barn—all which cost him a great sum of money, quite disproportionate to a holding of 7*l.* a year, even at a nominal rent. The cottage was intended for a bachelor's abode, and is very inadequate to what is now required by the bard's family; and I see that if his grace does not think of giving him some allowance as an addition, it will most likely banish him from the district with which his poetry and feeling are so closely associated. I mention all this because I have observed that there is a prejudice against him among the sub-agents since Christie left the service, or rather since the late duke's death. One of them said to me when I mentioned Hogg's genius and amiable character, *Cui bono?*

I, too, say, *cui bono?* What is the use of all his poetry and the rest? Now, from R.'s usage of him, there is every reason to suspect that he is a *cui bono* man too, and Hogg stands a bad chance among them, and I believe the duke knows nothing about the truth of the matter."

Nothing was done. "As to the success of an application to the duke," writes Scott, "I am doubtful. The duke seemed to have made up his mind on the subject, and I saw no chance of being of service." Literature and the journey to London did something for the Shepherd. He wrote and struggled on at Altrive till November, 1835, when the "world's poor strife" was over, and he sank to rest.

Among the dearest and most valued of all the visitors at Abbotsford were the Fergusons, of Huntly Burn. Here is a kindly note sent to Kaeside:—

"Miss Ferrier is to be at Abbotsford this day, being Tuesday, 20th October [1829], and Mr. Wilkie is to be there on Thursday; so if you come you will have painting, poetry, history, and music—as Miss Wilkie is a musician. In short, all the muses will be there. If this does not tempt you, I don't know what will.—Yours truly,

"Isabella Ferguson."

Ill-health and political agitation brought darker days to Abbotsford. The Reform Bill was Sir Walter's *bête noir.* The neighbouring Tory lairds, proud of his co-operation, induced him to join in their local movement against the bill, and this still further aggravated his morbid feeling. The sad scene at Jedburgh, when he was hooted, and hissed, and saluted with cries of "Burke Sir Walter!" was the painful climax of this period. Still Sir Walter continued to write, or rather to dictate, and worked steadily at his novel ot "Count Robert of Paris."

"I am now writing as amanuensis for Sir Walter," said Laidlaw; "and have the satisfaction of finding that I am of essential service to him, as he was attacked with chilblains on his hands to such a degree as to unfit him for writing long unless without great pain. We go on with almost as great spirit as when he dictated 'Ivanhoe.' He has become a good deal lamer, which prevents him from taking his usual walks, and he gets upon a pony with great difficulty. But of late he has been in excellent spirits. His memory seems to be as good as ever; at least, it is far beyond that of other people. I come down at seven o'clock, and write until nine; we are at it again before ten, and continue until one. He is impatient and miserable when not employed."

In a very manly and interesting letter, addressed to Lockhart (of which he had kept a copy), Laidlaw enters into further particulars:—

"Sir Walter is very greatly better. He has given up smoking, and takes porridge to his supper instead of the long and hearty pull of brown stout. He is full of jokes and glee. Were it possible to prevail upon him to wear a great-coat when he rides out to the hills in a north-west wind, and to take champagne and water instead of a monstrous tumbler of strong ale after tea, I am positive—and so are the regular medical people—that he would get right again. He drinks no wine, and has been advised to take gin-toddy instead of whiskey. He has given up the regular dram out of a *quaich*, but takes a sly taste of the excellent hollands before he *coups* it into the tumbler, thereby satisfying his conscience, no doubt, by reducing it to the half-glass which, it seems, is the Abercromby law as to strong liquors. Don't you mind the style of his letters; that is all, or nearly all, humbug. What he dictates of 'Robert of Paris' is, much of it, as good as anything he ever wrote. He does not go on so fast; but I do not see that he is much more apt to make blunders—that is, to let his imagination get ahead of his speech, as when he wrote 'Ivanhoe.' The worst business was that accursed nonsensical petition in the name of the magistrates, justices of the peace, and freeholders of the extensive, influential, and populous county of Selkirk! We were more than three days at it. At the beginning of the third day he walked backwards and forwards, enunciating the half sentences with a deep and awful voice, his eye-brows seemingly more shaggy than ever, and his eyes more fierce and glaring,—altogether like the royal beast in his cage! It suddenly came over me, as politics was always Sir Walter's weak point, that he was crazy, and that I should have to come down to Abbotsford and write on and away at the petition until the crack of doom! I was seized at the same moment with an inclination, almost uncontrollable, to burst into laughter. But seriously, you know, as well as anybody, his great excitability on political matters; and I must say it surprised me not a little that a person of your sagacity and acuteness should have thought of writing him upon politics at all, the more, because I believe that if a magpie were to come and chatter politics, or even that body, Lord M., he would believe all they said, if they spoke of change, and danger, and rumours of war—*belli servilis* more than all. (May I speak and live!) I felt inclined to doubt whether you had not *gane gyte* [gone crazy] yourself! Could you not have sent him literary chit-chat and amusing anecdotes from London, which would have been the very

thing for him, as it was of great consequence that his mind should be kept calm and cheerful."

Mental disease and physical infirmity continued to increase, and a winter at Naples, with complete abstinence from literary labour, was prescribed. The government, as is well known, placed a frigate at his disposal for the voyage to the Mediterranean, and Wordsworth prayed for favouring gales :—

> "Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope !"

Alas ! it was all in vain. Before quitting the country Sir Walter gave Laidlaw a mandate, or letter of authority, to represent him at county meetings, and a paper of directions as to keeping the house, the books, and garden in order. Two items are worth quoting as characteristic :—

"The dogs to be taken care of, especially to shut them up separately when there is anything to quarrel about.

"When Mr. Laidlaw thinks it will be well taken, to consult Mr. Nicol Milne, and not to stop young Mr. Nicol when shooting on our side of the hedge."

The reception at Portsmouth, and the arrangements on board the *Barham*, were highly gratifying to Sir Walter and his family. "The ship is magnificent," writes Mrs. Lockhart, "and carries 480 men. The rooms are excellent, and everything that could be thought of for papa's comfort, in every way, has been done." Hopes of his ultimate recovery were entertained, but were soon dispelled. The hurried journey home from Italy, and the last shock of his fatal malady on the steamboat on the Rhine, formed the death-warrant of the illustrious invalid. Laidlaw writes to a friend :—

"You will see by the newspapers that Sir Walter is coming home to die, I fear, or worse. It has come to what I always feared since he told me that Mr. Cadell had half the proceeds of the great new edition. Sir Walter's permanent income is, as you know, reduced salary 840*l.*, sheriffdom, 300*l.*, total 1140*l.* No person can live at Abbotsford, and keep it up in a country-gentlemanly way, under 2000*l.* a year, for it will take nearly 1200*l.* for servants, taxes, coals, garden, horses, &c. The run of strangers was immense. Sir W. wrote for Keepsakes, Reviews, &c., and kept things going; but of late this stream dried up, and he has been confused in his notions of money matters. He is much involved, and will not be able to draw any more than his salaries. He has all this winter taken it into his head that his debts are paid off, and this was from catching at an

idea of Cadell's of borrowing money and paying the creditors all except the interest. He will know the truth when he comes to London, and this, with the winter and cold weather, will kill him. How can a man with his sensibility, used for thirty years to the strongest excitement, and living on popular applause, in luxury, glitter, and show, survive when all is gone, and nothing but ruin, coldness, and darkness remain?"

Deprived of the use of his right arm and side, weak and depressed, Sir Walter reached London on the evening of the 13th of June, 1832. Five days later Cadell writes:—"Our poor friend is still alive, but very ill. He took leave of his children to-day, very clearly and distinctly. In the morning he mistook Lockhart for me; and it was some time before he could be put right. The doctors doubt his getting over to-night." He rallied, however, and next month was conveyed to Abbotsford. Laidlaw's account of Sir Walter's arrival (written the day after) differs in some particulars from the narrative of Lockhart—one of the most affecting narratives in the language.

"I was at the door when he (Sir Walter), Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, and Miss Scott arrived. They said he would not know me. He was in a sort of long carriage that opened at the back. He had an uncommon stupid look, staring straight before him; and assuredly he did not know where he was. It was very dismal. I began to feel myself agitated in spite of all my resolution. Lockhart ordered away the ladies, and two servants, in perfect silence, lifted him out, and carried him into the dining-room. I followed, of course. They had placed him in a low arm-chair, where he reclined. Mrs. L. made a sign for me to step forward to see if he would recognise me. She said, 'Mr. Laidlaw, papa.' He raised his eyes a little, and when he caught mine, he started and exclaimed, 'Good God, Mr. Laidlaw! I have thought of you a thousand times!' and he held out his hand. They were all very much surprised; and it being quite unexpected, I was much affected. He was put to bed. I had gone into one of the empty rooms, and some little time after Nicholson came to tell me that Sir Walter wished to see me. He spoke a little confusedly, but inquired if the people were suffering any hardship, if they were satisfied, &c. I had written to him that I had paid off nine or ten of the men after he had gone away last year. I did not remain long.

"I understand Sir Walter's mind has been wandering from one dream to another; but now and then breaking through the cloud that hangs over it, and surprising his attendants with glimpses of his

original intellect. Alas, alas! However, he has rested better than for some time past, and was wheeled into the library [July 12], and seemed gratified. When I called about eleven o'clock, he was sound asleep."

A fortnight later, Laidlaw writes:—

"Sir Walter is generally collected in the morning, and very restless and troublesome to his daughters during the afternoon and night; often raving, but always quiet and generally showing command of himself when Lockhart comes in. Sometimes he seemed gratified at being at home, and even once or twice made pertinent quotations and spoke of books, &c. Until yesterday, he always knew me, and I clearly saw he had then a distressing desire to speak to me. I perceived that although he might appear to feel little pain, he was really suffering a great deal, partly from a sense of his situation and inaction, but chiefly from the overpowering cloud and weight upon his great intellect. Yesterday he was apparently unconscious; he could not speak, but was wheeled into the library for awhile. I never witnessed a more moving or more melancholy sight. Once, when Lockhart spoke of his restlessness, he replied, 'There will be rest in the grave.'"

One delusion under which the illustrious sufferer laboured was preparing Abbotsford for the reception of the Duke of Wellington. Another was, his personation of the character of a Scottish judge trying his own daughters. In the course of the latter there were painful bursts of violence and excitement. "It is strange," said Laidlaw, "that he never refers to any of his works or literary plans." The truth is he had thrown them off, to use an expression of his own, with "an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind," and they soon passed from his memory. Besides, he had, when in health, always practised a modest reticence respecting his works, which had become habitual. The following points to the end of the struggle:—

"Poor papa still lingers, although in the most hopeless state of mind and body. For this week past the doctor has taken leave every day, saying he could not survive the twenty-four hours; and to-day he says the pulse is weaker and worse than ever it has been, and that his living is almost a miracle. How thankful we shall be when it pleases God he is at rest, for a more complete aberration of mind never was before; and he even now is so violent we sometimes dare not go within reach of his hand. And the miserable scenes we have witnessed before his strength was reduced as it now is! One great comfort has been, all suffering, so far as we can judge, mental

or bodily, has been spared, and that for two months past he has not for an instant been aware of his situation. My brothers were sent for, and have been here for two days. When all is over, Anne and I and the children will leave this now miserable place for ever. Lockhart is obliged to go straight to London, but we mean to spend a couple of weeks with his relations in Lanarkshire, and perhaps take Rokeby in our way up. We are both much better than you would expect under such sad circumstances. Excuse this miserable scrawl; I hardly know what I write . . . .

"C. Sophia Lockhart."

"*Abbotsford, Sunday* [*September* 16, 1832]."

On the day succeeding that on which this melancholy letter would seem to have been written, Sir Walter had a brief interval of consciousness, as described by Lockhart, although the biographer would appear to have misdated the arrival of the sons of the poet. A few more days terminated the struggle; Sir Walter died on the 21st of September. In October, Laidlaw notes, that Major Scott had given him, accompanied with a most gratifying letter, the locket which Sir Walter constantly wore about his neck. This was presented to Sir Walter by Major Scott and his wife (inscribed "From Walter and Jane") on the day of their marriage, and it contained some of the hair of each. Major Scott enclosed as much of Sir Walter's hair as would supply the place of theirs, which he wished to be taken out of the locket. "I shall try to find room for all," said Mr. Laidlaw; and he did find room, interlacing the various hairs, and wearing the invaluable jewel to his dying day. "What a change the loss of Abbotsford must be to the Fergusons and you all!" writes Mrs. Lockhart, the gentle Sophia. "It breaks my heart when I think of the silence and desolation that now reign there. They talk of a monument! God knows, papa needs no monument; he has left behind him that which won't pass away. But if the people of Melrose do anything, I think a great cairn on one of the hills would be what he would have chosen himself." Let the hills themselves suffice!—

"A mightier monument command
The mountains of his native land."

Inverness. R. C.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF BIDPAI.

No. II.—HIS FABLES.

Two Wicked Wives and a Shoemaker.

The wife of a shoemaker had a secret intrigue, and she made the wife of a barber her confidant.

When the shoemaker had gone out to spend the evening with some friends, the shoemaker's wife sent to her friend and told her to send and tell her friend to come and see her. "From excess of drinking my husband will not know what is passing in my house if he comes home."

The husband, however, arrived at his own door just as the lover was about to gain admittance. He had sense enough to understand the position of affairs. He hastened up-stairs to his wife, beat her fiercely, and having tied her to a pillar in the house, tottered off to bed.

Shortly afterwards the barber's wife came to see her friend, who telling her what had happened, and how long her lover had been waiting outside the house, begged her to be bound and take her place whilst she went to her lover. The barber's wife consented, and set her friend at liberty. The shoemaker awoke before his wife returned, and having called to her several times and received no answer he flew into a great rage, rushed down to where she was bound and cut off her nose, saying, "There, madam, give that to your lover!"

At length the shoemaker's wife returned, and suffered terrible grief to see how her confidant had been treated in her absence. There was no relief at hand but to let the barber's wife go home without her nose. The wickedest wife of the two, however, turned her friend's misfortune to advantage. She loaded her husband, the shoemaker, with bitter imprecations, and desired him to see in illustration of his gross injustice how Providence had most graciously restored her nose. Lighting a candle, the husband saw that his wife's nose was indeed restored, so he begged her pardon, and expressed the deepest contrition for what he had done.

The barber's wife, after taking such precautions as were necessary to stay the bleeding of her mutilated face, went to bed and began to think of some stratagem for making peace with her husband for the loss of her nose, as well as how she should account for it. Her husband was an irritable man. In the morning he desired her to fetch his shaving instruments, as he had been sent for by a customer. Upon which she got up and fetched one razor.

"Bring me all of them," he cried, in a rage.

The woman went out again and brought back the same razor once more. This put the barber in such a terrific rage that he threw the weapon at his wife, whereupon she flung herself upon the floor, crying, "O my nose, O my nose!"

All the neighbours came in, attracted by the woman's screams, and the husband was carried off to the judge, by whom he was ordered to lose his nose as the best punishment for his barbarous conduct. The executioner was about to inflict the punishment, when a priest who had been made acquainted with the real circumstances, interposed and saved him.

The Monkeys and the Glow-worm.

A party of monkeys, overtaken by sudden and unexpected cold winds, were wishing for a fire to warm themselves when they saw a glow-worm, which they took for a spark of flame. Placing some wood on the top of it, they began to blow it. A bird in a tree close by cried out to them an explanation of their error. A man who was passing, said to the bird,

"You are wasting your time and patience in explaining to them; no one thinks of proving a sword upon an impenetrable stone, or of making a bow out of wood that will not bend."

The bird, however, paid no attention to this advice of non-interference in other people's affairs, but flew down to the monkeys,

to prove to them that the glow-worm was not fire; whereupon one of them in a passion dashed the intruder upon the ground and killed him.

The Camel and Its Enemies.

The following story is told by a bull (Schanzabeh) visiting at a lion's court, to a secret enemy who, under the guise of friendship is advising him to make himself objectionable to the king by openly taking offensive measures for his own protection against the alleged machinations of the lion's most intimate friends. "If those who are about the king are resolved at all risks to effect my ruin, they have it certainly in their power: for the innocent man, however strong he may be, can never prevail over perfidy and villany, when they are leagued against him." A questionable moral (perhaps only put by the bull as a strong excuse for inaction, and under doubt of the sincerity of his "friend") but admirably illustrated.

A lion lived in a wood near a high road. His constant companions were a wolf, a crow, and a jackal. As a man was passing along the road with a number of camels, one of them went into the wood to the lion.

"Whence come you? And what is your business?" asked the lion.

"From the Desert," said the camel, "and I await the commands of your majesty."

"You may remain at our court, and shall have our protection," said the king of the beasts.

One morning the lion went out in search of prey, and met with an elephant, who wounded him so seriously that he was laid up in his den for many weeks. The crow, the wolf, and the jackal, having been in the habit of eating what the royal beast left, suffered much because he was unable to kill his prey as usual.

"I am much concerned to see you look so thin," said the lion,

addressing them, "My illness interferes with the usual provision ot victuals, I fear."

"No, it is not that, your majesty," they said, "we grieve to see your royal highness ill."

The lion thanked his friends for this proof of attachment, and desired them to go forth and look for some food, that they might all eat and be refreshed.

Upon this the jackal, the wolf, and the crow, departed from the royal presence, and consulted together how they might kill the camel, who would make a good meal for themselves and the lion.

The jackal observed that any plan for destroying the camel would be attended with great difficulty, as the lion had promised the visitor his royal protection.

"If that is the only difficulty," said the crow, "I will undertake to get the lion's consent."

The crow thereupon went to the lion, who asked what success his friends had had.

"We are so weak, your majesty," said the crow, "from having fasted so long that it is impossible for us to catch any game; but we have a scheme for killing the camel, which should be considered game, as it does not eat flesh, but only grass."

The lion appeared to be very angry at this remark, but the crow went on,—

"The camel passes its time here in idleness, and never attempts to make any return for the kindness he has received."

"Most shallow pretext," exclaimed the lion, "get thee hence; thy audacious proposal is an insult to the king, who has promised the camel his protection."

"Pardon me, your majesty, I was prepared for your reply, knowing your nobility of disposition and kindness of heart; but policy and justice forbid that the interest of the multitude should be sacrificed for the sake of a single individual. It is not uncommon for a whole family to be sacrificed in order to save a tribe, which on a greater occasion might itself become the price of the city's security. The king will surely see the necessity, in the circumstances in which he is placed, of listening to what I have proposed. The execution of it will be so artfully contrived, that your majesty will reap the benefit without being guilty of any crime in procuring it."

The lion, although displeased, made no reply, and the crow went away convinced that his majesty's aversion to the scheme was insensibly abating.

It was then arranged by the confederates that they should repair

to the lion's den, and each in turn offer himself as a sacrifice for the rest, the remaining two always objecting to avail themselves of such magnanimity.

"We humbly, but cheerfully, approach your majesty," began the crow, "determined to offer our lives for the re-establishment of the health and strength of one to whom we are so much indebted; and in return for many favours and much kindness, I entreat you to accept me as a meal."

The wolf and the jackal immediately said it was most presumptuous on the part of the crow to suppose that he could satisfy the king with so small a morsel; and the jackal, with great protestation of devotion offered himself to the king, to which the crow and the wolf urged strong objections, the crow saying, "the flesh of the jackal is known to be most offensive and unwholesome;" and when the wolf, following the example of the others, offered to be slain for the king, the crow and the jackal ridiculed him, and said all physicians were agreed that the eating of wolves' flesh occasioned instant death.

Now the camel, who had stood by and heard all that was said, did not doubt for a moment that a prompt excuse would be made for him, if he also generously offered to lay down his life for the king.

"The reasons which have been advanced against eating the crow, the jackal, and the wolf, will not apply to me," said the camel, "and as some return for the favours I have received, I must humbly emulate the example of these disinterested friends, and ask your majesty to accept my flesh in the present emergency."

Contrary to the expectations of the camel, the jackal and the wolf made no objection to this last offer of self-sacrifice; but complimenting the camel upon his generosity, rushed upon him and killed him.

"The Mice have Eaten it!"

A Merchant who possessed a hundred pounds of iron was called away from home, and entrusted his stock to one who professed to be his friend. On his return he asked for the iron.

"The mice have eaten it," said his friend.

"Indeed!" said the other, "I have heard of the sharpness of their teeth before."

As he was leaving the place he met the false friend's son, whom he seized and led away. On the morrow the father came in haste to seek the lost boy.

"On my return home from your house," said the merchant, "I saw a hawk carry off a young lad who was no doubt your son."

"Is it credible," replied the father, "or was it ever heard of, that a hawk carried away a child?"

"Well," answered the merchant, "in a country where the mice can eat a hundred pounds of iron, it would not be surprising if hawks carried off elephants."

Whereupon the false friend, confessing his dishonesty, paid the merchant for his iron, and in return received back his son.

The Partners.

Two men were partners in trade. One was dishonest, the other fair and considerate.

The honourable man discovered a large treasure in money, and proposed that the two should divide it; but the fraudulent partner

said it would appear as if they mutually distrusted each other were they to divide the treasure.

"Friends should have everything in common," he said, "and especially partners, without admitting any distinction of property. Let each take what he wants for present need, and bury the remainder at the foot of a tree, and return for more as often as there is occasion for it. By this means the secret of our good fortune will remain undivulged, and we shall not attract attention by having become suddenly rich."

This plan was agreed upon; but soon after the burial of the balance of the treasure, the dishonest partner made an excursion by night to the tree, dug up the money, made the ground smooth, and carried the treasure home.

One day, the considerate and fair partner requiring more money, asked his friend to accompany him to the tree, that they might both replenish their funds together.

When they discovered that the money was gone, the dishonest partner accused the other one with stealing it, who, in return, of course protested that he was innocent. They agreed to refer the

matter to the judge, before whom each angrily accused the other of the theft, the fraudulent man being loudest in charging the other, and loudest in proclaiming his innocence.

"Have you any proof of your assertion?" asked the judge, addressing the dishonest partner.

"I appeal to the tree," was the reply, "let the tree be questioned, it can bear testimony to the guilty and the innocent."

This he urged with great confidence, as well he might, seeing that he had previously directed his father to go and conceal himself in the hollow of the trunk, and answer in the name of the tree. The proposal surprised the judge; so he went with his attendants and the partners, and put the necessary questions to the tree, which clearly and distinctly stated that it was the considerate partner who had stolen the money. This increased the astonishment of the judge still more, and considering that the matter deserved further investigation, he commanded wood to be brought and fires lighted round the tree, which beginning to burn, the wicked old prisoner in the trunk cried out for help, and being released, confessed to the shameful imposture.

The judge thereupon sentenced both father and son to severe punishment, and the latter also to a fine of the whole sum which he had taken from his partner, to whom it was duly paid.

The History of Three Fishes.

Three fishes lived together in a small lake amongst some mountains, which were difficult of ascent. A river had its source near the lake. Two enterprising fishermen made an excursion to the river, and discovered the pond. They talked about the new water and arranged to fish in it. The conversation was overheard by the occupants of the lake. The first of the three fishes thinking of nothing else but escaping, hastily passed into the stream: the second remained where it was, but observing the fishermen about to cast their nets, tried also to escape as the first had done, discovering too late that the fishermen had stopped up the hole where the stream ran into the pond. Then it began to upbraid itself for want of forethought; but recollecting that it is the prerogative of good sense to impart courage and banish fear, it floated on the top of the water, pretending to be nearly dead, floating alternately on its side and its belly. The fishermen took it out of the water and threw it on the ground between the stream and the pond, upon which it gave a sudden spring, jumped into the river,

and swam away. The third fish continued to swim about unconcerned until it was taken in the net.

This story illustrates the characteristics of three classes of men. In the first place, of two provident men there is one who, on the occurrence of an event not quite unforeseen, does not immediately take alarm and become panic-stricken, but promptly devises means of escaping from his difficulties; then he who is gifted with more foresight, follows the approach of evil step by step, and takes his measures accordingly, with so much address that he may be said to have stifled the mischief in its birth: on the other hand, the weak and irresolute man fluctuates between the illusions of hope and the visions of fear, till his protracted indecision occasions his ruin.

The Lady and the Falconer.

A nobleman had a falconer whom he held in such high estimation that he permitted him to sit at table with himself and family. Now, the nobleman's wife was very beautiful, and the falconer wickedly fell in love with the lady, and had the audacity to prefer his suit one day to her in private.

The lady resented his proposals with scorn; but had sufficient compassion for him not to acquaint her lord with his conduct. The falconer, nevertheless, laid a plot for her discomfiture. One day he caught two parrots, and having carefully instructed one to say, "My mistress loves the falconer," and the other to scream, "I will tell no tales," he carried them to his master, who was surprised to hear them talk, though he could not understand what they said, for the falconer had instructed them in the language of Balk.

Soon afterwards some guests from Balk came to visit the nobleman, and, overhearing what the birds said, they looked shocked and surprised. The nobleman asked for an explanation, which at length they gave, adding that they could not remain in a house of such evident ill-fame. Hereupon the nobleman, who loved his wife, and therefore had faith in her, asked his guests to

speak to the parrots in the language of Balk, when it was found that the birds could only repeat the few shameful words which the falconer had taught them. In this way the innocence of the wife was completely proved, and the villany of the falconer established.

The nobleman sent for his dishonourable and ungrateful servant, who entered the room with a white hawk upon his hand. The lady questioned him upon what the parrots had said, and he answered by making a scandalous charge against her, which he had no sooner uttered than the white hawk sprung at him, and plucked out his eyes, which was regarded by all as an act of Divine punishment for a cruel sin.

On Ill-advised Friendships.

A bug had taken up his quarters in the bed of a rich man, who being a sound sleeper had never felt the quiet feasting of his intruder. One night, the bug invited a flea to share his comfortable berth, and this lively insect accepted the generous invitation of his acquaintance. As soon as the rich man retired the flea bit him fiercely and he awoke, ordered his bed to be searched, discovered the bug at once, caught him and killed him; whilst the nimble flea escaped. And it is thus with a wicked man; if he is himself too weak to become the instrument of injury, he at least contrives to bring it about by his selfishness or mismanagement.

(To be continued.)

Weary.

I'M sick of the world and its trouble,
I'm weary of pleasures that cloy,
I see through the bright-coloured bubble,
And find no enjoyment in joy.

Is all that we earn worth the earning?
Is all that we gain worth the prize?
Is all that we learn worth the learning?
Is pleasure but pain in disguise?

Is sorrow e'er worth our dejection?
Is life but a snare and a sell?
Is love ever worth our affection?
Le jeu vaut-il, donc, la chandelle?

O where are the eyes that enthralled us,
And where are the lips that we kissed?
Where the syren-like voices that called us,
And where all the chances we missed?

We know not what mortals call pleasure—
For clouded are skies that were blue;
To dross now has melted our treasure,
And false are the hearts that were true.

The flowers we gathered are faded,
The leaves of our laurels are shed;
Our spirit is broken and jaded,
The hopes of our youth are all dead.

A dull, dreary feeling comes o'er us,
That night has o'ershadowed our day;
Bright fruits of this earth only bore us;
They ripen—to fall and decay!

I'm sick of the world and its trouble,
For rest and seclusion I thirst;
I'm tired of the gay tinted bubble,
That brighteneth only to burst!

Christopher Kenrick.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHAPTER BY THE WAY: CHIEFLY CONCERNING THE REV. PAUL FELTON; BUT ALSO INTERESTING TO THE FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF FATHER ELLIS.

AT Hallow once again, amidst "the uncertain glories of an April day." But the changes that the showery month rings upon the fickle winds are not more variable than our fortunes. Let the following dialogue bear witness: the time is twelve; the scene, the drawing-room which you did me the honour to enter at an early stage of this most veracious history.

Myself. Now then, quick, Ellis, before Cissy comes; tell us all about it.

Ellis. (He has insisted that I call him "father" no longer,—that article in the *Review*, against celibacy, is from my friend's pen.) I will tell you all I know. The Reverend (Heaven save the mark!) Paul Felton married the Widow Naseby whilst you were in Scotland.

Mrs. Kenrick. Yes, we know that, Mr. Ellis.

Ellis. During the honeymoon, which they spent in Paris, Felton was followed about by a person named White, who had also been in the Church. White turned up everywhere, and made himself excessively disagreeable, irritating and annoying Mrs. Felton immensely. This lasted for a few days; and then, Felton getting angry with his visitor, there was a row, and White, at the table d'hôte of the Grand Hotel, said, "You are a convict and a scoundrel, and I will expose you." He repeated this in French, that nobody should miss the point of the remark. There was a tremendous scene: Mrs. Felton fainted; the men would have fought like English blackguards, but the waiters prevented them. Mr. White disappeared, and so did the Feltons, who went to London, and thence returned home.

Mrs. Kenrick. When did all this come out?

Mr. Ellis. A few days ago in the police reports of a Suffolk paper, which I hold in my hand.

Myself. Finish the story, Ellis.

Mr. Ellis. They no sooner got home than the postman brings, post after post, anonymous letters, bearing the Suffolk post-mark, addressed to the "Rev. Paul Fenton, *alias Jones*, *convict*, the Rectory, Hallow." These threaten Mr. Felton, that if he does not at once pay a certain sum of money to White, he will be exposed. The end of the story is told by the Reverend Paul Felton himself, who has White arrested, and taken before a Suffolk bench of magistrates and committed for trial at the assizes.

Myself. What an extraordinary case!

Mr. Ellis. White and Felton appear to have had some transactions together in the purchase and sale of benefices (a scandal upon the Church which I hope to see bear good fruit in the Church's own interest), and the settlement of accounts was unsatisfactory to White. Felton had retired from the "business" when he came here, and intended to lead a good and exemplary life. A few months ago White learnt, for the first time, the story of Felton's antecedents, and threatened him with exposure. This, by the way, was the time when he broke off his engagement with Cissy. Soon afterwards, however, he paid White a sum of money to secure silence. In the course of a short time he married Mrs. Naseby. Thereupon, White recommenced his persecutions; Felton paid him extortionate demands in Paris to keep him quiet, and, even after that outburst in the Grand Hotel, made another and a final settlement with him; but the persecution was continued by personal letters and anonymous communications. Mrs. Felton grew alarmed and angry, and upbraided her husband; and, altogether, the poor fellow was in a very miserable state. He started off to London, took counsel's advice, had White arrested, and got him committed for sending threatening and menacing letters. Felton stood up in the witness-box and confessed that his name was Jones; that when he was a deacon he was charged with forging a bill, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which he served, afterwards changed his name, got ordained, and is now rector of Hallow.

Mrs. Kenrick. Good heavens! What an escape our poor dear Cissy has had.

Myself. I dare say she will believe, now, that he broke off the engagement because he really loved her, and would not run the risk of making her unhappy.

Mrs. Kenrick. Probably she will, Christopher, and she may do so without forfeiting her title to the most affectionate consideration.

Mr. Ellis. I am myself inclined to think that you have correctly interpreted Felton's conduct with regard to Cissy.

Myself. Generous being! But is there not a crime called simony?

Mr. Ellis. There is; and to that the lawyers would not let either Felton or White confess.

Myself. A very pretty story as it stands; and we shall have our friend S. G. O. down upon it, no doubt. The practice of trading in livings is a blot upon Church administration——

Mr. Ellis. Which must and shall be wiped out, sir.

[*Enter* CISSY *and* BESS.]

Cissy. How do you do, Mr. Ellis? I told Bess you were here.

Mr. Ellis. Thank you, my pretty Cissy; you look as fresh as the April daisies, in that morning robe.

Cissy. Thank you, sir; and what do you think of Bess?

Mr. Ellis. (Taking Bess by the hand.) Think she is worthy to be your sister, Cissy.

Cissy. (Curtseying and smiling.) Thank you, again. Mr. Ellis, you must have been to court lately.

Mr. Ellis. No; nor am I in a parlous state. Miss Bessie, there were numerous inquiries for you in the village this morning.

Bess. Indeed; why am I in request?

Mrs. Kenrick. I know all about it, Bess, and will see the people for you.

Cissy. Pa, when shall you have finished your story?

Myself. Very soon now, my dear.

Cissy. We want you to take us out for a month when you are off what you call the literary treadmill.

Bess. Who would have imagined that father could be so sentimental as he confesses to have been?

Myself. Ellis could have imagined it. You should have heard his reverence talking about you the other evening.

Cissy. What did he say, pa? Tell us all about it.

Bess. Do, father, if you like.

Mr. Ellis. And you may for me.

Myself. No, I will not betray the bashful young lover's confidence.

Bess. Mr. Kenrick is going to be facetious, I can see; take me into the garden, Mr. Ellis.

[*Exit* FATHER ELLIS and BESS, the latter pretending to be very angry, and casting pleasant side glances at MRS. KENRICK.]

Mrs. Kenrick. You should not plague them so much, Christopher.

Cissy. Oh, they don't mind it, mamma. Bess likes it; she often says funny things herself to Mr. Ellis. She told him, the other day, if he was only marrying her for the sake of having a nurse in his old

age he had better reconsider his offer, as she could not nurse, and hated making gruel.

Myself. Bess is an odd creature.

Cissy. She is, indeed. There she is at the window, beckoning. Let me go and see what she wants.

[*Exit* CISSY.]

Mrs. Kenrick. I suppose you have no objection to our people at Hallow having some festivities on Bessie's wedding-day?

Myself. Let me see—when is it?

Mrs. Kenrick. Really, it is too bad of you to forget in this way. On Monday week.

Myself. My darling, I cannot help my memory failing; I am getting into the sear and yellow leaf.

Mrs. Kenrick. I certainly wish your memory were not so defective; the illustrations of that failing are very remarkable in the recent chapters of your professed biography.

Myself. Name them, my dear, name them.

Mrs. Kenrick. Not now; I wish to talk of matters more important. Your lawyer called, when you were out after breakfast, to say that the settlements are ready.

Myself. Yes, all right.

Mrs. Kenrick. And what about the church? Is it to be decorated? and shall we ask Lady Somerfield's brother to assist at the ceremony?

Myself. Do whatever you think best, my dear.

Mrs. Kenrick. But I am anxious to know what you wish.

Myself. Nothing more and nothing less than you wish. I should think one parson will be able to marry them; but, if you would like two, you could not have a better fellow than Lady Somerfield's brother.

Mrs. Kenrick. And about decorating the church?

Myself. If the school-children wish to do it, let them by all means.

Mrs. Kenrick. Mr. Ellis's parishioners are going to present him with a salver, and Bessie with a brooch. The Hallow people are subscribing for a silver tea-service.

Myself. The Hallow people are very kind.

Mrs. Kenrick. I wish Tom could have been here.

Myself. Ah! so do I; but he would have been a tyrant to Ellis. It seems so absurd, Ellis marrying,—and Bess, too, for that matter.

Mrs. Kenrick. I really cannot see it. I have known younger men than Mr. Ellis whose hair has been as white as snow. It is nonsense to call a man of forty-five old.

Myself. Perhaps it is. I married too young; Ellis goes to the other extreme.

Mrs. Kenrick. You are an aggravating creature. [Giving me a hearty kiss.]

Myself. And you, a dear, good, match-making, silly, old woman. [Kissing her again, like a loving old donkey as I am.]

Mrs. Kenrick. Then you give me *carte blanche*, and promise not to be angry, whatever I may do.

Myself. Don't let sentiment master your judgment, that is all.

[*Exit omnes.* Mrs. K. to confer with villagers, bell-ringers, school-children; I to describe, if possible, all that I remember of my own strange marriage at Fleetborough.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

I AM MARRIED.

ESTHER left it all to me, and I ordered the arrangements in this wise. At eleven o'clock Esther and Barbara were to come to the church, where I would meet them. The sexton had strict orders to let no one know what was going on, and he was to give my darling away. After the ceremony we were to return to breakfast; at two o'clock to start for London, just as the bells clashed forth a merry peal both at Fleetborough and Lindford. Barbara was to occupy the remainder of the day in sending off our wedding-cards.

It was a bright summer day. Many a time in "wedding descriptions" for the *Herald* and other papers, I had used up the well-known line "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." I thought of it now as the sun shone beamingly down upon everything, making the river sparkle in spite of its lazy determination not to disturb itself about anything, making the roofs of those thatched houses hard by fairly blaze with their yellow stonecrop and lichens, making the windows shimmer and glimmer, and the reflection of the river creep up and down the walls like fairy lights, making the tall trees stand out green and tender against the clear bright sky, making all creation look happy and smiling, and filling my heart with gratitude to the great Master whose power is seen no less in the painted wing of that butterfly fluttering on our way than in yon glorious sun, whose genial light has called it forth for a few bright and transient hours.

The grey old church looked down upon me with all the solemnity of three hundred centuries. The rooks called to each other high up in the brown and mossy tower. The sun-light followed me through

the carved and worn old porch, and rested in a lustrous halo upon the altar, tinged with gleams of red and yellow, and blue and purple that came in through the painted story of the Prodigal Son. My footsteps resounded like ancient echoes through the old moth-eaten church, and separate echoes seemed to wander alone through the tall pews and up into the oaken gallery, and amongst the organ pipes. Then other footsteps came into the church, and I heard the voices of the sexton and the Rev. Cornelius Norton talking together in the vestry. I went to the church door then, and met Esther and Barbara in the porch.

A grey silk dress, the smallest indication of orange blossoms in her white straw bonnet, and my own little wedding present, a diamond brooch in her black lace shawl, were the only special marks of holiday and festival in my dear girl's attire. Barbara had done herself up in a stupid gorgeous red and yellow fashion, but I only saw Esther's sweet contented smile, and my gratitude for Barbara's kind help was sufficient just then to cover any excess of colour in her dress or anything else; and she knew it, for she succeeded in attaching a condition to my marriage with Esther, which in after days cost me much money and considerable anxiety, though I got over it all and prospered nevertheless. But why sully this eventful happy day even with an allusion to anything disagreeable?

The marriage ceremony seems to me, looking back from these days, like the misty incident of a very happy dream. I remember how proudly I put the ring upon Esther's finger; I remember her sweet yet firm responses, and my own loud "I wills," I remember my fervent prayers; I remember looking up once and seeing a girl with a child in her arms standing just within the church and looking on with a curious interested gaze: she had wandered into the church, finding the door ajar, and with the sunlight upon her head she looked like some holy figure out of some painted cathedral; I remember going into the vestry and signing the book, and I remember walking home again with Esther through that same leafy lane, walking together for the first time man and wife, never to part until death should come between us; I remember that we had breakfast, and that the first bottle of champagne would not "pop," which Mrs. Wilton feared was a bad omen; I remember packing up afterwards with a wonderful sensation in my mind of increased importance and responsibility; I remember assisting Esther into that cab from the Crown; and I remember just as the train started for London, hearing the old bells of Fleetborough ring out with a sudden burst of melody that seemed to startle the porters at the station. The sounds followed

us for a few seconds, and then we were fairly on our first journey in life.

It is somewhat remarkable that one particular incident of the marriage which I ought, perhaps, hardly to remember, is wonderfully impressed upon my memory—it is the breakfast. There never was such a wedding-breakfast in this world. It was laid out in the parlour, and consisted of—what does the reader think? The most important dish was minced veal, and the least obtrusive was some cold chicken. There was a nice bit of ribs of beef with celery sauce, for which Mrs. Wilton was famous amongst her friends. There was no tea, there was no coffee; but there was stout, and champagne, cheesecakes, and jam.

"This is not a breakfast," said Barbara; "it is a luncheon for travellers."

Esther looked at me to see what impression the display was making upon me.

"Barbara would have it like this," said Mrs. Wilton, in a querulous sort of protest; "for my part, I should like the affair to have been done in proper order. I always think it is best not to go out of the ways of the world, especially at christenings, marriages, and funerals."

"We have not got to the christenings yet," said Barbara, jerking out each word at the ceiling, and chuckling slightly at the close of her remark.

"No, you quite know what I mean, and I am sure Mr. Kenrick does," said Mrs. Wilton.

"For what we are going to receive," said Barbara, "Lord make us truly thankful, and that will do, Mary, you can leave the room, I'll see that all is right."

Whereupon the servant left the room, and Barbara proceeded to assist us to the various delicacies which had been provided for our luncheon.

"Where is the cake, Barbara?" I asked.

"Yonder, on the sideboard," said that emphatic lady. "I am cutting it up for presents."

"Oh, you should have put it on the table," said Esther.

"If it had been a breakfast in the regular way, I should," was the prompt reply.

"Barbara is so strange," said Mrs. Wilton. "I am sure when I married my first husband, he would no more have permitted——"

"There, never mind your first husband, mother," said Barbara. "Mr. and Mrs. Kenrick have only an hour to get from here and catch the train, and I beg to propose their health."

Barbara intended that the point of her speech should have been a practical one—the explosion of an uncorked champagne bottle which she had in her hands; but the cork fell flat and dead upon the table, and the wine came out of the bottle like stale beer.

"I don't like that," said Mrs. Wilton, "it is a bad omen."

I could see all this was making Esther very unhappy, so I put my arm round her waist and said, "There are no bad omens, Esther, and on behalf of Mrs. Kenrick and myself, I beg to thank this large and enthusiastic assembly for the warm reception which has been accorded to the toast of the morning, proposed in such elegant and flattering terms by my eloquent relative, Miss Barbara." I felt it incumbent upon me to enliven the proceedings in some way. "I am sure you will excuse me from making a long speech; for however facile one may be in addressing one's friends after dinner, it is no easy matter to speak after breakfast, after such a breakfast, and to such a toast. I can only say for my dear wife, that she heartily reciprocates your kind wishes, and I can only say for myself, that I am the happiest man in the world." ["Hear, hear," said Barbara.] "Some remark has been made about omens; I could give you a long list of omens which have struck me to-day as indicative of the happiness, the continued, the lasting happiness of the bride and bridegroom who have been united this morning under such delightful, such charming, such affectionate, such loving auspices. I will not detain you, however, with any further remarks. I only hope that the charming young ladies who have so gracefully fulfilled the duties of bridemaids, will soon find themselves engaged in that short journey which we have made this morning from Bachelor's Bay to the United States." ["Bravo," said Barbara, whilst Esther smiled, but still looked anxiously up at her husband.]

"Very good!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, as if she were going to make an energetic remark for once; "it was beautiful." Then lapsing back again into her usual mood, she said, "Beautiful, if it had been at a real breakfast, and I am sure I wish it had; for I do not like this mock sort of a wedding, and I only hope you will be happy, I am sure——"

"Happy, mother!" I said; "of course we shall," upon which I kissed the party all round, and giving "to our next merry meeting," proceeded to prepare for the journey which was to be the happiest of my life. Esther chatted about a hundred pleasant trifles; hoped we should see Julia Belmont and her husband when they were married; recalled to my mind that party at Mitchings when first we met; asked me if I remembered that evening when I flung out at

Priscilla; wondered what had become of Tom Folgate; and made the merriest rattle all the way to our journey's end.

It was the height of the London season. That fact had not influenced my arrangements, for I had only been twice in London,—once when I was an infant, and once to see the publishers of the *Athenian Magazine* and *The Stage.* Esther had never been in London, and she was in a whirl of amazement. "It is like being in the belfry when they are ringing a peal," she said, and I have often thought of her simile since, whilst listening to that everlasting din of the busiest London streets. How I came to select the house, I do not know; but I had taken rooms at one of the Covent Garden hotels. My letter could not have been communicated to the head chambermaid, who proceeded to cast an awkward reflection upon my manliness or upon Esther's youth. Later in life we might both have accepted the mistake as a compliment. Mrs. Chambermaid had our luggage carefully put into separate rooms, and my orders for the reversing of this arrangement were evidently the source of quiet but lively merriment amongst the servitors of that first landing, during nearly half a day—not more—their time for amusement was limited. In the country we nurse our fun and think over it, breaking out, as it were, into guffaws, long after London would have forgotten the wildest joke, or the most frightful tragedy.

Every morning for a week I went out before breakfast and purchased, in that attractive Covent Garden, a bouquet of flowers for our breakfast table, a delicate attention which was not lost upon my most amiable and charming wife. We went to all the sights in a leisurely holiday way, saw the pictures, did the opera, went to Vauxhall, and took a boat to Richmond. In the intervals I called upon various publishers, and was introduced to several editors who had been good enough to publish my papers. I was received with kindly courtesy by all. At one place I was offered a share for a few hundred pounds in a highly successful publication which came to grief a week afterwards; one publisher offered to take any essays or articles I might send for a time and publish them at his own risk to see if they would be successful; another offered me a pound a week to come to London and assist him with a newspaper; but these were the pedlers and sharks and beggars of the press; happily, I had made sufficient mark with the better class to secure fair arrangements for remunerative services, and I could see my way to a safe income from London as long as I chose to send up good readable papers from Lindford.

Before the week was over I received (sent on from Lindford) a

letter from my father, wishing me happiness and prosperity, enclosing a pretty little old family ring for Esther, and five more ten pound notes for her husband. "It never rains but it pours." Dear, kind old gentleman! I wrote him a letter full of gratitude and thanks, and said he would be the first we should call upon on our return. We bought a load of pretty things with that fifty pounds. It was a wedding present, I said, and it should be spent in Esther's honour. It was worth a hundred pounds to see my wife looking into all the shops and shop-windows of the Strand and Ludgate Hill, and a thousand to see her almost childish delight with Regent Street. People stopped to stare at us both, we looked so happy and countryfied, I suppose. We excited more attention than the streams of gay and gorgeous equipages coming from the park, and shopkeepers seemed to take a special delight in serving us. Oh, what parcels we sent to that hotel, what trinkets, what ornaments, what knick-knacks! The waiters in the house appeared to envy us, and the mistress came out of her little room to smile kindly upon us and say something about the weather. Perhaps we reminded her of happy country days, for she told us that she came from Lindfordshire, and was married in that county.

It was a delightful thing to stroll through Covent Garden and look at the flowers; and one evening the editor of *The Stage* procured us a box for Drury Lane. A man threw his coat over the wheel of the cab, that my wife might not soil her pretty white dress as she stepped out. His face seemed familiar to me. When I turned round to look at him again, he was gone. It was a strange fancy, but during the overture to the play I thought that man was Tom Folgate; and more than once during the performance the same face arose in my memory. Then I thought of my dream about Mrs. Mitching dying of want, and for a moment a cloud darkened my own happiness. Esther looked at me, but she put down the anxious expression of my face to the effect of a pathetic episode in the play. I speedily, however, recovered my cheerfulness, and took note of the vastness of the theatre, and the gay audience. I observed that many eyes were directed towards my box; and no wonder, for Esther looked so fresh and bright and simply beautiful, that the gorgeous attire and diamonds and feathers and jewels and bright costumes of the other ladies only enhanced her good looks.

The week was over at last, and then we had the delightful sensation of going to our own home, which looked most charming and inviting in the evening sunlight, with a cheerful housekeeper recommended by my landlady to receive us, and Emmy, dressed in her

best style and smiling her freshest smile, at the window. We wandered through the house over and over again, Esther approving of this and the other, and deferentially suggesting little changes here and there, Emmy full of gossip, and the housekeeper all attention and importance.

It was a short honeymoon, in the fashionable and general sense, and I further vulgarised the ordinary notions of a marriage by beginning to work the very next day after our return, in downright earnest. I often thought my wife felt lonely, but she always assured me she had plenty of occupation; then Emmy frequently came to see her, and many of the ladies of Lindford did her the honour to leave their cards. We were scrupulously careful about returning calls, our income compelling us not to have a large circle of acquaintances, and my occupation giving me but little time for the cultivation of social rites. Sometimes Esther would sit by me for hours whilst I was engaged in writing glowing articles for the *Herald*, or serious essays for my kind London publishers; but her great delight was when I snatched a morning from these labours to cultivate that art, the germs of which I had acquired in Abel Crockford's painting-room, to bring her sewing into that little garret, and chat and work whilst I painted. In the evening we tried some duets on the violin and piano, and our favourite piece was "Robin Adair."

When we had been at home about three weeks, we went over to Stonyfield. It was on a Saturday morning and a fine summer day. My father received us most cordially, and it did my heart good to see how Esther conciliated the old gentleman, nestling under his arm when we went to church on Sunday, and calling him father in such a sweet, soft, loving way. "She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman." And they made a picture to look upon: my father tall and stooping, with white hair and regular-cut features, a little hard and stern, but lighted up with a subdued sense of pleasure; Esther in a light summer dress sweeping the ground, bound in at the waist by a delicate band with rose-buds on it, a blush rose in her straw bonnet, her bright eyes sparkling like gems, and her two lips parted with a smile that seemed to radiate all over her pretty, round, dimpled face. Everybody looked at them, and as we walked along —myself with an easy air of triumph and pride in my gait—the townsfolk whispered, "It's old Mr. Kenrick's son's wife," and "That is Christopher Kenrick; he's an author, and very clever; it was quite a romantic marriage." My poor old father was proud of his son and of his son's wife, and he said it was a pity we should part any more. "Could we not stay and live in Stonyfield? He should

not be long with us." I urged my duty to the *Herald*, and the old gentleman at once agreed that we must return to Lindford. Stonyfield was all very well in this hour of victory, but every now and then all the old mortal enmity to the place rose within my heart. There were not many persons whom I could remember in it now, but occasionally I met men who had been cruel to me when I was a boy,—men who had attacked and fought me, and men who now and then had got the worst of their brutal conspiracies.

My wife liked Mr. Kenrick's old shop, and we rummaged amongst the old books together. There were still left some of the very works which had charmed me when a boy. They looked yellow and dirty many of them now; but there lay "The Works of William Shakspeare," just as I had left them, with their wonderful pictures of the Witches in "Macbeth." Burton's "Anatomy," and "Songs and Ballads" were still there. I asked my father to give me these, and he did so readily, saying, at the same time, "The place will be yours altogether some day, Christopher. What you will do with it, I do not know; and if I could think that those who are gone before us know of our actions below, it would make me happy to feel that your mother might see you and me and that good wife of yours here together." He spoke with a tremor in his voice, and there were tears in his eyes, as if the gradual loss of physical power was weakening the strength and firmness of his mind. I pitied him heartily, and changing the subject as quickly as I could, asked if he knew anything of Mr. Noel Stanton. He only knew that there was such a person.

I found out Mr. Noel Stanton, and Mrs. Kenrick and myself did ourselves the honour of calling upon these highly distinguished and delightful people. We found Mrs. Stanton, with her back hair down, reading a novel, and rocking a cradle in which a baby was crying so fiercely that our entrance, and the slip-shod servant's announcement thereof, were not heard, to the chagrin and annoyance of Mrs. Stanton, who looked up, blushed, apologised, took her baby out of the cradle, said houses would get into disorder where there are children, wondered where Mr. Stanton was, answered the question by thinking aloud that he was at the billiard club, and otherwise got into dire confusion in manner and conversation.

I simply mention this as a little matter that may interest my lady readers, and in illustration of the character of my wife, who always had the nicest way of casting oil upon troubled waters. Before one could see how it was done, the baby was in her arms, she was sitting in the rocking-chair, smoothing the little one's hair, making it laugh as if there never had been a tear in its eyes, and talking all the

while to Mrs. Stanton as if there were not the smallest grounds for apology or confusion.

Noel came in presently, and invited us to stay and have dinner; but after an exchange of civilities, we came away, and I amused Esther by expressing a hope that the Kenrick household would never degenerate into such a condition as that of the Stantons'.

"There is no knowing what we may come to," said Esther, laughing; "but we will try our best to keep our husband from the billiard club."

"And our babies from yelling their little eyes out in cradles," I said, pressing the dear arm that was linked in mine.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A QUIET LIFE.

I CALL it a quiet life, though no man's life can be a quiet one, unless he be a hermit, and even the severest recluse must have his restless moments. I call it a quiet life, in contradistinction to those early days of trouble and locomotion, in its difference to my life at Stonyfield and Harbourford. I call that period between my marriage and the present a quiet life because it has been disturbed by comparatively few tempests, because its incidents are common-place, because in comparison with most lives it has been a quiet, happy time.

Not but what there have been shadows on the path, and winters succeeding the summers, winters with death in them, and tears that have almost frozen in the well-springs of affection. The first few months of my married life was as near an approach to elysium as can well be imagined. Looking back now, and forgetting for the moment my experience, judging for example, as an outsider might judge of her character, I should not have been surprised if Esther had turned out to be anything but a wise and clever wife. So confiding, so trusting, so self-denying, one might have been pardoned for thinking she would lack the spirit necessary to successful household management and wifely firmness. But it was not so; there existed beneath that quiet, affectionate, happy manner of Esther's, a firm will, a rare spirit. This indeed was shown in her leaving home at Lindford to take that situation at Lady Somerfield's; also in her encounter with Howard and his aunt when I played the spy; also in her courageous marriage of a man who could only offer her his hand and heart. Her noble, womanfuly, truthful nature was tried and proved in many ways during those early months of our marriage.

My constant companion and friend, she encouraged me in my labour, did her best to share my studies, and always gave me her liveliest sympathy. No man could have worked harder or more successfully in so short a time. My name was constantly before the public, and yet I found time for occasional mornings in that painting-room, and also for a visit now and then to my father at Stonyfield, who came to see us twice, and spent two Sundays with us, a proud and happy man, changed in heart and feeling, though the hard, exacting nature would make itself seen and felt on occasions.

My marriage with Esther was conditional upon a certain arrangement with Barbara, who invested Esther's money in the commercial establishment of a relative. My wife objected to the transaction as soon as she knew of it, and begged me at all hazards to relieve myself from the responsibility of it. The Spaniards have a proverb which holds that "a woman's counsel is no great thing, but he who does not take it is a fool." The Italians say, "women are wise off-hand, but fools on reflection." I certainly believe women have some special instinct which inspires them with almost prophetic vision in the interests of those whom they love. It has always come true in my case, that if I did not listen to the first counsels of my wife, I invariably made a mistake. It was so in this business scheme of Barbara Wilton's. One morning I found myself involved in liabilities which threatened to sweep away not only all I possessed, but to mortgage my future to a very serious extent. I had journeys to and fro between Lindford and London, visits to Fleetborough, angry altercations with Miss Wilton, remonstrances from her mother, interviews with lawyers, was served with processes and writs, and worried almost into as thin and white a personage as the living skeleton who made so much mischief between the show-girl and her father, in a novel which my wife specially treasures.

This trouble came at a most unfortunate time for my wife, a short time within the first year of our marriage, and it culminated in a catastrophe which we are neither of us likely to forget. During my absence at the office, a sheriff's officer called at Bromfield Road, and some cruel and unjustifiable speech of his fell so heavily upon my wife's spirits that, when I reached home, it was to find her dangerously ill. Days of agony and miserable suspense followed, and a week afterwards there was a little coffin in the spare bed-room—a little coffin, I say, and I say it with a grateful heart to God that He spared the one most important life.

That was a dark time, but we got over it. The case of the commercial collapse was not so bad as it seemed. It took all my ready

cash, and brought out my first novel. A London house consented to pay me partly in advance for any important work which I chose to engage myself to them for, and the whole sum agreed upon, immediately it was completed. I gave up all the money I had engaged to pay, other sums at intervals, got a release from further responsibility, and saw my way clear to entire relief within three years. How I worked! I wonder at myself now, when I think of what I achieved in a few months.

There was another sad interval in the following year ("when sorrows come, they come not in single spies, but in battalions"), which involved the death of my father. They found him in his easy-chair, with the *Athenian Magazine* open at my last article, just as he had sat down to read after tea. It was many hours before the housekeeper discovered that he was dead; there was so much happy repose in his face, "as if he was enjoying his book," she said. A sweet and quiet end for one so warped and hard in earlier years. Peace to his manes! He was buried beside my mother, and the old church-bells moaned out a solemnly beautiful requiem. We stood by the little parlour window, my wife and I, and heard their muffled chiming long after the funeral was over. It was a bright autumn day. The sun shone on the two shambling old trees that looked over at us from an adjoining yard. The wind rambled through their withered leaves and carried the dirge-like music of the bells about with it, as if burthened with a sad, sad message. A few brown leaves hurried to and fro in the street in a weird dance of death, to the measure of the bells; but the sunshine told of the resurrection to come.

It sounds so like the huckstering heir to speak of the dead man's riches—as if one spoke with the funereal bell in one's ear; but I write of days that are gone, I write as a man who regards death as simply the penalty of life, and I write of one who died at a ripe old age, in his easy chair, apparently without pain,—as if he had gone off in a pleasant dream.

My father died worth twenty thousand pounds, and I was his heir-at-law, even if he had not, as he did, willed his property to me. Five thousand pounds went to pay for Barbara Wilton's speculation and my folly, and I vowed not to touch the remaining fifteen until my labours and the interest had made up the total sum again. My wife encouraged me in this resolve, and many times during the six years which elapsed before I succeeded, in carrying out my vow, her wise counsels and self-denial prevented me from breaking down; but I laboured on successfully, purchased the *Lindford Herald*, and wrote for my very life not only for that paper, but for others; more

particularly I wrote for that famous house which, in the dark days, had encouraged me by a cheque in advance for my first novel. My books were fairly successful; but there was far more certainty about that income from invested capital than there was about the money I earned in the hard and thorny paths of literature. I question if I could have continued to make a good income out of my pen, had I been compelled to go on writing for a living. In later years, after I had painted for six months in the studio of one of our most eminent landscape-painters, I earned money by my pictures.

In eight years at Bromfield Road we had four children. That first little one which we lost; a year afterwards, Bessie; two years after that, Tom; and in the sixth year of our marriage Cissy was born. Emmy Wilton was a constant visitor and a source of great comfort to Esther, who frequently invited her to come and live with us, but always without avail. I think Emmy's pride brooded over those magnificent arrangements which she had talked of in the past, and because all her own castles had come to the ground she could not bring herself to have apartments in one of ours. She remained for many years in charge of Dr. Sharpe's family, and continued to hold herself spiritedly aloof from Miss Priscilla, who finally retired from her school-keeping on a small income, never having favoured us with a call, though she did condescend to write me a very impertinent letter on my marriage, thanking me for introducing clandestine marriages into the Wilton family. Mrs. Nixon left the country to join a real or imaginary husband abroad, and my wife made an arrangement, by slightly increasing the small income accruing from his own property, whereby old Mitching got a quiet home in the house of a widow's family. When we left Lindford, he was as happy as his wandering wits would permit; and one day he assured me he had seen Mrs. Mitching, and she was really coming home "very soon—very soon."

We left Lindford in the ninth year of our marriage, and selected Hallow for our residence, in this way: the *Herald* had become a flourishing and powerful provincial organ, and a good property. My literary-engagements in London had largely increased, and I had sundry fair commissions for pictures, although I had up to that time been rejected for three years running at the Academy. I had resolved to take a partner in the *Herald*, give him full control of the property, relinquish some of my more pressing work in town, and find some pleasant country-house for quiet work and dignified repose. I had to meet the gentleman who was anxious to give me four thousand pounds and take half a share in the *Herald* at Gloucester, where he

had fallen ill on his way to Lindford; and, the time being summer, I thought the journey should be a pleasant blending of business and pleasure, so I sent a couple of horses and a small open carriage, which I had kept only during that year, to Birmingham by train, and determined to drive through Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire. It proved a delightful tour, and I made a few useful studies by the way. One day we stopped at Hallow, and there saw the pretty old manor house vacant and wanting a tenant. We all fell in love with it, including Bess, who was old enough and good enough to accompany us on our journey; and eventually I took it on a repairing lease for twenty years, with the right to purchase, at a given sum, within the term.

Two years after our removal to Hallow my second novel appeared, and the most successful book that I had yet published, "More Worlds than One," a work somewhat of the Bridgewater Treatise class, though far below that standard, came out three months afterwards. In the next year the wise men of the Academy accepted two out of six pictures, and that crowned the height of my ambition. I remember what a happy day it was when Esther accompanied me to the private view, and we stood before those two works by Christopher Kenrick, one of them that very "leafy lane in June" through which we walked from church on our wedding-day; and I also can never forget what a miserable night it was afterwards. Does the patient reader remember that the face of a man who put his coat over the cab-wheel to protect my wife's dress when we went to Drury Lane during our honeymoon struck me as strangely familiar? I often think that was one of those unexplainable forecasts of the future which "thrust us from our stools," and make us think more seriously, with Hamlet, about the other things of heaven and earth which philosophy dreams not of. It could not have been the man who years afterwards, and on this very night of the "Private View," stood by our carriage (it was my own carriage then), shielded the wet wheel with his coat sleeves, lifted out little Bess and Tom, and then looked up at me, and showed me (the Lord have mercy on him!) the face of Tom Folgate.

My wife did not notice him. I hurried her and the children on before me, and just as they were in the vestibule under charge of my servant, I ran back, caught that outcast man by the arm, and said, "Tom Folgate!" He looked at me vaguely for a moment, and then, with a cry of horror, as if he had seen a ghost, he rushed away.

"Police!" I cried; "seize that man."

An officer did so.

"On what charge?" he said.

"On no charge. I wish to speak with him."

"Let me go," said the man.

"If the gentleman has no charge to make," said the officer.

"I have none," I said; "but I am very anxious to speak with him, and he wished to avoid me."

"Don't holler police under them circumstances again, sir," said the officer.

"I will not," I said, tipping him half-a-crown.

"Under them other circumstances, holler as long as you like and as often," he said. And we parted.

"Tom," I said, "in heaven's name, can I do nothing for you?"

"No; nobody can do anything. I like to be what I am, to do what I am doing—it is my punishment," he said, doggedly.

"Can I do anything for her?" I said, significantly.

"For who?"

"For that woman—for Mrs. Mitching?"

"If you like to go over to America, have her body dug up, embalm it, and bring it over here to be buried with the old man, you can do that," he said.

"Dead! is she?"

"Dead she is: died of drink, in a lodging-house."

"Poor woman!" I said. And the tears came fast and thick into my eyes when I remembered what she was when I knew her first at Lindford.

"Ay, poor woman! I pitied her; but I pitied that old man at Lindford much more when I stood by his grave a month ago. I know what a brute I am, and I shall live to know it—live to be old and grey, and still live and know and feel that I am a sort of walking hell. There, let me go; I'm glad I've seen you, and seen you prosperous. You were the only human being I ever loved."

"Don't go, don't, Tom," I said, detaining him, as he strove to leave me.

"I must," he said, pulling away from me roughly.

"By the Lord, you shall not," I said, seizing his collar and pinning him up against a pillar of one of the piazzas.

"Damme, you're strong," he said. "Well, what do you want?"

"To help you."

"How?"

"To give you money, and a chance of reformation."

"Reformation! Bosh!"

"It is not too late, Tom; it is never too late to mend. Try with

all your might. Don't you remember when you were a fine, handsome young fellow at Lindford, with bright prospects? Don't you remember what happy, pleasant walks we had—our boating excursions, our pleasant evenings? Some of that old brightness may still come back again. Some of it, Tom, a gleam or two——"

"Don't, don't," said the man, his voice trembling.

"And even Emmy," I said, in a softer tone; "you might ask her forgiveness, and be forgiven."

"No, no; damn it, Kenrick, let me go!" he exclaimed, and this time he rushed away; and I stood alone in wonder and amazement.

This incident spoiled our enjoyment of the play. We talked about nothing else during the night. I prepared an advertisement, and inserted it in the *Times*, imploring "Tom F. to let his old friend C. K. have his address;" but he never responded to it. And so the even tenour of our life went on.

We made friends with the Hallow people, and Mrs. Kenrick, in her own quiet way, gradually made the influence of the family felt not only in the village, but in the surrounding neighbourhood. When poor Mrs. Wilton died, which she did at the advanced age of eighty-nine, the announcement in the county paper of her relationship to us, brought us such an array of "calls of condolence" as would have been accorded to few county families. At the funeral, which took place at Fleetborough, Mrs. Kenrick and myself met the whole family. There was Priscilla, Barbara, the drunken brother who had reformed and become a temperance lecturer, and Emmy. It was a strange scene when the will was read. We assembled in that very parlour where Esther and I had our wedding-breakfast, and my mind was full of those past days. Although she was gone to her long rest, I could see Mrs. Wilton sitting in her chair, and complaining that the wedding was not *en règle*. I could hear her *malapropos* remark about weddings, christenings, and funerals; and I was called out of a still more extensive retrospect which brought in the Mitchings' party, by the lawyer's announcement of a hundred pound legacy to my wife. Esther's was the first name mentioned, and everybody seemed to breathe more freely when it was found there was to be no favouritism in that direction.

What an odd group it was! James Wilton, the once drunken brother, sat near the window. He was a solemn-looking man, with pimples on his nose, and a bald head. He occupied himself by putting on and pulling off a pair of black cloth gloves, and occasionally whisking his handkerchief at flies that settled upon his

coat. Miss Priscilla occupied the little sofa. There was very little change in her appearance at first sight; but she had grown thinner and more acrid in her manner. Her nose was sharper than heretofore, as also was her chin, and her lips were as hard and firm as ever. She wore false curls, and a large profusion of black crape. Barbara sat on the right of the lawyer at the table, and made frequent snappish remarks, though she did not look at all snappish. Indeed, she had grown red, and fat, and matronly, more like a widow of forty-five on the look-out for a second husband, than a spinster with strange notions about marriage, and very selfish plans for her own comfort. Poor Emmy looked like a faded gentlewoman who had been disappointed in life; but there was still sufficient in her manner and appearance to attract and charm,—the black sparkling eye, luxuriant hair, in long curls, escaping from her bonnet, red lips, sloping shoulders, and though her long black dress concealed them, she had of course still those same pretty tripping feet which had first made an impression upon Tom Folgate. Poor Emmy, it was a hard life for her—a life of disappointed spinsterhood. She would have made the man she loved a faithful, high-spirited wife; but whenever she spoke about the past, she always congratulated herself that she was not Mrs. Folgate. Her cheek reddened, and her eye lit up for a moment, with all the blushing anticipation of a young girl, nevertheless, when I told her (some time before Mrs. Wilton's death) that I had seen him. I often wondered if it would be possible for a woman to forgive a man that crime which Tom had committed, marry him, and live together for the rest of their lives with some share of happiness.

It was found that nearly all Mrs. Wilton's money had been frittered away; but the reformed son got two hundred pounds, Barbara five hundred, Priscilla five hundred, Emmy three hundred, and my wife one, which I afterwards sent to Emmy with another hundred to make up a sum equal to that left for her other two spinster sisters. Several letters passed between us, and a serious interview, before I could get Emmy to accept this little present; and it was not until I consented to let her will it to my son Tom, that she would give way.

No, my friend, I have not forgotten the actress. If I have not mentioned her in the order of events, it is on account of a feeling that I would reserve this note about her as a closing one. Moreover, you will find her specially mentioned in those last extracts from my diary which I am collecting for the next chapter. Miss Julia Belmont married Cator Manners, and sent us cards. She did not invite myself or Mrs. Kenrick to the wedding; but we made a

journey to London in due course for the purpose of calling upon them. They had a house in Brook Street, and lived in good style. The lady was as merry and lively as any lady could be; and it was charming to see her kissing Esther, and crying over her. Crying I say, though the tears were few, and the crying of very short duration. We rallied each other with mutual mirth, and Mrs. Manners confessed before her husband, that she was really in love with me once upon a time, though she did not care a button for me now.

"Do you remember when we acted a passion, and I made love in earnest? Ah, ah, ah!—

> 'Tell him even now that I would rather share
> His lowliest lot,—walk by his side an outcast,—
> Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light
> Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
> The Bourbon lost.'

Do you remember, you haughty, wicked Claude Melnotte? And now,—ah, ah, ah!—upon my word, I like Beauseant amazingly, and would not change him for all the gardeners' sons or princes in Europe, would I, Cator?"

The lady's laugh fairly rung through the house, and set the piano murmuring.

"No, you are the best creature in all the world," said Cator. "You shall call me Beauseant, Iago, Othello, or anything you like."

"Yes, but you must take care to be neither the one nor the other, for you'll find no Desdemona or Amelia in me, Cator."

Mrs. Manners insisted that we should stay to dinner.

"Don't be afraid, you will not interfere with professional arrangements; we are not acting now. Cator has taken the King's Theatre, and is coming out himself as Hamlet,—ah, ah, ah!—it will be very funny. He has condescended to ask me to play the Queen. I have promised to give his offer my most serious consideration."

We dined and spent a merry evening, Mrs. Manners taking us to the opera at nine o'clock, and at twelve insisting upon giving us oysters in a dozen different ways, with stout and chablis; and "just a nice cup, which Cator makes capitally, to finish up with."

Mrs. Manners visited us several times at Hallow, and astonished the neighbourhood by what they regarded as fast London manners; but seeing that, although I was a gentleman, I was also a painter and an author, and therefore tainted with Bohemianism as they fancied, I was to be excused for having a few queer visitors. Some of the county ladies felt annoyed occasionally when they met strange, noisy guests at my table, who talked about actors and actresses, and

having to be at their offices occasionally at midnight; but there was one person who dined with us when the Hon. Slumkey Skiddins, two county magistrates, and a parson were present, that nearly cost me my exalted position amongst the visited residents of Hallowshire. The visitor was a man, thank goodness. He came unexpectedly, and only two hours before dinner. Even had I felt inclined to snub him, which I did not, I would rather have fallen from that giddy height which gave my family the *entrée* to the county coteries, than been unkind to Abel Crockford.

During my residence at Lindford and Hallow, I had had many letters from him—queer, wandering epistles—in which he told me he had had some art lessons from a painter of eminence, and was getting on well; and I had sent him a commission through a local printseller whom I had known at Harbourford, to paint several pictures, which, by the way, were but poor daubs. This had spurred him on, however, and presently it was found that he really could paint, and did paint. One day that same printseller bought the imaginary Velasquez for two hundred pounds, and this was a great help to the poor man, who thereupon went to London, got into the studio of my friend Cross, the animal painter; and after three months of hard work there, came trudging down to me, leaving his wife at a hotel in the county town, whence I insisted upon sending my carriage for her. He brought two really good pictures—landscapes, with sheep and cows in the foreground—and I introduced him to my county friends at dinner, as "Mr. Abel Crockford, an artist, who has dropped in by accident, and who insists upon apologising because he has left his dress clothes at the county hotel."

When the wine had freely circulated he would talk, and he talked so badly—he had such a powerful dialect—that the Hon. Slumkey Skiddins looked at his three satellites a strange look, and they all left early. My wife said I ought not to have asked Abel to dinner, it was not right to ask gentlemen to meet a person in his position.

"I did not ask them to meet him, he was here by accident; moreover, he is an artist—art raises the humble man to the position of the rich, and levels all ranks," I said, grandly.

Father Ellis, whose acquaintance I made soon after coming to Hallow, agreed with me, though he said my doctrine was flat Radicalism, which neither he nor I was supposed to be guilty of; but Mrs. Kenrick had her own opinion, and I believe she took occasion to smooth the difficulty over when next she met the Hon. Mrs. Skiddins, by saying that Mr. Kenrick had the oddest visitor the other day when the Hon. Mr. Skiddins dined at Hallow—a most eccentric

person, who accidentally found himself in the neighbourhood, an exceedingly odd person, a great artist though, and a friend, she believed, of Lord Northalerton. I know Mrs. Kenrick said something of the kind, though she did not mention it to me: it came out accidentally one night through Skiddins, and I found that the mention of Lord Northalerton had had a wonderful effect upon him. It was certainly a clever stroke of policy to mention his lordship, and more especially as poor Abel had only referred to the nobleman as frequently visiting the studio of my friend Cross.

"It is only for the sake of the children," said Mrs. Kenrick, when I rallied her upon it. "Do you think *I* care for the Hon. Mrs. Skiddins, or anyone else, except for you and the children?"

"I don't think you do, Esther, my dear," I said; "though I thought you liked to be driving about with Lady Somerfield, when she did us the honour to spend two days with us."

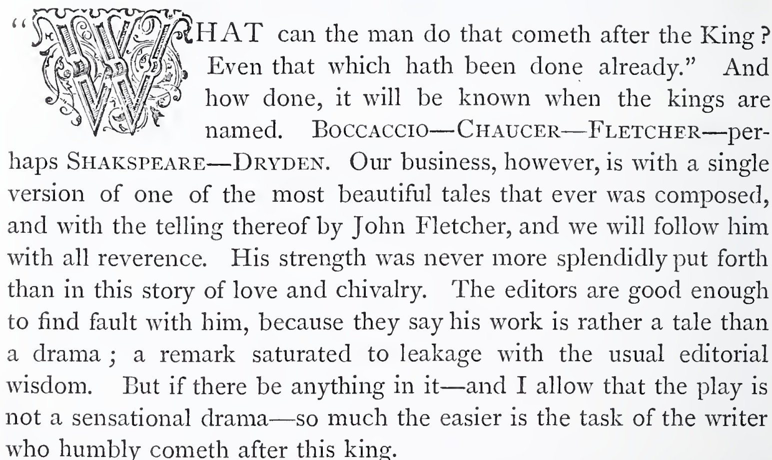
I have given you a brief outline of our married life, and that monetary difficulty. The Folgate incident, and our going into mourning several times, are not sufficiently beyond the common run of occurrences to take these latter years out of the category of what may be called a quiet life. Whilst I write there lies before me some fragments of a diary from which I have printed sundry extracts in previous chapters. I often regret that I did not keep it regularly; it would have been of great interest to my family, if not to the public. There are no entries in it at various periods of my life for months, sometimes for years. Now and then I have been most constant in my notes; in later years my memoranda have been more for literary and art purposes than for incidents in my life. A short abstract from the scattered entries of the last twenty years is necessary to the completion of this plain, unvarnished history of what I fear my friends and readers may think is a very common-place life, after all.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Tales from the Old Dramatists.

No. III.—The Black Horse.

SHOWING HOW A LADY MAY BE MARRIED BY CHANCE, YET HAPPILY.



"WHAT can the man do that cometh after the King? Even that which hath been done already." And how done, it will be known when the kings are named. Boccaccio—Chaucer—Fletcher—perhaps Shakspeare—Dryden. Our business, however, is with a single version of one of the most beautiful tales that ever was composed, and with the telling thereof by John Fletcher, and we will follow him with all reverence. His strength was never more splendidly put forth than in this story of love and chivalry. The editors are good enough to find fault with him, because they say his work is rather a tale than a drama; a remark saturated to leakage with the usual editorial wisdom. But if there be anything in it—and I allow that the play is not a sensational drama—so much the easier is the task of the writer who humbly cometh after this king.

We do not know exactly when the play was produced, but it was first printed in 1634, and published at the sign of the Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard. The title-page says that it was written "by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent." Into the deeply interesting question whether the divine hand of all had any share in the composition of the drama, it would be delightful to go, with a circle of appreciating listeners; for whatever opinion we arrived at we should reach after comparison of exquisite passages of poetry, and after efforts, which would be their own ample reward, to trace courses of thought and treatment by the finest minds that have left their work for our admiration. But the examination, to be at all exhaustive—satisfactory we could hardly hope to make it—would demand all the pages which are allotted to our tale, and more. I do not like to put myself in the attitude of a juryman, and give verdict without the reasons; and being debarred

from taking that of a judge, and analysing the evidence which has led me to a conclusion, I will defer offering the result to which a good deal of consideration has led me. But I would take leave to say two things; first, that there is much in the play which Shakspeare might have been proud to own; and secondly, that the mass of negative evidence which the editors have adduced to show that he had no hand in it, seems to me to be of the most debilitated kind—ink-scum. A spider with inked legs might have traversed the paper to as much good purpose as that of most pens that have dealt with the question. If you think this an arrogant observation—I do not know that it is not—you should read what they say about one another. They are much more venomous than the inky-legged spider, and this indeed should make us charitable to their weakness; for it much hindereth a man, in criticism on a poet, when his chief aim is to show, not that the poet is wise, but that all who have previously treated of him are fools. Not to use a sacred text irreverently, the motto of a true editor is, "All that ever came before me were thieves and robbers"—and they were also asses and idiots. Therefore, it will be gathered that, in the words of a Shakspearian personage of bitter tongue, I profit not by their conversation. It may be that in a note, at a future time, I will endeavour to support a humble theory of my own on this Shakspeare question, and take my chance of battery by after-comers.

When William Shakspeare has told you that a prince and princess were married, nay, has let you hear the epithalamium, and shown you the fairies gliding about and about the mansion, and blessing the marriage chamber (who forgets the beautiful scene with which Madame Vestris ended her noble revival of the "Midsummer Night's Dream?"), it is rather hard to ask you to suppose that Theseus and Hippolyta are still unwedded lovers. Theseus, you will remember, was particularly impatient to be married to his lovely Amazon, his buskined mistress and his warrior love, and it was necessary for the fair and modest lady-soldier to console him with the idea that the interval was brief, and to encourage him to amuse himself in the meantime—hence the diversions of our friend Bottom and his accomplices. But you must suppose that the happy day had been postponed. It has now arrived. We are in Athens, before a temple. Hymen, in saffron robes, with a burning torch, enters, followed by white-robed boys strewing flowers, and nymphs "encompassed in their tresses," one of them bearing a wheaten garland. Music is with them, and a marriage business is evidently in hand. Theseus and Hippolyta come to be wedded. The splendid

hero is conducted by two beautiful girls, with the wheaten garlands on their heads, and the glorious bride, Victrix in a hundred battles, but conquered by the sword and by the love of the Greek, is led on by the gallant general Perithous, dearest friend of the bridegroom. With her comes her gentler and lovelier sister, whom Chaucer calls Emelie, and Fletcher and Dryden name Emilia or Emily, as best suit their rhythms. Shakspeare, who, when he has once set his mark on anything, taboos it for ever, has connected the name Emilia with the idea of the out-spoken, and not over-scrupulous lady who may or may not have encouraged the attentions of Othello, so that we may as well use the softer and modern form of the word. A bridal-song, full of flowers, is sung. It is not much known. Hear a few lines:

> "Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
> Not royal in their smells alone,
> But in their hue,
> Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
> Daisies scentless, yet most quaint,
> And sweet thyme true:
> Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
> Merry springtime's harbinger,
> *With her bells dim,*
> Oxlips in their cradles growing,
> Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
> Lark-heels trim:
> All dear Nature's children sweet
> Lie at bride's and bridegroom's feet,
> Blessing their sense;
> *Not an Angel of the Air,*
> Bird melodious, or bird fair,
> Be absent hence!"

I feel that I need not apologise for quoting such words. Their sweetness is introduced with an artist's skill, for as the song ceases, and the bridal procession moves to the temple steps, there enter Three Queens, in sable robes, and veiled. They are in deep grief, and they throw themselves on their knees before Theseus, Hippolyta, and Emily. It is very cruel, but it is clear that the banns are forbidden.

Briefly told, the story of the Queens is this. Creon, King of Thebes, has killed their husbands in battle, and refuses their bodies to the widows. The remains of the fallen princes are to be left exposed to the kites and crows. Classical readers need not be reminded how dreadful to the ancients was such a doom, the one terror which daunted the bravest, the only one that could extort a

prayer from the gallant Hector, as he lay at the feet of the avenging Achilles—hear old Chapman :

> " He fainting said : Let me implore, even by thy knees and soul,
> And thy great parents, do not see a cruelty so foul
> Inflicted on me."

Understand the full force of this, as a very strong motive is wanted to bring on what follows. To Theseus, the terrible outrage on piety and humanity comes home, the more that he recalls his having been a guest at the bridal of one of the Queens, whose husband was his friend. The passionate tears and entreaties of the afflicted ladies are renewed and repeated, and they beg him to rescue the bodies of their lords. After his marriage, he will do it. No, they cannot bear delay, and they urge that in the ecstasies of new wedlock (which one of them paints with a power that shows her to have been happy once) all thought of their misery will be forgotten. However, it is not for Theseus to be the first to propose delay in the ceremonial. Not quite sure that her request will not displease, the beautiful Hippolyta herself kneels, and prays for "the abstaining of her joy." He is to grant the prayer of the Queens. Emily seconds her, little dreaming that her own fate is to be fixed by the work she prays him to undertake. The noble Grecian needs no more.

> " I am entreating of myself to do
> That which you kneel to have me. Queens,
> *Follow your soldier !*"

Here—at the very outset (I pray pardon, for it is almost an impertinence to point out what should strike all) the glorious loftiness of these old dramatists asserts itself. Can the chivalrous idea—we will not talk of anachronism, surely nobleness is of all dates—be carried higher ? A grand motive is at once given, and the machinery of the play is at work. We never descend lower—the elevation of tone and moral is superbly maintained to the end. I will not speak of our own modern drama, for one would not "talk of nothing ;" but could a French dramatist, able artist as he is, have got us even thus far without an adultery, expressed or implied ? One of the queens would have had some secret which, if revealed to Hippolyta, would have brought down her dagger into the heart of Theseus, or her own. But these old writers believed in the nobility of noble natures, and gave it a large air to breathe in.

When the sword that drank the blood of the Minotaur had flashed on the field, the scabbard knew it no more while an enemy

lived to strike. That Theseus slaughtered the army of the savage Creon, and gave to the Queens their sacred dead, needs hardly be told. But in the battle there had fought, on the tyrant's side, two young heroes, who were to become the principals in the story. They were nephews to Creon, and cousins; and they were bound to one another by one of those ardent friendships of which so much good use is made in our old drama. The intenseness of their affection is the great feature of the play. Disgusted with the tyranny of their uncle, and with the vices of his court (of which latter, by the way, we learn in their later confidences that both young noblemen had tasted a good deal, and perhaps we like them all the better for having been liked of ladies), they had intended to leave Thebes, but at the cry to arms, they go at once into the army, and they both fight with such desperate valour that Theseus himself had noted them. Both were made prisoners, and the generous conqueror, learning this, ordered his own physicians to them :—

> "Forty thousand fold, we had rather have them
> Prisoners to us than Death."

So there we have the two Noble Kinsmen, in prison together. They believe themselves captives for life, and I do not recollect that the great poet himself has ever written a prison-scene more touching, or more full of manly sentiment than that in which the young soldiers, suddenly seized, when life was at its fiercest tide, and immured in a dungeon, console one another, and defy the dreary future. Their names are Palamon and Arcite.

Their characters are intended to seem much alike, for a reason which the dramatist had in his mind, but there is a diversity— Fletcher was no potter to make two images from the same mould. For our own purpose, however, we need not stay to point out the difference between the two gallant and handsome princes. Arcite was the goodliest at first glance, but a second glance showed that Palamon, if graver, was as winning. In all else they were meant to be equal, and you will soon see why.

Their prison window looked upon a garden of the palace of Theseus, and into this garden one day came Princess Emily, to cull flowers, and to talk the prettiest flower-talk, with her attendant maiden. The friends had just arrived at a protestation that, let their troubles and sufferings be what they might, their friendship could never leave them, when Palamon, who was at the window, espied the beautiful Emily.

In one second he was more deeply and desperately in love than ever was lover before.

He called his friend, who had marvelled at his gestures of adoration, and in another moment he, too, was in the same condition.

Palamon and Arcite both madly loved Emily.

The lady went her way, and the friendship went its way too. A few rapid words passed between the cousins, and this was enough. Each vowed that she should be his, and defied the other to dare to love her. Palamon was fiercest, for he had seen her first, and Arcite had no answer save the very sufficing one—"That's nothing." Each had met his fate. A fiery dialogue brought them almost to personal combat. Palamon warned Arcite that if he presumed again to approach the window he would nail him to it, and Arcite furiously replied that not only would he approach the window, but that the next time Emily came he would fling himself through it into her arms. The fiery strife could scarcely have blazed more fiercely when

The jailor entered, and fetched Arcite away.

This drove Palamon nearly mad. Why had Arcite been taken off? Perhaps Theseus had seen him, and marked his gallant bearing, and was going to marry him to Emily—perhaps——

However, the wild dreams were promptly dispelled. Arcite was banished the kingdom. The general, Perithous, had obtained his freedom, on condition that he never came back to Athens. This brought small comfort to Palamon, who instantly began to conjure up visions of great things that Arcite might do, and so make himself a renown that should come to the ears of Emily. His angry meditations were cut short by his being moved into another and more secluded dungeon, to which, after much resistance, and yielding only to the threat that he should be put in chains, Palamon went, raging.

But Arcite was as much in love as Palamon, and was not disposed to wait until he could attain reputation in the way his friend had shadowed out. He took a shorter road for getting to the presence of Emily. Disguised in poor clothes, he joined himself to a party of rustics who were going to perform some sports before the royal family, and being a skilled wrestler and runner, he believed that he could do something to attract the princess's attention. Fortune favoured the bold Arcite, and he performed so well that Theseus sent for him, complimented him hugely, (well, when I tell you that he compared him to Hercules, who was a hero of Theseus's acquaintance, my language will be vindicated,) and finding that he was a gentleman, and willing to take service, presented him, after ducal fashion, to Perithous, who in his turn gallantly offered him to Emily,

as an attendant. Would not Palamon have torn at the walls of his cell, had he known that Arcite was kissing hands on appointment. Arcite was a brave horseman, too, and Theseus suggested to Emily that he should be well mounted to attend her.

> "Emily, I hope
> He shall not go on foot.
> *Emi.* That were a shame, sir,
> While I have any horses. Take your choice."

Observe these words, because they are ominous. So full of promise did Arcite look that Theseus hinted a caution to his sister-in-law, not to let the servant become master. "I hope too wise for that, sir," answers the smiling Emily.

The next lady-speech which we hear is to the purpose,

> "Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
> He is at liberty."

This particularly frank announcement of freedom to various parties comes from the pretty daughter of the jailer of Palamon. To her the dramatist has not given a christian name, though she is an important personage in the play. For convenience, let us borrow a name from another Fletcher play, and call her Eugenia. This young lady has become enamoured of Palamon, her father's captive, at least as frantically as he has become of Emily. She effects his escape, but it is with a resolute intention to obtain his love—of any sort that may be available—in return, and having sent him away, steals out after him into the wilds of a forest, where she first loses him, and next her reason. We need not pursue Eugenia's fortunes, as her business in the story is accomplished with the release of Palamon. But several scenes are devoted to exhibiting her, first in her passionate lovingness; next in her wild state of unreason, in which she sings various songs, and dances; and lastly, in her condition of sad despair, of which she is cured in a very kindly fashion by a doctor of the day, who, happily for poor Eugenia, is not one of "the dark house and the whip practitioners." Editors, of course, suggest comparisons with Ophelia, and as Eugenia is a girl who goes mad for love, and sings, there is sufficient hint for editorialism, but the parallel soon ends. I may note that the exquisitely delicate mode in which one painful phase of female insanity is treated by Shakspeare is not imitated in this play, and that what is so tenderly touched by him as to be only indicated is brought out here with a full treatment which would be offensive, were it meant offensively; and, passing

from this undesirable theme, I may add that Eugenia's recovery is effected by the personation, by an old and faithful lover, of the character of Palamon, and the persuading the girl that she is wooed by him. John Fletcher here leaves very little to fancy; but we will leave a good deal, and go on with the principal characters.

Arcite, now the bravely-attired servant of Emily, attends her and the court on a Maying expedition, and being alone, suddenly encounters Palamon, who is in the chains which Eugenia had not been able to unlock. Palamon instantly assails him with imputations of treachery to friendship, but Arcite will not be roused to anger. He will help his friend, and begs him to remain hidden till night, when he will bring him files to sunder his shackles, garments, food, perfumes, and a sword and armour. Palamon accepts the offer, but warns Arcite that they cannot be friends while he pretends to the love of Emily, and that if he brings weapons it will be for a fight *à outrance.* Arcite cares not, he will come. And he faithfully keeps the promise he has solemnly made, and at night appears at the spot with all but the arms. He brings wine, which he begs Palamon to drink.

> "*Pal.* Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.
> *Arc.* I might,
> But I must fear you first."

Palamon recruits himself, and there comes one of those pleasant scenes of old friendship, and gay recollections, with which the poet relieves the sterner part of the action—they talk of light loves and successes—then a sigh from Arcite is interpreted by Palamon to be for Emily, and they once more quarrel in furious earnest, and Arcite in wrath departs to get armour and swords. Some comedy work intervenes, and we then have the Noble Kinsmen together again. This scene is the perfection of chivalry. They are enemies for Emily's sake, but they cannot forget that they have loved, and while arming each other, doing it with as much affectionate care as if both were going out to combat on the same side, they recall each other's gallant deeds, and exchange unfeigned and brotherly admiration of feats done in the last fight before Thebes. Then, being armed, they salute, like lordly gentlemen, and clasp hands, and the next moment close in deadly combat. Horns are heard, and Arcite warns his rival that Theseus and the party are approaching, but Palamon will listen to nothing, and renews the encounter. Their swords are crossed when Theseus, Hippolyta, Emily, and the court ride in.

Theseus, incensed first that there should be a duel without his leave and against his laws, and secondly and greatly when he finds

that the combatants are a man whom he had banished and another whom he had imprisoned, wrathfully declares that both shall die that night. But the cry for mercy is instantly raised by Hippolyta, to whom he has at length been wedded, and she brings conjugal blandishments to bear; by Emily, to whom he had given a promise never to deny her a boon which it was fit for her to ask; and by Perithous, who has a brave man's honour for bravery;—and Theseus relents. Emily proposes that both shall be banished, conditionally on their engaging to think no more of her, (for Palamon, on the discovery, has in a passionate burst expounded the secret of their hate,) but both the lovers indignantly repudiate such terms. Palamon will sooner be cut to pieces, and Arcite prefers to die for her. Theseus cannot help admiring them, and asks Emily whether she will choose between them, if they will consent that one weds and the other dies. Both in a breath gladly accept the terms, but Emily will make no choice, and neither shall die for her. Then Theseus gives doom. They shall go home to their own country, and shall return in a month, each accompanied by three knights. He will plant a pillar on that spot. There shall be a death fight. For he who, aided by his friends, shall drag his enemy from given barriers to that pillar, shall marry Emily, and the other, and all his friends, shall be beheaded. There is no choice, Theseus is not a prince to palter with. Emily is forced to give her assent, and the two Noble Kinsmen become friendly again until the day of the battle and the death.

In the interval, the heart of poor Emily is sadly shaken. In as fine a soliloquy as has been written, she contrasts the men who are to fight to the death for her, and declares equal admiration for both. Let the subtle in love matters study the apparently well-balanced phrases, in which she does justice to the beauty and bravery of the rivals, and say whether the poet meant to indicate a preference. At least she avows none. She is informed that the knights have all arrived. In terror she asks,—

"*Emi.* To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. Would I might end first.
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soiled
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mother's joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty."

But it must be, and Theseus, like a soldier, exults in the description

of the six brave friends whom Palamon and Arcite have brought to join in a fight whence three of them can come but to the block. The time advances. Religious rites have to be performed. Arcite and his friends pray in the temple of Mars, Palamon and his companions in the temple of Venus, while Emily goes to kneel at the shrine of Diana. The three scenes are full of exquisite poetry, and the omens that are vouchsafed to each are of singular and solemn graciousness. The gods being honoured, the court and the champions proceed to the appointed lists, where is erected the pillar of death.

Theseus, his soldier-bride, Perithous, and all but Emily, are eager spectators of the fray. But the poor maiden will not be taken to the spectacle, and Hippolyta, bidding her farewell, says,—

> "I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself."

She is left, and can only pray that the man who loves her best may win her. Presently, flourishes of horns tell her that the dreadful work has begun, then comes an exulting shout. "Palamon!" But as she gasps at the noise, and begins to hold herself the bride of Palamon, there comes another shout, and it is for "Arcite!" and again she is in a fever of anxious dismay, when a grand and concluding shout breaks forth, and the next moment Theseus and the court return, with Arcite as victor. Palamon had all but dragged him to the column when his friends made a bold rescue, and the fight was renewed, and its fortune reversed. The trembling Emily is given to the victor, whose first words are,—

> "Emily,
> To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me
> Save what is bought."

Arcite leads away his beautiful prize, while, in accordance with the stern decree, Palamon and his knights are conducted to the scaffold.

They await their death like the brave men they are, exulting that they have fought so well, have lost no grain of honour, and now will be free for ever from all fortune's whims. Palamon has time to remember the gentle Eugenia, who set him free, and to send her an ample dowry; and his knights have but to hear what she has done, when their last act is to fling their purses to her father, with kindly messages for the girl who once saved their friend. So gentlemen die. And Palamon will show them the way. He advances to the block, and bows his noble neck for the death-blow.

Wild cries, mad cries. "Hold! Hold!"

Said we not that there was something of omen in the words of promise made by Emily, when Theseus first bade her see Arcite well mounted? As a betrothal present, the princess had bestowed upon him a magnificent black horse. Proudly careering through Athens on his bride's gift, Arcite finds his steed become unmanageable, and though a superb horseman, whip and spur avail him not. The furious creature madly reared, and finally fell upon his rider, crushing him fatally. Presently Arcite, hurt to death, is brought in upon a chair. Let the poet tell the rest.

> "*Palamon.* O, miserable end of our alliance!
> The gods are mighty! Arcite, if thy heart,
> Thy worthy, manly heart be yet unbroken,
> Give me thy last words. I am Palamon;
> One that yet loves thee dying.
> *Arcite.* Take Emilia,
> And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:
> Farewell. I have told my last hour. I was false,
> But never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin.
> One kiss from fair Emilia. (*Kisses her.*) 'Tis done!
> Take her. I die. (*Dies*)."

Palamon, who saw her first, becomes her husband. One word of the dying Arcite's speech is thus explained—he says that he was false. This means only that by a compact between them each was to aid the other in his love-suits, and Palamon having first declared his passion, Arcite, at the supreme hour, feels that he should not have been his rival. Let those blame him who can.

The obsequies of the noble Arcite were royally celebrated, and soon afterwards the Lord Palamon married the Lady Emily. Will you have it in the language of Chaucer? His verse is easy to read if you will sound the mute final "e" there needed for the rhythm.

> "And thus with allé blisse and melodie
> Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
> And God that all this widé world hath wrought
> Send him his love that hath it dere ybought.
> For now is Palamon in allé wele,
> Living in bliss, in richesse, and in hele,
> And Emelie him loveth so tenderly,
> And he hir serveth all so gentilly,
> That never was there no word them between
> Of jealousie, ne y non other tene."

I would also have given the end in the language of Dryden, but the glorious John, in accordance with the tone of his time, follows

the happy pair much further than modern readers might think necessary. Here, however, are six lines of decorous sort :—

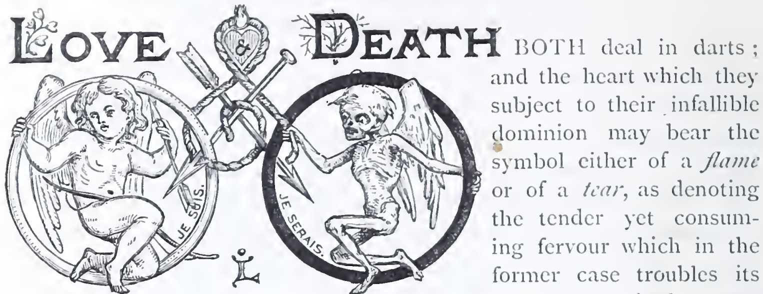
> " All of a tenour was their after life,
> No day discoloured with domestic strife,
> No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
> Secure repose, and kindness undeceived;
> Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
> Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought."

This, as will be seen, is merely an expansion of Chaucer's ideas; and if we were treating of poets instead of dramatists, one might invite attention to the superiority of the great old bard. No heaping epithets merely for the sake of filling up the line, and no epithets of vague or commonplace character. It might be well if students—I must not say the general reader, in these days of mock-modesty—would drink a little oftener at the well of English undefiled, and see what direct purpose, and a thorough understanding by a man of what he really means, will do for him. I am inclined to believe that if our poets got upon better terms with themselves, and encouraged the intimacy, the result would be very satisfactory. However, more of this hereafter; meantime, to revert to the words of Geoffrey Chaucer,

> " Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
> And God save all this fayré compagnie."

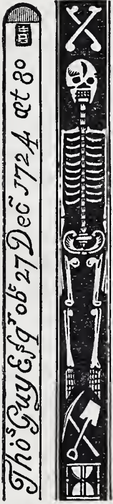
Shirley Brooks.

NOTES & INCIDENTS.



BOTH deal in darts; and the heart which they subject to their infallible dominion may bear the symbol either of a *flame* or of a *tear*, as denoting the tender yet consuming fervour which in the former case troubles its pulsation—or in the latter, the deep felt grief of hearts bereaved of the heart that has ceased to beat. Love and Death have always had much to do with rings. Betrothal-rings, wedding-rings, and mourning-rings are all given and received in season—but it is not our purpose to discuss either the antiquity of rings or of the custom of wearing them; it is rather to advert to and illustrate two or three examples as evidences of taste, and "cunning in the goldsmith's art." *Bagues d'amour* or betrothal-rings, are not common in England, though of frequent gift abroad from olden-time. As a good example of the "*Traŭ-Ring*" or betrothal-ring of German-fashion of the 16th century, we give the annexed design. It is composed of a split ring that unites in a single hoop, more or less ornate, and is the property of Mr. Ald. Spiers, of Oxford, F.S.A. The workmanship is particularly good, and remarkable for the quantity of story packed in so small a compass, as may be seen by the engraving from it. The ring is of gold, heightened by chasing, engraving and enamelling, in red and white—the red typifying the sanguine vigour of the man; the white, an emblem of the purity of woman. When closed, and in wear, the legend IN. LIEB. VND. LEID: "In love and in sorrow," is not apparent, nor that of GOT. BWAR. VNS. BEID: "God protect us both," on the other, nor the winged heart at A, or the united hands, from which springs a "Forget me not" at B. Externally when closed, the effect is that of

one ring, as may be seen by the end view, which exhibits one ring to all appearance, with a red and white stone (ruby and diamond) set side by side; the point of intersection, or joint, being ingeniously covered by hands bearing hearts—the point of separation alone being visible at the points marked* in our representation of the object: one, truly, of the most perfect and poetical emblems of the union of man and wife—two in one—yet not one, or two perfectly apart. Wedding-rings, being simple gold hoops, are familiar to all and customary; worn by females of all classes as a token of unity to man. Not so, mourning-rings, which are mostly bequests from the wealthy, and neither of so frequent wear. Being also of frail materials, they will not permit of constant use; are frequently far from artistic in design, or beautiful to the eye, being, sometimes, in part composed of human hair which has but little distinguishing individuality, and might



be that of any man or woman, or for the matter of that, the hair of an animal—an object associated only with some reminiscence of the wearers. Nevertheless, mourning-rings, tastefully designed and artistically executed, might be made objects both of sentiment and beauty. As an illustration, we give one *in memoriam* of Thos. Guy, Esq., the founder of the celebrated hospital in London, bearing his name. It is from an example in the possession of Dr. W. H. Dickinson, M.D., of Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, and is a good sample of the taste and work of the last century. A serviceable ring, in black and gold, bearing a strong impress of the period, and its art-teaching. In this country, art had been declining for two centuries, and with it all sentiment for, and appreciation of, the spiritual. Our forefathers of those days, more and more disposed to think that as most befitting check to carnal delights and human vanity, it was constantly necessary to have before their eyes objects that would remind them of death and the charnel-house, rather than of the plains of heavenly bliss beyond the valley of the shadow of death. From the time that Albert Durer and Holbein illustrated Dances of Death, the morbid taste they had exorcised in Germany was not long in finding its way to this country, distraught already with religious wrangles and controversial polemics. The hideous and the grotesque were here summoned also, to aid in the illustration of the doings of death, and vivify the terrors of the ignorant, the superstitious, and the pious. These increased in popularity as art declined with us, until no monument or tombstone was considered complete without a skull and cross-bones; things all very well in their place, but vulgar and ridiculous when constantly repeated. This taste is

paramount in the ring of Thos. Guy, and savours more of the unction of the ascetic in figuring the destroyer of men's bodies rather than the healer of their souls. Art in its best periods has always been spiritual, and the highest art is ever so. In this spirit we venture a design for a mourning-ring, in which an ascending angel forms the principal feature. The stars represent the approach to the heavenly abode, while the descending dove denotes the merciful love of the beneficent Creator. Below, are the armorial bearings of the deceased, types of worldly greatness and its vanity, surrounded by tears, types of worldly contrition—while lower down in a subordinate place, are seen the mattock and spade. The monogram outside, the name of the testator, and motto-legend complete the design.

THE increase of clubs is a social fact. Institutions for the encouragement of celibacy are increasing; but this increase is not only one of the great social facts of the present day; it is, moreover, becoming so vast in dimensions, so palatially, hostelrie-like in interior arrangements, as to lead more than ever to the belief that they are not so thoroughly social in purpose, and in their inner-life, as they are agglomerative merely, of certain classes of men—though the privilege of union is now being asserted for women—a club for females being now in course of formation under the patronage of some distinguished ladies, who may see fit—and why not?—to extend the resort to the associative principle to the aristocratic class of their sex. Who shall say that a *Circle des Dames* would fall into the limbo of futile essays? especially if they extended to the opposite sex the privilege of *entrée* into the "Strangers' Room," a boon they grant to their humble *protégées*. To be *concierge* at a ladies' club would indeed be—to be a favoured man! and the situations of the pretty pages to look out afar, a something much to be envied! But as presiding genius of the kitchen! Would they seek the services of a *chef*, or of a *cuisinière*. Pall Mall, that street of palaces, which many foreigners affect to think resembles Venice *sans l'eau*, will shortly be all clubs; as also the hill of St. James's, and patrician Piccadilly; for the old and new mansions there are fast being appropriated. Club-life for men who prefer olives to olive-branches. Club-life for men of every class and of no class at all, are on the increase, and even names for them are at a premium, every club having its "Junior!" Soon we shall have a "Junior Boodle," a "Juvenile Garrick," or the "Infantile White's," in contradistinction to its now somewhat senescent original. The soldiers having long out-club'd their denominations, these have ceased to be correct definitional terms. We may next expect the "Juvenilior Military, Naval, and County Service Club" a *jeunesse dorée*, to endure for ever, like the "Junior United Service Club," the majority of whose ancient members exhibit much more of the *jeunesse argentée* than *dorée*, as we heard somewhat cynically remarked by a crusty Senior U. S. Could not "Waterloo" Place have suggested "Wellington," or Pall Mall "Marlbro'?" The next Military Cadet Club might reasonably be called the "Juvenissimus

United Service." Why should the "Junior Athenæum," now installed in the magnificent mansion of Van der Hope (the millionaire of Amsterdam), not be called the "Piccadilly Athenæum?" There, at least, would be an indication of the *locus standi*, or *locus absolutus* of its being, and a distinction from the parent in Pall Mall. The "Junior Carlton," again, faces its shady *vis-à-vis*, leading to confusion infinite and frequent error; as though it could not have been called "The Pitt Club," after England's "heaven-born minister." What's in a name?—a vast amount of impropriety, if it is antiphrastic, *i. e.*, has a meaning at variance with, or contrary to its etymology.

THERE are unmistakeable signs that the reign of "sensationalism" in our literature and on the stage is rapidly coming to an end. The revival of the domestic and decent drama in Mr. Robertson's admirable plays, and the increasing success of quiet, life-like novels, are indications of an approaching return to correct and good taste, upon which SYLVANUS URBAN may congratulate his countrymen. He is rejoiced also to learn that certain music halls are no longer "paying," and he is glad to find that the press continues to direct the Lord Chamberlain's attention to "the canteen" at the palace of Leicester square. At the height of the "sensation" mania, London never reached the sanguinary summits of American fancy. On the 13th of last month one of the family journals of New York, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, appeared with a story bearing the following title:—

THE CITY'S CHILDREN!
TERRIBLE ATROCITIES!!
A Little Girl's Feet Frozen Off!!!
THE FLESH CUT FROM HER BACK!!!!
THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY!!!!!
VILLAINY UNDER THE VEIL OF CHARITY!
Religious Humbugs Exposed!
VICE MORE PROFITABLE THAN VIRTUE!
A Saint's Face and a Demon's Heart!!
HOW LONG SHALL SUCH THINGS CONTINUE!!
THE MONSTER PUNISHED!!!
RETRIBUTION!!!

The reader may smile and think he has before him a piece of American humour; but he has not. The title is the earnest introduction to a serious story. Such an announcement may amuse us now, as it will amuse America when she enters upon a more sober age; but let us not forget that English fiction has had a narrow escape of engulfment in this "big sea" wave of morbid fancies.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

MASONIC ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Mr. Urban,—It has been the privilege of your ancient and valuable Magazine to record many words and deeds of past generations, and to tell the sayings and doings of many societies and associations of men, the Masonic fraternity occasionally not even excepted. It is now 116 years since you published (Vol. 23, p. 417) "Certayne questions with answeres," pretended to have been "wryttene by the hande of Kinge Henrye the sixthe of the name;" yet long as has been the time since then, our advance, until a very few years ago, in the true knowledge of our Masonic history has been almost *nil*. Since about the beginning of last century, one would imagine there had been a regular manufactory somewhere of pretended Masonic charters, writs, and ancient documents of all sorts, legends, traditions, &c., &c., included. Then if any writer dared to call in question the Adamite foundation of Freemasonry, he was immediately denounced by some spokesman on behalf of the craft, either as a pretentious know-nothing, or as a perjured villain. Anyway, therefore, his assertions were totally unworthy of a moment's regard. The plan taken to prop up the system of faith in the immense antiquity of our Order, and to knock down any opponent, was certainly clever so far. If the unbeliever were a Cowan—that is, not a member of the fraternity—then, of course, he was simply a know-nothing; for not being a member, how could he tell anything about it? Then if he were a member, it was—"How can anybody believe what he says, when he must perjure himself before he can explain anything?" The consequence was that, generally speaking, people did not know what to make of Freemasonry, with its secrecy and its awfully venerable antiquity. Although quite harmless, many desired to treat it as a rabid dog. In fact, some would seem to have been endowed with an anti-Masonic bump, which caused Freemasonry to act upon them something in the same way as the sight of a small piece of red cloth acts upon a bull. Freemasonry has had the benefit of being cursed by Rome, patronized by England, and passed through the fire by America; but with it all, here it is firmly fixed on its foundations fairer than ever.

The true history of Freemasonry, which seemed to be about as difficult an Eureka as the source of the Nile, is now about to be systematically eliminated. Your Magazine has recorded the foundation of many an archæological society, and I do not think it can go far wrong in adding the name of the one I now mention—viz., the Masonic Archæological

Institute, whose inaugural meeting was held in London on the 29th of January, A.D. 1869. Short as has been its life as yet, it has done well; its beginning has been good, and if it honestly carries out its intentions, gives great promise of future good. One thing is certain, it has plenty of work before it. It comes at a good time, too, just what was needed to assist in building up a true historical Masonic temple, and, if it does its duty, to authoritatively set aside the mass of rubbish contained in our pretended ancient charters, legends, and *histories*, so many of which have been from various motives—some, no doubt, in good faith, compiled since the beginning of last century. Some of our ancient writs, after being safely stored, by nobody knows who, in their secret repositories, were in process of time, after a lapse of perhaps five hundred minutes, duly brought to light, just when their presence was necessary to settle some knotty point of precedence or pretension. The capacity for swallowing any amount of Masonic Arabian Nights' tales has been truly wonderful. Credulity has ridden triumphantly through the length and breadth of the land, its votaries, with the most profound veneration, humbly bowing down to it, thankful if they may get near enough to disport themselves in the dust raised by the passing wheels, or like the poor Hindoo, fairly prostrating themselves before it, so that they may be duly marked and known as true believers. This credulity seems to have been taken advantage of by certain speculating bookmakers or booksellers, who, caring little for the evil it might do, so being it paid them, sowed broadcast throughout the land pretended Masonic histories, filled with wonderful Masonic legends, ancient Masonic mysteries, &c., &c., which have been quickly bought up by thousands, who seem to have gladly parted with their money for what had such a presumed flavour of united secrecy and antiquity.

Attempts, however, at inquiry have been made by brethren who were not inclined to believe or take for granted as true all they heard; but until quite recently little came of it, as somehow they either fell through, took the wrong road, or wanted courage to persevere, or something of that sort; *e.g.*, should a disbeliever manage to show some reason for not hailing Adam as a brother Freemason, and then keep a safe distance from the swing of Tubal Cain's hammer, he had thereafter to pass the Tower of Babel, and having managed that, and also escaped being knocked down with a Pyramid, he was pretty certain to be set dead level by the Temple of Solomon. Few would-be sceptics, after passing the former perils, retained sufficient breath to carry them past Solomon.

People forget that although the words "Masonry" and "Freemasonry" are so similar, the things themselves are quite different. "Masonry," that is, operative Masonry, has existed for ages; but the Institution of "Freemasonry" or speculative Masonry, is quite modern. Masonry deals with stone and lime, "Freemasonry" with men and their actions; a similarity in the nomenclature, which was adopted by the founders of our system of Freemasonry, and which assisted in giving it a better start, has tended to the current confusion of ideas.

In conclusion, let me wish the Masonic Archæological Institute long life and prosperity. And as for our Freemasonry, which may now be fairly called ancient, even although it should date no further back than

the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, about A.D. 1717, it is high time its history was got out of the nursery, and away from such companions as Jack the Giant-Killer, or Sindbad the Sailor; these wonderful stories please children, but Freemasonry is now old enough to walk alone, and to be trusted with the real truth face to face. If the Freemasons of to-day must make themselves as ancient as a shadow of possibility will allow them, let them trace up and prove, if possible, some sort of connection—though it may be but a faint one—with the building fraternities who erected our noble cathedrals and monasteries about six or seven hundred years ago. If they can in some way manage that, their pedigree will be old and grand enough, even although there be not a single drop of Solomonic blood in it. But be that as it may, the antiquity of Freemasonry, though interesting, is only a circumstance, of no more real value than the colour of the paper on which a man may write his will; its great beauty and recommendation are its noble deeds; being founded on brotherly love, relief, and truth, it desires to see all men peaceable and happy, and tries in its own way to further that object, and its grand aim is to assist in bringing on that happy time when all nations of the earth shall be as one, when it may be truly said there is "peace on earth and good-will to men."—I am, yours respectfully,

M. Q. F.

OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

THE EARL OF WICKLOW, K.P.

At the end of March, died in Cavendish Square, aged 80, the Right Honourable William Howard, Earl of Wicklow, K.P. He had been one of the representative peers for Ireland since 1823, and in 1829 he seconded the address in the House of Lords in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation. In politics he was a moderate Liberal in the best sense of the term, and showed himself an excellent landlord in the management of his Irish estates. It is said that he is succeeded by his eldest surviving nephew, Charles; but a lady who signs herself Ellen Howard, states that she is the widow of an elder nephew of his lordship, Robert Boleyn Howard, who died, leaving an only child; this child she alleges is legitimate, and ought, therefore, to succeed to the title and estates.

F. M. VISCOUNT GOUGH.

On the 2nd of March, died at St. Helen's, near Dublin, aged 89, Field-Marshal Viscount Gough, K.P., G.C.B., &c. The son of an Irish gentleman, who was Lieut.-Colonel in the Limerick City Militia, Hugh Gough was born Nov. 3, 1779, at thirteen obtained a commission in his father's troop, and at fifteen became ensign in a regiment of the line. As a young man he saw active service at the Cape of Good Hope, in the West Indies, and on the South American Station. He afterwards served through the Peninsular Campaign; and his exploits at Talavera, Barossa, Vittoria, and Nivelle, where he commanded the 87th Foot, are familiar to all readers of Napier's History. He was presented with a sword by the citizens of Dublin, in recognition of his bravery at Tarifa. In the interval between Waterloo and 1841, there was little more than barrack duty for him to perform; but in the latter year he was placed in command of the land forces in the expedition against China; and his energy and valour were displayed at Canton, Amoy, Chusan, and at other places where he directed the operations. His name is connected with India by the reduction of Gwalior, and the victories over the Sikhs at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, where he was supported by the Governor-General of India, Lord Hardinge. He was now raised to the peerage with a pension: and in 1854 succeeded Lord Raglan as Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards. Three years later he was nominated a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, and had conferred on him the *bâton* of a Field Marshal in 1862. He married a Miss Stephens, and is succeeded in the peerage by his only son, the Honourable George Stephens Gough, now second Viscount.

SIR W. CLAY, Bart.

On March 13th died, in Cadogan Place, Sir William Clay, Bart., for some time Secretary to the Board of Control, under the administration of Lord Melbourne. He was in the 74th year of his age. The son of an eminent London merchant, and himself a man of great mercantile experience, he represented the Tower Hamlets from its enfranchisement as a borough in 1832, down to the year 1847. He was an advanced Liberal in his opinions, and was the author of several important works on banking, the currency, and other financial subjects. He was created a Baronet in 1841, on the retirement of Lord Melbourne from office.

SIR J. P. BOILEAU.

In March, died at Torquay, aged 74, Sir John Peter Boileau, Bt., F.R.S., F.S.A. The deceased Baronet, who was widely known as a Vice President and a most active member of the Society of Antiquaries, was the representative of one of those old and noble families who fled from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, his ancestor having been Charles de Boileau, Lord of Castlenau and St. Croix, who commanded a corps of French gentlemen at the battle of Blenheim, under Marlborough. He was raised to the Baronetcy at the Queen's Coronation in 1838, and married a daughter of the first Earl of Minto.

SIR J. D. HARDING, Q.C.

Death has removed from among us a distinguished member of the legal profession, in the person of Sir John Dorney Harding, late her Majesty's Advocate-General. The son of a Glamorganshire clergyman, he was born in 1809, and was educated at the Charter-House, under Dr. Russell, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1830. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and practised for many years as an advocate in Doctors' Commons. He held the post of Advocate-General from 1852, when he received the honour of knighthood, down to his retirement in 1862.

SIR T. ESMONDE, Bart.

Towards the last day of the old year there died one of the most worthy and widely respected members of the old moderate Roman Catholic Liberals, the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., at the age of 82. His father was killed in the "troubles" of the Irish Rebellion of '98, and he himself succeeded to the title and estates while still a boy. He was for many years an active magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the county of Wexford, and he represented the borough of Wexford as a Liberal in the Parliament of 1841—7. He was sworn a Privy Councillor

for Ireland in the latter year. The ancestor of this family was created a peer of Ireland by the title of Lord Esmonde, which is now dormant, and apparently might be revived, if a formal claim were made by the present Baronet, who is M.P. for the county of Waterford, and is married to a granddaughter of the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan, the celebrated Irish orator.

SIR C. P. RONEY.

In Sir Cusack P. Roney, whose death occurred in April, we have lost a man who has been as largely mixed up as most men with our railways and Great Exhibitions. He was a native of Ireland, and was about fifty-eight years of age. He began life as a member of the College of Surgeons, was successively Secretary of the Royal Literary Fund, Secretary of the Eastern Railway Company, Secretary of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and Secretary and Manager of the Great Exhibition at Dublin in 1853; and for his services in the latter capacity, he was knighted by the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of St. German's. He had, shortly before his death, published a voluminous work on our railway system; and his long experience in railway matters caused him to be very extensively consulted by capitalists and promoters of new lines both at home and abroad.

W. BRADBURY.

Circumstances make it fitting that our memorial of this gentleman should be restricted to a brief and simple detail of facts. Mr. Bradbury was a native of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, and was originally intended for agricultural pursuits, but, preferring another vocation, he pursued for some time, to thorough mastership, the occupation of a printer, at Lincoln. But the comparatively insignificant field of labour which, at that time, was afforded in a provincial town, failed to satisfy his ambition, and this speedily brought him to the great mart where energy and ability have full play. Established in London, and united to a partner in business who ably co-operated with him, Mr. Bradbury's course was clear before him. The firm of "Bradbury & Evans" rapidly attained an eminence of which it is for others than those connected with this magazine to speak. The house had the honour of gaining the confidence of the most distinguished writers of the age, and the works of Thackeray, Landor, Dickens, and a large number of other celebrities, were issued from the Whitefriars Press. The publication of *Punch* was an era in the history of the firm, and this brought into familiar intercourse with it the brilliant staff of artists and authors engaged in the production of that most fortunate periodical. In its artistic and literary success Mr. Bradbury ever took the deepest personal interest. Until very lately, and after the original firm had been succeeded by that which now carries on the business, he delighted to visit the scene of his long labours, and only within the last few months were such visits necessarily aban-

doned. His fine constitution stood by him to the last, and he expired peacefully, in the full possession of all his faculties, on the 11th ultimo. He was laid, on the 15th, in his family vault in Highgate Cemetery.

ADMIRAL GRENFELL.

AT the end of March died at Prince's Park, Liverpool, aged 68, John Pascoe Grenfell, Admiral in the Brazilian service, and Brazilian Consul-General at that port. The son of a London merchant, he was born at Battersea in 1800, and commenced life as a midshipman in the East India Company's service, in which he rose to be mate. He afterwards took service under the Republic of Chili, and distinguished himself in the war of independence against Spain, under Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, whom he followed to Brazil, and fought in the service of that new State against Portugal. In 1844 he obtained flag rank in the Brazilian navy, and two years later was appointed Consul-General for Brazil at Liverpool. He received a gold medal for assisting to save the lives of the passengers of the *Ocean Monarch*, which was burnt off that port in 1848. In 1850 he held the chief naval command of the Brazilian fleet in the war between the Argentine Republic and Monte Video, in which Brazil was involved, and which he speedily brought to a successful issue.

T. BROWN.

TOWARDS the end of March, died at his residence near St. Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Thomas Brown, formerly one of the senior partners in the publishing house of Messrs. Longman & Co., Paternoster Row. He was in his 91st year; but, though he had retired from business some eight or nine years ago, he continued to show his love for the quarter in which the greater part of his life was spent, by resolving to pass the rest of his days under the shadow of St. Paul's. He was the donor of the painted window which stands over the western entrance of the cathedral, and his last walk from home was to witness the unveiling of his window, in company with the late Dean Milman. Mr. Brown was for many years an active member of the Court of the Stationers' Company.

J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A.

IN March died, at Edinburgh, aged 56, Mr. James Eckford Lauder, a member of the Royal Academy of Scotland. He was a native of the neighbourhood of "Modern Athens," and a pupil of Sir William Allan. Having studied art for some years at Rome, he returned to Scotland, and soon established his fame as an artist by his "Ten Virgins," which was afterwards engraved by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. For his two best known Scriptural pieces, "Wisdom," and "The Unjust Steward," he received a prize of 200 guineas at Westminster Hall.

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